Mgr Paul Guérin

LES PETITS BOLLANDISTES: LIVES OF THE SAINTS, VOLUME V

24 April – 18 May

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English translation

Contributed to Mind of the Church by a friend of the library who wishes to remain anonymous

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About this translation

Translated from Mgr Paul Guérin, *Les Petits Bollandistes. Vies des saints de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament, des martyrs, des pères, des auteurs sacrés et ecclésiastiques, des vénérables et autres personnes mortes en odeur de sainteté*, seventh edition (Paris: Bloud et Barral), volume V, which covers 24 April – 18 May.

Guérin's work grew out of his re-edition, in 1858, of Father François Giry's seventeenth-century *Vies des saints*, enlarged from the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists — whence its name — and from the histories and propers of the French dioceses. Each day opens with the martyrologies: the Roman Martyrology, the Martyrology of France, the martyrologies of the religious orders, and additions from the Bollandists and other hagiographers. The lives of the saints of the day follow, each with its dates, its epigraph, and, at the end, the cult and relics of the saint and the sources Guérin used. His footnotes are kept.

The fourteen volumes run through the calendar from 1 January to 31 December. Here each day is one section. The Supplement Guérin printed at the end of this volume follows the last day.

Words and notes that the translation first left illegible or doubtful have been read from the printed volume and supplied.

24 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Sevis, in the country of the Grisons, Saint Fidelis of Sigmaringen, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, who, sent to that place to preach the Catholic faith, was killed by the heretics and thus merited to be set among the rank of the Martyrs by Pope Benedict XIV. 1622. — At Rome, Saint Sabas, an officer of the army, who, having been accused of visiting the Christians in the prisons, freely confessed Jesus Christ before the judge; the latter had him burned with blazing torches and thrown into a cauldron full of boiling pitch, from which, coming out without any hurt, he converted seventy men by this miracle, who, having persevered in the confession of the faith, passed under the edge of the sword; as for him, he was at last thrown into the river, where he completed his martyrdom. 272. — At Lyons, in Gaul, Saint Alexander, martyr, who, in the persecution of Antoninus Verus, after having been long detained in prison, was first so torn by the cruelty of those who scourged him that, the joints of his sides being broken, one could see even his entrails, and then was fastened to a cross upon which he rendered his blessed spirit. With him there suffered thirty-four other Christians, whose memory is celebrated on other days. 178. — On the same day, the holy martyrs Eusebius, Neon, Leontius, Longinus and four others, who, in the persecution of Diocletian, after cruel torments, were struck with the sword.[1] About 303. — In England, the decease of Saint Mellitus, bishop, who, sent to England by Saint Gregory, converted the East Saxons with their king. 624. — At Elvira, in Spain, Saint Gregory, bishop and confessor.[2] 4th century. — At Brescia, Saint Honoratus, bishop. 586. — In Ireland, Saint Egbert, priest and monk, a personage of admirable humility and continence. 729. — At Reims, the holy virgins Beuve and Dode. 673.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Pinerolo, the holy martyrs Maurice, George and Tiberius, of the glorious Theban Legion. — At Auch, the decease of Saint Cerasus, first bishop of Eauze, who governed his diocese holily in the midst of the greatest troubles of the Church. 1st century. His feast is celebrated at Auch on 27 April. — In Auvergne, Saint Robert, founder and first abbot of La Chaise-Dieu, of the Order of Saint Benedict. 1067. He is named in the Roman martyrology on 17 April. — In the diocese of Blois, Saint Dye,[3] first anchorite who appeared in the

Blésois. The cell which he built himself on the bank of the Loire is the origin of the church and of the borough which bear his name. Alternately studious ascetics and active missionaries; devoted priests and indefatigable labourers; workmen and learned men, the anchorites of the Middle Ages did among the less privileged classes of society what the bishops did among the great; which did not prevent kings from seeking the inspirations of the deserts perfumed with the odour of holiness: thus Clovis and, later, his son Childebert, marching against the Arian Goths, came to kneel at the feet of the hermit of Saint-Dyé and to commend to him the success of their arms. The relics of the holy hermit were scattered by the Huguenots in 1518. Died after 531. — At Mortain, in Normandy, Saint William Firmatus, priest and solitary, whose life was a model of all kinds of virtues, but above all of humility and charity. He is invoked chiefly for headaches.[4] About 1090. — At Perthe, near Haute-Fontaine, diocese of Langres, Saint Leger or Lezer. 1st, 3rd or 7th century. — At Paris, the venerable Gaston de Renty, baron of Landelle, celebrated for his great charity toward the poor, whose body was at Citry, near Jouarre, in the church of Saint-Pons. 1639. — At Saint-André of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, Saint Venture. — In the diocese of Arras, Saint Benedict Joseph Labre, illustrious for his poverty and his holiness, beatified by Pope Pius IX.[5] 1783. — At Fontevrault, the venerable Petronilla of Chemillé, born of Craon, widow and first abbess of that celebrated monastery. She followed at first the Blessed Robert of Arbrissel, as the holy women of the Gospel followed Our Lord. Her existence was crossed by numerous contradictions; but she had the courage to despise the judgments of men and to walk without detour in the way of heaven. 1149.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — In England, Saint Mellitus.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese and of Vallombrosa. — In England, Saint Mellitus, etc.

Martyrology of the Conventual Minors. — At Settempeda, in the March of Ancona, the Blessed Bentivoglio, confessor, of the Order of Minors, who, full of miracles and of good works, and filled with the grace of prayer and of contemplation, went up to heaven on 25 December. — On the Saturday before the fourth Sunday after Easter, at Assisi, in Umbria, the dedication of the basilica of Saint Francis, which Innocent IV solemnly consecrated, which Gregory IX placed immediately under the Holy See, and which he re-established as the chief house and mother of the whole Order of the Franciscans, and which finally Benedict XIV erected as a patriarchal basilica and papal chapel.

Martyrology of the Servites. — The Holy Good Thief, named in the Roman martyrology on 25 March.

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At Sevis, in the canton of the Grisons, Saint Fidelis…

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Gerona, in Spain, Saint Daniel, anchorite and martyr. About the 9th century. — Among the Greeks, Saint Elizabeth, virgin and wonder-worker, who, absorbed in God, was three years without raising her eyes to heaven. Before the 11th century. — In England, Saint Wilfrid, archbishop of York, the first of the name, who converted the South Saxons. He was twice driven from his see, and twice re-established.[6] 709. — In the same country, Saint Hechberact, who is presumed to have been the master of the learned Alcuin. 8th century. — At Bomarzo (Polymartium), in Tuscany, Saint Anselm of Mugnono, confessor, who, unknown during his life, was glorified after his death. Although his relics are in very great veneration, and his feast is celebrated with solemnity, the epoch at which he lived is unknown. — At Guatemala, in America, the venerable Francis Colmenario, regarded as a Saint by the inhabitants of the country, to whose conversion he had laboured as a good workman of the father of the family. 1590.

Saints Beuve and Dode, Virgins, First Abbesses of Saint-Peter’s at Reims

— Pope: Adeodatus. — King of France: Childeric II.

Virgins, you are the earthly paradise; beware of Eve. — Ambr., in Cant., iv.

Virtue, always praiseworthy in whatever subject it is met with, is still more admired when it is joined to an illustrious birth, because it is then a greater example, or because it supposes a greater effort to disengage oneself from the charms and the interests of the world. Such is that of Saint Beuve; of royal birth, and, according to the report of Flodoard, daughter of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, this Princess applied herself entirely to the exercises which lead to the highest point of perfection. She was brought up in all the sentiments of a Christian piety; and as there was remarked in her a great vivacity of mind, accompanied by an excellent memory, those who had the care of her education gave her early the knowledge of the holy letters. It was by the reading of these holy books that she learned the science of the Saints, and that she conceived that divine fire which inflamed her and consumed her all her life. Her mind having been strengthened by age, God gave her the grace to be able to recognise, in the midst of the luxury and pomps of the court, the frailty of human things; that the glory of the world slips away; in short, that it vanishes like a dream, and that after all one must one day appear before the tribunal of divine justice, where even kings will have no other support than their innocence. After having often entertained herself with these salutary thoughts, she formed the resolution of withdrawing from the world and of renouncing all its hopes, to clothe herself with the glorious quality of very humble servant of Jesus Christ.

Saint Beuve had a brother named Balderic or Baudry, a man of great holiness whom our Saint loved tenderly; she would have thought she wronged their friendship in hiding from him a design of such importance. Balderic, disgusted with the world, and himself thinking of retreat as well as his virtuous sister, praised her design and exhorted her not to resist the Holy Spirit any longer. It was therefore agreed that Beuve should retire to Reims, to a monastery founded by Clotilda, queen of France, and that her brother should accompany her to that city, to assist her with his counsels; this could not be carried out without leaving to King Sigebert, and to the whole court, an extreme regret at their absence.

At last Beuve took the veil of holy religion; it was then that, delivered from the embarrassments of greatness, she gave herself to God without reserve. Nothing could be added to her humility, her sweetness and her modesty; she afflicted her body by very rough austerities; she wept and prayed whole nights, and observed a very rigorous fast. But as the monastery was outside the walls of Reims, and as, during the war, it found itself exposed to all the dangers that religious houses built in the country run, Saint Beuve and Saint Balderic, her brother, about the year 650, had built in Reims the magnificent house of Saint-Peter, so that so many holy virgins might serve God with more security, and perhaps with more convenience. Saint Nivard, who was soon afterwards (600) archbishop of Reims, dedicated the church of it under the name of the Blessed Virgin and of the prince of the Apostles.

At the same time and under the same archbishop, Saint Gombert, a man of high condition, founded, in honour of Saint Peter, another convent of virgins, near the Bazé gate, formerly Basilicaris, and this house was called the Royal or Fiscal monastery. These two houses, both bearing the same name of Saint-Peter, have often been confounded by authors.

Beuve retired thither as soon as she could, with a great number of daughters. It was necessary to give a head to this religious troop. The birth of Beuve, her recent benefactions, but chiefly her holiness, did not permit hesitating long over the choice of a superior. Beuve, by common voice, was called to the dignity of abbess; but her modesty made her find this charge too heavy for her strength; she considered how much prudence and address were needed to conduct so many religious, how much virtue to serve them as an example; she knew that it is easier to follow than to guide, and to obey one than to command many. But as Saint Balderic, who had much power over her mind, counselled her to defer to her election and to accept through humility an honour which others would have sought through pride, assuring her that, since Providence called her to this dignity, it would give her graces to acquit herself worthily of it, Beuve yielded to his reasons, and one may say that she accepted the command through obedience. The sequel made it well known that the Holy Spirit

had had the principal part in this choice, so much exactness did she bring to the accomplishment of her duty. So, as she is the first abbess of Saint-Peter's, according to the order of time, she is so likewise in merit, and all those who have come since have been only the copies of so excellent an original.

Although she gave much time to the affairs of her house, she did not neglect her exercises of piety; she even redoubled the austerity of her fasts and the ardour of her prayers. It is generally believed that she established in her monastery the rule of Saint Benedict. This holy abbess distinguished herself from the other religious, not by the insignia of her dignity, but by her virtue. The sacred books were her principal study: it is there and in prayer that she drew inspiration to make to her companions exhortations all full of the spirit of God. She counselled them above all manual work, so as not to give the demon a hold upon them: for it is certain that idleness is the fatal door by which Satan glides into the most innocent souls.

While Beuve was tracing for herself gloriously a road to eternity, Balderic, who had confined himself in the solitude of Montfaucon, was acquiring a marvellous reputation of holiness, governing on his side an abbey of which he was the founder; he nevertheless left his desert sometimes to visit his sister, and then they communicated their lights to each other and animated each other reciprocally to virtue. It was in one of these visits that Balderic was attacked by the malady of which he died. Beuve had need of all her constancy to bear the loss of a brother so tenderly loved. Nevertheless, she submitted to the order of Providence, and humbly kissed the hand which had struck her. Saint Balderic was buried at the monastery of Saint-Peter, which he had founded at Reims, as we have said. Transported later to Montfaucon, and deposited in the church of Saint-Laurence, where the Saint had, in his lifetime, prepared a tomb for himself, and afterwards to Verdun, he was at last brought back to Montfaucon and placed in the church of Saint-Germain, which was that of the abbey, and God honoured his tomb with several miracles. His body has since been transported to Montfaucon, in the church of Saint-Laurence, where he had chosen his sepulchre.

Saint Beuve did not long survive her blessed brother; her fasts and her vigils, with the number of her years, having extremely weakened her, she knew well that Our Lord wished to put an end to her long and pious fatigues. She disposed herself for death with the sentiments of a soul which has lived only for God and which has put in Him all its hopes, and she fell asleep at last with the sleep of the just, to go and receive in heaven the crown due to her incomparable virtue.

Saint Dode, her niece, and daughter of one of her sisters, succeeded to her dignity and to her merit; she had been formed to piety by her illustrious aunt, who discovered in her happy dispositions to good from her most tender years; she never found any difficulty in virtue, nor in the practices of penance; above all she burned with an incredible love for chastity. Her father and mother had promised her to one of the principal lords of the court of Sigebert; she rejected this match, and as the young prince wished to carry her off from the arms of her dear aunt, he fell from his horse and died of his fall. After this unfortunate adventure, Dode persevered always in the love of the heavenly Spouse: one saw revive in her the humility, the modesty and the charity of Saint Beuve; as abbess, she was holily familiar with her daughters, sympathised with their infirmities and bore their weaknesses with sweetness, without relaxing however anything of the rigour of monastic discipline. She applied herself also, as much as was necessary, to the temporal affairs of the house, and obtained from King Pepin a considerable privilege for her monastery. In short, Dode possessed all the good qualities which can render a superior recommendable. When she had long been an accomplished model of holiness, God took her from the earth and made her a partaker of His glory, for which she had renounced that of the world.

The relics of these two holy Abbesses, Beuve and Dode, are preserved in the monastery of Saint-Peter, occupied to-day by the ladies of the Congregation of the Blessed Peter Fourier.

This narrative was made according to the memoirs of the abbey of Saint-Peter itself, and according to the Bollandists.

Saint Robert, First Abbot of La Chaise-Dieu

— Pope: Alexander II. — King of France: Philip I.

Stretch out thy hand to the poor, if thou wouldst obtain from God grace and pardon. — Ecclus. vii. 36.

Saint Robert, of the noble family of the barons of Aurillac, canon and treasurer of the church of Saint-Julian of Brioude, then founder of the abbey of La Chaise-Dieu — the most celebrated of Auvergne — had for father Gerard, and for mother Reingarda. The latter, toward the end of her pregnancy, going to a castle near her house, felt herself so keenly pressed by the pains of childbirth that she was obliged to bring this son into the world in a solitude. He gave, from his birth, signs of his future holiness: for it was not possible to make him take the milk of a woman who was living in disorder, although he took without trouble that of virtuous women; but when his mother was in a state to nurse him herself, she no longer relieved herself of it on anyone.

As soon as he was of the age fit for studies, he was placed with the ecclesiastics of Saint-Julian of Brioude, where he learned piety with learning. He received there first the tonsure and was afterwards named canon of this church on account of the fine qualities which were beginning to shine in him: for he was seen already much attached to virtue, and his actions surpassed those of a child of his age. His whole youth was so innocent that one could not remark in it any offence at all notable. He often passed nights in prayer in the churches. His charity for the poor who were sick led him to wash their ulcers and their wounds with his own hands. Several were thereby miraculously healed. This tenderness for those who suffered increased with age; to lavish on them more easily his charitable cares, he built a hospital in Brioude, where he gathered them. Being a priest, he said Mass every day with much devotion. He worked with great zeal for the salvation of the faithful and the conversion of sinners, and yet he wished it to be believed that he was very imperfect and an entirely useless servant. The fire of holy love kindling more and more in his heart, he resolved to retire to Cluny: this monastery was then in its first fervour, under the conduct of the holy abbot Hugh; but when he thought to execute his design in the deepest secrecy, with a single associate, the report of it spread among the people; they were moved, and as if it had been a question of the salvation of the country, they ran after him and brought him back to Brioude. He was left so confused and so struck by it that he fell sick of grief. Being cured, and seeing his design stopped by an order of Providence, he wished to try whether he could not practise, in the world, the same exercises which he could have done in a monastery. But he saw too many difficulties: he therefore undertook the journey to Rome, in order to obtain, by the intercession of the holy Apostles, to live in some solitude outside the embarrassments of the world.

When he was back in his country, a soldier named Stephen came to consult him on what he should do to obtain the remission of his past faults and to do penance for them. The holy Priest counselled him to renounce entirely the world and its maxims, to change his militia and to enrol himself in that of Jesus Christ. The soldier answered that he would do it willingly, provided it were in his company; equally surprised and delighted at this answer, our Saint discovered his secret to this soldier, whom he regarded as an angel God was sending him. They deliberated together therefore on this design and on the means of executing it. Stephen, armed with faith and confidence, went to the town of Le Puy, in Velay, to pay his vows in the church of Our Lady, that she might obtain for them the blessing of her Son for the success of their enterprise. On returning, he discovered in the mountains a solitude where there rose the remains of an abandoned church, which he judged very suitable for their retreat: it was five leagues from Brioude, toward the east, near the source of the Sénoire. As soon as Robert had heard the description of this desert, it pleased him. Stephen won to God, at the same time, another soldier named Dalmatius, whom Robert associated with joy in their holy life.

Having first tried his two companions for some months, Robert retired with them into this solitude. There was there no commerce with the world, nor almost anything of what is necessary for the maintenance of life.

Moreover, the rusticity and barbarity of the neighbouring inhabitants were extreme; and, instead of assisting our solitaries and furnishing them with necessary things, they loaded them with insults and threats. Nevertheless, not losing courage, they at once put their hand to the work and built themselves, first near the church, a little cell of branches; then they distributed among themselves their exercises, in such a way that Stephen and Dalmatius were to work with their hands to maintain the community: Robert applied himself to study and instructed the others; all joined together, for prayer, in the church of which we have spoken. Their life was perfectly well regulated; they gave a great part of their provisions to the poor who presented themselves, without reserving anything for the morrow. God made known that this was agreeable to Him: for one day when Robert had given to a poor man all the bread which had remained over from the day before, as Dalmatius complained of it, one of the two lords who had ceded this desert to the three hermits (they were two brothers, canons of Le Puy), one of these lords, we say, sent them three horses laden with provisions.

Meanwhile the reputation of these holy solitaries soon ran through the country; several persons of the clergy and of the people joined them, to consecrate their whole life to the service of God; the inhabitants themselves put off their fierce humour, touched by their holy exhortations, their exemplary life and the miraculous actions which the hand of God wrought by Saint Robert. This holy man healed the sick and drove the spirits out of the bodies of the possessed: through modesty he attributed these marvels to the merits of the holy martyrs Agricola and Vitalis, to whom the church was dedicated. At last the number of the hermits became so considerable that it was judged useful to build a monastery, so that they might be better lodged and live more in community. There was then a holy emulation among pious persons to contribute to this work: some gave what was necessary for the construction, others consecrated considerable goods to the maintenance of the future religious. Thus was founded the abbey of La Chaise-Dieu (*Casa Dei*), in 1050; the bishop of Clermont, Rencon, went himself, although already on the decline of age, to find Pope Saint Leo IX, and obtained the confirmation (with privileges) of the new monastery, while Robert had ratified by the king of France, Henry I, the donations of which we have spoken. When they had both returned, the bishop made the dedication of the monastery, gave the religious habit to Robert, and established him, in spite of himself, abbot, as he had decided with the Pope.

Robert made his religious observe the rule of Saint Benedict, and they soon attained the number of three hundred. He did not enclose his zeal within the limits of his monastery: he rebuilt more than fifty churches of the region which had been ruined by the wars.

After having laboured at the sanctification of his brethren and at his own, he died the death of the just, on 24 April, about the year 1067.

Before taking to his bed, from which he was to fly up to heaven as from a stepping-stone, he wished to celebrate Mass for the last time, having himself supported at the altar. At the moment when he died, one of his religious saw the Mother of God come to console him, and another perceived his soul rising in the air under the form of a globe of fire.

What we have said of Saint Robert as founder of abbeys and restorer of a great number of churches can lead one to conjecture the diverse ways in which he has been represented. The circumstances of his happy death and the few legendary facts which are to follow have likewise inspired artists.

Saint Robert, preaching at Avignon, two young giddy fellows seized his gloves and tossed them to each other like a ball: now, behold, in one of the passes, the said gloves caught on a ray of the sun so high that the players could not take them again. — Being at Allanche, in the mountains of Auvergne, he was preparing to celebrate Mass when the cook came to tell him that he had found nothing for dinner. “Serve my Mass,” answered the Saint, “and God will provide for our needs.” He was not yet at the Preface when an eagle passing over the church let fall an enormous fish which served for the meal of the Saint and of his suite. Another time he told the cook to throw away some eels which he was preparing to serve on the table; it was

learned some days afterwards that he who had sold them had been put to death for having poisoned the merchandise, etc.

See the Bollandists and the Annals of Baronius.

Saint Fidelis, Capuchin and Martyr

1577–1622. — Popes: Gregory XIII; Gregory XV. — Emperors: Rudolf II; Ferdinand II. — King of France: Louis XIII, the Just.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life. — Words of the Father Guardian of Fribourg, addressed to our Saint on the day he received the habit of a novice.

Mark Rey — this was the name of our Saint before his entry into religion — was born in 1577 at Sigmaringen, a little town of the principality of Hohenzollern; his father, John Rey, and his mother, Genevieve de Rosenberg, noble and Catholic, gave him an education worthy of these two titles. He made his first studies at the university of Fribourg in Breisgau, which he edified by his wisdom, so much so that he merited the surname of Christian philosopher: he distinguished himself no less in the study of jurisprudence, and was received doctor in both laws. Asked to accompany three young gentlemen of the first families of the country, who proposed to visit the different kingdoms of Europe, he consented and showed himself to them, on this journey, the most tender of friends, the most zealous of fathers, losing no occasion to form their minds by wise maxims. His principal ones were: “That a young man ought to despise vain adornments; that if one adorns oneself like a woman, one is unworthy of glory, which can be won only by suffering pains and trampling pleasures under foot… That before commanding others one must conquer oneself; remember that our subjects are our fellows, that we ought to relieve them, being of a nature exposed to sorrow and to miseries like them.” “Make at least an exception for the ungrateful,” one of the young lords said to him; “how resolve to do good to them?” — “How?” replied the Saint. “Must you not, on the one hand, expect to find more or less ingratitude in all men, and on the other, will you not see in each of them the very person of Jesus Christ, to whom your benefit is addressed, and who will not forget it, He?” While forming others to virtue he did not neglect himself. He approached often the holy mysteries, exhorted and relieved the sick in the hospitals, visited the churches, remained whole hours at the foot of the altars in the sweet conversation of Our Lord, and sought Him again in the poor, to whom he gave everything, even his clothes.

On the return from this journey he separated from his three disciples, in spite of their prayers and regrets: his farewell was that they should never lose from sight the fear of the Lord, the beginning of wisdom, and should no longer make their titles of nobility consist in anything but virtue. For himself, having perfected himself in the science of the laws, he exercised at Colmar, in Alsace, the profession of advocate, with much distinction and integrity. He often preferred the cause of the poor man to that of the rich: never any slander in his pleadings, never anything that might harm the honour of the opposing party; but his reasons were so solid, his conclusions so wise, that he had the greatest influence on the decision of the judges. He saw soon, however, that it is difficult to be at the same time a rich advocate and a good Christian. Yielding to this fear and to divine impulses, he left the world and retired among the Capuchins of Fribourg, where he took the habit in 1612, and received the name of Fidelis.

Soon the new religious walked with giant steps in the way of perfection. He was not, however, inaccessible to temptation. He experienced that to be out of the occasions of the world is not to be sheltered from the suggestions of the enemy of salvation; that the most remote solitudes, the most horrible caves, the steepest rocks are not always sure ramparts for virtue; that man carries everywhere with him a foundation of passions which can be destroyed only by a continual attention to oneself, a faithful correspondence to grace, with which one is always victorious when one wills it sincerely. The enemy of salvation therefore undertook to seize his mind: he made doubts arise in him on the good he might have done by remaining in the world; he

represented to him that he would have continued to be the zealous defender of the laws, the protector of the widow and the orphan, the father of the poor, and that he would thus have given more help to his neighbour than he could do in leading a private and hidden life in solitude; and that his salvation would have been as well assured in the world as in religion. This so skilful temptation did not fail to shake for a moment the firmness of the Saint. His passions, long chained, began to wish to break loose. His talents, his comforts, his ease, the loss of his fortune, his reputation, all these advantages buried under the religious habit made him lean now toward religion and now toward the world. He went to find the Father master of novices, who made him understand that his doubts came from the spirit of darkness, and that he must address himself to the Lord to know His will. “O my adorable Saviour!” cried the zealous novice, “give me back that salutary joy and that serenity of mind whose sweetness I tasted in the happy beginnings of my vocation; grant, O my God! in discovering to me Thy will, that I may triumph over my enemy and over my passions.” This prayer was so agreeable to God that He gave back to His servant peace and strength. He saw clearly the source of his uncertainties, and this sight gave him anew courage, a new ardour for his spiritual exercises, a new attachment to God. He wished to break for ever with the world. With the permission of the superior, he sent for a notary, made of his goods a foundation at the seminary, in favour of several young ecclesiastics, to facilitate for them the means of continuing their studies; he bequeathed to them in common his library, that they might all profit by it together, and thus stripped, he disposed himself to enter for ever into the happy poverty of the children of Saint Francis.

“To conform myself,” he says in the testamentary act which he made before his profession, “to the perfect resignation, to the charity, by which Jesus Christ our Redeemer, sweating blood and water in the Garden of Olives, and finally dying on the tree of the cross, resigned, commended and offered Himself to His Father; so I offer and consecrate, by this my last will and disposition, my body and my soul, as a living eternal sacrifice, with a contrite heart, to the perpetual service of the divine Majesty and of the Most Holy Immaculate Virgin, of the seraphic father Saint Francis; and as I came forth quite naked from the womb of my mother, so, stripped of all the things of the earth, I abandon myself into the arms of my Saviour.” He congratulated himself often afterwards on the happy exchange he had made with God: “He rendered to God the goods of the earth, and God gave him in return the kingdom of heaven!” He said again that God, having given us back to life only by enduring death, we could preserve this life only by the same means, by dying to ourselves; and that, since our reward will be to rejoice always in heaven, we must not fear to suffer always on earth. So he suffered always, adding to the mortifications of the rule all the voluntary mortifications which obedience permitted him. The poorest furniture, the most worn clothes were one of the great objects of his ambition: hair-shirts, cilices, girdles armed with iron points, disciplines made up for the martyrdom after which he sighed; during Advent, Lent and the Vigils he lived only on bread, water and dried fruits: “What a misfortune,” he said, “if I fought feebly, a soldier under a chief crowned with thorns!” What shall we say of his prayers, in which he would have been taken for an angel speaking to God in heaven; of his meditations in which, turning his gaze quite away from the creature, he contemplated the perfections of God and his own miseries; of his humility, which made him dispute with the young religious the vilest employments; of his devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, his firmest hope after God, and to whom he believed himself indebted for all the graces he obtained? His superiors made haste to render so many virtues useful to the neighbour. When he had finished his course of theology, and had been raised to the priesthood, he was charged with announcing the word of God and hearing confessions: he fulfilled this ministry with the greatest success, above all at Weltkirchen, where he was sent as superior of the convent, and where he worked conversions which bordered on the prodigy, among others those of several Calvinists. A contagious malady having broken out among the garrison, and then among the inhabitants of Weltkirchen, Fidelis devoted himself wholly to the service of the plague-stricken: he was found at every hour and everywhere, in the hospitals, in the houses and the squares, tending the body, tending the soul, and more than once healing both at once by miracles. His reputation became such that the Congregation of Propaganda, established by Gregory XV,

having asked the provincial of the Capuchins for zealous missionaries, formidable to error, to arrest the torrent of heresy which was invading Switzerland and especially the canton of the Grisons, he was put at the head of this mission. He accepted with all the more joy as he hoped to have much to suffer among these coarse peoples, these violent and irritated heretics. He even counted on martyrdom. Each of his steps was marked by conversions; in the first conferences which he had with the Calvinists, he brought back to the truth two gentlemen. Who would not have been convinced in hearing this Apostle defy the Protestant ministers, and overthrow all their reasons; in seeing him walk barefoot, catechise the children, seek the lost sheep across the ice, the steep rocks and the precipices? His adversaries, finding no other means to answer the power of his word and of his examples, resolved his death, under the pretext that they wished to free their country from the yoke of Austria, and that this monk preached servitude to them; he preached to them on the contrary the liberty of the children of God, inviting them to shake off the servitude of the demon. As for Austria, he pointed out to them as a friend that it might harshly repress the rebels, invade Switzerland and ruin it with fire and sword. Informed that an occasion was sought to shed his blood, he took no other precaution than that of confessing, and continued his apostolic labours, wishing to die with arms in hand. He signed his letters, at this time: *Brother Fidelis, who is soon to be the food of worms.* He betook himself on 24 April 1622 from Grüsch to Sevis, where he exhorted the Catholics strongly to remain inviolably attached to the faith. While he was preaching, a Calvinist fired a musket-shot at him which did not hit him; and as he was begged to put his life in safety, he answered that he did not fear death and that he was ready to shed his blood for the cause of God. Having set out the same day to return to Grüsch, he fell into the hands of a troop of Calvinists who had a minister at their head. They treated him as a seducer, and wished to force him to embrace the pretended reform: “I came to refute your errors, and not to embrace them,” he answered them, “and I have no mind to renounce the Catholic doctrine, which is the doctrine of all ages. For the rest, know that I do not fear death.” One of the troop having knocked him to the ground with a blow of a broadsword, he rose to his knees and made this prayer: “Lord Jesus, have pity on me; holy Mary, mother of God, assist me.” He received then a second blow, which threw him down again, bathed in his blood; he was then pierced with several stabs of a dagger: it is thus that he died a martyr, at the age of forty-five. Some time afterwards the Calvinists were defeated by the imperialists, as the Saint had predicted to them, and the minister who commanded them was so struck by this prediction that he was converted and publicly abjured heresy. The body of Saint Fidelis was carried to Weltkirchen, with the exception of his head and his left leg, which had been separated from it by his murderers, and which were placed in the cathedral of Chur. Numerous miracles having been wrought by his intercession,

Benedict XIII beatified him in 1729, and Benedict XIV canonised him in 1745.

His attribute is the club or broadsword, a kind of heavy sword with a wide edge, the instrument with which he was felled. He is represented with a crucifix in his hand, bearing a wide wound on the head. Saint Fidelis is the first martyr among the missionaries sent by Propaganda. See the Life of Saint Fidelis, published in 1745 by Theodore of Paris, Capuchin.

Saint Leger, Priest (1st, 3rd or 7th century)

Leger, priest, placed over the clergy of Perthe, led a heavenly life on earth. He had so much sweetness and humility that he was the servant of his subordinates more than their master. With a sign of the cross he delivered a possessed man from the demon who was in him; by his prayers he healed a man sick with a contraction of the limbs. He died happily in a very advanced old age: he was buried in the church of Perthe. This church, devastated and burned by the barbarians, was afterwards restored by the bishop of Châlons. A blind man named Haybert recovered his sight at his tomb, about the year 805. And this miracle was the cause that the body of the Saint was raised from the earth and placed honourably in a shrine behind the altar. It was burned toward the end of the eighteenth century by the impious. The devotion toward the holy priest was

revived by divers signs of his power. In the ninth century his shrine was led in procession through the fields desolated by a long drought, and heaven poured upon the furrows the desired rain. One sees, near the church of Perthe, a well which Saint Leger, uniting the work of the hands with constant prayer, dug himself. The pilgrims who flocked to his tomb drank of this water, regarded as salutary against maladies: several persons have still to-day the same confidence. Every year, on 23 June, a procession is made to the well of Saint Leger. — *Proper of Langres and Saints of the Haute-Marne.*

Saint Mellitus, First Bishop of London, then Archbishop of Canterbury (624)

Mellitus, a monk of Italy, was first abbot of a monastery at Rome. In 601 Saint Gregory the Great put him at the head of a second colony of missionaries whom he was sending to Saint Augustine, in England. He was the first bishop of London or of the East Saxons. He baptised King Sebert with a great part of his subjects. It was with the help of the liberalities of this prince that he laid the foundations of the church of Saint Paul at London,[1] and of the monastery of Saint Peter at Thorney,[2] which is to-day known under the name of Westminster. It is asserted that Saint Peter himself came to consecrate the church raised in honour of the great Apostle, on the eve of the day when Mellitus was preparing to perform this ceremony.

Sebert, who died about the year 616, left his States to his three sons, Sexred, Seward and Sigebert. These princes had never renounced idolatry, but they had hidden their sentiments during their father's lifetime. When they saw him dead, they publicly professed paganism, and permitted their subjects to return to the worship of idols. This did not prevent them from assisting sometimes at the celebration of our mysteries; they even wished to engage the holy bishop to give them of that fair bread of which their father had eaten so often. They meant by this bread the divine Eucharist. Mellitus declared to them "that he could not grant them what they asked, unless they were baptised." They regarded this refusal as an outrage, and drove the Saint from his church and from their States.

The three princes were killed, after a reign of six years, in a battle which they gave to the West Saxons: but the worship of idols did not cease at once in their States; it was only in 628, according to the author of the Saxon annals, that the people resumed the profession of Christianity.

Saint Mellitus, driven from his church, had passed into France; but he returned to England some time after. In 619 he succeeded Saint Laurence in the see of Canterbury. He arrested, by the virtue of his prayers, a fire which had already reduced to ashes a great part of that city. He died on 24 April 624.

See Bede, the *Fasti* of Le Neve, Goscelin and Capgrave.

Saint Egbert, Priest (729)

Egbert was born in England, about the year 639, of noble parents, and passed early into Ireland, which was in the seventh century for the British Isles the general school of piety and of the sciences. He entered the convent of Rathmelsigi: he was making provision of learning there and forming himself to the monastic life when, in 664, the country was afflicted with the plague. He was attacked by it himself, and in this state he was so keenly touched by his sins that he promised God to serve Him with more fidelity than before, if He would prolong his days. Not content with that, he made the vow to renounce for ever his native land, to recite every day the psalter, independently of the ordinary breviary, and to fast every week once, for twenty-four hours, unless he were prevented by some sickness. When he was restored, he scrupulously accomplished his promise, and observed besides three fasts a year, during which he lived only on bread and a little milk: these were before Christmas, before Easter and after Pentecost. These practices made him make great progress in perfection, and prepared him worthily for the priesthood, to which he was raised some years later. Egbert proposed to carry the light of faith to the Germans and the Frisians; but Saint Boisil, prior of Melrose, who knew the need of his own country, had word sent to him that God did not require him to make such great

journeys to develop his talents, and counselled him to leave to others the care of converting the infidels, and to betake himself to the isles of Scotland and Ireland, in order to instruct the monks there. In spite of this counsel, he was preparing to set out for Germany; but, some days after his departure, there arose a violent tempest which, threatening to engulf the vessel, recalled to the Saint's mind the advice of Boisil, and forced him to return and to set sail for the little isles.

He landed on the island of Hy or Iona, to-day Columbkille, a name which it takes from Saint Columba, situated to the north of Ireland, on the side of Scotland. The monks of this island were then in great reputation; and it was this reputation which contributed to accredit the error according to which, like the Quartodecimans, they celebrated with the Britons and the Scots of Ireland the feast of Easter on the fourteenth moon, an error condemned at the Council of Nicaea; while the English, converted by Augustine and the other missionaries of Saint Gregory the Great, followed the usage of the Roman Church, and celebrated it only on the following Sunday. This divergence occasioned a great schism in the British churches, and caused much scandal among the faithful accustomed to regard this point of discipline as one of the bases of their religion. The obstinacy with which these good monks held to their error exposed them to losing the fruits of their penance and the merit of their perfect obedience. Egbert, on his arrival among them, applied himself chiefly to convincing them on this point. The sweetness with which he went about it soon gained him all their confidence; he showed them the difference which exists between the essential articles of faith and the things of pure discipline, and brought them to the point of conforming to the usage of Rome with regard to the celebration of the feast of Easter and some other practices. This happened in 716. Egbert lived thirteen years more, and died on Easter Sunday (that is, the new Easter Sunday for the Irish), at the moment when he had just celebrated holy Mass. He was ninety years old. The day of his death was 24 April 7i9; he is named on this day in several martyrologies: the new Roman martyrology moreover praises his humility and his abstinence. The Benedictines place him among the Saints of their Order, because they believe that the communities which he formed took, during his life or a short time after his death, the Rule of Saint Benedict.

Taken from Baillet, under 24 April, from divers places in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede, who lived in the time of Saint Egbert. See also the *Acta SS.*, t. iii of April, pp. 313–315; *Batavia Sacra*, part 1, p. 32; Rees and Weiss, t. v, p. 311, and the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, by Dr. John Lingard, p. 52$, who proves that to Saint Egbert must be referred the honour of having established the missions in Germany: in effect, it was Saint Wibert, Saint Willibrord, the two Saints Ewald, and other disciples of Saint Egbert who spread the light of the Gospel in Friesland and in the north of Germany.

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[1] Eusebius, Neon, Leontius, Longinus and their four companions suffered at Nicomedia. Their conversion is attributed to Saint George.

[2] Saint Gregory of Elvira was much mixed up in the quarrel of the Arians. He took the part of Lucifer of Cagliari in the merciless condemnation of the bishops who had lapsed. Lucifer drew him into his schism. Doubtless Saint Gregory was in good faith, but it is curious to remark with what complaisance Baillet dwells on this good bishop, of whom almost nothing is known, precisely because Rome has recognised his sanctity in spite of the share which he took in a schism. (See the Life of Lucifer of Cagliari.)

[3] Deodatus.

[4] See on 28 February.

[5] See his life on 16 April.

[6] See his life on 12 October.

[7] In 604.

[8] In 609. This monastery was rebuilt by the kings Edgar and Saint Edward the Confessor.

25 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Alexandria, the birth into heaven of Saint Mark the Evangelist. Disciple and interpreter of the apostle Peter, he wrote the Gospel at the prayer of the Christians of Rome, and with his Gospel betook himself to Egypt, preached Jesus Christ first in the city of Alexandria and established a church there. Afterwards, having been arrested for the Christian faith, he was bound with cords and dragged violently over stones, by which he was grievously wounded. At last he was shut up in prison, where the angels visited and strengthened him, and Our Lord, appearing to him also, called him to the kingdom of heaven in the eighth year of the empire of Nero. 68. — At Rome, the Greater Litanies at Saint Peter's.[1] 598. — At Syracuse, the martyrs Saint Evodus, Saint Hermogenes and Saint Callista.[2] — At Antioch, Saint Stephen, bishop and martyr, who, having suffered much from the heretics who rejected the Council of Chalcedon, was thrown headlong into the river Orontes, under the emperor Zeno. 479. — In the same place, the saints Philo and Agathopus, deacons.[3] 2nd century. — At Alexandria, Saint Anianus,[4] bishop, disciple of Saint Mark and his successor in the episcopate, who rested in Our Lord, illustrious for his virtues. About 86. — At Lobbes, the birth into heaven of Saint Ermin, bishop and confessor. 737.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Agen, the decease of Saint Phébade or Phiary, bishop. His feast is celebrated at Agen on 26 April. — At Lyons, Saint Rusticus, bishop, who was raised from the secular magistracy, where he behaved holily, to this primatial see, which he greatly honoured by his virtues; he was praised by Saint Ennodius of Pavia.[5] 500. — In the same city, memory of the pious and illustrious lady Syagria, whom Saint Ennodius of Pavia called the Treasure of the church of Lyons, and who, on the advice of Saint Rusticus, mentioned just now, gave the money necessary for the ransom of six thousand Italian prisoners. 5th century. — At Metz, Saint Cramatius, bishop and confessor. About 545. — At Liège, Saint Florebert, bishop, successor of Saint Hubert. 746. — At Auxerre, the Blessed Heribald, bishop, who had been abbot of Saint-Germain, where he was invoked in the litanies. He was one of those who wrote to the clergy of Paris on the promotion of Aeneas, after the death of Erchanrad II. About 857. — At Cluny, the Blessed Hermann, count of Seringahen, and a most perfect religious. He had a particular devotion for the holy Angels, who took pleasure in conversing familiarly with him; he composed a treatise in their honour, but this work did not survive the disasters of the monastery of Waldsasse, in Germany, of which he was abbot. 1222. — At Réome, in the diocese of Dijon, Saint Sylvester, second abbot of that monastery. His relics were scattered by the Calvinists. 572. — At Cerne, the venerable John de la Barrière, founder of the Congregation of the Feuillants, under the Order of Cîteaux and the rule of Saint Benedict, buried at Saint-Bernard-des-Thermes. 1600. — At Quimperlé, in Little Brittany, Saint Guirloès or Durlo, first abbot of the monastery of that name. One still sees his tomb in a lower chapel of the church of Sainte-Croix of Quimperlé. 1037. — In the same place, memory of three other abbots, successors of Saint Guirloès, the saints John, Vitalis and Vingomar or Jungomar. The last was buried at Notre-Dame of Quimper. 11th century. — At Argentan, in Normandy, solemn translation of Saint Mansuet, whose relics were brought from the catacombs of Rome by Father Louis Francis, of the Order of the Capuchins, and given in 1638 to the parish church of Argentan, his native town.[6] — To-day, procession to Notre-Dame de Courbefosse, near Fougerolles, in the diocese of Laval. The inhabitants of Fougerolles have always had in Notre-Dame de Courbefosse an entire devotion and confidence. They affirm that they have never prayed to her in vain. In the beginning it was a hermitage whose two hermits united themselves to the abbey of Savigny in 1175. Sold at the Revolution, threatened with being sold again to a stranger in 1860, the chapel was bought back by the subscriptions of the inhabitants of Fougerolles.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Memory of Saint Anianus, shoemaker of Alexandria in Egypt, to whom Saint Mark restored a finger which he had cut with his awl. This is why the trades which expose one to cuts have chosen Saint Mark for their

patron. 86. — In Africa, the saints Noble, Marcia, Hermemphe, Fortunatus, Jucundus, martyrs. — Among the Greeks, Saint Nice or Victoria, martyr. In the year 303. — At Nicomedia, Saint Publius, soldier and martyr. Publius was a favourite of the emperor Licinius. Witness of the cruelties exercised against a holy bishop, he threw down his arms by a movement of holy indignation. — In Ireland, Saint Mackallée and Saint Mackalde or Maccull, bishops.[7] 5th century. — At Slepe, in the county of Huntingdon, in England, Saint Yves, a Persian bishop, who passed into Great Britain where he preached the faith, at about the same time as Saint Augustine, in the 7th century. A labourer found his body still entire in 1001. — Among the Greeks, eight holy anchorites who were put to death in hatred of Jesus Christ. Epoch uncertain. — Again among the Greeks, Saint Macedonius, bishop of Constantinople, who redeemed by a striking confession some not very honourable beginnings. In the year 516. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Clarentius, bishop.[8] Before the year 625. — At Hispelli, in Umbria, Saint Fidelis. His life is enveloped in obscurity. — At Syracuse, in Sicily, Saint Robert, abbot. About the 8th century. — At Piacenza, Saint Franca, virgin, abbess of the Order of Cîteaux.[9] In the year 1218. — At Mont-Alcin, in Tuscany, the Blessed Philip or Philippinus, of the Order of Friars Minor. He was one of the companions of Saint Anthony of Padua, and died at eighty-seven years, at the end of the 13th century.

Saint Mark the Evangelist

— Popes: Saint Peter; Saint Linus. — Emperor: Nero.

I am the chair of Mark. My divine rule was given me by Mark: Ever with Rome. — Aramaic inscription engraved on the chair of Saint Mark preserved at Venice.

The foundation of the Church of Alexandria is connected with the apostolic activity of Saint Peter. It entered into the designs of Providence that the most illustrious sees of Christendom should be able to show at their origin the name of him whom Jesus Christ had established the foundation of His Church, the universal pastor of the lambs and of the sheep. In the Acts of the Apostles we see him at the head of the assembly of the faithful at Jerusalem; it is he who organises the Church of Antioch, which he governs for some years. From the metropolis of the East he transports his chair to Rome, capital of the West and of the whole world. At last, by Mark, his interpreter and his disciple, he founds the Church of Alexandria. These are the very words of Eusebius: “Peter,” says the historian of the fourth century, “established also the churches of Egypt, with that of Alexandria, not in person, but by Mark, his disciple. For he himself during that time was occupied with Italy and the surrounding nations; he sent therefore Mark, his disciple, destined to become the doctor and the conqueror of Egypt.”[1] This is why the Churches of Jerusalem, of Antioch and of Alexandria will remain the first after the Church mother and mistress of all the others: they will form as so many rays of the apostolic primacy, whose fulness is concentrated in the see of Rome. There is every reason to believe that before the arrival of Saint Mark some seeds of Christianity had already been scattered at Alexandria. Saint Luke cites among the Jews present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost inhabitants of Egypt and of the territory of Libya about Cyrene:[2] on returning to their country, these men, still all moved by the marvels of the apostolic preaching, could not fail to report what they had seen and heard. In spite of the little intercourse which existed between the Jews of Palestine and those of Egypt, it would be hard to understand that the great events accomplished at Jerusalem should not have found an echo among the latter. But these were only foundation-stones which asked to be gathered and fashioned with care to serve as the foundation of a durable and regular edifice.

Saint Mark was a Hebrew by origin: his style,[3] full of Hebraisms, does not permit one to doubt it. The Venerable Bede,[4] who says so on tradition, adds that he was of the priestly race of Aaron. A work attributed to Saint Jerome[5] says the same. The Jews and Pagans of Alexandria called him the Galilean;[6] which would leave it to be understood that he might be of the province of Galilee, the native country of Saint Peter, whose interpreter and companion he was.

Several ancient and modern authors[7] say that Saint Mark was of the illustrious number of the seventy-two Disciples of Jesus, and that he shone among them by his faith and his ardour, like a splendid star among the innumerable stars of the heavenly host. However, this vivid light would have been eclipsed for an instant, according to what Saint Epiphanius reports; this Father says, in fact, that he was one of the seventy-two Disciples who were scandalised with the Capharnaites because, in His Discourse on the Eucharist, Our Lord had said: *Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you;* that he withdrew with many others; but that Saint Peter converted him and brought him back to Jesus Christ after the Resurrection. This is, no doubt, one of the reasons which led Saint Mark to attach himself afterwards more particularly to Saint Peter. This Apostle calls him his son in his first epistle: *The Church that is in Babylon* (that is to say in Rome), he says to the Churches of the East, *and my son Mark, salute you.*[8] This Disciple, in following Saint Peter in his apostolic journeys, served him as interpreter, as several holy Fathers teach us.[9] They are nevertheless divided on this title of interpreter. According to some, one must understand by it that he gave the form and style to the Apostle's epistles. According to others, this function consisted in rendering into Greek or Latin what Saint Peter said in his own tongue. Or again it consisted in explaining in particular to believers what Saint Peter had taught to all in a general manner which required different explanations and interpretations. This is, at least, what is given to understand by the Acts of his apostolate of Aquileia, where one sees that the disciples and hearers of Saint Peter come to find Saint Mark for this purpose, as for another motive of which we shall speak hereafter.

When Saint Peter, delivered from the prison of Herod, about the year 42, betook himself to Rome, Saint Mark accompanied him there. He laboured with the Prince of the Apostles to sow the good seed of the word of truth in a city which, until then, had been the citadel of error. An immense multitude of the faithful could not be satisfied with hearing the word of life; it ran to hear Saint Peter, whose doctrine flooded all minds with light. It had not been enough for it to hear him with avidity; it came to find his disciple Mark,[10] whom it begged with insistence to set forth anew to it the preaching of his master, and to transcribe it for it, even in writing, so that it might thus make it the perpetual object of its meditations by day and by night. Such just desires were heard.

Meanwhile Saint Peter sent Saint Mark to preach the Gospel at Aquileia, a city then very considerable and very celebrated. The Disciple acquitted himself with great zeal and with great success of his apostolate; an innumerable multitude embraced the faith, and formed from that time a Church very remarkable for its religious science as for the firmness of its faith. It was there, as is related in his Acts, that, seeing the happy avidity of believers[11] for the word of God, he completed or transcribed the redaction of his Gospel, in which he gave in abridgment the facts contained in the Gospel of Saint Matthew, but adding to it sometimes very important things. It is said that the love which Saint Peter showed for silence had taught him this conciseness and brevity. According to Saint Irenaeus, Eusebius and Origen, he put in writing the things that Saint Peter was accustomed to preach; that the Romans had begged him to draw up for their use. This is why, according to the remark of Saint Chrysostom, he does not relate what the Saviour said to the advantage of the Prince of the Apostles when he had solemnly recognised him for the Christ and the Son of God: he does not speak of the circumstance when he walked upon the waters. But he relates his denial with much extent and detail. Through humility the holy Apostle suppressed in his preaching all that was advantageous and honourable to him. He published with the sentiments of the liveliest compunction the crime which he had committed in denying his divine Master. He reports also traits of which Saint Matthew had not spoken, as the praise of that poor widow who put two little pieces of money into the treasury of the temple, and the apparition of Jesus to the two Disciples who were going to Emmaus.

Eusebius[12] and Saint Jerome[13] say that Saint Peter learned by the revelation of the Spirit of God that Saint Mark had written his Gospel, and was filled with joy at seeing the zeal which the Christians had shown for the word of truth. He approved this work, and, by his authority, established the use of it in the Church. It is

for this reason, says Baronius, that some have attributed it to him, as we see in Tertullian[14] and in Saint Jerome;[15] or rather, as Tertullian himself observes, it is because what is brought to light by the Disciples is easily attributed to the Master. One reads even in a work which bears the name of Saint Athanasius that this book contains only the words of Saint Peter. — This Gospel has been generally received and recognised as authentic in the whole Catholic Church, and even commonly among heretical societies.

The ancient patriarchal see of Aquileia has always been very illustrious in the Church, and considered as one of the most powerful, the most extended and the most elevated in dignity, as going back to apostolic times, and as having been founded by the Evangelist Saint Mark.[16]

Andrew Dandolo, doge of Venice, in his Chronicles,[17] asserts that Saint Mark, arriving in one of the suburbs of Aquileia, called Muretana, where afterwards a church was built in memory of this event, announced to the people the word of God, confirmed it by prodigies and thus converted an innumerable crowd of inhabitants. One is cited among several others. A young man named Arnulf, son of Ulphus, was covered with leprosy, and lived retired in the suburb of Aquileia; Saint Mark cured him and re- established him in perfect health. At the sight of this prodigy Ulphus was converted and received baptism with all his family.

The Acts cited above relate that the city of Aquileia showed itself so happy and so flattered at having been honoured by the visit and the preaching of such an Apostle of the Son of God that it built for him an ivory chair, in which he sat for some time, and particularly during that in which he was writing his Gospel. This chair, in which none of the Pontiffs, his successors, has dared to sit since, has been preserved to our days, and is still shown to-day in Italy.

Among the faithful of Aquileia there was found one named Hermagoras, who in a short time attained such a great perfection that the holy Evangelist, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, foresaw at once that he would be worthy to occupy the summit of the priesthood. He took him to accompany him on his return to Rome. He brought him then into the presence of the Blessed Peter, prince of the Apostles. The first pastor of the Church clothed him with the priestly character and power, raised him to the pontifical dignity and entrusted to him the government of the Church of Aquileia. It was in this city that he received the crown of martyrdom, on 12 July, with Fortunatus, his deacon, and went to enjoy with Jesus Christ, the Prince of Pastors, the eternal beatitude of the heavenly kingdom.

When Saint Mark had accomplished in Italy the object of his journey, he received from the Prince of the Apostles the command to go and preach in Africa, and thence to Alexandria, capital of Egypt and of the South, in order to erect there a principal church in the name of the Head of Christendom. This is what is attested by the Acts of Saint Mark, the decrees of Pope Gelasius, as well as all the tradition of antiquity.[18]

The holy Evangelist landed near Cyrene, in the Pentapolis. He announced the coming of Christ and His Gospel in those vast African regions, in Libya, in Marmarica (to-day the kingdom of Barca), in the country of the Ammonites, in the Thebaid, in Cyrenaica, in Nubia, a part of Ethiopia, in all Egypt, and in the neighbouring and bordering regions.[19] He had brought his Gospel thither, he converted an innumerable multitude of pagans; these miserable slaves of idols, or rather of demons, gave themselves up in their profane temples to all sorts of sins, impurities, abominations. The hostile power which Our Lord Jesus Christ came to combat and destroy at His coming upon earth led them to eat meats immolated to idols, and to commit every kind of crime. Saint Mark, arriving in the midst of them, and armed with the divine word, healed the sick and the infirm, made the lepers clean, drove out a great number of evil spirits. The spectacle of so many miracles which the grace of Jesus Christ Our Lord wrought by His Apostle led the Africans to believe in the Son of God. In consequence they destroyed their temples of idols. Axe in hand, they cut down their sacred groves, and, having thus given a striking proof of their conversion to the true God, they were baptised in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

From that time the Gospel of this holy disciple of Jesus Christ spread in the African provinces of Tripoli, of Cyrene, of the Pentapolis, of the Thebaid and of Egypt, countries then flourishing by commerce, industry, fertility of soil, by science and Roman civilisation. These countries continued to enjoy the blessings of Christianity during seven or eight centuries of inviolable attachment to the faith of Christ. At last they fell back into barbarism after heresy and paganism had resumed the dominion in these immense regions. To-day, when the faith is extinguished there, one sees everywhere only heaps of bare and abandoned mountains, barren and almost deserted valleys. — Manifestly, life has withdrawn from it with Christianity.

After having preached for about twelve years in the various parts of Libya, in the Pentapolitan regions, in Marmarica and in Ammoniaca, he resolved to carry the torch of the Gospel into the Thebaid and into Egypt,[20] according to the revelation which he had had of it from the Holy Ghost. Like an intrepid athlete, the Blessed Evangelist Saint Mark therefore set out with great promptitude to go and give fresh battles to the gods of paganism. He bade farewell to the faithful of Africa, and said to them: — "The Lord has spoken to me, and given me the command to set out for Alexandria." The faithful conducted him as far as the ship, and, after having eaten with him the (eucharistic) bread, they left him, saying to him: — "May the Lord Jesus Christ make your voyage happy!" The holy Evangelist prayed God to preserve his brethren and to strengthen them in the faith until he should return to visit them. Then he set out for

Alexandria, where he arrived in two days, in the seventh year of the empire of Nero (begun in the year 60 in the month of October).[21] Having come down from the ship, he arrived at a place named Bennide, at the entrance of the city. At the moment when he entered it, his shoe broke. At this sight the Saint, enlightened from on high, said: — "My going will henceforth be freer." He perceived at once a man who was occupied with the trade of a shoemaker; he gave him his footwear to mend. While the latter was busy at this work, he made a large wound in his hand and cried out in pain: — *Unus Deus!* Ah, my God! (For all the corruption of idolatry has never been able to prevent, in unforeseen occasions where the natural movements are seen to appear better, the soul even of pagans from appearing Christian, says Tertullian, in acknowledging one God, and in addressing itself to Him alone.) So this word gave joy to Saint Mark, and made him hope that God would assist him in this encounter. — "In effect," he said, "God has made my voyage happy." Then addressing Anianus, the shoemaker, he spoke to him of that one God whom he had invoked, as well as of Jesus Christ, by whose power he made him hope to heal him. At the same time he made a little mud with his spittle, put it on the wound, and invoked the name of the Saviour, saying: — "In the name of Jesus Christ, Son of God, let thy hand receive healing."

And at the same instant the hand of Anianus was healed. The shoemaker, struck at the sight of the power of this man, and of the prodigious efficacy of his word, considering moreover the mortified exterior of the Saint, said to him: — "I beseech you, O man of God, to deign to come down into the house of your servant, to take refreshment there; for to-day you have made me experience the effects of your goodness." The face of the Blessed Mark appeared joyful: — "May the Lord," he said to him, "give thee the bread of life come down from heaven!" At the same time Anianus obliged him with a double violence to enter his house.

When Saint Mark entered the house, he said: — "May the blessing of the Lord be here! Let us pray, my brethren." All those who accompanied him then set themselves to prayer. After they had rendered thanks to the Lord, Anianus said to the Apostle: — "I desire to know whence you are, and from whom comes this powerful word of life of which you have spoken to us." Mark answered him: — "I am the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God." — "I should be very desirous to see Him," replied the man of Alexandria. — "I will make you see Him," answered Saint Mark. He began at once to make known to him the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to show him how the oracles of the Prophets had been accomplished in Jesus. — "As for me," replied the host of Alexandria, "I have never heard speak of the Scriptures of which you entertain us; I know only the Iliad and the Odyssey: these two poems take the place of all science in the eyes of the Egyptians." Then Saint Mark began to announce to him clearly Jesus Christ and to show him, likewise, that

all this science, all this philosophy (Homeric and profane), is but folly in the eyes of God.

After having listened attentively to the doctrine of the Blessed Mark and having considered the miraculous signs and the striking prodigies which he wrought, the man of Alexandria believed in God, and was baptised with all his family and with a great crowd of persons of the same place (of the city). In the whole universe there was no country more given up than Egypt to the superstitions of paganism. In all antiquity Egypt had been the seat of the empire of Satan, the principal centre of idolatrous worship. But the times of blessing foretold by the prophets had at last arrived; and Saint Mark was the instrument which God used to verify the predictions of His servants. In a short time he formed at Alexandria a very numerous Church; and soon the number of Christians multiplied there in a prodigious manner. And Saint Mark, as Eusebius reports,[22] established several churches in Alexandria, that is to say that he divided the city into cantons or parishes, according to our manner of speaking: ordaining that the Christians of each canton should assemble in a determined place, under the direction of a priest who should be charged with it, to receive the sacraments there and hear the word of God. This distribution of the parishes of Alexandria was preserved and observed at the beginning of the fourth century, as Saint Epiphanius reports.[23] In the greater part of the other cities all the people assembled in one same place, under the presidency of the bishop.[24]

The progress of Christianity in Alexandria, in the neighbouring cities and in all Egypt was so astonishing; the number of the Egyptians and Africans converted was so considerable, even in the time of Saint Mark, that it may be said that this holy Evangelist accomplished literally and almost completely the ancient oracles of the Prophets, who had announced the conversion to the Messiah of these rich and flourishing countries.[25] But the infernal powers did not bear the spectacle of the destruction of their reign in Egypt without opposing the liveliest resistance to him who so powerfully broke their forces. They excited the souls of those who in Alexandria remained attached to their idols: they raised them tumultuously against the man of God. “The pagans of the city,” it is written in the Acts of Saint Mark, “at the sight of the multitude of those who believed in the true God, burst into murmurs against this Galilean who had come to Alexandria to ruin the sacrifices of the gods, to hinder their ceremonies and their solemnities. They sought therefore the occasion and the means of putting him to death, and they laid for him a quantity of snares. Now the Blessed Mark, knowing the design of these pagans, thought he ought to withdraw for a time. Before his departure he ordained as bishop of Alexandria Saint Anianus, and with him three priests, namely Melius, Sabinus and Cerdon, and seven deacons, then eleven other priests to remain with the patriarch Anianus: of this number one was to be taken one day to succeed the deceased patriarch.”

This accomplished, the holy Evangelist took again the road to the Pentapolis, and arrived, adds Eutychius, at Barca, the principal city of this African province. According to Eusebius,[26] it was the eighth year of Nero, and the sixty-second of Jesus Christ. Saint Mark remained two years more in the Pentapolis; he confirmed there the faithful whom he had left there before going to Egypt, and he established bishops and other ministers in these various countries of Africa. Then he came back to Egypt. On his return[27] to Alexandria the holy Evangelist had the joy of finding the faithful increased in faith and in grace, as well as in number. They had built a church or place of assembly in a spot called Bucoles, situated near the shore of the sea. Ravished with joy at the sight of the great progress of Christianity, he fell on his knees, and gave glory to God. He encouraged the Christians to persevere; he prayed for them, then withdrew. The author of the Oriental Chronicle[28] says that he set out for Rome, and that he was present there at the martyrdom of Saint Peter and of Saint Paul.

He returned from Rome to Egypt and to Alexandria, where he saw that the churches were multiplying more and more and becoming every day more flourishing.

But the pagans[29] could no longer endure the great miracles which God wrought by him, nor bear any longer the raillery which the Christians made them on the subject of their idols, become then manifestly powerless before the miraculous virtue of the holy Apostle. Saint Mark drove these false divinities from the places

where they had been adored for so long: he gave hearing to the deaf, sight to the blind, health to the sick. At the sight of so many prodigies the Gentiles cried out that he was a magician. They sought to seize his person, without being able to find the means of executing their desire. So they trembled with envy and rage; and in the midst of their public spectacles, of the banquets and the feasts of their idols, they cried: — "How great is the power of this man!"[30] God willed that they could not discover him, and that His servant should still administer this church for some time. But his hour had at last come. Therefore, on a Sunday, when the Christians were celebrating their great feast of Easter, and the pagans the feast of their god Serapis, on the twentieth day of the month Pharmuthi, the eighth before the kalends of May, that is, 24 April of the year 68, the pagans assembled and sent some people to seize the person of the Apostle: these men found him at the very moment when he was celebrating the prayer of the oblation and of the sacrifice. They seized him, put a rope round his neck, and dragged him, crying: — "Let us drag this buffalo to Bucoles!" (It was a place full of rocks and precipices, situated on the coast and destined to feed oxen.) While he was thus dragged from morning till evening, and while they covered the earth and the stones with his blood and with the pieces of flesh that were torn from his body, Saint Mark blessed God, and rendered Him thanks that He had judged him worthy to suffer for His holy name. When evening had come, they put him in a prison, until they had deliberated and decided the kind of death they would make him undergo. Toward the middle of the night, the doors being shut, and the guards being asleep before the doors of the prison, there was a great earthquake. The angel of the Lord had just come down from heaven. He touched Saint Mark, saying to him: — "Mark, servant of God and chief of the ministers of Christ, who make known to Egypt the most holy decrees of God, thy name is inscribed in heaven in the book of life, and thy memory shall never perish in this world. Thou art associated with the heavenly powers, they are going to conduct thy soul into the heavens, where thou shalt enter into participation of the eternal rest and of the imperishable light of the kingdom of God."

This vision consoled the Blessed Mark. He raised his hands to heaven and said: — "I render thee thanks, Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast not abandoned me and that Thou hast counted me in the number of Thy Saints. I beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul in Thy peace, and permit not that I be ever separated from Thee, O Saviour full of grace and mercy."

When he had finished this prayer, the Lord Jesus Christ presented Himself to him in the same form and with the same exterior as He had during His mortal life, when He was with His disciples, before His Passion. Saint Mark, who was of the number of His seventy-two first disciples, recognised Him at once. The Lord said to him: — "Peace be with thee, Mark, our Evangelist!" — "My Lord Jesus Christ!" answered the Martyr. Jesus disappeared. The next morning the pagans assembled, drew him from the prison, put a rope round his neck a second time, and dragged him as on the day before, saying: — "Drag the buffalo to Bucoles!" Saint Mark, while he was thus dragged, thanked God, and at the same time implored His great mercy: — "Lord," he said, "I commend my spirit into Thy hands." And in pronouncing these words the Blessed Evangelist rendered up his spirit.

He consummated his martyrdom on the twenty-fifth day of April of the year 68 of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It is on this day that the Latin Church and the Greek Church, as well as the Egyptians and the Syrians, celebrate his feast. Everybody knows that the principal attribute of Saint Mark is the lion, because he begins his Gospel with the account of the preaching of Saint John in the desert. Most often this lion is winged, because in the language of Scripture and the thought of the liturgy animals are only mystical, incorporeal symbols. In his quality of inspired writer as much as of secretary of Saint Peter, a pen is placed in the hand of Saint Mark and a book before him. This quality of secretary of Saint Peter has caused him to be chosen as patron by notaries and clerks. The glass-makers and glaziers have made the same choice, probably because the glass industry flourished above all at Venice and in its possessions. Now everyone knows that Venice was placed under the protection of this Evangelist, and that even to-day, to designate a fine piece of glass, one says: *Venice glass.* He is invoked against final impenitence and the itch. The miracle wrought by Saint Mark on Saint Anianus

might also explain why the professions which expose one to cuts have chosen the Evangelist for patron.

Relics of Saint Mark; — His Gospel; — His Successors

The pagans were not satisfied after having taken his life from him. They undertook, moreover, to burn his body in a place called the Messengers, or the Angels.[31] They dragged him therefore from Bucoles to that spot. But, by a marvellous effect of the Providence of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, there arose[32] a violent wind, followed by a great tempest, which took from men the light of the sun, made the thunder burst forth, and poured upon the place such torrents of rain that several dwellings fell in and several persons perished in the inundation. Seized with fear, those who guarded the sacred body then abandoned it and took flight. Others turned the thing into derision and said: “Our god Serapis, on the day of his feast, wished to see this man.”

Then religious men gathered up the lifeless body of the Just One, and carried it to the place called Bucoles, where they had been accustomed to assemble to pray with him, and buried it in that spot, on the east side of the city, in a place hollowed in the rock, near a valley where there were several tombs. It is noted that they buried him there with the ceremonies of the country, adding to them prayer and the other funeral honours.

The body of Saint Mark was still preserved and venerated at Alexandria[33] in the eighth century, although the city was then under the dominion of the Mahometans. It rested there in the earth under a marble tomb, before the altar of a church which one found on the right on entering the city on the land side, outside the Eastern gate.[34] There was there a monastery, which still subsisted with the church in 870. About the year 815, under the empire of Leo the Armenian,[35] the body of the Saint was removed from it and transported to Venice. The Bollandists give us a history of this translation. One sees there several miracles wrought by the power of the mediation of Saint Mark: the sailors delivered from a shipwreck, the sacred body darting from the midst of the ship rays of light and thus manifesting itself to those who were ignorant of the secret of the crew, unbelievers punished and the possessed delivered from the attacks of evil spirits.

Cardinal Baronius, after having reported the account of the translation of the body of Saint Mark, adds that the Venetians had placed it in a quite secret place, so that the French, or other peoples, should not come and carry it off from their city. Since 1837 it rests under the high altar of the church which bears his name and which is the principal one of Venice. This city has chosen Saint Mark for its principal patron; it has in its arms a lion with these words: *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus*, that is to say, “Mark, my Evangelist, peace be with thee!” It is generally believed that Saint Mark wrote his Gospel in Greek. There is preserved of it, in the treasury of the basilica of Saint Mark, at Venice, a Latin translation, a very ancient manuscript, become completely useless, so deteriorated is it.

A host of questions are agitated touching this manuscript. Is it the original of Saint Mark? Is it in Greek or in Latin? etc. Instead of resolving them with Mabillon, Montfaucon, Scipio Maffei, we have thought it more expeditious to address ourselves directly to the curator of the treasury of Saint Mark. Here is the French translation of his answer, written in Italian: *Exact information on the copy of the Gospel of Saint Mark preserved in the treasury of the basilica of Saint Mark, at Venice.*

This copy really exists, and comprises the first five quires of the Gospel of Saint Mark; the last two, detached from this copy, are kept in the cathedral of Saint Vitus, at Prague.

It is by error that this copy is believed written by the hand of the evangelist Saint Mark; it is only a copy which is esteemed to be of the sixth century.

It is written in Latin and in uncial letters.

It is so deteriorated by damp that the membranous paper on which it is written is reduced to a kind of paste: a single leaf, less damaged, is preserved between two glasses. One no longer perceives anything but slight

traces of writing.

The first information that we have about this copy goes back to 615. At that epoch it was kept in the monastery of Saint John of Timavo, in Friuli. It is known that later, in 1085, it was in the monastery of Belinese, and that at the end of the thirteenth century, or at the beginning of the fourteenth, it passed to the cathedral of Aquileia.

It formed part of a volume which contained the four Evangelists. Charles IV, emperor, having come to Italy, asked for a portion of it: there was given to him, on 3 November 1357, the last two quires containing the end of the Gospel of Saint Mark. The other five quires, containing the rest of this same Gospel, were transported to Venice, in 1420, from Cividale, where they had been for two years.

To-day, then, the portion of this volume which comprises the Gospels of Saint Matthew, of Saint Luke and of Saint John is preserved at Cividale, a town of Friuli; what remains of the first five quires of the Gospel of Saint Mark is at Venice, and Prague possesses the last two. Besides his Gospel and the part he may have had in the first Epistle of Saint Peter, the Syrians say[36] that it was Saint Mark who translated the New Testament into their language. We have also under his name a liturgy which the Egyptians still use to-day. It is entitled: *The Divine liturgy, or Mass of the holy Apostle and Evangelist Mark, disciple of Saint Peter.* It begins with these words: "We give Thee thanks, O Lord our God." It breathes a great piety, a lively faith, and a profound sense of the presence of God. It recalls several of the great facts of the New Testament, the miracles of the Apostles and the greater part of our Catholic dogmas. Here is a passage of it:

"Lord Jesus Christ our God, who hast chosen the twelve Apostles, and who hast sent them forth as twelve stars into the universe, to enlighten men, to preach and teach the Gospel of Thy kingdom, to heal among the peoples all maladies and all infirmities; who hast breathed upon them, saying to them: *Receive the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them…;* breathe thus upon us, Thy servants, at this moment when we enter Thy sanctuary, to accomplish the work par excellence of the sacred ministry…"

Nicetas the Paphlagonian, and several other authors, attribute this liturgy to Saint Mark, although they acknowledge that several things were added to it afterwards. Anianus, disciple of Saint Mark, was his successor on the patriarchal throne of Alexandria. His fervour and his capacity determined Saint Mark to establish him bishop of Alexandria during his absence. He governed this church four years with Saint Mark, and nearly nineteen years after his death, as the Oriental Chronicle reports. Saint Anianus died in the year 86, on Sunday, 26 November. The Roman martyrology marks his feast on 25 April, with that of Saint Mark. Eusebius says,[37] speaking of him, that "he was a man much beloved of God and admirable in all things." Saint Epiphanius[38] says that a church was founded at Alexandria under his invocation. It was seen in the fourth century. His successor was Saint Mélien. He is the first of the three priests whom Saint Mark had ordained at Alexandria. The Apostolic Constitutions[39] say that he was consecrated bishop by Saint Luke. It was in the sixth century that the patriarchs of Alexandria fell into the error of Eutyches, who taught that there is but one nature in Jesus Christ. Although they make profession of anathematising Eutyches and Apollinaris, they acknowledge nevertheless, it is said, but one single nature in Jesus Christ, and assure that the Word took a perfect body to which He united Himself without alteration, without mixture and without division, in one single nature and one single person. They have no other error on the other points of religion. The Church of the Jacobites is very extensive. The patriarchate of Alexandria comprises in its jurisdiction the churches of Syria, Ethiopia, Abyssinia, Armenia, Mesopotamia.

The relations of Ethiopia teach us that the emperor David sent ambassadors to Pope Clement VII, to give him obedience; that Pope Pius IV deputed thither Andrew Oviedo, a Jesuit, under the emperor Claudius, son of David; and that Gabriel, patriarch of Alexandria, sent in 1595, to Pope Clement VIII, his ambassador and two religious, to assure him of his obedience and of the will he had to reunite all his church to the Holy See,

founded by Saint Peter. These deputies acknowledged the Roman Church as mother of all the churches.

Since this solemn profession of Catholic faith, a great part of the Jacobites or Copts is reunited to the Roman Church, and the other part seems to remain separated. Besides the life of the holy Evangelist which we have given, there existed yet another which the Bollandists find less ancient and less faithful. The first existed from the third and fourth century. Procopius, deacon, at the beginning of the seventh century, and Nicetas David, who lived in the ninth century, made the panegyric of Saint Mark. Their discourses are preserved among the writings of the Ancients. *Acta Sanctorum*, translation of M. Maistre, *History of the Seventy-two Disciples*; Father Cahier, *Characteristics*; Freppel, *Clement of Alexandria*.

All the martyrologies make mention of Saint Mark, and generally all the authors of the Ecclesiastical History.

Saint Phébade, called in Gascony Saint Fiari, Bishop of Agen (toward the end of the 4th century)

It was toward the middle of the fourth century that Phébade was raised to the episcopal see of Agen, second city of Aquitaine. He always showed himself very zealous for the defence of the consubstantiality of the Word, which appeared above all in his inviolable attachment to Saint Hilary of Poitiers. He was not content with rejecting the second formula of faith drawn up at Sirmium by the Arians and subscribed by the celebrated Osius in 358; he took up the pen also to show all its venom, and thereby prevented its being received in Aquitaine. We still have his work. One remarks in it much exactness and solidity in the reasonings. The subtleties and equivocations of the Arians are unveiled in it, and the Catholic doctrine is defended with force.[1] In the Council of Rimini, which was held in 359, Saint Phébade opposed courageously the efforts of heresy with Saint Servatius of Tongeren. It is true that these two bishops let themselves at the end be deceived by the artificial manoeuvres of Ursacius and Valens, and that they admitted a captious proposition with a double sense; but they had no sooner discovered the snare that had been laid for them than they protested loudly, and condemned all that had been done at Rimini.[2] The holy bishop of Agen repaired his fault by the zeal which he showed for sound doctrine in the councils of Paris and of Saragossa.[3]

The precise year of his death is unknown. He was still living in 392, when Saint Jerome wrote his Catalogue of Illustrious Men, and he was then extremely aged. The church of Agen honours him on 26 April.

Italy has always made a difference between the bishops who subscribed the formulas of Rimini and those who made so courageous a resistance under the inspiration of Phébade and of Servatius. Here is an authentic and flattering testimony of it. Spon, in his Travels, relates that Cardinal Spada had a column erected in a little village, near the Adriatic gulf, in memory of the protest of the Catholic bishops against the conciliabules of Rimini. This column is erected before the church of Saint Apollinaris, parish of this village, where the faithful bishops came to celebrate the holy Mysteries after the defection of the greater number, who remained in possession of the church of Rimini. The village itself took the name of Catholica.

The relics of Saint Phébade were afterwards transported to Périgueux, then to Venerque, in the diocese of Toulouse: they rest there still in the ancient church of an abbey founded by Louis the Debonair. This edifice is remarkable: it belongs to the Romanesque style and appears to have been built in the twelfth century. There was formerly in Agen a church dedicated under his invocation: there remains of him, for all memory, a street which bears his popular name of Saint Fiari. In 1653 this city had placed itself under his protection to be delivered from the scourge of the plague. In memory of this vow the authorities of the city of Agen still assist every year at the solemn mass of Saint Phébade which is celebrated at the cathedral on 26 April. At the end of the seventeenth century the diocesan seminary was built outside the walls of the town and placed under the patronage of Saint Phébade, which recommends sufficiently, says the Proper of the diocese, the merits and the celebrity of the patron.

See the *Annals* of Baronius; the *History of the Diocese of Agen*, by M. the abbé Barrère and M. Salvan, *History of the Church of Toulouse*.

Saint Ermin, Regional Bishop (737)

Ermin, born at Erclie, in the territory of Laon, of honest and virtuous parents, made himself remarked from childhood by his piety as by his intelligence. His virtues growing with his years, Madalgarius, bishop of Laon, raised him to the priesthood. He embraced afterwards the monastic profession under the discipline of Saint Ursmar, abbot of Lobbes, of whom he was the disciple and the companion. If he aspired to surpass his brethren, it was solely by humility of heart, austerity of life and love of evangelical poverty. When the holy Abbot saw himself arrived at a very advanced age, knowing how fit Ermin was for the government of souls, he designated him for his successor, to the satisfaction of everyone. While he worthily sustained the burden of this function, he received the episcopal character, like Ursmar, and after him all the abbots of Lobbes; but he obtained no precise jurisdiction, and he carried the light of the Gospel to the peoples round about: he was a regional bishop. After numerous labours undertaken and accomplished for the glory of God, he went to receive the reward of them on 25 April of the year 737. His memory is the object of a special veneration in the borough of Erclie, which has taken the name of Saint-Erme, and which glories greatly in his patronage.

Proper of Soissons.

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[1] The great litanies are mentioned in all the Latin martyrologies; some add that they were instituted by Saint Gregory: which does not mean that he is the author of the litanies themselves, but only that he had them celebrated in honour of Saint Peter. There exists a decree of this Pontiff relative to the annual celebration of the great litanies (*Regist.* book ii); it begins thus: “The solemnity of this annual devotion, my beloved Brethren, warns us that we ought to celebrate the great litany with a pious and zealous heart, etc.” The same Pope, on the occasion of the plague which was raging, instituted the litany called Septiform. The constitution which he made on this occasion is dated 27 August; it is mentioned by Gregory of Tours, in his *History of the Franks* (book x, ch. 5), and by Paul the Deacon, in his *History of the Lombards* (book iii, ch. 2). Saint Gregory ordained public prayers not only at Rome, but also in the other parts of the Church, when any urgent necessity presented itself. The use of litanies is very ancient in the Church; Saint Basil (ep. 63) speaks of the litanies which took place at Neocaesarea from the time of Saint Gregory the Wonder-worker, bishop of that city, about the middle of the third century. It was a very ancient usage in the Latin Church to make processions or litanies at the tombs of the Martyrs. (See Tertullian, book ii, *To his Wife*, and Saint Jerome, ep. 22, to Eustochium.) Each bishop celebrated them in his church. The most celebrated of all are those which Saint Mamertus, bishop of Vienne, instituted about the year 452: we ought to say that he re-established them, for one could show by texts of Sidonius Apollinaris (ep. to Aper, 14, book v), of Saint Caesarius of Arles (hom. 33), and of Saint Augustine (serm. 173) that they already existed. — Baronius.

[2] The epoch of the martyrdom of Saint Evodus, Saint Hermogenes and Saint Callista, their sister, is unknown.

[3] The saints Philo and Agathopus appear to be the same who accompanied Saint Philip of Antioch to Rome and brought back his relics. The first was of the clergy of Tarsus, and the second of that of Antioch. Saint Ignatius makes mention of them in his letters to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, of Tarsus, of Antioch and of Philippi.

[4] The life of Saint Anianus is related in that of Saint Mark, *passim*.

[5] See the life of Saint Epiphanius of Pavia.

[6] Several Protestants made their abjuration on this occasion, and a great number of miraculous cures took place.

[7] The first, Saint Mackallée, was bishop in the country of Hi-Fialgia. This is an ancient denomination. Hi-liaigia would be Leinster, in the county of Meath. It was from the hands of Saint Mackallée that Saint Brigid received the veil. According to the Bollandists, he died in 456. The second, Saint Mackalde, was at first a petty prince of the country who levied his contributions after the fashion of brigands. The preachings of Saint Patrick displeased him greatly, as well as his people. The death of the Apostle was resolved upon in a council held by the band. “This is how we must go about it,” said one of their orators: “Let one of us place himself alive in a bier: we shall go to meet the impostor and beg him to raise the pretended dead man. At the moment when the miracle-worker begins to mutter his incantations, the so-called dead man will rise, and that will be the signal for the blows of the cudgels under which we shall crush him.” What was said was done. They waited for the holy man on his way. But how great was the astonishment, the terror of the murderers when, on uncovering their comrade, they found really dead him who before was full of life. At this sight Mackalde and his people were converted. As penance, Saint Patrick imposed on the former chief of brigands to leave his native land, the theatre of so many crimes, and to commit himself to the hazard of the waves, God being to charge these with bearing him to the place he should inhabit. His skiff came to land at the isle of Man, celebrated for the mysteries of the Druids, but already at that time enlightened by the lights of the Gospel by two holy Bishops, under whose conduct Mackalde placed himself and to whom he succeeded in the pastoral functions when the last of them was dead. The *AA. SS.* place in 403 the beginning of the episcopate of Saint Mackalde. The two bishops who were evangelising the isle of Man, when Saint Mackalde landed there, were Conindrius and Pomulus, sent by Saint Patrick. But they had

been preceded there by Saint Germanus, another disciple of Saint Patrick, who has always been considered as the apostle of the island: the cathedral of Peel-Castle is dedicated under his name. To come back to Saint Mackalde: one still shows, in the isle of Man, a mountain where he lived at first as a solitary, and which has been called from his name Saint-Alaughold. A church also bears his name, where his relics were preserved until the pretended Reformation.

[8] See on the following day.

[9] See on 27 April.

[10] *Theophany* of Eusebius, a work recovered in great part by Cardinal Mai, *Patrum nova bibliotheca*, t. iv, p. 120.

[11] Acts of the Ap., ii, 10.

[12] Tillemont, Godescard.

[13] Beda, *in Marcum*, p. 92.

[14] S. Hieron., *in Marc.*, pr., p. 87.

[15] *Acta S. Marci*, n. 5, ap. Boll. 25 apr., p. 348.

[16] Tillem.; Dom Calmet, *Dict. biblique*, art. *Disciples*; Baronius, anno 33, n. 13, *Annal.* In the *Chronicle of Alexandria*, p. 62, Saint Mark is the fifty-eighth disciple among the seventy-two.

[17] 1 Petr. v. 13; Orig., S. Jerome.

[18] S. Papias, ap. Euseb., l. iii, c. 39; S. Irenaeus, l. iii, c. 11; Tertull., *adv. Marcion.*, l. iv, c. *; S. Jerome*, de viris ill., *c. 8, and in* chronic.*; Till., Godesc.*

[19] Euseb., l. ii, c. 15; S. Jerome, *de viris ill.*, c. 8; S. Clem. Alex., v. 565.

[20] Dandolo, in chron. ap. Boll., p. 347.

[21] S. Euseb., l. ii, c. 15.

[22] S. Hier., *de vir. ill.*, c. 8.

[23] Tertull., *adv. Marcion.*, l. iv, c. 5.

[24] S. Hier., *ibid.*, c. 2.

[25] Ughel., t. v, *Italiae Sacrae*; Palladius, *de Olivis*, l. v; Thom., archid. Spalat., *Hist. Spalat.*, c. 3.

[26] *Chron.*, l. iv, c. 1; and Ordericus Vitalis, *Hist. ecclésiast.*, l. ii, c. 20, p. 18?, ed. Migne.

[27] *Actus Apost. Alex.*; Gelasius, in *decret. de lib. apoc.*; Euseb., Epiph., Hieron., Eutych., t. i, p. 323; Beda, S. Petrus, episc. Alex.; Sulp. Severus; Elmacin, Abu'.phanige, Enassal and several other oriental authors, Christian as well as Mussulman; *Hist. P. C. Alexandrinorum.*

[28] *Ibid.* and S. Petr. Alex.; Ordericus Vitalis, *Hist. eccl.*, l. ii, c. 20.

[29] Eutychius; *Acta S. Marci*; Bede, 25 apr.; Tillem.; S. Jerome, *de viris ill.*, c. 8; *Chronicon Orientale*, ab Ecchellertsi oersum; Boll., 25 apr.; Ordericus Vitalis, *loc. cit.*; Dom Ceillier, in his *History of the Ecclesiastical Authors*, t. i, p. 492, and the greater part of the writers who have occupied themselves with the Acts of S. Mark, observe that one cannot doubt their antiquity, and that they contain several true facts of the life of Saint Mark, consigned in the tradition of the church of Alexandria.

[30] S. *Chron. Orient., ibid.*; Tillemont.

[31] Euseb., l. ii, c. 18.

[32] S. Epiph., haer. lxix, c. 1.

[33] A great number of authors, after Saint Jerome and Eusebius, hold that the Therapeutae or Jewish monks, whose manner of living the historian Philo described, rather like that of our ascetics, were Christians whom the word of Saint Mark had impelled to embrace evangelical perfection. Mgr Freppel, in his *Course of Sacred Eloquence* (Clement of Alexandria, 2nd lesson), shows that the work of Philo dates from his youth and not from his old age. Now, when Philo was young, Christianity had not yet been preached at Alexandria and in Egypt. Philo, born thirty years before Jesus Christ, would have been ninety years old when Saint Mark arrived at Alexandria, about the year 60. Now, from the year 40 he had been sent on an embassy to Caligula, to ask that prince for his protection against the ill-treatment of which the Jews were the object on the part of the pagans. It is to be supposed that the work which he had composed to describe the pure manners and contemplative life of the Therapeutae or servants of God figured in his baggage as apologist of the Jewish nation and religion. "If it is impossible for me," continues Mgr Freppel, "to see Christians in the Therapeutae of Philo, I hasten to add that Christianity was bound to find an easy access among a class of men animated by such dispositions. *These good dispositions explain in part the prodigious success of the mission of Saint Mark."*

[34] Cf. Isaiah xix. 18 ff.; xliv. 14; xlvi. 18.

[35] Ordericus Vitalis, *Hist. eccl.*, l. ii, c. 30, p. 182, ed. Migne.

[36] *Acta B. Marci*, apud Boll., *ibid.*, p. 348; Eutych., p. 335; Pears, in Ign., t. i, p. 179; Tillem., t. ii, p. 104.

[37] *Chron. Orient.*, p. 110.

[38] *Ibid.*

[39] *Magna vis hujus viri!*

[40] *Ad Angelos.*

[41] *Chron. Orient.*, p. 110; Boll., 25 apr.; *Chron. Alex.*, p. 594; Combefis, *Act.*, p. 212; *Acta S. Petri Alex.*; Ordericus Vitalis, *loc. cit.*.

[42] Boll., 25 apr., p. 853, and Bed. (an. 815).

[43] Mabil., *de Bened.*, t. iii.

[44] Baron., 820, n. 23, 50.

[45] Corn. à Lap., *in Matth.*, p. 41.

[46] Euseb., l. ii, c. 25.

[47] Epiph., haer. lxix, c. 2.

[48] Const. ap., l. vii, c. 46.

[49] One finds this work in the *Bibl. des Pères*, t. iv, p. 400.

[50] See Saint Hilary, frag. ii; Saint Jerome, l. iv *in Lucifer.*, n. 6; Theodoret, *Hist.*, l. ii, c. 17; Saint Sulpicius Severus, *Hist.*, l. ii, n. 16. Dom Rivet, *Hist. littér. de la Fr.*, t. i, part 2, attributes to Saint Phébade a learned treatise against the Council of Rimini, which is written with as much elegance as solidity. A Greek translation of it is found among the discourses of Saint Gregory Nazianzen. It is the forty-ninth discourse of this Father. Henri Estienne printed the treatise of Saint Phébade against the Arians, at Paris, in 1570. M. Migne has reproduced it, after Galland, in volume liii of the *Patrologia*, and has joined to it a treatise *De Fide*, as well as the refutation of the Council of Rimini which is attributed to him.

[51] The first was held in 360, and the second in 380.

26 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the birth into heaven of Saint Cletus, pope, who governed the Church as the second after Saint Peter, and was crowned with martyrdom in the persecution of Domitian.[1] 77– 83. — In the same place, Saint Marcellinus, pope and martyr, who, under Maximian, had his head cut off for the faith, with Claudius, Cyrinus and Antoninus. In that time the persecution was so violent that, in the space of a month, seventeen thousand Christians were crowned with martyrdom. 295–304. — At Amasea, in Pontus, Saint Basil, bishop and martyr, who accomplished a glorious combat under the emperor Licinius, and whose body, having been thrown into the sea, was found again by Elpidiphorus, on the warning of an angel, and buried honourably. About 322. — At Braga, in Portugal, Saint Peter, first bishop of that city. 1st century. — At Vienne, Saint Clarentius, bishop and confessor. About 620. — At Verona, Saint Lucidus, bishop. — At the monastery of Centula (or of Saint-Riquier), Saint Riquier, priest and confessor. 7th century. — At Troyes, Saint Exuperantia, virgin. 380.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Besançon, the triumph of Saint Vital, martyr.[2] — At Corbie, the decease of Saint Paschasius Radbertus, abbot, disciple and fourth successor of Saint Adalard. 865. — In the same place, Saint Pracordus, confessor. — At Soissons, the feast of Saint Ermin, named yesterday in the Roman martyrology. — In the diocese of Meaux, the feast of Saint Authaire, father of Saint Ouen, deceased at Ussy-sur-Marne. This village of Brie has chosen him for patron and honours him under the name of Saint Oys. About 544. — At Agen, the feast of Saint Phébade, whose decease is marked on the 25th. — At Dijon, Saint Berthilo, abbot of Saint-Bénigne, whose head the Normans cut off. Popular piety formerly invoked him against fever. 9th century. — At Ajaccio, the feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Good Counsel. — At Ypres, in Belgium, Saint Valentina, virgin and martyr, whose body, brought from Rome, was formerly given to the Carmelites of that city. — At Sens, Saint Emmon, bishop, who offered the most generous hospitality to Saint Adrian, sent from Rome to England to accompany Saint Theodore of Canterbury. He was buried in the abbey of Saint-Peter-the-Living, where his feast was formerly celebrated on this day. 658–675. — At Valence, Saint John, bishop. 1145.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — The feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Martyrology of Vallombrosa. — Feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Besiano, in the kingdom of Castile, the Blessed Dominic and Gregory, of our Order, who, being on a journey for preaching, were surprised by a violent tempest, and, having taken shelter under a rock, were crushed by it in its fall. The inhabitants of the country, finding their bodies miraculously, began to venerate them as Saints.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — In the town of Genazzano, diocese of Palestrina, the feast of the holy image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, called of Good Counsel, which appeared miraculously in a church of our Order, under the pontificate of Paul II, and is in great veneration on account of the greatness and brilliance of its miracles, which draw a great concourse of peoples.

Martyrology of the Servites. — The feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the Breisgau (Germany), Saint Trudpert, martyr and solitary. He was put to death by workmen whom he had gone to evangelise.[3] After the year 642. — At Foggia, in Calabria, Saint William, and Saint Peregrine, his son. They were of Antioch, and came both, after various journeys, to instruct and strengthen in the faith the inhabitants of Foggia, where they died and of whom they are the patrons. 12th century. — At Siena, the Blessed Alda or Aldobrandesca, widow, of the Third Order of the Humiliati. In the year 1309. — In Tuscany, the venerable Peter the Teuton, hermit, of the Order of the Camaldolese. He was in his retreat when he saw the soul of the sovereign pontiff Pius II carried to heaven. 1472.

Saint Cletus, Fourth Pope

77–83. — Emperors: Titus and Domitian.

“A Roman by origin, Cletus was the son of Aemilianus. He was born in the quarter of Patricius, which formed part of the Esquiline region, not far from the senatorial dwelling of Pudens, where Saint Peter had lodged. He sat six years, one month and eleven days, during the reigns of Vespasian and of Titus, from the eighth consulate of Vespasian and the sixth of Domitian, until the ninth of Domitian and that of Rufus, when he received the crown of martyrdom.

“In conformity with the rules laid down by the Blessed Peter, Cletus ordained, during the month of December, twenty-five priests for the city of Rome. He received burial on the sixth of the kalends of May, near the body of Saint Peter, at the Vatican. After him the see remained vacant for twenty days.” Such is the notice that the *Liber Pontificalis* devotes to Saint Cletus.

We can add, by way of commentary, that the date of the election of Saint Cletus in 77 coincides with the departure of Saint Clement, his predecessor, for exile.[1]

The pontificate of Saint Cletus was marked by the inauguration of the Colosseum, whence so many martyrs were to ascend to heaven; by that famous eruption of Vesuvius which engulfed the two cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum; by a formidable fire which broke out in Rome and lasted three days and three nights; finally by a terrible plague which depopulated several provinces of Italy.

This invasion of the plague made all the more opportune the organisation, or at least the reorganisation, of the twenty-five parochial titles which, according to the instructions of Saint Peter, were to divide Rome among them and form as it were so many distinct dioceses for the administration of baptism and penance in favour of the pagans converted to the faith.[2] The Popes have always made march abreast the spiritual helps and the temporal helps demanded by the miseries and infirmities of our poor humanity. A few years, scarcely, after the death of Saint Peter, Cletus transformed into a church the house where he was born and

joined to it a hospice where the victims of the plague were received. Such was the origin of the first Christian hospital: it goes far back, as one sees.

Meanwhile, to Titus, the delight of the human race, who did not shed a drop of Christian blood, there had succeeded Domitian, the second Nero. He was worthy, says Eusebius, to sign the edict of the second general persecution against the Christians: Saint Cletus was its first victim. He was martyred at Rome, on 26 April 83, and his precious remains, deposited at the Vatican, near those of Saint Peter, where they still rest.[3]

The passage of Saint Cletus on the pontifical chair has left in the history of the Roman Church a luminous and a deep furrow. This has not prevented the French historians and hagiographers from scarcely citing his name and from leaving his works in the shade — his works which survived until the last century. In effect, the church and the hospital founded by him in the year 79, after having been ruined and rebuilt several times, were definitively suppressed only in the eighteenth century. And the memory of his charity was preserved so faithfully in the memory of the Romans that the Institute of the Crucifers or Cross-bearers attached to this hospice traced back its origin to this holy Pontiff.

This is not all: the divers Popes who have had to reconstitute the parishes of Rome or establishments destined for the administration of baptism and penance have constantly shown themselves faithful to the apostolic tradition of Saint Cletus; they maintained the number of twenty-five: thus did Saint Marcellus in 308, and Pius V fifteen hundred years later. This number, determined by Saint Peter himself, was it not a memory of the twenty-four priestly courses which, at Jerusalem, shared among them, under the direction of the high priest, the sacred ministry of the temple? Was it not to indicate that the Roman pontificate succeeded to the destroyed pontificate of Aaron?

It is known, besides, that until the destruction of the temple, or the year 70, the Christians converted from Judaism went to sacrifice at Jerusalem. Saint Paul himself offered a bloody sacrifice at the temple, in one of his visits to the holy city: it was so as long as the prophecy of Jesus Christ was not accomplished and the *abomination* had not entered into the Holy of Holies. Now Saint Peter, not having seen the destruction of the temple, would have ordered his successors to wait for it and, when it should have taken place, to adopt for Rome the priestly organisation of Jerusalem.

This is what the *Liber Pontificalis* seems to indicate, when it traces back to Saint Peter himself the idea of dividing Rome into twenty-five parochial titles.

Saint Cletus was, it is said, the first who, in his letters, used these words: “Greeting and apostolic benediction”; but this detail is contested and we record it only for memory.

He is one of the patrons of Ruvo in the kingdom of Naples. The tradition of that locality has it that he was its first bishop: this could very well be reconciled with this fact, acquired to history, that Saint Peter named him his coadjutor outside Rome, as Saint Linus was within. *Liber Pontificalis* and *History of the Church*, by Darras.

Saint Marcellinus, Pope and Martyr

295–304. — Emperors: Galerius; Maximian; Diocletian; Constantius Chlorus.

Jesus Christ, who gave to the Roman Pontiffs dogmatic infallibility, did not make them impeccable. — Baronius.

Marcellinus, a Roman by origin, was son of Projectus. He sat eight years, eleven months and three days, from the eve of the kalends of July (30 June), under the sixth consulate of Diocletian and that of Constantius II (293), until the ninth of the same Diocletian and the eighth of Maximian (304); — an epoch when the persecution was so great that in one month seventeen thousand Christians of every age and of every sex were slaughtered in the divers provinces.[1] — Marcellinus was dragged to the altar of the false gods to sacrifice

there and offer incense. He did so; but some days after, touched with repentance, he appeared again before Diocletian, confessed the faith courageously and had his head cut off with Claudius, Cyrinus and Antoninus. While he was being led to punishment, the Blessed Marcellinus adjured the priest Marcellus not to yield to the entreaties of the emperor. By order of Diocletian the bodies of the holy martyrs remained thirty-six days without burial, in the midst of the forum, to frighten the Christians by this gloomy spectacle. At last, on the 7th of the kalends of May (26 April 304), the priest Marcellus came during the night, with the other priests and the deacons of Rome, to gather up these precious relics. They were deposited, to the chant of hymns, in the catacomb of Priscilla, on the Salarian Way, in the *cubiculum* which the Pontiff, after his penance, had himself designated for the place of his sepulture, beside the crypt where the body of Saint Crescentius rested. Marcellinus, in three ordinations, in the month of December, had laid hands on four priests, two deacons and five bishops destined for divers churches. After him the see remained vacant two months.[2]

Let us add a few words to this short account of the Chronicle of the Popes, reproduced by the Roman Breviary: The Church never had more to suffer than at that terrible epoch. The edifice of idolatry, ruined little by little by the Christians and destroyed in some of its parts, was ready to crumble on its foundations; the profane altars lacked flowers, the hierophants, victims; the haruspices no longer found in the entrails the signs of the future; the oracles had become mute, the magicians, powerless. In such a state of things it seemed that all the gods of darkness were making their last efforts against the God of light. Diocletian, Maximian, Galerius and Maximin were successively the four chiefs of this infernal enterprise. Galerius, the most furious of all, had torn from Diocletian the fatal sentence which ordered this atrocious persecution, universal, without truce, without pity. The churches were pulled down in almost all the provinces; men, women, old men, children, virgins were delivered to the executioners; heaven was peopled with martyrs, and the earth, at the sight of such courage, was inflamed with tenderness for Catholicism. They wished to destroy the religion of Jesus Christ, and all this fury served only to raise the throne of the faith on the ruins of paganism.

The States subject to Rome, watered with the blood of the persecuted, became only the more fruitful in Christian branches. The torments tore the bodies of the martyrs; but their souls, embracing the faith firmly, remained invulnerable and invincible. There was nevertheless a great number of the faithful who let themselves be won by the threats and the promises of the pagans. Now Marcellinus was bishop of Rome:[3] Urban, the pagan pontiff of the Capitol, came to find him. A discussion began between them on the question whether it was a great crime to burn incense in honour of the gods. “Your Christ,” said Urban, “he whom you pretend to be the son of the Virgin Mary, did he not receive in his cradle the gold, the incense and the myrrh which the magi presented to him? These magi believed they thus honoured him whom you have made your God and whose resurrection you preach. The act of burning incense is therefore, even according to your own belief, a legitimate homage rendered to the divinity.” — The bishop Marcellinus answered him: “The magi did not offer their incense to a vain idol. In laying it at the feet of Jesus Christ they manifested clearly that they recognised him for the one and true God.” — “Will you,” resumed Urban, “come one of these days to the palaces of Diocletian and Maximian, our invincible and most clement emperors? In their presence I will answer all your objections on this point.” — Marcellinus consented. On the appointed day, which was that of the pagan feast of Vulcan, the pontiff of the Capitol said to the bishop: “Let us each draw up our reasons in writing, and we will hand them to the emperors.” — They did so, and when they had been admitted to the audience of the most sacred princes, Marcellinus, the bishop of Rome, faithful to his mission, and generously confessing Christ with intrepidity: “Why,” he said to Diocletian, “sow the universe with mourning and carnage, on account of the superstitious worship of idols? Why force all men, under pain of death, to burn incense before mute statues?” — Urban interrupted him, saying: “Address yourself to me, I am ready to confound you. Is it not true that, under this injurious term of vain idols, you comprehend the god Jupiter and the invincible Hercules themselves? Is it not thus that you blaspheme the majesty of Jupiter, who is none other than heaven united to earth and the seas in his eternal alliance with Saturn? You are a pontiff like me,

why then do you not offer, as I do, incense to the divine majesty?" — Diocletian spoke: "Do not push this man to extremity," he said to Urban. "Nothing proves as yet that he wishes to set himself in rebellion against my power and against the majesty of the immortal gods." — Now Diocletian spoke thus because Romanus and Alexander, two of his confidants, had said to him: "If you succeed by gentleness in winning the mind of Marcellinus, the whole population of Rome will obey your edicts and consent to sacrifice to the gods." — Addressing himself therefore to the bishop, Diocletian said to him: "I acknowledge thy wisdom and thy prudence. Thou art perhaps destined to change into a faithful friendship the hatred which I bore till now to the Christian name. Come, and let the people be witness of our reconciliation." — The emperor went at once to the temple of Vesta and Isis; he made the bishop enter it, who was accompanied by three priests, Urban, Castorius, Juvenal, and by two deacons, Caius and Innocent: these would not cross the threshold of the idolatrous edifice. They left the bishop on the spot, and consequently saw nothing of what passed afterwards in the temple. They ran to the presbyterium, assembled at the Vatican, near the ancient palace of Nero, and related the fact. At this news a crowd of Christians, among others eighty-four witnesses, ran to the temple; they saw Marcellinus cast the incense on the tripod and receive the congratulations of the emperor. Now these witnesses, after having deposited the sum of money required by the law of every accuser, affirmed that they had seen Marcellinus offer incense.

A synod was held at Sinuessa, in Campania, in the crypt of Cleopatra; penetrated with grief at the thought of his fault, Marcellinus presented himself there covered with a hair-shirt. A great number of witnesses were heard: at each affirmative deposition the bishops adjured them to think of the import of their words and added: "You hear, Pontiff, judge now, for you can be absolved or condemned only by yourself." Marcellinus sat at the head of the bishops, for he was held innocent so long as he had not condemned himself. He took the word, therefore, and said in a distinct voice: "I have not sacrificed to the gods; I only let fall some grains of incense on the tripod." The bishops, rising then, said to the witnesses: "We have no further need of your attestations after that which has just come from the mouth of the Pontiff." They subscribed therefore the minutes of the sitting, and the bishop Quirinus said to Marcellinus: "Universal Pontiff, you have wounded all the members of the Church. After eighteen years of an irreproachable priesthood you have yielded to the malice of Satan." At the sitting of the next day the bishop Cyriacus said to Marcellinus: "Judge at last in your own cause. We await your pontifical sentence." The Pope, prostrating himself then with his forehead in the dust, cried out in a voice broken with sobs: "I have sinned before God and before you; I am no longer worthy of the priestly rank; I let myself be seduced by the captious promises of the emperor!" The priest Helcias said: "He is justly condemned by his own sentence, it is he himself who has pronounced the anathema which strikes him, for no one has the right to condemn the Pontiff. The first see is judged by no one!" — When the minutes of this sitting were subscribed, Marcellinus first of all signed with his hand, thus subscribing his own condemnation. Like Saint Peter, in striking his breast, he had also obtained from God the supreme pardon. Returned to Rome, he went to find the emperor and reproached him courageously with having drawn him, in spite of himself, to so enormous an act of impiety. For all answer the emperor had him beheaded.

The Golden Legend adds that, to punish himself, he abdicated, and that he was re-elected after this act of profound humility.

There is given him for attribute the scourge, symbol of the censure with which he was struck, and the sword, instrument of his punishment.

Without speaking of the *Liber Pontificalis*, we have borrowed this account 1° from the Roman Breviary; 2° from the Acts of the Council of Sinuessa, which are found in volume vi of the *Patrologia Latina*, and which, in the words of the learned Father Labbe (*Collection of the Councils*, t. ii), are one of the most venerable monuments of antiquity, whose veracity imposes itself on the mind by a simple reading; which have been unanimously accepted by all the churches and inserted in the most ancient martyrologies, and which the efforts of modern scholars cannot suffice to cause to be regarded as false. Godescard, Tillemont, Bossuet,

and the Germans of our days, heirs of doctrines more or less abandoned among us, reject even the fact of the fall of Saint Marcellinus, in order to get rid at the same time of the Acts of this council, whose doctrine embarrasses them. — See besides Baronius at the year 303, nn. 100–108, who, after having contested the authenticity of the Acts of this council in his first edition, thought he ought to modify his opinion in the second; the letter of Pope Nicholas the Great to the emperor Michael, whose absolute affirmation seems to us to settle the question (*Pat. lat.*, t. cxix), for if Saint Augustine denies in a manner just as absolute, he does so for want of information: he who was ignorant, on the eve of being made bishop, that the Council of Nicaea had formulated canons, could well be ignorant of the existence of the Council of Sinuessa, of which the Donatists made quite wrongly a weapon against the Church (Augustine's book against Petilian and letter 110); the first Bollandists, who affirmed the fall, whereas Papebroch denied it; Sommier, who admitted it, and Noël Alexandre, who rejected it; finally, the interesting chapter consecrated by M. the abbé Darras to this question in his *History of the Church*, t. viii.

Saint Riquier, Abbot

— Pope: Theodore. — King of France: Clovis II.

God never leaves a good action without reward.

Saint Riquier was born, under the reign of Clotaire II, in a borough of Ponthieu of which his father, Alquier, is believed to have been count or duke. His childhood is not known: the fact which reveals him to our eyes is the touching hospitality which he accorded to two Irish or Breton missionaries, landed on the coasts of Picardy: one was called Caidoc, the other Fricor. Scarcely had they begun to preach the Gospel when they saw themselves ill-treated by inhabitants of the country, of whom a great number were still idolaters. They would have been obliged to go away if the young Riquier, touched by their virtue, had not received them in his dwelling and sheltered them from the insolence of the pagans. This devotedness merited for him the gift of the vocation to the apostolate. In effect, the frequent conversations he had with these two missionaries, the examples of their conduct, their piety, their zeal, touched his heart and determined him to consecrate, like them, his life to the preaching of the Gospel. He began by making a general confession of his sins, which he bewailed bitterly; then he devoted himself to God and to the work of his sanctification. Ordained priest later, Saint Riquier went through the whole country, spreading on his passage, with the benefits of his charity, the good news of salvation. Then, returned to his dwelling, he prayed and gave himself to other exercises of piety. His food consisted of a barley loaf soaked in water. The poor, the strangers, the widows, the orphans, the pilgrims, all felt the effects of his liberality and of his love for God.

A devotedness so active and so generous could not be shut up within the limits of one province; an inner feeling drew Saint Riquier beyond the strait, as if to make him render to England (Britain) the benefit he had received from it. He went therefore to that island, where he won a great number of sinners and idolaters to Jesus Christ. He redeemed there also many captives, Christians or pagans, and gave them back their liberty, as he had given it before to all the serfs whom he himself possessed on his lands of Ponthieu. On returning to France, Saint Riquier preached the faith in divers regions; but the lack of details does not permit one to follow him in his apostolic journeys. One remarks however his relations with Saint Adalbald, lord of Douai, and Saint Rictrude, his wife, whose first child, Saint Mauront, he baptised. An ancient biographer relates that one day Saint Riquier having come to this religious family, at the moment of departure, while he was already on his horse, Saint Rictrude sent for the little Mauront, that he might receive a last blessing from his spiritual father. As the Saint held the child in his arms, suddenly the horse took fright, reared, bolted without it being possible to hold him. Rictrude was distracted, and all the spectators frightened; they believed at every instant that the child was going to be crushed and the Saint thrown down. At that moment Saint Riquier addressed from the bottom of his heart a prayer to God, and at once the child slid gently to the ground without the least hurt, and the animal grew calm.

While Saint Riquier was going through the provinces of the North, announcing everywhere the divine word, he was founding a church and a monastery to gather there the disciples who asked to live under his guidance. It was at Centula, not far from the place of his birth, that he established this community; it was there that he rested from the fatigues of his missions and that he received sometimes the visit of the powerful of the world. One day when Dagobert had come into Ponthieu, on the pressing invitation of a lord called Gislemar, he wished to see the man of God, whose name was spread far abroad. He went to the holy old man, who, after having blessed the king, gave him, with a modest authority and a wholly evangelical freedom, counsels too rarely heard by princes. “He reminded him that he must not be puffed up by his power, nor hope in passing riches, nor exalt himself within himself by the vain adulations of flatterers, nor place his joy in fragile honours; but rather fear the power of God and render glory to His supreme majesty, and reckon as nothing that power and glory of men which pass like a light shadow, and vanish like the foam of the waves that the wind carries off.” The Saint said again to the monarch “that he ought above all to recall these words of the divine Scriptures: *The great ones of the world are exposed to endure greater torments, and God will require more of him to whom He has given more.* That if a king, on the day of judgment, will be able only with difficulty to render for himself a favourable account to the supreme Judge, how will he be able to do it for so many thousands of men who have been entrusted to him? Therefore, prince,” continued Saint Riquier, “one ought rather to fear to command than to obey. He who obeys renders account to God only for himself; he, on the contrary, who commands will render account for all those who are subject to him.” Dagobert received well these wise lessons of the abbot of Centula, and, to testify the esteem which he had conceived for him, he invited him to take part in the banquet which Count Gislemar had prepared for him. The Saint repaired to this banquet, where his presence and his discourses made a happy impression on all the guests.

Meanwhile age and fatigues had considerably diminished his strength, and he sighed after a deeper solitude, where he might prepare himself for death. His desire was known, and Dagobert sent the order to Gislemar and to another lord of the country to give the man of God a suitable place in the forest of Crécy. It is there that he withdrew with his disciple Sigobard, after he had entrusted the direction of his monastery to Olciades, a prudent religious of great piety. From that moment Saint Riquier gave himself wholly to the meditation of the things of heaven. His soul was as if absorbed in God, and in spite of the weakness of his body, he felt at times the strength and vigour of his young years reviving in him. But soon his retreat was known and many had themselves carried to him to be healed of their infirmities. The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the paralytics pressed round his cell, beside the great and powerful of the age who came to ask counsels of him. Thus the Lord took pleasure in surrounding His servant, even on earth, with respect and homage, which his death was still to increase.

In effect, the end of Saint Riquier approached, and God gave him a secret presentiment of it, which he communicated to his disciple Sigobard. “My son,” he said to him one day, “I know that my death is not far off and that soon I shall see my Lord, after whom I have long sighed. You will prepare a coffin, according to custom, to enclose this feeble body. At the same time, my son, prepare yourself with the greatest care, so that when the day which approaches for me shall come for you, it may find you well disposed. Behold I enter into the way of all flesh: may the Saviour of the world be merciful to me! May He defend me to-day from the enemy as He defended me of old, and after having been my consoler in this life, may He be my eternal rewarder in the other!” On hearing these words Sigobard melted into tears; then, his heart oppressed with sobs, he set about obeying. He cut in the forest the trunk of a tree and fashioned it to receive the body of his beloved master. The work finished, he placed in the indicated spot this coffin watered with his tears. He was not to delay in going to take it up again. The sickness made rapid progress, and reduced in a short time the old man to the extremest weakness. In the midst of the failings of nature his soul was always raised toward God, and it was in finishing the acts of his gratitude and of his love, after having received the holy Eucharist, that he fell asleep in the Lord, on 26 April, about the year 645.

Relics of Saint Riquier

His body was at first placed in his little cell, which became later the abbey of Forêt-Moutier, between Rue and Crécy; but the religious of Centula wished to have near them the mortal remains of their father, and they transported them with honour to their monastery, which since then has taken the name of Saint-Riquier. The numerous cures which were wrought there attracted the peoples of the country, and rendered the worship of the Patron more and more celebrated in Ponthieu, in the neighbouring provinces and throughout all France.

Charlemagne himself visited one day this tomb, which was opened in his presence. There were found the remains of the Saint in the same state as at the moment of his death, and the emperor had them enclosed in a magnificent shrine. Later this precious body was transported to different places on account of the ravages of the Normans. Saint Angilbert, abbot of Centula under the reign of Charlemagne, contributed much to the decoration of the place where Saint Riquier reposed.

The church of the ancient abbey of Saint-Riquier, built on the model of the cathedral of Amiens, serves to-day as parish church. One sees there, at the back of the second choir, a little picture representing the holy patron. Every year, in the month of October, a procession is made in his honour, in which the inhabitants of the town make it a duty to take part. M. the abbé A. Leroux wrote to us in 1863:

"The relics of Saint Riquier are still at Saint-Riquier; they are found in the parish church, enclosed in two shrines, of which one, containing the head of the holy abbot, is placed on the altar, and the other contains the body. If you desired other details, I have no others to give you than those which are found in the *Chronicon Centulense* of Hariulf, which forms part of the *Spicilegium* of Dom Luke d'Achéry, tome ii or iv according to the edition." The buildings of the ancient and splendid abbey of Saint-Riquier are to-day occupied by a little seminary.

The *History of Abbeville* says that this name of Abbeville, which signifies Town of the abbot, was given to it because it formerly belonged to the domain of the abbot Saint Riquier. — *Saints of Cambrai and Arras; Local notes.*

Saint Paschase[1] Radbert, Abbot of Corbie

— Pope: Nicholas I. — King of France: Charles II, the Bald.

Radbert, to whom was given, or who afterwards took himself, the name of Paschase, was born in the Soissonnais, perhaps even in the city of Soissons, at the end of the eighth century. He found himself abandoned, without resource, at the death of his mother, whom he lost from his birth, or at least while still a child. But the religious of the monastery of Notre-Dame of Soissons, who had then for abbess Theodrada, first cousin of Charlemagne, undertook to provide for his subsistence and entrusted his education to the monks of Saint-Peter: our Saint showed himself later very grateful for these benefits, and he dedicated several of his works to his adoptive mothers. This child made very great progress in the sciences and in piety. As soon as he was of the required age, he received the tonsure, or clerical crown, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the church of the convent of Notre-Dame, in the presence of the religious. But, instead of remaining attached to the service of this church, he entered the world, one knows not for what motive, nor in what circumstances, and led the secular life.

He regarded this conduct afterwards as a great fault which had to be expiated by the tears of penance. Radbert recognised by his own experience the dangers of the world: fearing to lose himself in it, and not finding there wherewith to satisfy the desires of his heart, he retired, while still young, to the monastery of Corbie, where he was well received by the holy abbot Adalard, brother of the abbess of Notre-Dame of Soissons, his benefactress. The new religious applied himself to study with so much success that in a short time he was judged worthy to teach others the divine and human letters. He made himself from that time a great reputation by his eloquence, his knowledge of Scripture and of the Fathers, and above all by his virtue.

His humility equalled his reputation: he could not refuse the order of the diaconate, but he did not receive the priesthood, of which he judged himself unworthy. He signed his letters: *Paschasius Radbertus, levita, monachorum omnium peripsema,* that is to say: Paschase Radbert, levite, the last (the sweepings) of all the monks.

So rare a merit gained him the esteem and affection of Adalard and of Wala, his brother and his successor in the dignity of abbot. He was in all their journeys and as the soul of their council in important affairs. In 822 they took him with them into Saxony, to found the new Corbie. Louis the Debonair esteemed him no less: he employed him often in public affairs, which Radbert always knew how to conduct with great wisdom. Wala being dead in 835, our Saint wrote the history of his life, which he entitled: *Epitaph of Arsenius.* He had already told the life of Saint Adalard, about 830; and, in 831, he had composed his famous *Treatise on the Body and Blood of Our Lord,* that is, on the Eucharist, at the prayer of his disciple Warinus, surnamed Placidus, who, after having been a monk in the old Corbie, was abbot of the new. It is a precious monument of the Catholic belief on the Eucharist, not only in the ninth century, but in all the preceding centuries. Paschase Radbert, in this treatise, teaches clearly and shows that the Church has always taught principally three things: That the Eucharist is the true body and the true blood of Jesus Christ; that the substance of the bread and of the wine no longer remains there after the consecration; finally that, in the Eucharist, we receive the same body which was born of the Virgin Mary, which suffered on the cross, which came forth from the sepulchre. Charged with explaining publicly, according to custom, to the religious of Corbie, the holy Gospel on Sundays and feasts, he acquitted himself of this noble function with so much success that he was begged to comment thus on the whole Gospel according to Saint Matthew. He yielded to these wishes and composed the learned Commentary which he has left us in twelve books. The first four were written before 844, and the other eight after the year 851. The Saint analyses in it, as he always does, the previous works, and principally those of Saint John Chrysostom, and combats especially the errors of his time. He took great care to apply to himself the fine maxims that he drew from the sacred text, so that he made great progress in the spiritual life: he resisted temptations and rose again from his faults by practising, a rare thing, what he preached to others. He gave, besides, an example no less useful to writers who live in community: he worked at his books only during the hours which remained to him after having assisted at all the exercises of the monastery, because obedience is more meritorious in the eyes of God than study, and because one cannot, besides, prepare oneself better to write on divine things than by celebrating, like the angels, the glory of God, meditating on it, putting oneself, so to speak, in communication with heaven. In 844 our Saint, though a simple deacon, was elected abbot of Corbie, after the death of Isaac. About the same time he published his treatise on *the Childbearing of the Virgin,* dedicated to the religious of Notre-Dame of Soissons: he shows in it that Mary bore Our Lord in a supernatural manner, without ceasing to be a virgin.[1]

The illustrious abbot assisted, in the year 847, at the Council of Paris, which loaded the monastery of Corbie with praises, for its regularity and prosperity, and granted it great privileges. He found himself also at the Assembly of Quierzy-sur-Oise (849), where Gottschalk was condemned for the second time. Having gone to Bazoches, in the Soissonnais, to visit the church of the holy martyrs Rufinus and Valerius, he was begged by the inhabitants of the place to polish the history (the Acts) of these Saints, and to put it in better style, changing nothing, either in the substance or in the order of the facts. He did so very willingly, persuaded, he said, "that the life of the Saints ought not to be less precious to us than their relics, and that, if such great care is taken to wrap their sacred bones in rich stuffs, one ought also to relate their actions in a noble style, equally removed from affectation and vulgarity." Different causes, such as the distractions inseparable from the administration of a monastery, the opposition of some of his religious, made the holy abbot of Corbie take the resolution to abdicate. His resignation was accepted only in 851. He had been powerfully sustained in his troubles by the monks of Saint-Riquier, among whom he sojourned some time, and by his friend Lupus, abbot of Ferrières, who helped him, not only with his counsels, but with his credit with King Charles the Bald. Restored to himself and to study, Radbert resumed his literary labours, continued his interrupted works

and composed new ones. He joined prayer to study, weeping unceasingly for his sins and for those of his neighbour. It was to maintain himself in these sentiments of compunction that, after having finished his commentaries on Saint Matthew and on the forty-fourth psalm, he composed one on the Lamentations of Jeremiah, dedicated to Severus, his friend, whose true name was Hildeman. In this work, as in some others of those which he wrote toward the end of his life, he deplores the disorders of his time, the scandalous vices of the ecclesiastics and religious, the dissolution of public morals and the misfortunes resulting from the invasion of the Normans. Breathing no longer but for the Church and for France, he points out, he weeps over the calamities which threaten them, and uses every means to avert them. He was a great enemy of selfishness: he always forgot himself, he sank himself in his humility, to think only of others. So, although he had written the life of his masters Adalard and Wala, he expressly forbade his disciples to write his own. His orders have been only too scrupulously executed. We have scarcely to-day, to know the actions of so great a man, other resources than his own writings. He died holily, about the year 865, on the day of the feast of Saint Riquier, for whom he had a quite particular devotion. His body was buried in the chapel of Saint John; but, in 1073, it was transferred to the principal church, by the authority of the Holy See, which, on account of the miracles wrought at his tomb, put him in the rank of the Saints whom the Church honours in the course of the year. There are still possessed at Corbie the almost entire remains of Saint Paschase Radbert.

Besides the works of which mention has been made in the course of this account, we have still of Saint Paschase: the *Treatise on Faith, Hope and Charity;* some Poems and a Letter which he wrote to King Charles the Bald, in sending him the *Treatise on the Body and Blood of the Lord.* "He speaks, in his works, only according to Scripture and the Fathers. One sees that he was very versed in the Greek and Hebrew languages. His style is always suited to the matters he treats."

The Blessed Paschase is represented with a monstrance or ostensory in his hand, to recall the zeal with which he defended the dogma of the Eucharist.

We have had to redo integrally the history of this Life, which, in Father Giry, is reduced to a vague eulogy, without narrative. (See the biography which precedes the works of the Saint, in the *Patrologia* of M. Migne; Hugh Ménard, in his notes on the Benedictine martyrology; Dom Ceillier; the authors of the *Hist. litt. de France;* Mabillon, etc.)

Saint Exupérance, Virgin (380)

Born at Troyes, Exupérance distinguished herself early by her love of retreat and silence, and was not slow to conceive a particular esteem for virginity. Age only increased in her the desire she had to renounce all human alliances and to consecrate to God her soul and her body.

However, the tumult and agitation of the city troubled her fervour; she resolved to seek a solitary place where, far from worldly distractions, she might give herself more freely to prayer and good works. Already the religious of Saint Ursion, established at Isle (Aumont), were spreading everywhere the good odour of Jesus Christ, and there was but one voice to exalt their holy and mortified life. It was under the wisdom of their direction that Exupérance went to place her virtue. A modest cell hid from profane eyes the secret of a holy life passed under the eye of God and of her conscience, until death, the object of her desires, opened to her the gates of the eternal abode. This was about the year 380.

The body of the virgin of Troyes rested in the church dedicated to Saint Ursion, and was removed from it only long afterwards, to be transferred to the abbey of Montier-la-Celle. Her precious relics (the entire body) are to-day (1872) enclosed in a shrine of gilt wood, exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the church of Sainte-Savine. One of her bones is likewise honoured in the parish church of Saint-Mards-en-Othe.

Local notes, Defer.

Saint William and Saint Peregrine, his Son (12th century)

Saint William was a native of Antioch, in Syria; he was born of very rich parents who gave him an education worthy of his rank. He married, entered the service of the State, and fulfilled all his duties with the most scrupulous fidelity, according to the true spirit of Christianity, the spirit of love and of filial obedience toward God.

When he prayed, he had the recollection of an angel; he was full of respect for religion and its ministers; tender and beneficent to the poor and the needy; always eager to come to the help of those who were the object of persecutions or of unjust vexations. As for himself, he imposed on himself the greatest mortifications, and he was so resigned to the will of God that he seemed to have entirely renounced his own.

William had a son named Peregrine, in whom he tried to inspire, by the strictest watchfulness, the principles of all the virtues: he was persuaded that nothing would be more efficacious in this regard than the paternal example; so his son was not slow to become not only the sweetest consolation of his parents, but also a model of true piety. After the death of his wife, William resolved to renounce all the affairs of this world, and to consecrate himself only to the Lord and to the salvation of his soul. The father and the son passed thus several years in a pious union, edifying each other and occupying themselves only with the means of pleasing God, without troubling themselves about temporal things.

When Peregrine had reached manly age, he asked his father permission to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and to visit the Holy Places. After having finished his devotions, he remained some time longer in the Holy Land and took service in a hospital to give his cares gratuitously to the sick there. Meanwhile his father, who loved him tenderly, awaited his return, and seeing himself always deceived in his expectation, he set out himself for Jerusalem, to see his son once more. But his health was so weakened at the end of his journey that he saw himself forced to ask to be admitted into a hospital. God willed that it should be precisely that in which Peregrine acquitted himself of his duties of charity. The father did not recognise his son, and the latter made himself known only when the sickness took a serious character. What was then the joy of the father when, in this sick-nurse so full of care and attentions, he saw his own son. They embraced with a holy ardour, and soon after they had the consolation of being able to set out again for their country. They sold at Antioch all that they possessed, made a second journey to Jerusalem, gave to the hospital, in favour of the poor and the sick, the proceeds of their sale, and set out for Italy, where they established themselves in the part of the kingdom of Naples which has been called the Capitanata. There they exercised on the people a salutary influence by their words and their conduct, and became, for a great number, an instrument of salvation. A short time after, the old man, laden with years, fell sick, and died, rich in virtues and in merits. This blow was so sensible to Peregrine that he was not slow to follow his father into the heavenly dwellings. This death happened in the twelfth century, and it is on 26 April that they are publicly honoured, both of them, at Foggia, of which they are the patrons.

We have borrowed this biographical notice from the continuators of Godescard.

Saint John, First Abbot of Bonnevaux, and Bishop of Valence (1145)

Born at Lyons, he was at first canon of the cathedral of that city. Having made a vow to God to enter the Order of Cîteaux, he let himself be turned aside from it for some time by his friends. Frightened by his weakness rather than by the rigours of the Benedictine Rule, he thought he could, of his own authority, commute a vow which seemed to him impracticable: on this false persuasion he resolved to go on pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint James of Compostela. Scarcely returned to Lyons, God made him know his error in a menacing vision. Our Lord presents Himself to him, accompanied by Saint Peter and Saint James. The first held in his hand a book where, among the names of the elect, he pronounced that of John. But Our Lord, rising in wrath, said to Saint Peter: “Efface this name from the book of the elect; John is a perjurer.” Then

Saint James threw himself at the feet of the Saviour and cried out: “Mercy, Lord, for one of my most fervent pilgrims… It is true that John has not been faithful to his promise; but pardon him. Frightened by Thy threats and touched by Thy mercies, he will accomplish the vow he made to enter the Order of Thy children of Cîteaux.” At these words John awakes, throws himself on his knees and promises to do penance. Without waiting for the morrow, in the very midst of the darkness of the night, he prepares to set out for Cîteaux, giving, this time, notice to no one of his determination.

Some time afterwards John was put at the head of the colony which Cîteaux sent to Bonnevaux, near Vienne, in Dauphiné (1117). It was he who had the happiness to receive into the arms of religion Saint Peter of Tarentaise, Saint Amadeus of Hauterives,[1] and, with the latter, seventeen other gentlemen; to found the abbeys of Tamié, in the diocese of Tarentaise, of Léoncel, in the diocese of Valence, of Mansiade, in the diocese of Viviers.

Now, at that time, the episcopal see of Valence was occupied by a prelate named Eustace, whose pomp, mad expenditure and hardness toward the poor were not those of a bishop. In vain Saint Bernard, who watched over everything in the Church of God, wrote him a severe letter; in vain the Pope struck him with interdict: six years still passed during which the prevaricating prelate maintained himself by force in Valence. At last the people revolted, seized the person of Eustace and drove him for ever from the city, on the morrow of Easter (1141). Three days after, John, whom the bishops of the province of Vienne judged alone capable of healing so many ills, was torn from the arms of his religious and borne in triumph to the episcopal see of Valence. We shall not follow the good pastor going through the towns and hamlets to seek the strayed sheep, console the indigent, render to each justice. Confolens saw the money in his purse multiply as he distributed it to the poor, and the stones of Livron served the partisans of Eustace to stone him: but the Saint did not even appear to perceive this affront: he continued his road, saying: “Lord, impute not this to them as a sin.” — “The house where I speak to you,” he said to his officers of justice who complained of his too great indulgence, “has seen enough rigours and violences: it is time that we think, you and I, that we are men, capable, consequently, of committing crimes as great as those which we would punish in others with so much severity.” It must not be forgotten that, in the Middle Ages, the greater part of the bishops were temporal lords.

The historian of his life — an anonymous religious of Bonnevaux — has summed up in three words the aim of the efforts of the holy bishop of Valence: the glory of God, the salvation of his soul, the care of his flock. John rendered his soul to his Creator, on a Thursday, 26 April of the year 1145. The tomb in which he was buried in the cathedral church soon attracted an immense concourse of pilgrims. This tomb and the holy relics it enclosed were profaned, in 1562, by the Protestants. There remains no trace of it to-day.

Cf. *Proper of Valence,* 1853, and *Hagiological History of this diocese,* by M. Nadal.

The Blessed Alda, Humiliata Religious (1309)

The Blessed Alda belonged to an honourable family of Siena. She lost her husband after a union of seven years. She left the city then, sold, for the profit of the poor, all the goods she possessed there, took the habit of the Third Order of the Humiliati and retired to a little country house where she led the most retired and the most mortified life. Cruel temptations came to visit her there: to drive them away she went so far as to drive a crown of thorns into her head. Our Lord rewarded her perseverance with ineffable favours. Thus He made her see the form and the dimensions of the nails which had fastened His holy body to the cross: one of the three nails, that destined for the feet, was larger than the other two. She engraved the image of it so well in her memory that, taking a knife and a branch of olive, she cut one perfectly like it: this wooden nail, compared later with the true nail preserved in the treasury of the kings of France, was found in every way conformable. It was kept for more than three hundred years in the church of Saint Thomas at Siena, occupied by the Humiliati religious, until Pius V, at which epoch they were suppressed.

But Alda found herself still too rich, although she had only an empty gourd to put her water in and a wooden bowl to eat from, and although all the revenues of her modest property were poured into the bosom of the poor: she sold this little property too and came to dwell in the hospital of Siena where she gave herself to all the good works which her ardent charity inspired. There had been given her, as servant, a certain Jacomina who declared that she had seen the Saint walk constantly preceded by two torches: this same Jacomina, having one day surprised her in ecstasy, called the people of the hospice who had the barbarity to crucify her. When she came back to herself, she contented herself with saying to them: “May God forgive you.” She died in 1309. Her worship, very celebrated formerly, was abandoned when the church of Saint Thomas, where her remains rest, was given to the Dominicans.

Acta Sanctorum.

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[1] Succession of the first Popes. — Here is, according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, the succession of the Popes of the first century of the Church:

1. Saint Peter (33–66); 2. Saint Linus (66–67); 3. Saint Clement I (67– 76), died in exile in the year 100; 4. Saint Cletus (77–83); 5. Saint Anacletus (83–96); 6. Saint Evaristus (96–100); 7. Saint Alexander I (100– 108), etc.

The *Liber Pontificalis* is therefore here in contradiction with the Roman martyrology, which says positively that Saint Cletus is the second, and not the third, successor of Saint Peter, and it seems also to be in disagreement with the Roman liturgy, which, in the canon of the Mass, names Saint Cletus before Saint Clement, and not after: this disagreement is easy to explain and does not diminish at all the authority of these venerable documents.

“The name of the Saints who figure in the canon of the Mass was inserted there in the chronological order of their martyrdom. Thus the deacon Saint Stephen is named there before the apostle Saint Matthias, because the martyrdom of the illustrious deacon preceded that of the Apostle. Now it was the same for Saint Cletus, martyred under Domitian, in 83, whereas Saint Clement, having been sent into exile, discharged himself of the papal dignity upon Saint Cletus, and died only in the year 100 of our era. The name of Saint Cletus must necessarily precede that of Saint Clement on the sacred diptychs — that is to say the tablets of the dead — and consequently in the Memento of the Mass. Hence an inversion more apparent than real, and which later, at an epoch when the sense of the consular dates was forgotten, doubtless determined the redactors of the pontifical lists and of the martyrologies to put their catalogues in harmony with the text of the liturgical prayers.” We have said that there was an epoch when the sense of the consular dates was no longer understood, and we have underlined our thought. In effect, it is not a century since the consular chronology was re-established, since the concordance of the consular years with the years of the Christian era could be made. Now this chronology, which was restored and fixed by modern science, without any

thought of rehabilitating the *Liber Pontificalis*, has come precisely to justify all the data of this august and important monument. — See the *Origins of the Roman Church*, by the Benedictines of Solesmes; the *History of the Church* by M. the abbé Darras, t. vi (Pontificate of Saint Linus).

[2] The Bollandists say that he is the same who is mentioned on 28 April.

[3] A lord of Upper Alsace, named Othbert, had given Saint Trudpert a part of the Black Forest to clear. That probably did not suit the woodcutters, who massacred him. After his death there rose, not far from Staufen, in a smiling valley, a convent of Benedictines which became very celebrated afterwards. It took the name of Saint Trudpert or “liupert”. The chronicle says he was a native of Scotland, a near relative of the kings of France, brother of Saint Robert, bishop of Salzburg, and of Saint Irintrude.

[4] See the martyrology of this day and the note which we have joined to it.

[5] Cf. Notice of Saint Marcellus, according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, year 308.

[6] See the martyrology of this day and the note which we have joined to it.

[7] To have a more complete idea of this frightful persecution, see, in our chronological table, the biographies of the Saints and Martyrs, from the year 295 to the year 312; the life of Saint Anthimus hereafter, and the article *Lacunae* in this work.

[8] *Liber Pontificalis.*

[9] In this account we shall blend the Acts of the Council of Sinuessa with the Legend of the Breviary

[10] *Paschasius, Pascharius, Pâquier.* — This name, like Pâquette, Paquot, Pascal, Pacaud, etc., may formerly have indicated a child come into the world on Easter day. Our fathers often chose the day of birth as patronal feast; but suggesting by the very name of the new-born an intervention of Providence which seemed to designate this patronage to the family. It is thus that a compromise was made between the pagan usage of celebrating the anniversary of the natal day and the pious custom of celebrating the patron given to the child in baptism. — P. Cahier, *Characteristics*, page 946.

[11] Rohrbacher shows very well that Radbert and Ratramnus, another monk of Corbie and contemporary of our Saint, who both wrote at the same time on the *Childbearing of the Virgin* and on the *Eucharist*, far from combating each other, teach exactly the same doctrine. He points out with much aptness, but with a quite Germanic roughness, the error into which Fleury fell on this occasion. The latter pushes French and modern delicacy a little too far when he says, speaking of the subjects treated by Radbert and Ratramnus: “It would

have been better not to agitate these useless and indecent questions," and he commits a historical blunder when he adds: "These learned men, brought up grossly among the Barbarians, no longer had the wisdom and discretion of the first Doctors of the Church." There are in the Fathers of the Church, in Saint John Chrysostom for example, questions, images, expressions which a translator no longer knows under what form to offer without scandal to the Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. Other times, other manners. These questions, discussed with propriety and measure, are in their place in a theological treatise; but on page 129 of the second volume of the *Lives of the Saints*, by Rohrbacher, they appear to us, in effect, useless and indecent.

[12] We give elsewhere the life of Saint Peter and of Saint Amadeus.

27 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Nicomedia, the birth into heaven of Saint Anthimus, bishop and martyr, who attained the glory of martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian, having had his head cut off for the confession of Jesus Christ. He was followed by almost the whole multitude of his flock, of whom the judge had some beheaded, others burned, and others thrown into the sea, heaping them up on boats. 303. — At Tarsus, in Cilicia, the holy martyrs Castor and Stephen. — At Rome, the decease of the Blessed Anastasius, pope, a personage of a very rich poverty and of apostolic zeal, "whom Rome, as Saint Jerome says, did not merit to possess long, lest the head of the world should fall under such a Pontiff"; for, a little time after his death, Rome was taken by the Goths and sacked. 401. — At Bologna, Saint Tertullian, bishop and confessor. 6th century. — At Brescia, Saint Theophilus, bishop. 5th century. — At Constantinople, Saint John, abbot, who fought much under Leo the Isaurian for the worship of the holy images.[1] 813. — At Tarragona, the Blessed Peter Armengol, of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, for the redemption of captives, who, after having suffered much in Africa in ransoming the Christians, ended his days holily in the monastery of Saint Mary of the Meadows. 1304. — At Lima, in Peru, Saint Turibius, archbishop, whose feast is kept on 23 March. 1606. — At Lucca, in Italy, the Blessed Zita, virgin, celebrated for the renown of her miracles. Pope Leo X fixed her feast on this day. 1278.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Limoges, Saint Alpinian, priest, disciple of Saint Martial and his colleague in the preaching of the Gospel, who, after a life full of holy works and miracles, was invited to the marriage of the Lamb by the same Saint Martial who had preceded him. His body was first at Ruffec, in Berry, and then at Castelsarrasin, in the diocese of Montauban, where the piety of good Christians of former times had lodged it in a precious reliquary of silver.[2] 1st century. — Again at Limoges, the feast of Saint Austriclinian, priest, another companion of Saint Martial, who entered heaven on 13 October.[3] 1st century. — At Liège, the venerable Frederick, bishop. 1121. — At Amiens, the feast of Saint Riquier, named yesterday in the Roman martyrology. — At Coutances, the feast of Saint William Firmatus, whose entry into heaven is marked on 24 April. — At Auch, the feast of Saint Cerasus or Céré, whose entry into heaven is on 24 April. — In Flanders, Saint Ebertramnus, companion of Saint Bertin and of Saint Mommolin. — At Cologne, feast of Saint Gerard of Toul, who made his clerical education in the first of these cities. — In the diocese of Le Mans, the Blessed Alleaume. Born in Flanders of an illustrious family, he renounced the joys of the world, and retired into a forest of Maine, to the hermitage of Saint-Nicholas. After having then lived some time as a solitary in the isle of Chaussey, under the direction of the Blessed Bernard of Tiron, he came back to found the celebrated abbey of Notre-Dame d'Estival, to serve as a retreat for the chaste troop of virgins who had gathered around his hermitage of Saint-Nicholas. He founded also a monastery of men at Saint-Nicholas itself. The Blessed Alleaume died on 27 April 1152, and his body was buried in the abbatial church of Estival.[4] There is in the life of the Blessed Alleaume a touching episode: it is the friendship which the old hermit Albert had vowed to him. The latter dwelt in the hermitage of Saint-Nicholas when Alleaume came to take refuge there on leaving Flanders. The grief which he felt at seeing his disciple abandon him to go and dwell in the isle of

Chaussey was such that he became as if insane. On his return, Alleaume, sensibly touched by the pain of his old spiritual guide, prostrated himself at his feet and protested to him that he would never leave him again.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — Saint Fidelis of Sigmaringen, martyr, named on 24 April in the Roman martyrology.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese and of Vallombrosa. — Saint Fidelis of Sigmaringen, etc.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — At Piacenza, in Italy, Saint Franca, virgin, of the Cistercian Order, who, celebrated for her life, her holiness and her miracles, flew away to her Spouse on 25 April.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Bitetto, in Apulia, the Blessed James of Illyria, confessor. 1485.

Martyrology of the Conventual Minors. — Saint George, martyr, honoured on 23 April. — At Equicoli, in the Abruzzi, the Blessed Philippa of Mareri, Clarisse virgin, celebrated for her virtues and her miracles, wrought before and after her death, who flew away to the Lord on 19 March. 1236.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — Saint Cletus and Saint Marcellinus, popes…

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Cletus and Saint Marcellinus, popes.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Lucca, in Italy, Saint Anthony, priest and solitary, whose body was found again in 1201. He was the companion of the Blessed Paulinus, first bishop of Lucca and disciple of Saint Peter. — At Castel-Aluvia (place now unknown), the holy martyrs Caper or Cypnis, Maurus, Captus or Cassus, deacon; Husamlus and Prianus. — Among the Greeks, Saint Lolion the Younger, martyr. — At Altino, an ancient city of the territory of Treviso, Saint Liberalis, who converted a great number of Arians and the prefect of the place. About the year 400. — At Constantinople, Saint Eulogius, called the Hospitaller, who was honoured in the church of Saint Mocius of that city. Reign of Justinian, probably.

Saint Anthimus, Bishop and Martyr

— Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperor: Diocletian.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. — Apoc. xiv. 13.

The city of Nicomedia, so often watered with the blood of Martyrs, was not only the place of the birth of Saint Anthimus, but also the theatre of his glory and the field of battle where, in losing his life, he acquired immortality. The piety and modesty which he showed from his childhood distinguished him from all those of his age. In the flower of his youth he applied himself to Christian philosophy with so much ardour that he became an object of admiration to all who knew him, and moved them to the love of this true wisdom. So brilliant a merit soon caused him to be ordained priest; and, some time after, Cyril, bishop of Nicomedia, having died, he was elected in his place, with the unanimous consent of all the Christians. He knew that this charge was heavy and judged himself unworthy of it. He did therefore all he could to avoid it, but in vain; he was obliged to accept it. It was at the time when the persecution of Diocletian and of Maximian-Galerius broke out in so horrible a manner at Nicomedia, whence it spread through the whole empire. There was needed, then, for this city a bishop firm in his faith and capable of strengthening others in it; such was Anthimus: he so well sustained the courage of his diocesans that a prodigious number, twenty thousand, it is said, endured martyrdom heroically. Soon he who was the chief and as it were the soul of this valiant army of Jesus Christ was arrested. Those who were charged with this mission having addressed themselves to him, without knowing him, he told them that he knew Anthimus, promised to deliver him to them, and, in the meantime, invited them to rest in his house: there he had a magnificent feast served to them, at the end of

which he said to them: “I promised you to bring you and deliver to you Anthimus, bishop of Nicomedia. It is I: I am he whom you seek. Rejoice therefore, and conduct me to the emperor.” These words of the old man, the joy, the assurance which shone on his face, filled with admiration the soldiers charged to arrest him. They counselled him to flee; but the holy Pontiff set before them the happiness of martyrdom, explained to them the truths of the Christian religion, converted them, baptised them, then he walked before them after having had his hands bound behind his back, and went to present himself to the emperor. Maximian, surrounding himself with all the apparatus of tortures, asked the prisoner if it was he who was called

Anthimus, who combated the divinity of the gods with contempt, and who corrupted and perverted the people by his preachings. “Your question, lord,” answered Anthimus, “would receive no answer, if the divine apostle Saint Paul had not taught us that we ought always to be ready to give reason of our faith, and if our sovereign Master Jesus Christ had not assured us that He would give us on these occasions words so powerful that our adversaries could not resist them. Truly, I deplore infinitely your misery and your blindness; I pity you for adoring vain simulacra and giving them the title of gods; but I am still more surprised that you pretend to oblige me, by your threats or by your tortures, to do the same and to imitate your folly. Do you believe, O emperor, that you have power enough, whether by the sweetness of your fair words or by the terror of your torments, to make me renounce the faith and the honour which I owe to Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my God? No, no, you deceive yourself; it would be unreasonable to prefer the passing pleasures of this world to the heavenly delights and to the eternal goods of paradise.”

Maximian mocked at this discourse; and, imagining that it was a bravado which would not last, he commanded that the head of the holy Martyr should be bruised with blows of stones and pebbles; but this great man, far from complaining, ceased not to cry: “Let the gods who have not made heaven and earth perish now!” The tyrant then had his heels pierced with long awls of red-hot iron; and, having had him thrown upon pointed potsherds, he had him scourged there with unheard-of cruelty; then he had put on him boots of bronze which had been made red-hot in the fire, striving thus by the rigour of these torments to overcome his constancy. But God, who never goes far from His elect, consoled His servant in the midst of his torments, making him hear a voice from heaven which encouraged him, and which promised him the reward of his labours after the entire victory: the holy Martyr, taking fresh strength and showing in his eyes the sweet consolations which abounded in his soul, said to the emperor: “I shall soon make you see that it is pure folly and a vain thought of religion which makes you adore these false divinities, and blaspheme the holy name of Jesus Christ.”

This was to pour oil on the fire, and to irritate more and more the wrath of Maximian; he commanded therefore that the holy Martyr should be fastened on a wheel; and that, while it turned unceasingly, his whole body should be burned little by little with blazing torches. The executioners were skilful in carrying out these orders; but when they thought to reduce his body to pieces and ashes, they were themselves thrown to the ground; and, their instruments falling from their hands, they remained as if paralysed. Maximian stimulated them with sarcasms and threats; they answered him that they did not lack courage to obey him, but that they could not, because three personages full of majesty, and all resplendent with light, assisted the Martyr, and protected him against their violences. Anthimus, for his part, all filled with joy and consolation, sang in the midst of his torments, and rendered a thousand praises to God for the victories which He made him win.

The emperor, vanquished by the constancy of the Martyr, was constrained to have him unfastened from the wheel and to send him back to prison laden and almost overwhelmed with chains. But it happened that in the middle of the road they broke miraculously, and took themselves off from his feet and hands, which gave such a fright to the archers who conducted him that they fell to the ground, quite seized and trembling with fear. However, they were raised up by Anthimus, who took them by the hand, and commanded them to continue to fulfil their charge. He re-entered prison therefore with a joy that cannot be expressed. The criminals, who were there in great number, received so many consolations from his presence, and were so

touched by his holy conversations, that they were all converted to the Catholic faith, and received the sacrament of Baptism. Maximian, who saw himself vanquished whichever way he turned, had the Martyr come again before him; and, changing his means of attack, promised him great favours, and even the office of sovereign priest of the gods, if he would offer them incense. But Anthimus, mocking his offers, said to him very generously: “I am priest of the great and sovereign pontiff Jesus Christ, to whom I offer myself in sacrifice. As for your gods and their dignities of which you speak to me, it is only a mockery and a pure folly.” The emperor, no longer able to bear these contempts, commanded at last that his head should be cut off. Anthimus thus completed his glorious martyrdom and ceased to conquer only in ceasing to live, on 27 April, in the year of Our Lord 303.

A Glance at the Tenth and Last General Persecution

The emperor Numerian, son of Carus, having been massacred in 284, the army which was at Chalcedon clothed Diocletian with the purple. Diocletian was a soldier of fortune, born in Dalmatia, of parents of low extraction. He had taken up arms early, and had risen by degrees to the first military honours. The following year the new emperor defeated Carinus, another son of Carus, who reigned in the West. This victory did not calm all his anxieties. On the one side he feared to succumb under the weight of affairs; on the other he distrusted the fidelity of his troops, and above all of the praetorian guards, who for nearly three hundred years had been in possession of disposing of the empire and of taking the life of their masters. Considering besides that he had no male child, he resolved to give himself a colleague. His choice fell on Maximian-Hercules, in whom he had an entire confidence, and in whom he knew a great capacity for the trade of war. The family of Maximian-Hercules was very obscure. He was born in a village near Sirmium, in Pannonia. He was of a cruel character and given to all sorts of vices. He owed his elevation to his military talents.

These two princes, alarmed at the peril which threatened the empire on all sides, and despairing of being able to face all their enemies, named each a Caesar who might help them to defend their respective states. They wished also thereby to give themselves each a successor. Diocletian named Maximian-Galerius for the East, and Maximian-Hercules named Constantius-Chlorus for the West. Maximian-Galerius was a peasant of Dacia, who entered the Roman armies. Everything in him announced a barbarous and ferocious nature. His look, his voice, his bearing had something frightful. He was, besides, zealous for idolatry to the point of fanaticism. Constantius-Chlorus was of an illustrious family, and united in his person all the qualities that make a great prince.

Diocletian did not disturb the Christians during the first years of his reign. That did not prevent several from being martyred by virtue of the ancient edicts which had not been revoked. As for Galerius, he soon made them feel in all the provinces of his dependence the effects of the implacable hatred he bore them. He tried at the same time to engage Diocletian to enter into his sentiments. He renewed his efforts during the winter of the year 302, which he passed at Nicomedia.

However, Diocletian did not yet let himself be won: he avoided coming to extremities, for fear that the shedding of Christian blood should trouble the repose of the empire. At last the oracle of Apollo at Miletus was consulted. The answer, says Lactantius,[1] was such as an enemy of the Christian religion could expect. The same author reports in two places[2] another incident which contributed not a little to embitter Diocletian against the adorers of Jesus Christ. This prince, being at Antioch in 302, immolated a quantity of victims to find in their entrails the knowledge of the future. Some Christian officers who were near his person formed on their foreheads the sign of the cross. The haruspices, confounded, not finding in the entrails of the victims what they sought there, offered new ones, under the pretext that the gods were not yet sufficiently appeased; but they succeeded no better than the first time. He who presided at the ceremony cried out suddenly that there was no cause for astonishment at what happened. “There are here,” he said, “profane persons who trouble us in our sacrifices.” By these profane persons he meant the Christians. The irritated emperor ordered

on the spot that all the Christians who were present, as well as all who belonged to the court, should sacrifice to the gods. “I will,” he added, “that those who refuse to obey be beaten with rods.” He sent also orders to the commanders of the troops to cashier the soldiers who would not sacrifice. Another thing confirmed Diocletian in his sentiments of hatred against Christianity, although it should naturally have produced quite a contrary effect: it is reported by Constantine the Great in an edict which he addressed to the whole empire. Here is how this prince speaks:[3] “It is said that Apollo declared, by a voice issuing from the depth of a cavern, not from the mouth of a man, that the just who lived on earth prevented him from telling the truth, and that they were the cause of the false predictions he made. Diocletian let his hair grow to mark his grief, and deplored the sad lot of men who had no more oracles. I take you to witness, God of heaven! You know that, being still young, I heard this unhappy emperor ask one of his guards ‘who were these just who lived on earth?’ and that a pagan priest who was present answered him that they were the Christians. Having listened to this answer with great joy, he drew against innocence the sword which should have been used only against crime; and, if one may so speak, he wrote with the point of his sword bloody edicts against the Christians, and ordered the judges to use all the address of their wit to invent new tortures.”

The twenty-third day of February was chosen to open the persecution, on which the pagans celebrated the feast of their god Terminus.[4] They flattered themselves with nothing less than annihilating our holy religion. From the morning the prefect, accompanied by several officers, betook himself to the church of the Christians. He forced its doors, seized the books of Scripture which he found there and had them burned: all the rest was abandoned to pillage. Diocletian and Galerius saw from a balcony all that was happening, for the church being placed on an eminence, it was seen from the palace. They deliberated long whether they should order the church to be set on fire. Diocletian, who feared that the flames might communicate to other buildings of the city, was of opinion that it should be contented with pulling it down. A considerable body of praetorians was therefore sent thither, who demolished it in a very short time. The next day an edict was published by which it was ordered to pull down all the churches and to burn our holy Scriptures. It was said in it also that all the Christians, of whatever rank they might be, should be put to the question; that they should be incapable of holding offices and dignities; that all actions brought against them should be received; that they, on the contrary, should not be admissible to demand justice for violence, for adultery, etc.; that they should be, in short, deprived of all the rights attached to the quality of subject of the empire.

This edict had no sooner been posted than a Christian very considerable by his position tore it down and put it in pieces. His zeal, which Lactantius condemns as indiscreet, came, according to Eusebius, from a divine principle. This latter author considered only the intention. The Christian was arrested and condemned to divers tortures; he was then stretched on a burning gridiron, where he consummated his sacrifice. He showed during his torment an admirable patience. This first edict was soon followed by a second. It was ordered in it to arrest the bishops, to load them with chains and to oblige them, by force of torments, to sacrifice to idols. It is believed that Saint Anthimus was arrested on this occasion. However that may be, the city of Nicomedia was then inundated with Christian blood.

The hatred which Galerius bore to the disciples of Jesus Christ was not yet satisfied. He bethought himself, to engage Diocletian to treat them with still more rigour, of a means which discloses all the barbarity of his character. He had fire set to the imperial palace by his creatures. The idolaters at once accused the Christians of being the authors of the conflagration, and gave themselves up to the most violent transports of rage against them. This was what Galerius had foreseen; this was the object of his desires. It was said that the Christians, leagued with some eunuchs, had attempted the life of the two princes and had thought to burn them alive in their own palace. Diocletian gave credit to these rumours. He had a cruel question given in his presence to all those who composed his household, to discover the incendiaries; but they could not be found out, because no inquiry was made against the people of Galerius.

Fifteen days after, fire was set to the palace a second time. The author of the conflagration was not discovered either; it was always Galerius. This prince departed the same day from the city of Nicomedia, although it was the middle of winter. To hear him, he acted thus only in order not to be burned by the Christians. The palace was little damaged, because the fire was extinguished almost on the spot. The Christians were again made responsible for the second fire. From that time the fury of Diocletian knew no bounds; the unhappy Christians felt the whole weight of it. The most frightful tortures were the portion of those who refused to adore the idols. Valeria, daughter of the emperor, who had married Galerius, and Prisca, his wife, both Christians, saw themselves in the alternative of suffering a cruel death or of sacrificing. They had both the cowardice to apostatise; but God punished them for it in a terrible manner. Their life was no more than a tissue of misfortunes, after which they had publicly their heads cut off, by order of Licinius, for in 313 he put to death the whole family of Diocletian and the whole of that of Maximian-Galerius.

The most powerful of the eunuchs, who until then had been the masters of the palace and the counsellors of the emperor, became the first victims of the persecution. They preferred to perish in the midst of torments rather than betray their religion. The principal among them were Saint Peter, Saint Gorgonius, Saint Dorotheus, Saint Indes, Saint Migdonius, etc. From the palace the persecution extended to the church of Nicomedia, of which Saint Anthimus was bishop. This Saint had his head cut off. He was accompanied in his triumph by the priests and the other ministers of his church, who died for the faith, with all those who belonged to the family.

We said in the Acts of Saint Anthimus that the diocese of Nicomedia furnished twenty thousand victims to this frightful butchery. This figure of twenty thousand martyrs spread over the whole diocese of Nicomedia has nothing exaggerated, if one thinks that Galerius killed eight thousand Christians in a single city of Phrygia, whose magistrates and all inhabitants were Christians! To go quicker about his business, he had fire set to the four corners of the city and had it surrounded by his soldiers. We have seen in our days (1870) the Prussians and their satellites renew a like proceeding against the peaceful inhabitants of towns and villages, for whom it was a crime to be French, as it was one under Galerius to call oneself and to be a Christian. The simple faithful were no more spared than the ecclesiastics. There were judges in the temples to condemn to death all those who would refuse to sacrifice. New kinds of torments were invented to torture them. Altars were erected in all the courts of justice; and no one was admitted to claim the protection of the laws unless he had first abjured the Christian religion. The people were not permitted, says Eusebius, to sell or buy, to carry water into their house, to have corn ground, to transact any sort of business, unless they offered incense to certain idols placed at the corners of the streets, at the public fountains, in the markets, etc. But all the tortures were useless, and one would seek in vain for expressions energetic enough to represent the courage with which an innumerable multitude of Christians sacrificed their lives for Jesus Christ. Persons of every age and sex were burned in troops. Several were beheaded, and others cast into the sea. The Roman Martyrology makes memory, under 27 April, of those who suffered on this occasion. From Nicomedia the persecution passed into all the provinces of the empire. The edicts followed one another. The fourth appeared at the beginning of the year 304: it ordered that all Christians, whoever they might be, should be put to death if they persisted in their religion. The governors, says Lactantius, regarded it as a great glory to triumph over the constancy of a Christian; so they employed all the tortures that the most refined cruelty could imagine. The blood of the faithful flowed on every side. Meanwhile couriers had been despatched to the emperor Maximian-Hercules and to the caesar Constantius, to carry them the new decrees. The old Maximian received them with joy: they had long been the object of his desires. Constantius-Chlorus, after having taken knowledge of them, had summoned all the Christian officers of his palace and proposed to them the double alternative, either to remain in their charges if they sacrificed to idols, or, if they refused, to be banished from his presence and lose his favour. Some, preferring the interests of this world to their religion, declared that they were ready to sacrifice. The others remained unshaken in their faith. The surprise of both was at its height when they heard Constantius declare to them that he held the apostates for cowards; that, not hoping

to find them more faithful to their prince than to their God, he removed them for ever from his service! He retained, on the contrary, the others near his person, entrusted to them his particular guard, and treated them as the most devoted of his servants. The Gauls which depended on Constantius-Chlorus escaped the general persecution: as if God had been content with the martyrs that Maximian-Hercules had sown there on his passage, sixteen years before (287), while the rest of the Church was in peace. Nevertheless Constantius, in order not to irritate the other emperors by making too openly a jest of their decrees, allowed the material churches to be pulled down in the Gauls, "considering," says Lactantius, "that after the storm they could be rebuilt." The persecution extended therefore in a moment from the banks of the Tiber to the extremities of the empire, the Gauls excepted. Constantius-Chlorus could not turn aside the storm from Great Britain where he commanded.

It was all over with our religion if its origin had been human; but God, who watched over His Church, made use, to extend it, of the very means that men employed to destroy it. Those who had raged most against it underwent the penalty their injustice and cruelty deserved.

The authors of the first general persecutions also experienced visibly the effects of the wrath of heaven. This may be seen in the excellent treatise of Lactantius, entitled: *On the Death of the Persecutors.* Thus, while the martyrs gained immortal crowns, their enemies suffered even in this life the chastisements due to their crimes. It is very glorious for the Christian religion, said Tertullian of old, that the first emperor who drew the sword against it was Nero, the declared enemy of all virtue. Reduced to despair, four years after he had begun to persecute the Christians, that is to say in 64, he wished to give himself death, but he completed his crime only with the aid of Epaphroditus, his secretary. He died detested by the empire and by all mankind, on account of his cruelties and his abominations. Domitian, who persecuted the Church in 95, was massacred the following year by his own domestics. Trajan, Hadrian, Titus, Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius did not perish by a violent death; but they gave no edicts against the Christians, and their crime consisted in not hindering the persecutions or in tolerating them.

Severus, who became a persecutor in 202, fell into all sorts of misfortunes. He died of grief, leaving a son who had wished to take his life from him and who afterwards killed his own brother. All his family perished miserably.

Decius perished in a marsh while going to fight the Goths, after a very short reign. Gallus was killed a year after he had lighted the fire of persecution. Valerian, Aurelian and Maximian I died a violent death.

Diocletian became unhappy by becoming a persecutor of the Christians. Intimidated by the power and the threats of Galerius, he abdicated the empire at Nicomedia, on 1 April 301. Maximian-Hercules did the same at Milan. The first went to lead a private life in Dalmatia, near Salona (to-day Spalatro), where the ruins of his palace are still shown. Maximian-Hercules exhorting him to resume the purple, he answered him: "If you had seen the herbs that I planted with my hands at Salona, you would not speak to me of the empire." This answer, apparently philosophical, came only from a foundation of cowardice and timidity. Diocletian had the grief of seeing his wife and his daughter condemned to death by Licinius, and the Christian religion protected by the laws in 313. Constantine and Licinius wrote him a threatening letter, in which they accused him of favouring the party of Maxentius and of Maximin. At last this unhappy prince, reduced to despair, ended by poison a life which was a burden to him. This is at least how Aurelius Victor relates his death. The account of Lactantius is different. Diocletian, according to this author, was keenly struck by the general contempt into which he had fallen; he experienced continual agitations, and would neither eat nor sleep. He was heard to groan and sigh unceasingly. His eyes were often bathed in tears; and in despair he rolled, now on his bed, now on the ground. He perished thus by hunger, melancholy and grief. His death happened in 318.

Maximian-Hercules wished three times to resume the purple, and even to wrest it from Maxentius, his own son. All his efforts having been useless, he hanged himself in despair in 310. Maxentius, Galerius and

Maximin Daia perished also miserably.

Maximian-Galerius was attacked by a horrible disease. Putrefaction and worms came upon his body. He exhaled so infectious an odour that his own servants could not bear it. See Eusebius, *Hist.*, l. 8, c. 16.

Maxentius, having been defeated by Constantine, fell into the Tiber and was drowned there. Maximin II, vanquished by Licinius, saw himself obliged to revoke the edicts which he had issued against the Christians, and died in frightful pains. Here is how the thing happened. While his army was drawn up in battle, he kept himself cowardly hidden in his palace. Victory having declared for Licinius, he fled to Tarsus; and as he found no sure retreat, he experienced all the agitations that a lively fear of death can cause. A horrible sore covered his whole body at the same time. In the redoubling of the pain he rolled on the ground like a madman. Exhausted by long fasts, his body offered no more than the form of a hideous skeleton. He lost the use of sight, and his eyes started from his head. He lived nevertheless still and made avowal of his crimes. In vain he called death to his help; it came to end his ills only when he had recognised that he deserved all he suffered for having so cruelly treated Jesus Christ in the person of his disciples. See Eusebius, *Hist.*, l. ix, c. 10. This author adds that the governors of the provinces who had served the rage of Maximin against the Christians were all put to death. He names Picentius, Culcianus, Theotecnus, Urbanus, Firmilian, etc. Licinius was a prince as cruel as he was ignorant. He knew neither how to read nor to write his name; a declared enemy of men of letters, he put several of them to death. He favoured Christianity for some time to pay court to Constantine, and it has even been pretended that he had had the design of embracing it; but in the end he threw off the mask and persecuted the Church. Constantine, having defeated him, condemned him to death in 323. See M. Jortin, t. iii, and Tillemont, *History of the Emperors.* The account of the martyrdom of Saint Anthimus is taken from a Greek manuscript, and reproduced by the Bollandists. The picture of the tenth persecution is taken from Lactantius, *De mort. persecut.*, and from Eusebius, *Hist.*, l. viii, c. 4, 6. See Tillemont, t. v.

Saint Zita (Zite), Virgin

— Pope: Nicholas III.

The hand at work, the heart to God. — Motto of Saint Zita.

Saint Zita had for parents poor labourers of Bozzanello, a village situated on Monte Sagrati, three leagues from Lucca. She was born in 1218. Poor in the goods of fortune, her father and mother were rich in the goods of the soul and fervent servants of God. With Saint Zita they had two other children who embraced the religious life and died in the odour of sanctity. Arrived at the age of twelve, Saint Zita entered as a servant the house of a lord of the city, Pagano di Fatinelli, whose house was adjoining the church of Saint Frigidian. She saw in her state only a greater facility for sanctifying herself, since she was in a position to lead there a laborious, penitent, mortified life, and never to do her own will. On the other hand she esteemed herself happy to have all the things necessary to life, without being exposed to those troubles, those agitations which it ordinarily costs to procure them. Loving God above all things, the humble servant rose early in the morning to go and pour out her heart before the Lord and to assist at holy Mass. Jesus took this poor girl into affection and took pleasure in adorning her heart with all the virtues. She made rapid progress in piety and one saw soon shine in her all the virtues, humility, sweetness, modesty, patience, charity, the bearing with the faults of others. As happens but too often, the other servants of the house hated her on account of her piety and made her undergo all sorts of humiliations which the servant of God bore with sweetness and resignation. God inspired Saint Zita with the desire to devote herself wholly to Him; she made a vow of virginity and led from that time a penitent and mortified life. She reduced her body to servitude to stifle its revolts; but the virtuous girl came forth triumphant from all these temptations.

The flames of charity which frequent communion kindled within her soul spread outwardly on the poor. She seized all occasions to render them the services that were in her power, and God often rewarded by striking miracles the actions of His servant. There was then a famine and Saint Zita, touched by the misery of all those who came to knock at the door of her master, set about distributing to them, without reflecting, beans which she went to draw from a great chest, then suddenly, thinking that she had not asked her master's permission to act thus, she was seized with fear and prayed God to turn away from her the consequences of her action. The lord Fatinelli wished in those days to have what he possessed of beans measured. Saint Zita, terrified, hid herself behind her mistress while wondering that the master said nothing. The chests were full as before. Saint Zita thanked the Lord for His generosity. God could refuse nothing to His servant, He supplied even what she sometimes forgot to do, absorbed as she was in prayer. One day when she had stayed long in church, she perceived with terror that the sun was already high on the horizon: now she had to knead that day and bake the bread; she expected reproaches, but the angels had done her work, she found the bread ready to put in the oven, and recognised by the sweet odour it exhaled the workmen who had made it. A pilgrim burnt with thirst and heat asked her alms one day. Having absolutely nothing, she knew not what to do; suddenly she tells him to wait a moment, goes to draw water in a vessel, brings it to him and makes the sign of the cross over it. The pilgrim, having tasted it, drank it in long draughts: this water was found changed into a delicious wine. The food which was assigned her at the house, she rarely touched, but reserved all for some poor person or for some sick one. She had a suitable bed, but it was to warm the poor in it; for herself, her ordinary couch was the ground or a plank. All miseries, bodily or spiritual, excited in her a tender commiseration. It was the custom, when the magistrates were to condemn a criminal to death, to announce it by the sound of bells. At this signal the poor servant set herself to prayer with tears for three or four days, sometimes up to seven, to obtain for the unfortunate man the salvation of his soul. This commiseration for those condemned to death she showed again from the height of heaven. A peasant of the kingdom of Naples, having been hanged for a theft of which he was innocent, she came and unhooked him after the execution.

Gentle, humble, submissive toward everyone, Zita was of an intrepid courage toward libertines. One of the domestics having wished to attempt her modesty, she tore his face with her nails. To preserve this precious treasure she joined an almost continual prayer to fasting and mortification. She rose at midnight, assisted at Matins in the neighbouring church of Saint Fridian, prayed there with tears for herself and for others. These exercises of piety and charity did not prevent Zita from serving her masters with a humble and affectionate punctuality. When it happened to them to be angry with her or with other persons, she threw herself at their feet, though it was not her fault, and asked their pardon humbly. This humility, joined to her other virtues, inspired in them for her a religious veneration. However, they had not always done her justice: her modesty was treated as stupidity; her exactness in all her duties was regarded as the fruit of a secret pride. The signora Fatinelli let herself be prejudiced against her by the other domestics who hated her: her master loathed her to the point that he could not see her without entering into violent transports of fury. Later, when they had appreciated the treasure which their house possessed, they entrusted to her the management of their affairs. A word from her mouth sufficed to calm the signor Fatinelli, whose humour was very hasty. Certainly, holiness is not always glorified in this world. Zita did not foresee that hers would be: otherwise she would not have been a saint. That is why she was always equally humble and submissive. One Christmas night, when it was extremely cold, Zita was preparing to go to Matins. Her master said to her: "How is it you run to church in weather so cold that we can scarcely defend ourselves from it here with all our garments? you above all, exhausted by fasting, so poorly clad, and who go to sit on a marble pavement? Either stay here to attend to thy holy prayers, or else take on thy shoulders my fur cloak to protect thee from the cold." Zita, not wishing to miss so solemn an office, was going off with the cloak, when the master said to her, as if foreseeing what was to happen: "Take care, Zita, that thou leave not the cloak to another, lest, if it be lost, I suffer damage from it, and thou great annoyances from me." She answered him: "Fear not, sir, your cloak will be well kept

for you." Entered into the church, she perceived a poor man half naked, who was murmuring low, and who shivered with cold. Moved with compassion, Zita approaches and says to him: "What ails you, my brother, and what do you complain of?" He, looking at her with a placid face, stretched out his hand and touched the cloak in question. At once Zita takes it from her shoulders, clothes the poor man with it and says to him: "Hold this pelisse, my brother, until the end of the office, and you will give it back to me; go nowhere, for I will lead you to the house and warm you by the fire." That said, she went to place herself at the spot where she was accustomed to pray. After the office, and when everyone had gone out, she looked for the poor man everywhere, within and without the church, but found him nowhere. She said to herself: "Where can he have gone? I fear that someone has taken the cloak from him, and that, for shame, he dare not present himself to my eyes. He appeared honest enough, and I do not believe that he wished to get hold of the cloak and run away." Thus she excused the poor man piously. But at last, not having been able to find him, she returned a little ashamed, hoping always nevertheless that God would appease her master, or would inspire the poor man to bring back the cloak. When she was back at the house, the master said to her very harsh words, made her lively reproaches. She answered nothing, but, bidding him hope, she told him how the thing had happened. He half saw how the thing had happened, but did not cease to murmur until dinner. At the third hour, behold on the staircase of the house a poor man who charmed all the spectators by his good appearance, and who, carrying the cloak in his arms, gave it back to Zita, thanking her for the good she had done him. The master saw and heard the poor man. He was beginning, like Zita, to address the word to him, when he disappeared like a flash, leaving in their hearts an unknown and ineffable joy, which ravished them long with admiration. It was believed that this old man was an angel; that is why the door of the church where she met the poor man with the cloak has since been called the door of the Angel.

Every Friday she went on pilgrimage to San Angelo in Monte, two leagues from Lucca; one day when she had been detained by the work of the house more than usual, she was surprised by night. A horseman who was following the same road predicted to her that she would perish in the precipices if she continued to walk in the midst of the darkness: but when he arrived, he was quite seized to find at the door of the church her whom he thought he had left far behind him. Saint Zita had a great love for Saint Mary Magdalene and for Saint John the Evangelist; on a vigil of the feast of the first, she wished to go and burn a candle before her altar in a church rather distant from Lucca. She arrived late and found the doors shut; she lighted her candle, knelt down and fell asleep. In the night a terrible storm arose, the rain fell in torrents, and the Saint reposed: when she woke, the streets were covered with water, but she had not even been touched by a drop of rain, and her candle was still burning. The doors then opened before her, and when the curé arrived to say Mass, he found the Saint at prayer in this church which had not been opened since the evening before. We could relate many similar facts, they would serve to prove more and more the quite particular protection with which heaven surrounded its servant. Her last years passed in an almost continual prayer and ecstasy. She died aged sixty years, on 27 April 1278, after having received the last Sacraments with an extraordinary fervour: she had served but one master. As soon as she had rendered the last sigh, a brilliant star appeared above the house where her body lay, and the children began to cry in the streets: the Saint is dead, let us go and see the Saint in the house of Fatinelli. The whole city came to pay homage to the virtue of the honourable servant whom God had just glorified by calling her to Himself.

The miracles multiplied so much at the tomb of Saint Zita that, four years after her death, the bishop permitted her to be honoured with a public worship. This worship spread rapidly both in her country and in all Europe. The coffin of Saint Zita was opened three different times in 1446, 1581, 1652, and the body which it enclosed was found perfectly intact; it was still in 1841 in a state of perfect preservation, such as the Bollandists described it in the *Acta Sanctorum* in the seventeenth century: it is enshrined and kept with much respect in the church of Saint Fridian. In 1696 Innocent XII consecrated the worship that was rendered to Saint Zita and published a decree of beatification.

There are given her for attributes a bunch of keys hanging at her girdle and a pitcher: the keys recall that she was invested with the confidence of her masters after having been the object of their ill-treatment, and the pitcher, the miracle she wrought of changing water into wine for the benefit of the poor. — One still shows at Lucca the well where she drew water to work this miracle. — She has also been represented standing before the gates of the city, and the Blessed Virgin coming to open the wicket to her. The merciful Mary had to render this service to her servant one evening when the latter had been delayed at her good works. A good old German engraving, which we have before our eyes, represents her under the features of a comely young girl, clothing the old man with the pelisse of her master.

Saint Zita is patroness of Lucca; she was also of the whole republic of that name, when it existed.

Servants and housekeepers invoke her as their model and their particular protectress.

Of the cottage of Monte Sagrati, which had sheltered the cradle of the humble Saint, a chapel has been made which is dedicated to her.

Several spiritual maxims of Saint Zita have been collected: here are two which, while expressing known truths, set them perfectly in relief: “A lazy servant,” she said, “ought not to be called pious; a person of our condition, who affects to be pious, without being essentially industrious, has only a false piety.”

“To work is to pray,” she said again often.

Let us end with this eulogy from one of her historians: “Zita had the piety of the Saints, which is not content with some exterior practices, but penetrates the depths of the soul. She was not of those who are quicker to pray than to forgive; to go to church than to attend to the duties of their state; to give an alms than to restrain their tongue or to subdue their passions.”

Stolz, Rohrbacher, and other hagiographers.

The Blessed Peter Armengol

— Pope: Saint Benedict XI.

Patience is martyrdom. — Saint Bonaventure, Serm. iii *de sancto Andrea*.

Peter Armengol belonged to a noble and God-fearing family. His father, Don Arnaldo Armengol de Moncada, was of the family of the counts of Urgel, allied to that of the kings of Castile. His youth gave no presage that later he would become a Saint, for he became a bandit and chief of bandits. The designs of God are impenetrable, for one sees, in 1258, this highwayman become a monk and enter at Barcelona a convent of Mercy. Understanding the necessity of repairing his past life, he gave himself to rough and austere penances and treated his body as an enemy.

The long perseverance of Peter in good, his punctual obedience, his profound humility, his exemplary piety and his rigorous penance inspired in his superiors so much confidence in him that they gave him as companion to other religious of the Order charged to go among the infidels to treat of the redemption of captives. He made his first essays in the kingdoms of Granada and of Murcia, which then groaned under the tyranny of the Moors. The Blessed One showed, in these delicate negotiations, so much charity, prudence and zeal that his confrères, the slaves, and the infidels themselves conceived for him a high esteem.

The successes which had crowned the first labours of the holy religious determined the general of the Order to entrust to him a Redemption and to send him to Algiers. He went there, and God so blessed his efforts that in less than two months he ransomed three hundred and forty-six captives, whom he sent off at once to Spain, under the conduct of four of his confrères. As for himself, he remained among the Moors with the venerable William, his companion, because he wished to go to Bougie, a city of the states of Algiers, to deliver some of his brethren who had remained there as hostages, and to break the chains of one hundred and nineteen

Christians who, by the cruel treatment they experienced, were in danger of apostatising. Peter made this journey in effect, and procured liberty for all. Happy to have been able to succeed in his pious enterprise, he thought only of returning to Europe, and he was about to embark, when he was warned that eighteen Christian children were very much exposed to lose at once faith and morals, if they were left longer in the hands of impious and corrupt masters who, by their cruelties toward these unfortunate children, had almost reduced them to apostasy and to becoming the victims of their debauchery. At this sad news the charitable heart of the holy religious is moved with compassion: he runs to the place where these young slaves were; he exhorts them to resist courageously all the attempts at seduction that would be employed to lose them; he embraces them with tenderness, and ends by promising them to procure them liberty at the expense of his own, and of his life itself, if necessary, provided that they preserve faithfully the faith which they had received in baptism. Having obtained from them the assurance, he goes to the masters, and treats with them of the ransom of the children, for the sum of a thousand ducats; but as he had no more money, he proposes to remain as hostage, and even slave, until the moment when the religious who was going to conduct the other Christians should return and bring back the agreed sum. His proposal having been accepted, the children are restored to liberty and embarked for Spain with their compatriots. The voluntary captivity of the servant of God at Bougie furnished him frequent occasions of exercising the charity with which his heart was inflamed. He was not content with exhorting the Christian slaves to fidelity toward God, he instructed also several Moors in the truths of religion; and having converted some of them, he procured them the grace of baptism. The thing could not be so secret but that the zealous followers of Mahomet were informed of it; no more was needed to cause the holy religious to be arrested, and to be thrown into a black prison, where he was to be left to die of hunger. But the Turks who had sold him the young slaves, seeing that he did not pay them, because the money which he had promised them was delayed in arriving, accused him of being a spy sent by the Christian kings to learn the state of the country, and had him condemned to be hanged.

This unjust sentence received at once its execution. Peter was led outside the city, and was attached to a gibbet. The executioner shook him long and left him only when he thought him expired. The masters whose debtor he was asked that his corpse should remain hanging and serve as prey for the birds of prey. He was in effect there for six days when Father William of Florence, his companion, arrived from Spain at Bougie, bringing with him the money for the ransom. What was his grief when he learned that the Saint had been condemned to death and executed! He goes to the place of punishment shedding abundant tears; but, O prodigy! Peter, whom they had judged dead for a long time, addresses him these words: “Dear brother, do not weep; I live, sustained by the Blessed Virgin who has assisted me all these days.” Father William, filled with a joy difficult to describe, unfastens from the gibbet the Blessed Martyr, in presence of the whole city, which had run up to see this marvel, and of several Spanish sailors manning the ship which had just brought this father. The divan, instead of letting the ransom money be handed to the barbarous masters who had exacted it with so much rigour, bought with it twenty-six slaves, who were handed over to the Saint and his companion, and all together set out at once for Spain.

From that time the servant of God had his neck on one side, and his face of a very great pallor; the Lord, doubtless, permitting it thus to prove the truth of the miracle. Full of gratitude toward the Blessed Virgin, to whom he owed his preservation, he wished to retire into a solitary convent which was dedicated to her under the title of Our Lady of the Meadows. He passed ten years there in the continual exercise of prayer and penance. Bread and water made his only food. The reputation of his holiness and the noise of the miracle of which he had been the object soon attracted to his solitude a great number of persons who came to see him and ask his help: he received them with kindness, relieved them and healed them of their infirmities. He was sometimes seen ravished in ecstasy and tasting even here below those sensible consolations that God reserves for the most faithful of His friends. When he recalled his martyrdom, he was accustomed to say these words to his brethren: “Believe me; I think I have lived only the few happy days that I passed on the gibbet, because then I thought myself dead to the world.” Favoured with the gift of prophecy, he predicted several events

which took place as he had announced them. He predicted also his death some days before it happened. A grave malady having reduced him to extremity, he received the Sacraments of the Church, and rendered afterwards his soul to his Creator, saying these words: “I shall please the Lord in the land of the living.” The 27th of April 1304 was the day of his blessed passing. Several miracles wrought by his intercession, in proving his holiness, contributed to cause a public worship to be rendered to him. This worship was approved by Pope Innocent XI on 28 March 1686, and Benedict XIV inserted the name of Saint Peter Armengol in the Roman Martyrology. His attributes in the arts are the rope and the gibbet: a hand, that of the Blessed Virgin, supports him by the feet.

AA. SS., Sept.

Saint Anastasius I, Pope (401)

Anastasius, a Roman by origin, was son of Maximus, and was, after the death of Siricius, ordained bishop of Rome. While he was governing with brilliance, the heresy, accredited under the name of Origen, starting from the regions of the East, came down upon the Church like a violent tempest, and threatened to trouble the pure doctrine and to shake the true faith. But a man of a very rich poverty and of an apostolic solicitude, Anastasius, having seen the monster of error raise its fatal head, hastened to deal it a mortal blow; he silenced all the hissings of the hydra. In vain the heretics hid themselves, he knew how to bring them out of their dark retreats; by his letters he condemned in the West what had already been condemned in the East. Zeal never failed him in watching over the guarding of the faith of his peoples. No province of his spiritual empire, in whatever place of the earth it was situated, escaped his vigilance: his letters went everywhere to forestall false doctrines, or to annihilate them.

A council of the church of Africa sent to him, as well as to Venerius, bishop of Milan, a bishop in deputation to obtain help in favour of that Church then afflicted with a grave dearth of sacred ministers, and exposed to see a great number of souls perish in the midst of populations plunged in misery, among whom there would not have been found even a deacon or a man of letters. Anastasius wrote to these same bishops of Africa, exhorting them with the solicitude and sincerity of a charity at once paternal and fraternal to oppose openly and with vigour the snares and perverse frauds which the Donatists used to make war on the Catholic Church. It was by the authority of this Pontiff that it was decided that Donatist bishops, and clerics of all orders, should be received into Catholic unity, to exercise ecclesiastical offices according as it should appear expedient to those who had an interest for their salvation in the exercise or the suspension of their ministry.

He decreed that no man from beyond the sea should be admitted to the honour of the clerical state without a letter signed by five bishops. He ruled that the reading of the holy gospels should be done by the priests, not seated, but standing and bowed. He built, in the city of Rome, the Crescentian basilica, situated in the second region, on the Mamertine way. In two ordinations made in the month of December he created eight priests, five deacons and bishops for divers dioceses; finally he fell asleep in peace, and was buried in the cemetery of the Orso Pileato, under the emperors Arcadius and Honorius. Saint Jerome writes that the Church had not long the happiness of possessing him, lest Rome, the head of the world, should fall under so great a bishop: he was ravished and transported to the other, that he might not undertake to oppose by his prayers the execution of an irrevocable sentence: for, a little time after his death, Rome was taken by the Goths and sacked. *Proper of Rome.*

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[1] The Bollandists say that it is under Leo the Armenian (813–820), and not under Leo the Isaurian (717–741), that Saint John the Hegumen, of the monastery of the Catharoi, suffered.

[2] See his Notice in the Supplement of this volume.

[3] See the Life of Saint Martial, where the illness, the death and the resurrection of Saint Austriclinian are related.

[4] Since the political and religious troubles of the end of the eighteenth century, the abbey of Notre-Dame d’Estival has been almost entirely destroyed. There was discovered then in a vault, under the sacristy, seven stone tombs, on which were sculptured the

full-length statues of the personages whose bodies they enclosed. These were probably the sepulchres of the lords of Beaumont-le-Vicomte, founders and principal benefactors. What still subsists of the abbatial church, that is to say the right part of the transept, attests the magnificence with which this edifice was built; one sees there Byzantine windows with their archivolts, monocylindrical columns which have on the capitals, for all ornament, only grotesque entwined serpents. The remains of the monastery itself, which still cover a vast space, seem to announce that it was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. — D. Piolin.

[5] *De mort. persecut.*, c. 11, p. 197.

[6] *Ibid.*, c. 10, and *Instit.*, l. iv, c. 27.

[7] Apud Euseb., in *Vit. Constant.*, l. ii, c. 50, 51, p. 467.

[8] The month of February was the last of the Roman year when this feast was instituted, and it was so until the reformation of the calendar made by Julius Caesar.

28 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Ravenna, the birth into heaven of Saint Vitalis, martyr, father of Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius, who, having taken away and buried with the honour that was due the body of Saint Ursicinus, was arrested by the consular Paulinus, and, after the torment of the rack, was cast into a deep pit where he was overwhelmed with earth and stones, and, by this martyrdom, passed from this world into the bosom of Christ. 171. — At Milan, Saint Valeria, martyr, wife of Saint Vitalis. 2nd century. — At Atino, Saint Mark, who was ordained bishop by the blessed apostle Peter, preached first the Gospel to the Aequiculi (inhabitants of the Roman campagna), and received the crown of martyrdom under the president Maximus, in the persecution of

Domitian. 82. — At Alexandria, the torment of Saint Theodora, virgin, who, having refused to sacrifice to idols, was shut up in an infamous place, whence, by an admirable favour of God, one of the brethren, named Didymus, drew her promptly out, having changed garments with her. Some time after, they were executed and crowned together, in the persecution of Diocletian, under the president Eustratius. 304. — The same day, the holy martyrs Aphrodisius, Caralippus, Agapius and Eusebius. 65. — In Pannonia (Hungary), Saint Pollio, martyr under the emperor Diocletian.[1] 304. — At Rruse, in Bithynia, the holy martyrs Patricius, bishop, Acacius, Menander and Polyaenus. 3rd century. — At Tarazona, in Spain, Saint Prudentius, bishop and confessor. Before 846. — At Pentina, a city of the Abruzzi, Saint Pamphilus, bishop of Valva, illustrious for his charity to the poor and by the gift of miracles. His body was buried at Sulmona. 7th century.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Noyon, Saint Emon or Imon, bishop, massacred by the idolatrous Danes, in hatred of religion. — In the diocese of Laon, Saint Probe, virgin and martyr, whose sacred bones were transferred with those of Saint Germaine, virgin, from the village of La Capelle, to the monastery of Hénin-Liétard, of the Order of Saint Augustine, in Hainaut. 4th century. — In Poitou, at Géré, near Passavant, Saint Francaire, confessor, father of Saint Hilary.[2] — At Sens, Saint Arthemius, bishop. 609. — At Liège, the celebrated translation of the head of Saint Lambert. — At Gap, the octave and translation of Saint Marcellinus. — At Avesnes, near Reims, Saint Gombert,[3] Champenois lord and husband of Saint Bertha, who, having retired near the Ocean and having built a monastery there, was put to death for the faith by the idolaters. His body was brought back to Avesnes, to the monastery of religious women that he had founded. — At Rodez, the feast of Saint Affrique, bishop of Comminges. — At Clairvaux, the Blessed Robert, born at Bruges of the noble family of Gruthuysen, first abbot of Notre-Dame of Dunes and then successor of Saint Bernard in the abbey of Clairvaux. Saint Bernard, being about to go to God, had declared that Robert was the most worthy to succeed him. Holy Saturday of the year 115t. — At Langres, the venerable Anne de La Vesvre, foundress of the monastery of the Ursulines of that city, dead at the age of thirty-six years. She had the gift of miracles. 1616. — At Saint-Laurent-sur-Sèvre, departure from this world of the venerable Louis-Marie Grignon de

Montfort.[4] 1716. — In Oceania, the venerable Louis-Marie Chanel, priest of the Society of the Marists, pro-vicar apostolic of Western Oceania and first martyr of that part of the world.[5] 23 April 1841. — At Cambron, the Blessed Gerard of Burgundy, second abbot of that monastery and successor of the Blessed Fastrède. 1172. — At Versailles, feast of Saint Walter, abbot of Saint-Martin of Pontoise. 1099.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldolese and of Vallombrosa. — Saint Cletus and Saint Marcellinus.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — The feast of the patronage of Saint Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Poggibonsi, in Tuscany, the Blessed Lucesius or Luchesio, confessor, who, converted to a better life and clothed with the habit of the Third Order by Saint Francis, bore worthy fruits of penance, and, after his death, shone with the glory of miracles. 1232.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Siena, in Tuscany, the Blessed Augustine Novello, confessor of our Order, who was of so great a humility that, named general of the whole Order and forced to accept this function by the sovereign Pontiff, he resigned it after two years, retired to the desert of Saint-Leonard, where he fell asleep in the Lord, filled with all the virtues.

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At Avila, in Spain, at the convent of the Arenas, the translation of Saint Peter of Alcantara, confessor, of the Order of Minors, from a private tomb to a public monument, built by the bishop of that city, at his own expense, at the same time as a beautiful chapel. — The feast of the patronage of Saint Joseph. — On the second day of the Rogations, at Alcara, in Spain, the translation of the body of Saint Didacus, confessor, of the Order of Minors, which was found, two hundred years after his death, entire, uncorrupted, supple and exhaling a sweet odour. Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers At Corcyra, island of the Ionian sea, the saints Zeno, Eusebius, Neon, Vitalius, martyrs converted by Jason and Sosipater, apostles of the island of Corfu; they rendered up their souls in the furnace of a forge. About the year 100. — At Cibalae,[6] in Hungary, with Saint Pollio, mentioned above, the saints Eusebius, bishop, and Tiballus, both martyrs, under Diocletian. — At Alexandria, Saint Victurinus, martyr. — With the saints Aphrodisius, Caralippus, Eusebius and Agapius, Saint Maline and one hundred and seventy others. — And elsewhere, the holy martyrs Cyril, Aquila, Peter Domitiana and Rufus. — In Africa, the saints Manilius, Donatus, Maurilius, Lucian, Victorinus, Nice, virgin, and seventy-two others; moreover, another Saint Lucian with two hundred and seventy others, all martyrs. — At Lesina, an ancient city of Apulia, to-day destroyed, the saints Alexander, Firmianus, Primianus and Tellus, martyrs. Their bodies, taken from the earth, partly in 598, partly in 1598, have been transferred to Naples, where they are honoured in the church of the Annunciation. — Among the Greeks, Saint Memnon, wonder-worker. — In Ireland, Saint Cronan, abbot of the monastery of Roscrea, founded by him. He had the title of bishop. About the year 640. — Feast of Saint Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists. This feast was extended, in 1872, to the whole Catholic world.[7]

Note displaced from the 27 April Anastasius life.

Saint Theodora and Saint Didymus, Martyrs

— Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperor: Diocletian.

Your heart is strong, because you have loved chastity. — Judith, xv, 11.

Eustratius Proculus, augustal prefect of Alexandria, had the virgin Theodora brought before his tribunal. He began the interrogation by asking her of what condition she was. “I am a Christian,” answered Theodora. — The Prefect: “Are you a slave or of free condition?” — Theodora: “I am a Christian. Jesus Christ, coming into the world, set me free, and besides I was born of parents whom the world calls free.” — The Prefect:

“Let the curator of the city be sent for.” — When he had arrived, the Prefect asked him what he knew of Theodora. He said that he knew her to be free and of a very good family of the city. The Prefect, addressing Theodora: “Why, being born of noble parents, are you not married?” — Theodora: “It is to please Jesus Christ. In making himself man, he delivered us from corruption, and I hope that he will preserve me from it, if I am faithful.” — The Prefect: “The emperors order that virgins sacrifice to the gods or be exposed in a place of prostitution.” — Theodora: “I believe you are not ignorant that God, in each action, regards the will; if then I persist in the resolution to keep my soul pure, I shall not be guilty of the violence that may be done me.” — The Prefect: “Your birth and your beauty inspire in me sentiments of compassion for you; but this compassion will be useless to you if you do not obey. Yes, I swear it by the gods, either you will sacrifice, or you will become the opprobrium of your family and the refuse of honest people.”

The Prefect insisted again on the ordinance of the emperors; but the Saint made always the same answer, then she added: “If you have a hand cut off, an arm, the head, will it be I who am guilty? Will it not rather be he who commits this violence? I am united to God by the vow of virginity that I have made to him; my body and my soul belong to him: I abandon myself into his hands; he will know how to preserve my faith and my chastity.” — The Prefect: “Remember your birth and do not cover your family with an eternal opprobrium.” — Theodora: “Jesus Christ is the source of true honour; it is from him that my soul draws all its beauty: he will be powerful enough to withdraw his dove from the claws of the hawk.” — The Prefect: “How I pity your blindness! Can you put your confidence in a crucified man? Is there reason in believing that he will defend your chastity in an infamous place?” — Theodora: “Yes, I believe, and I believe firmly, that this Jesus, who suffered under Pontius Pilate, will deliver me from the hands of those who have conspired my ruin, and that he will keep me pure and without stain. Judge, after that, whether I can renounce him.”

The Prefect: “It is a long time that I have listened to you with patience; but at last, if you persist in your obstinacy, I shall have no more regard for you than for the lowest of slaves.” — Theodora: “I abandon to you my body, as indeed you are master of it; but as for my soul, it is in the power of God alone.” — The Prefect: “Let her be given two blows on the face to cure her of her folly and to teach her to sacrifice to the gods.” — Theodora: “By Jesus Christ, who is my protector, I shall not sacrifice to demons, and I shall never resolve to adore them.” — The Prefect: “Must you force me to do publicly such an affront to a girl of your quality! You have come to the height of folly.” — Theodora: “This holy folly, which makes us confess the living God, is a true wisdom, and what you call affront will be for me the beginning of an eternal glory.” — The Prefect: “At last, I lose patience, and I am going to have the edict executed. I should make myself guilty of disobedience toward the emperors, if I put off longer the punishing of yours.” — Theodora: “You fear to displease a man; how can you make it a crime in me that I fear to displease the sovereign Master of heaven and earth?” — The Prefect: “You do not fear to show contempt for the ordinances of the emperors and to abuse my patience? Well! I give you three days to think maturely on what you have to do; but this term expired, if I do not find you submissive, by the gods, I shall have you exposed in a place of debauch, so that no woman may be tempted to imitate you.” — Theodora: “You have only to suppose the three days already expired, for I shall not change my sentiment. There is a God who will take care of me. Do then what you please. If however you grant me the three days, I have a favour to ask of you: it is that no attempt be made on my honour before you have rendered your judgment.” — The Prefect: “That is just. Thus I order that Theodora be guarded for three days; I will that no violence be done her, and that she be treated in a manner conformable to her birth.”

The three days being past, the Prefect had Theodora brought. As he saw that she persisted still in her first resolution, he said to her: “The fear of incurring the indignation of the emperors obliges me to execute their orders. Take then the part of sacrificing, or I am going to pronounce the sentence. We shall see if your Jesus Christ, for whom you persist in refusing to obey, will deliver you from the infamy to which you are going to be condemned.” — Theodora: “Let that not disquiet you. The God who has been till now the guardian of my purity will make himself its protector against the violence of some lost men who shall wish to attempt it.”

The sentence having been pronounced, Theodora was led to a place of debauch. On entering, she raised her eyes to heaven, and said: “Almighty God, Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, succour your servant, and withdraw her from this infamous place. You who delivered Saint Peter from prison, without his having suffered any outrage, deign to be the protector and guardian of my chastity, that all the world may recognise that I am yours.”

Meanwhile a troop of libertines ran to the house; they already regarded this innocent beauty as a prey which could not escape them; but Jesus Christ watched over the guarding of His spouse, and He sent her one of His servants to deliver her.

There was among the Christians of Alexandria a young man full of zeal for the glory of God: he was named Didymus. Burning with the desire to draw the Saint out of danger, he dressed himself as a soldier and entered boldly the place where she was. Theodora, seeing him approach, felt all her blood freeze in her veins. She flees before him and runs through all the corners of the place where she is shut up. Didymus said to her: “Fear nothing, my sister; I am not what I seem to you, I am your brother in Jesus Christ: I have had recourse to this disguise to tear you from this place. Give me your garments and take mine. Save yourself then and I shall remain in your place.” Theodora does what Didymus requires of her; she dresses as a soldier, pulls a hat down over her eyes and goes away without being recognised by anyone. Her liberator had recommended to her to walk with eyes lowered, without stopping, without speaking to any one whatever, and to affect the shamefaced countenance and embarrassed haste of a man who comes out of such places. When she saw herself out of all danger, her soul took its flight toward heaven, she bore witness of her gratitude to the God who had just delivered her.

Some time after, a libertine entered and was extremely surprised to find a man instead of a woman. When he had heard the account of what had happened, he went out and went to inform his companions. The judge, informed of the affair, sent for the young man, and asked him his name. He answered that he was called Didymus. — The Prefect: “Who engaged you to do what you have done?” — Didymus: “God himself commanded me.” — The Prefect: “Before I have you put to the question, declare where Theodora is.” — Didymus: “I swear to you that I know nothing of it. All that I can tell you is that she is a true servant of God and that He has preserved her pure and chaste for having confessed His Son, Jesus Christ.” — The Prefect: “Of what condition are you?” — Didymus: “I am a Christian and a freedman of Jesus Christ.” — The Prefect: “Let him be given the question twice as strong as usual, to punish the excess of his insolence.” — Didymus: “I beg you to execute punctually the orders of your masters with regard to me.” — The Prefect: “By the gods, you may expect to be tormented as you deserve, unless you sacrifice. Obedience is the only means left you of obtaining pardon for your first crime.” — Didymus: “I have already given you proofs that I do not fear to suffer for the cause of Jesus Christ. In acting as I did, I proposed to myself two things: to save a virgin from infamy, and to confess publicly the God whom I adore. I hope to come out victorious from all the torments to which you may condemn me. The sight of the most cruel death will never determine me to sacrifice to demons.” — The Prefect: “I order that in punishment of his audacity, his head be cut off and his body burned.” — Didymus: “Blessed be God the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, for not having rejected my vows, for having delivered Theodora, His servant, and for having judged me worthy of a double crown.” In conformity with the sentence of the judge, Didymus’s head was cut off, and his body was burned. Here end the acts of the holy Martyrs.

Saint Ambrose, who relates the history of Theodora,[1] says that she ran to the place where Didymus was being executed, and that she wished to die in his place. He makes a beautiful picture of the pious contest which there was between them. Theodora avowed to Didymus that she was indebted to him for the preservation of her honour; but she added that she had not pretended to yield to him her crown. “It is for my chastity,” she said to him, “that you made yourself my surety, it is not for my life; so long as my virginity is in danger, very well that you should have answered for me. It is not so when my life is asked; I am in a state

to discharge such a debt. Besides, the sentence was rendered only on my account. Flight was the occasion of your death. I did not flee in order not to die, but in order not to be dishonoured. My honour runs no more risks. My body is capable of suffering for Jesus Christ."

Theodora and Didymus obtained what they desired; they were beheaded, both; but Didymus carried off first the palm of martyrdom. He is counted among those who suffered under

Diocletian at Alexandria, in 304. The two Saints are named in the Roman Martyrology on 28 April.

Saint Theodora is painted veiled, to express either her confusion, or the change of garments.

We have substituted for the narrative of Father Giry the very Acts of the holy Martyrs, of which one part was copied from the public registers and the rest written by an eyewitness.

Saint Aphrodisius, First Bishop of Béziers, Martyr (1st century)

The church of Béziers, in Languedoc, solemnises to-day the martyrdom of Saint Aphrodisius, its apostle and its first bishop. According to the author of the Martyrology of the Saints of France, he was of the city of Hermopolis, in Egypt; he had the happiness of lodging in his house the divine fugitives Jesus, Mary and Joseph, when they left Bethlehem by an order from heaven, to escape the fury of Herod. Enlightened in that land of darkness by a ray of the divine light, he came into Judea at the report of the marvels that Jesus Christ, his former guest, was working there; there, joining himself to the Apostles, he was admitted to the number of the disciples of that adorable master; after the resurrection, he attached himself more particularly to Saint Peter, and accompanied him thereafter in all his journeys, and above all to Rome, when he came there to establish his see, as in the capital and mistress of the universe. Saint Paul came there also: in a conference which they had on what was more expedient for the glory of God and for the preaching of the Gospel, it was resolved that Saint Paul should pass into the Spains, and that Saint Peter should remain in Italy; Saint Aphrodisius was given as auxiliary to Saint Paul. He followed him then as far as France, with Sergius Paulus, proconsul, whom that apostle of the Gentiles had instructed and baptised in the island of Cyprus, as is related in the Acts of the Apostles. He was consecrated bishop of Béziers by one or other of the two Pauls. Aphrodisius found there consciences corrupted by vice, and the country infected with idolatry. He saw in the cities only the disorders of iniquity, the monuments of superstition. Minds were buried in the thickest darkness, and hearts were plunged in all the derangements of which our vitiated nature is capable. These obstacles nevertheless made him lose no courage; on the contrary, they inflamed his zeal the more as they were the more difficult to overcome: Aphrodisius began to preach with an incredible fervour the name of Jesus Christ, and to reprove the disordered morals of this people. The pagans, charmed by these holy discourses, showed at the same time astonishment and satisfaction, and bent themselves to the principles of virtue that he presented to them. But one day when this good pastor, all aglow with a heavenly fire, was distributing to his flock the bread of the word of God, a troop of idolaters, armed with fury and rage, throwing themselves across the assembly, seized his person, and at last struck off his head, and those of three of his companions, Caralippus, Agapius and Eusebius. This was in the street Ciriaque, called since Saint James's, in the year of Our Lord 65, on 28 April, the first year of his episcopate. The same author of the martyrology of the saints of France adds that the body of Saint Aphrodisius, rising of itself, took between its hands its severed head, and that, passing through the middle of the city, it carried it to a little chapel that he had previously consecrated under the title of Saint Peter, where he was buried. God has since made him illustrious by several miracles; the faithful built for him a larger church, served by canons: his holy relics were solemnly transferred there. This church still exists, says the Proper of Carcassonne of 1855, and the relics of Saint Aphrodisius are still venerated there: it was the cathedral of the ancient bishopric of Béziers, before the construction of the church of the Saints Nazarius and Celsus. Saint Aphrodisius is represented mounted on a camel, doubtless to recall that he came from Africa. The people of Béziers [Biterrois] preserved, until the eighteenth century, the custom of parading an artificial camel on the day of the

Ascension, in memory of their Apostle who had come from so far and who was supposed to have been witness of the Ascension of the Saviour.

Saint Vitalis and Saint Valeria, Martyrs (171)

During the persecution of Marcus Aurelius (according to the opinion of Baronius), a physician of Ravenna, named Ursicinus, was condemned to death as a Christian: the sight of the torment impressed him so vividly that he seemed cast down and ready to apostatise. Vitalis, father of Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius, being present at this scene, cried to the martyr whose courage was wavering: “What is this, Ursicinus? Why do you hesitate? What do you fear? You who, as a physician, have given health to the sick, are you going to let yourself be wounded without ever being able to be healed? You have already triumphed over so many torments; do you wish to lose in a moment the glory of your trophies, and to render useless all that you have amassed with so much pain? Remember that, by this death which will pass like the wind, you will acquire an immortal life in eternity.” These words revived Ursicinus, who died generously for Jesus Christ, on 19 June; and Vitalis, assured of having given the life of the soul to Ursicinus, buried his body with much care and devotion.

The judge, named Paulinus, knowing what Vitalis had done, exhorted him gently to leave the vain superstition of the Christians, and to resume the ancient religion of the Romans: otherwise he would be obliged to punish him. But Vitalis answered him that he ought rather to renounce the false gods himself, and adore the majesty of a living God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, by whom the world was created, and in whom it subsists. The judge had him put on the rack, where his skin was torn, his limbs drawn and his bones dislocated; but his constancy being proof against all these torments, Paulinus commanded that he be led to the same place where Ursicinus had been executed, and that, if he would not adore the gods, he be put quite alive into a deep pit, which would be at once filled with stones and earth, that he might be stifled there. Saint Vitalis was thus put to death, at the instigation of a priest of Apollo, who, at the instant when the Saint expired, was possessed by the demon and tormented with such rage that he did nothing but cry: “You burn me, Vitalis; you torment me, Vitalis; you set me all on fire, Vitalis.” He remained the space of seven days in this state; no longer able to bear the ardour that consumed him, he threw himself at last into a river: a chastisement for his cruelty against the holy Martyr. Although certain authors place the martyrdom of Saint Vitalis under Nero, in the year 62, we have put it, like Baronius, in the year 171. One sees at Rome, at Ravenna and on Mount Saint-Sabin, magnificent churches under his name.

The memory of Saint Valeria, his wife, is celebrated still to-day, and she is given the glorious title of Martyr; because, going to Milan, she met sacrificers who ordered her to eat meats offered to idols; and, on her refusal, overwhelmed her with so many blows that she was carried half dead to Milan, where, two days after, she died of her wounds. Such is the account of Ado, in his Martyrology, where he makes memory of these two holy spouses. Those of Bede, of Usuard and the Roman speak of them also.

Saint Vitalis is given as a soldier and Roman knight, which explains the cuirass with which he is often clothed by painters and sculptors. He is also painted buried in the earth to the waist, or else forming a group with Saint Valeria, his wife, Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius, their children. Saint Vitalis is the principal Patron of Ravenna. His relics are kept there in the magnificent church of his name which was built by the emperor Justinian in 547: there are some also at Boulogne, in France, and at Lille. The cult of Saint Vitalis is popular in Savoy, where he is honoured under the name of Saint Viard.

Cf. Hagiologium italicum.

Saints Probe and Germaine, Virgins and Martyrs (4th century)

Saint Probe and Saint Germaine, also named Preuve and Grimonia, were born in Ireland, in the fourth century. To escape the solicitations of idolatrous parents who wished to engage them in the bonds of marriage, they generously left their country and came to settle in the Gauls. Grimonia retired to a place called afterwards La Capelle, on account of a chapel raised on her tomb, and Probe to Tonson, near Laon, in the Val-des-Chenizelles. The emissaries of their parents discovered them there some time after and summoned them to return with them. But they found these Christian virgins unshakeable in their resolution and cut off their heads. Dom Robert Wyard, Benedictine, adds, in his History of the Abbey of Saint-Vincent of Laon, that Saint Probe "carried her head as far as the church of Saint-Pierre-le-Vieil, on a stone which is still seen there. Her relics, he adds, were long preserved in this abbey of Saint-Vincent of Laon, and her feast is still celebrated there to-day, jointly with that of Saint Grimonia …"

A part of the relics of Saint Probe was united, from the ninth century, to the relics of Saint Grimonia, say to us the annotators of Dom Wyard, in their edition of 1858 (Messrs. the abbés Cardon and Mathieu). But the unhappy wars which desolated France having obliged, four centuries later, the inhabitants of La Capelle to deposit their treasure in a safer place, they confided it to the Benedictine monks of Saint-Jean de Lesquielles, whose convent, situated on a high mountain, was protected by its own position and by the tower of the fort of the town. In the sixteenth century, the ancient monastery of Saint-Jean de Lesquielles fell under the rage of the heretics, the church itself escaped only in part from their fury; but God watched over the remains of His servants. Thanks to the care of Adrian de Crol, count of Rœux and governor of Flanders and Artois, the precious relics were transported, in 1540, to the church of the canons of Hénin-Liétard, where they were the object of a great veneration. In 1748, the church of Lesquielles obtained from the canons of Hénin restitution of a part of these relics, and they were brought back with great pomp to Lesquielles, where three annual processions are still held to-day in their honour. *Van Drival, Hagiology of Arras.*

Saint Affrique, Bishop of Comminges (6th century)

It is believed that Saint Affrique was a native of Burgundy and that he drew his birth from a noble and illustrious house of that country.

The virtues which at first adorned his life placed him in an eminent rank and designated him as worthy to govern, as bishop, the church of Comminges. It is in the sixth century that the episcopate of Saint Affrique is placed. At that time Arianism still displayed in the south of the Gauls a most ardent zeal to sow the perfidious poison of its heretical doctrines. The successes which the Goths had obtained by their arms encouraged them to impose upon the conquered peoples the errors of Arianism with which they were infected, at the same time as their domination, and the pure Christian faith suffered deadly and numerous blows. The country of Rouergue was one of the provinces of the south of France where the Goths had best established their fatal empire, and where Arianism, asserting itself the more, had become the most flourishing. Animated with a holy courage to avenge the glory of God unworthily outraged and the name of Jesus Christ blasphemed, and with zeal for the salvation of souls, Saint Affrique hesitates not to devote himself to make the conquest of those peoples whom heresy has torn from the bosom of the Church. He leaves, then, the city of Comminges,[1] and, going to place himself on the very spots where Arianism showed itself most invasive and most obstinate, he calls his adversaries to the combat, now by learned discussions on religious matters, now by means of eloquent conferences; there he sets forth the orthodox doctrine, brings out the weak side, the error, the perfidy of the Arian doctrines, and succeeds in bringing back to the true beliefs of Catholicism all those multitudes deceived or held in error by the evil influence of their conquerors.

So many happy successes could not leave the Arians indifferent. Behold then that they blacken the reputation of the holy missionary Bishop by the most atrocious calumnies: they impute to him all sorts of crimes; they ill-treat him; they overwhelm him with reproaches, outrages, insults. Like an immovable rock, the man of God is impassible and unshakeable: he lets these winds pass and this tempest calm itself, in the depth of his

prison where they have cast him; and when the hour of deliverance had struck for him, more intrepid still after than before, he pursues his labours without being discouraged. It is then that God, wishing to assure definitively the victory to the campaign that Saint Affrique had undertaken against Arianism, came to his aid in a brilliant manner by the power of the miracles which he possessed in an eminent degree.

One of the miracles which a pious tradition has transmitted to us took place at the moment when Saint Affrique was celebrating holy Mass. At the communion, an aureole of fire shone, like a ravishing crown, around his head; those who were pure enough to communicate had alone, says the historian of his life, the happiness of contemplating it: *quam qui sanctissimae synaxis digni erant, conspiciebant, indignis autem non aspectabilem*.

After a life wholly apostolic, Saint Affrique, laden with merits, having died, his body was buried in one of the towns of Rouergue which bears to-day his name, and which was formed in consequence of the great concourse of the faithful whom the powerful protection of the glorious servant of God drew to his tomb. His relics were kept in veneration there in the collegiate church established in 1444; the blind fury of the Calvinists dispersed them, and there remain to-day only a few small particles.

The cult of Saint Affrique is celebrated in several cities of the South: at Nîmes, Rodez, Castres, Comminges, Albi, Toulouse. These last two cities possess some of his relics. The feast of Saint Affrique is celebrated, in the diocese of Rodez, on 28 April. The antiphon of the Magnificat at Vespers is proper:

Affricane, speculum et nitor Ecclesiae, Christi Tabernaculum et supernae gratiae; Pastor, rege populum in virga justitiae, praebens adminiculum in valle miseriae. Alleluia! "Affrique, mirror and glory of the Church, Tabernacle of Christ and of heavenly grace; O Pastor, direct your people with the rule of justice; sustain this people in the valley of tears. Alleluia."

Vabres chose him for one of its patrons, at the same time as Saint Peter. Old tapestries and an antique basin of enamelled copper, which was still possessed in the eighteenth century, recalled some of the miracles which had made Saint Affrique popular. Here it is an imprudent navigator who wishes to cross the Sorgue while it is in flood and who, precipitated into the waves, is carried by an invisible force to the other bank after having invoked the man of God; there it is a wretch who, having feigned to be paralytic to wring an alms from Saint Affrique, is really struck with paralysis and is healed only after having confessed his fault to him. Further on, it is the miracle of the aureole shining around his head during the celebration of holy Mass.[2]

Extract from the Proper of Rodez, by M. the canon Bousquet; — Cf. Saints of Rouergue, by M. the abbé Servières; the Saints of Franche-Comté, etc.

Saint Arthemius, Bishop of Sens (609)

Sprung from a noble family of the country, Arthemius was engaged in the bonds of marriage before being promoted to the episcopal functions, and had among his children the pious Eulosia who took the veil. The consecration of Arthemius took place on 23 April 579.

He received to public penance a Spaniard, named Bond (Baldus), and of a great criminal made a great Saint. One saw still, some years ago, on the left bank of the Yonne, on the summit of a mountain, the ruins of the hermitage where Saint Bond lived and died, after seven years of frightful austerities.

Saint Arthemius went from life to death on 28 April 609, and was buried in the church of Saint-Peter. *See France pontificale, ed. Repos.*

The Blessed Luchesio, Confessor (1232)

Luce or Luchesio was a merchant of Poggibonsi, near Siena. Politics and commerce occupied him more than the service of God and the salvation of his soul. Saint Francis was then travelling through Tuscany

announcing the word of God and calling souls to penance. He came to Poggibonsi; all the people pressed to hear him, and in the midst of the crowd was the merchant Luchesio. The Saint had the talent, with the grace of God, to touch his heart, and after the sermon he saw him present himself to him and ask him what must be done to gain heaven. The Saint then had a revelation from on high by which he knew that Luchesio was the man who was first to embrace the rule of the Third Order which, for a long time, he had had the intention of founding. He gave him the habit and imposed on him the rules which Nicholas IV approved later. The tradesman abandoned from then on entirely politics and commerce to occupy himself no more except with his salvation and the works of mercy. There remained to him the glory of having been the first member of that Order which has saved so many souls and which, to-day, seems to take life again everywhere. The Blessed Luchesio rendered his soul to God in 1232. The Friars Minor obtained from Innocent XII, in 1694, permission to celebrate on 28 April the feast of the Blessed Luchesio.

Manual of the Third Order.

The Blessed Augustine Novello (1309)

Matthew of Termini was of Sicily and belonged to a noble family of Catalonia that had come to settle there. He studied law at Bologna and made a reputation there as a skilful professor. Later, returned to Sicily, he held dignities at the court of Manfred: he took part in the battle of Benevento, where Manfred perished, and was counted among the dead, 1266. Matthew of Termini, seeing himself within two fingers of death, made a serious return upon himself; he understood the vanity of earthly things and promised God, if he recovered, to consecrate himself wholly to His service. He came back to health and kept his word. He entered among the Hermits of Saint Augustine, where he took the name of Augustine Novello (new Augustine). Hiding his learning and his name under the modest habit of a lay brother, he let it be ignored who he was. The convent had to sustain a lawsuit which gave much disquiet to the brethren. Augustine could not resist; he went to find the superior, begging him to give him what was needed to write. The latter, astonished, and believing that Brother Augustine scarcely knew how to read, yielded only to his reiterated entreaties. Augustine drew up a memorandum, short but luminous and so strong that the advocate of the opposite party could not help exclaiming: It is the devil or an angel, or Matthew of Termini, who was said to be dead at the battle of Benevento, who has drawn up this document. He wished to see the author of the writing, recognised him and embraced him with joy, and announced to the Augustinians that they had in their midst a treasure. The general of the Augustinians, Clement of Osimo, took him some time after to Rome, where he had him receive the priesthood and charged him with revising the constitutions of his Order. Augustine was for twenty-two years, to his great regret, confessor of the Pope. He was venerated at the court of the Pontiff and was regarded as a Saint. In 1298, elected general of the Third Order, he accepted only on the express order of the Pope, and two years after he renounced his dignity to retire to the environs of Siena in the hermitage of Saint-Leonard. He consecrated the last ten years of his life to prayer and contemplation, and rendered his soul to God in 1309. Clement XIII approved his cult in 1759.

All the modern hagiographers.

Lives of the Saints, Vol. V.

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[1] Saint Pollio was lector of the church of Cibalae, native country of Valentinian. He suffered, at some years' distance, on the same day as Saint Eusebius, his bishop, whose name we cite in the various mentions hereafter, p. 57. See Dom Ruinart.

[2] See on 21 September.

[3] See the Life of Saint Gombert on 1 May.

[4] See his Life in the volume devoted to the Venerables and contemporary persons dead in the odour of sanctity.

[5] See his life in the volume devoted to the Venerables.

[6] Cibalae, situated between the Save and the Drave, has been destroyed for a long time. It was the native country of Valentinian.

[7] See his life on 16 November.

[8] See this Father, *De Virginibus*, book ii, chap. 4. It is by mistake that he calls Theodora Virgin of Antioch.

[9] *Lugduni Convenarum.*

[10] To be complete, we must add that not everything is absolutely certain in the life of Saint Affrique as we have just given it: in adopting the legend of the Proper of Rodez, which makes him bishop of Comminges, we have followed the most probable opinion. The ancient documents call *Lugdunum* the city of which he was bishop. Now, there were, says M. the abbé Servières, "three episcopal cities of this name in the Gauls: *Lugdunum Clavatum*, Laon; *Lugdunum Secusianorum*, Lyon; and *Lugdunum Convenarum*, Comminges; and it is doubted which of the three was the see of our Saint. The strongest probabilities are nevertheless for Comminges." Théophile Raynaud, relying on the manuscript History of the Saints of the county of Burgundy, preserved in the library of the rue Richelieu, in Paris, maintains in his *Hagiologium Lugdunense* that Saint Affrique was bishop of Lyon on the Rhône in 490. However, it must be avowed that the other historians of the city of Lyon and all the modern hagiographers, Baillet, Godescard, etc., are neither for this date nor for this city: they adopt, without giving proofs besides, the sixth century and the city of Comminges. As the documents concerning Saint Affrique perished in a fire, we shall long be reduced to probabilities.

29 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Milan, Saint Peter, martyr, of the Order of Friars Preachers, killed by the heretics in hatred of the Catholic faith. 1252. — At Paphos, in Cyprus, Saint Tychicus,[1] disciple of the blessed Paul, whom this Apostle calls in his epistles his beloved brother, a faithful minister, and his companion in Our Lord Jesus Christ. 1st century. — At Cirtha, in Numidia, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Agapius and Secundinus, bishops, who, after a long exile in that city, added to the lustre of the priesthood the glory of martyrdom. They suffered during the persecution of Valerian, which was that in which the rage of the pagans made the greatest efforts to shake the faith of the just. In their company suffered Aemilian, a soldier, Tertulla and Antonia, virgins consecrated to God, and a woman with her two twin children. 260. — The same day, seven blessed Robbers, who, having been converted to the faith of Jesus Christ by Saint Jason, gained eternal life by martyrdom.[2] 100. — At Brescia, Saint Paulinus, bishop and confessor.[3] About 428. — At the monastery of Cluny, Saint Hugh, abbot. 1109. — At the monastery of Molesmes, Saint Robert, first abbot of Cîteaux. 1110.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Auxerre, Saint Martin, monk of the monastery of Saint-Germain. — At Denain, on the Scheldt, Saint Ave, virgin and second abbess of that place. 4th century. — At Troyes, Saint Ursion and Saint Maurelus, confessors. — At Soissons, the memory of Saint Probe and of Saint Eutropius. — In the diocese of Nantes, the memory of Saint Secondel, commonly Second, deacon and solitary, patron of Besné.[4] About 560. — At Viviers, Saint Aule, bishop of that see. There was formerly at Viviers a church of his name. His relics were burned by the Calvinists.[5] — At Merville, between Lille and Saint-Omer, the decease of Saint Amé, archbishop of Sens, whose body, which had been carried to Soissons, is at present at Douai. His feast is made at Sens on 13 September. About 689. — At Pisa, the martyrdom of Saint Tropez, honoured on 17 May in the diocese of Fréjus, where there is a city which bears his name. 1st century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines, of the Camaldolese, of Vallombrosa, of the Cistercians. — At the monastery of Molesmes, Saint Robert, first abbot of Cîteaux.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Milan, Saint Peter, martyr, of the Order of Friars Preachers, who preserved to his last breath the adornment of chastity; and who, fighting against the heretics by word and by science, was massacred by them, and sealed with his shed blood the Catholic faith, which he had defended during his life with an admirable constancy; his excellent merits are attested by frequent miracles.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Corcyra, Saint Cercyra, virgin and martyr. This Saint was daughter of the president Cercilin, at once governor and judge of Corfu. The admirable patience which the disciples of Jesus Christ showed before the tribunal of her father touched her young heart and converted her to Christianity. Denounced to Cercilin, this unnatural father committed the infamy of delivering her to a slave, named Ethiops, to dishonour her. Ethiops recoiled before a monstrous apparition which served as a rampart to the young girl. Saint Cercyra was first pierced with arrows, then stoned. Ethiops also suffered martyrdom and is counted among the Saints. About the year 100. — At the same place, Saint Ethiops. Same epoch. — At Ravenna, Saint Liberius I, eighth bishop of that city.[6] About the year 200. — At Atina, in Italy, ancient country of the Volsci, to-day Terra di Lavoro, Saint Cher, bishop and martyr. He was praying for a demoniac when the pagans massacred him. His blood healed the possessed man by spurting upon him. Year 249. — In England, Saint Senan, confessor, who led the solitary life in the north of the country of Wales, on the lands of the father of Saint Winefride; this Saint often went to ask him for instructions and rendered him the duties of burial.[7] 8th century. — Again in England, Saint Wilfrid II, archbishop of York. About 744. — At Venice, the translation of Saint Leo, bishop of the isle of Samos.

Saint Robert, Religious of Montier-la-Celle, Abbot of Saint-Michel of Tonnerre, Prior of Saint-Ayoul, Founder of Molesmes and of Cîteaux

— Pope: Paschal II. — King of France: Louis VI, the Fat.

The soul of the just meditates obedience. — Prov., xv,

The founder of Molesmes and of Cîteaux[1] was born in Champagne, at Troyes or in the environs of that city (1017). His mother was named Ermengarde and his father Theodoric. Both, equally noble and rich, had known how to keep in the ways of the world a piety without weakness, and merited, by the holiness of their morals, the honour of having such a son. “Stewards of Providence, they redeemed, by abundant alms, the faults of frailty which cling to the most just souls, as dust to the feet of the traveller.”

A marvellous sign preceded his birth and announced the designs of heaven: Ermengarde, on the point of becoming a mother, saw in a dream the most holy Virgin Mary, who offered her a ring of gold, saying: “I wish for betrothed the son whom you have conceived; here is the ring of the contract.”[2]

The betrothed of Mary was named Robert at the baptismal font; his family received him with a joy mingled with respect, and brought him up for the Church. At the age of fifteen, he offered to the Lord “the blessed flower of his youth,” by entering among the Benedictines of Montier-la-Celle, in the neighbourhood of Troyes. He was there the model of the novices and the emulator of the most holy religious. “He afflicted his innocent flesh by prolonged fasts, and he ceased not, by day or by night, his converse with God.” The assiduous study of Jesus crucified initiated him rapidly into the secrets of the highest perfection. A candid and affectionate soul, of an admirable docility to the delicate impressions of grace, he was more inclined to the sweetnesses of contemplation than to exterior work; so shall we see him during his whole life obey and yield in order to have peace.

The monks, full of esteem for so profound a religion, named him prior almost on leaving his novitiate, and, some time after, those of Saint-Michel of Tonnerre chose him for abbot. It is in that abbey that hermits, established in the forest of Colan, came to find him and to beg him to join them, in order to teach them the rule of Saint Benedict, which they had resolved to embrace. He would gladly have followed them at once; for, at Saint-Michel, his efforts to strengthen regularity were sterile; but, yielding to the opposition of the monks, he awaited the hour of God, and remained at Saint-Michel. It was not for long, for he returned soon to his first monastery of Montier-la-Celle.

Re-entered into the life of a simple religious, he began to taste in the calm of solitude and silence the delights of divine contemplation, and it was in this heavenly commerce, maintained by continual prayer, that he received the graces by which God prepared him for the great designs that He had upon him.

Whatever resolution Robert had taken to go out no more from that happy repose where his soul, disengaged from all the things of earth, enjoyed God Himself, he could not, without failing in the obedience he had vowed, refuse to take the direction of the monastery of Saint-Ayoul or Aigulphus of Provins, which depended on Montier-la-Celle.

Meanwhile the seven hermits of Colan, always desirous of having Robert for superior, presented a petition to Pope Alexander II, who ordered Robert to go and direct them.

Here is the history of that hermitage, cradle of Molesmes and of Cîteaux: Two Norman gentlemen, brothers according to the flesh, but not according to the spirit, impious and libertine, were crossing one day the forest of Colan, between Tonnerre and Chablis, to go to a tournament. Now each of them had the horrible thought of cutting his brother's throat in order to enjoy his goods. This thought became a desire…; however they resisted and succeeded in stifling it. On their return, and in the same spot of the forest, the same temptation assailed them more violent and more irresistible…; but God held back their arms and touched their soul so strongly that they went both to accuse their faults to a priest retired in that solitude. Then, on the road, they revealed to each other the abominable desire which they had had and the struggle that had followed it… This revelation struck them with terror and converted them. Renouncing the world, they distributed their riches to the poor, and came to place themselves under the direction of the pious hermit of Colan.

The humble community increased, and Saint Robert had to seek a more healthy site to build a regular abbey. Going up the right bank of the Laignes, he brought his religious, to the number of thirteen, into the forest of Molesmes, and there, on the slope of a hill, he built, with tree-trunks and interlaced branches, an oratory and cells around it. This poor monastery, image of Bethlehem, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, on Sunday 20 December 1075, — Raynard of Bar being bishop of Langres, and Saint Gregory VII, vicar of Jesus Christ.

Robert had the conduct of it with the title of abbot; he established there the rule of Saint Benedict and strove to make the religious virtues germinate there. By his example, he helped his spiritual sons to bear the weight of labour and of austerities, and, by his wholly heavenly speech, he encouraged them to sow in tears, in order to reap in joy. And his joyful sons vied in goodwill as to who should be the gentlest, the humblest, the most obedient and the most silent. In these peaceful struggles, charity reigned as sovereign, for the successes of each were the honour and, as it were, the patrimony of all.

In those beginnings, the bishop of Troyes, passing near Molesmes, had the thought of visiting the abbey; — it was the hour when the monks, tired by fasting and labour, were going to the refectory; — he entered it with them. They could offer him only vegetables and fruits, so great was the poverty! but the sight of these fervent religious, their modesty and their peace in the midst of indigence, filled him with admiration, and he returned blessing God. Now, some time after, Molesmes lacked bread; Saint Robert, who had left to Providence the care of life, took literally these words of the Prophet: "You who have no money, hasten to buy," and he sent two religious to buy without money garments and provisions. Obeying their blessed Father, they set out toward the city of Troyes. The bishop learns the arrival of these monks, whose bare feet and extreme destitution excite his pity; he has them brought to him, recognises his guests of Molesmes, receives them into his house, and, when they are rested from the journey, he gives them a cart loaded with provisions. All the Brethren blessed the Lord, at the return of the envoys, and stirred themselves to perseverance. From that moment, the trial of extreme poverty ceased at Molesmes: the lords of the neighbourhood made vying donations to the new monastery.

But, alas! why did "the enemy man" sow tares in this field of the father of the family?…. The piety of the faithful having enriched Molesmes, abundance dethroned poverty, and there were found proud spirits who

despised the work of the hands, and raised pretensions over the neighbouring churches, alleging, to justify themselves, the custom of other abbeys. Saint Robert, the prior Alberic, Stephen and several monks, struggled against these deplorable innovations, but in vain. Those who repudiated poverty misknew obedience, and our Blessed One, seeing himself overborne, believed he could lay down the abbatial crozier, after the example of the patriarch Saint Benedict, and he retired into the solitude of Or, where pious cenobites served God in penance and fervour.

Meanwhile the monks of Molesmes were not long in recognising that they had sinned grievously in obliging their holy founder to withdraw from them; Alberic, Stephen and the best religious had fled, discord reigned in the bosom of the community, become like a skiff without a pilot, and God had turned aside the alms of the faithful. Ashamed to have outraged their father, and not daring to pray him to return, they wrote to the Pope and obtained a brief which enjoined Robert to resume the government of Molesmes; the bishop of Langres was charged to procure its prompt execution. Robert obeyed, without asking either excuses for the past or promises for the future; abandonment to the will of God sufficed him; Alberic and the others returned also to Molesmes.

If “God is charity,” the Saints who live more abundantly of His life are filled with mansuetude. Robert forgot the wrongs of his children, and used condescension; the abbey found again for a time peace in fervour, and communicated even a little religious sap to fallen monasteries. However, success descended no more upon it: in thwarting the designs of God, it had lost its crown of queen. Time, which wears or consolidates, diminished the goodwill of several who began to regret the reforms consented to, while others deplored in secret the dispensations granted and sighed after the austerity of former times. On hearing read in Chapter the Rule which they saw forsaken in several of its prescriptions, they could not defend themselves from a bitter sadness; for them, the peace of the soul was no more in that convent which they had loved, and they were anxious for the blessed day that would restore to them this inestimable treasure. These opposite tendencies did not break the exterior harmony, but raised day by day a wall of separation between the Brethren; at the end, Stephen discovered to Alberic the sentiments which agitated his soul; Alberic answered this confidence by the same avowals, and both conceived the project of building an abbey where the Rule should be observed to the letter and without general dispensation. This project ripened, and, at the moment of executing it, Stephen opened himself to Saint Robert, who entered into their views and promised his concurrence. That done, it was resolved to leave Molesmes, but this time with the permission of the Apostolic See, in order to forestall all difficulties. In consequence, toward the beginning of the year 1097, Robert and six of his monks presented themselves to the archbishop of Lyon, Hugh, legate of the Pope in France, and obtained from him this letter:

“Hugh, archbishop of Lyon and legate of the Apostolic See, to Robert, abbot of Molesmes, and to the religious who desire with him to serve God according to the rule of Saint Benedict.

“Let all who rejoice at the advancement of the Church, our holy mother, know that you have come to Lyon with some of your spiritual children of the convent of Molesmes, and have declared to Us that you wish to observe, in a stricter and more perfect manner, the rule of Saint Benedict, kept now with negligence and tepidity in the said monastery; and since divers causes manifestly oppose your being able to accomplish in that place your good design, We, consulting your salvation and that of your brethren, have thought that the best was for you to retire to any other convent that the divine goodness shall grant you, and to serve the Lord there in fervour and peace. To you then who have appeared before Us, abbot Robert, Brothers Alberic, Odo, John, Stephen, Letaldus and Peter, as also to all those who are determined to follow you, We have permitted to execute this good design, and We exhort you to persevere in it, and confirm by these presents, in perpetuity, this decision by virtue of the apostolic authority and by the appending of our seal.”[3]

Robert, furnished with this letter which sums up his thought, returned to Molesmes, declared his design to all the religious and released them from the obedience they had vowed to him; he went out then, carrying from

the abbey only a book of offices to copy it, the garments and the sacred vessels necessary to the celebration of the divine sacrifice. Twenty-one monks followed him.

Before his departure from Molesmes, Robert had chosen, say some historians, the forest of Cîteaux to build an abbey there, and obtained the protection of Eudes or Odo, duke of Burgundy; but an ancient legend will have it that he advanced toward the South, under the conduct of Providence, by the least-frequented ways, and that, arrived thus in a forest, four leagues from Dijon, a mysterious voice said to him: "Stop here, *siste hic*," whence the appellation of Cîteaux. — However that may be, Cîteaux was at that moment a wild forest, "situated in the midst of waters," in the diocese of Chalon-sur-Saône, in the bailiwick of Nuits. Raynald, viscount of Beaune, detached from it a waste and marshy heath where grew the gladioli and the rushes, and granted it to the monk Robert, who accepted it in the name of the most holy Virgin. Mary accepted this homage, and Cîteaux, succeeding to Molesmes, became the cradle of a "family as numerous as the stars of the firmament."

Robert and his religious cleared the heath, built an oratory and cells, and on 21 March 1098, feast of Saint Benedict and Palm Sunday, the new monastery was blessed in honour of the Mother of God, as Molesmes had been and as will be in the course of ages all the Cistercian churches. That same day Robert was elected abbot, and after all the religious had renewed their vows of obedience, he named Saint Alberic prior and Saint Stephen sub-prior.

From that day Cîteaux was a "garden enclosed," an abode of peace and the city of the Saints… But the monks must not forget that perfect joy dwells not here below long days with us. While Saint Robert was labouring to establish that admirable discipline which sanctified so many souls, so that, less than three centuries after, the General Chapter of the Order decreed to pursue no more the canonisation of any Cistercian, "for fear lest the too great number should render them less venerable,"[4] the monks of Molesmes had recourse to the sovereign Pontiff that he might oblige the holy abbot a second time to return among them.

Urban II committed the care of this affair to his legate, Hugh, archbishop of Lyon, ordering him to counsel Saint Robert to resume the conduct of the abbey of Molesmes, and to provide, at the same time, that the religious should keep the Rule there and leave their brethren of Cîteaux in peace. Hugh decided our Blessed One to make the sacrifice of his dearest affections and to leave Cîteaux. Two monks of that abbey, "who did not love the desert," followed him to Molesmes.

God blessed the obedience of Saint Robert, and the religious knew at last how to appreciate him; but in the midst of these tardy consolations, he could not forget his sons of Cîteaux.

"I should afflict you too much," he writes to them, "if my tongue could serve as a pen, my tears as ink and my heart as paper… It dries up, this heart, since I was separated from you, if indeed it be true that they succeeded in separating me from it; for distance does not remove those whom charity unites in Christ Jesus… Let Molesmes have my body, since obedience has so willed; but my soul is yours, its love and its desires are at Cîteaux… The body, which is here, salutes you."

These sublime accents reveal the tenderness of heart and the merit of the obedience of Robert. Called, from his convent of Montier, to Saint-Michel of Tonnerre, he goes to exhaust himself there in sterile efforts. — The hermits of Colan ask for him, he waits, to follow them, until the obstacles raised by envy have fallen. — He is recalled, he returns there. — When he has founded Cîteaux, Molesmes claims him, and he goes back there, leaving his beloved sons for his rebellious sons… Thus all his life flows on!…

The regrets of the holy abbot must have changed into gladness when he saw the religious of Molesmes accept the reform such as he wished it and embrace the strict observance of the Benedictine rule.[5]

It seemed, to use the expressions of an old hagiographer, that Cîteaux had been transported to Molesmes, or rather that Molesmes had become another Cîteaux. Here is a brilliant fact which made shine before the eyes

of the religious all the merit of their holy abbot.

It happened, say the Annals, that two poor men came to ask alms at the door of the abbey. Our Blessed One received them with respect and called at once the brother cellarer, that he might give them something to eat. — "There is no more bread in the whole monastery," answered the monk with an afflicted air. — "What will you serve then," replied the Blessed One, "at the dinner of the Brethren?" — Embarrassed by this observation, he answered evasively "that he knew nothing about it"; so it was necessary to send these poor men away empty-handed. At the hour of dinner, Robert perceives loaves on the table, and, pointing them out with a look to the cellarer: "Brother," he says to him, "where did you get them?" — "I had put them in reserve for the religious." — At this answer, the man of God feels grief and indignation spring from his soul; he takes a basket, gathers up all the loaves and throws them into the river!… God, to reward this heroic action, sent by a stranger lord provisions to the monastery. What was not to be expected of a community taught by such a master?…

His last day come, he told it to the Brethren, commended his soul to God, and passed from exile to paradise, on 21 March 1110. The night of his death, two rainbows unfolded themselves, — one from East to West, and the other from North to South, — and at their point of junction appeared a cross of light, haloed with a radiant aureole. Little by little this cross enlarged and was surrounded with circles of fire of various colours. This sign, say the annalists of Cîteaux, bore witness to the holiness of Robert, and presaged the glory of his spiritual family.

Relics and Cult of Saint Robert

His body was buried in the middle of the nave of the abbatial church, "in a stone sarcophagus which they surrounded with iron gratings." Honorius III inscribed his name in the catalogue of the Blessed in 1222, and permitted the office to be made of him. Innocent IV canonised him in 12i3. That same year, on 29 September, the abbot Geoffrey put the head of Saint Robert in a bust, and his body in a shrine "rich in silverware and precious stones"; it was sold in 1430, at Dijon, to pay the ransom imposed on the religious of Molesmes by the army of Archambaud… A new shrine in silver became the prey of the Protestants, and the magnificent reliquary, "executed by a Lombard artist," in 1781, that of the Revolution. In consequence of the law of 10 September 1792, the mayor of Molesmes had the head of Saint Robert reunited to the rest of the body, and sent the bust in silver, of the weight of twenty-two marks, to the chief town of the district. This ceremony, remarks the official report of 17 February 1793, was done with great respect! They sang the responsory: *Erunt Reliquiae* and the collect of the office of the translation, then they shut up the relics in a shrine which was sealed with the seal of the municipality. On the 19th Thermidor of the year II, the national agent removed the bones from the shrine, which was deposited in the hall called "of the Rights of Man," put them in a basket and placed them under a gravestone "with a little coffin" containing all the papers, — authentic documents, official reports of the translations and of the sendings of relics, — the remains of his shroud, an alb, and other garments.

On 29 April 1826, Mgr de Boisville had the happiness to recognise this inestimable treasure. The identity of the relics was affirmed to him by several eyewitnesses, and notably by the mayor who had signed the official report of 1793. They enrich to-day the parish church of Molesmes. Several churches of the diocese of Troyes, among others that of Isle-Aumont, possess statues of Saint Robert. He is represented with the attributes of a founding abbot, and, at his side, a little church contains a relic of this great Saint. At Avirey-Lingey, Saint Robert, crozier and mitre, holds in his hand a dish loaded with strawberries. Here is the explanation that tradition gives of this rather uncommon attribute: The countess of Bar-sur-Seine, being ill, declared to her husband that she would die if she were not given strawberries. Now, a thick snow covered the earth at that season of the year. The count, embarrassed, ran to Molesmes to explain to Saint Robert the strange caprice of his wife. The Saint led the count into the gardens of the abbey: "Let us pray," he said to him. Then, having

the snow removed, there were seen to appear strawberries of an extraordinary savour and perfume. But his most ordinary attribute is the ring which he receives from the hands of the Blessed Virgin. — He is the patron of Les Loges-Margueron.

The Life of Saint Robert, written by a contemporary monk, Guy of Molesmes, served as document for that which the abbot Odo had drawn up less than a century after, and which the Bollandists have edited at 29 April. See the *Exordium magnum Cist.*; the *Chronological Abridgment of 1677* (in the archives of the Côte-d'Or); the authentic documents preserved at Molesmes; *Saints of Dijon*, by Duplus; *Saints of Troyes*, by Defer. We have reproduced in great part the redaction of M. the abbé Duplus.

Saint Hugh, Abbot of Cluny

1024–1109. — Popes: John XIX; Paschal II. — Kings of France: Robert II, the Pious; Louis VI, the Fat.

Even worldly glory does not exclude holiness; it is its garment, according to the expression of the Sage. — Comm. on Ecclus., l, 12.

Hugh was born in 1024, at Semur, in the Brionnais. His father, Dalmatius, count of Semur, and his mother, Aremburga of Vergy, were both of the first nobility of Burgundy. Aremburga, during her pregnancy, commended herself to the prayers of a holy priest. The latter, in celebrating Mass, saw in the chalice the radiant figure of a child of an admirable beauty. This was for the mother a presage that her son would one day be a minister of the altars. Dalmatius, on the contrary, wished his son to become the heir of his ancient family. He sought early to inspire him with the love of horses, arms, hunting, falcons, to give him a noble and military education; but the young Hugh, as the pious Aremburga had foreseen, preferred to all these pleasures, to all these exercises of noble youth, the conversation of old men, books and churches. At last, he obtained leave to go to his great-uncle, Hugh, bishop of Auxerre and count of Chalon-sur-Saône; it was there that he made his studies. At the age of fifteen, he entered the monastery of Cluny, of which he was named prior at the end of a few years, then abbot, at the death of Saint Odilo, and thus general of the whole Order. He was only twenty-five; but his merit made his youth forgotten. He had, in the flower of age, the maturity of old age. Thus he soon enjoyed a rare credit with the civil and religious powers. He had already, being prior, fulfilled a difficult mission in reconciling the emperor Henry the Black with the monks of Payerne, who depended on Cluny.

Some months after his election, he assisted at the council of Reims, presided over by Leo IX, and held there the second rank among all the abbots of Christendom. The discourse which he was charged to pronounce there against simony and the concubinage of clerics, had much resonance and success; its conclusions were sanctioned by the council. "Hugh, abbot of Cluny, we read in the acts of the council, spoke second and said: I have given nothing and I have promised nothing to obtain the dignity of abbot. The flesh was quite willing, but the spirit and reason opposed it." One may remark here the humility of this holy abbot who, in acknowledging that he had given nothing to obtain his charge, seems to avow that he had been tempted to do so. From Reims, Hugh followed the Pope to Rome, assisted, on the way, at the council of Mainz, where forty bishops sat; then at another council at Rome, in which for the first time there was question of the errors of Berengarius of Tours, the oldest of the precursors of Luther. In the Roman council, Hugh, the youngest of the abbots, had again the second place. A short time after, he went to hold at Cologne, at the baptismal font, the son of the emperor of Germany. He celebrated the feast of Easter in that city, where the Germans could not tire of admiring the sweetness of his conversation, the graces of his countenance, and the gravity of his morals at so little advanced an age, for the holy abbot was not yet thirty years old. Scarcely returned to Cluny, he ran into Hungary to reconcile King Andrew with the emperor.

Rarely did important things pass without Hugh taking a great part in them. Robert I, duke of Burgundy, irritated by the death of his son, killed by the men of Auxerre, had declared himself the enemy of the bishop

of Autun, and was ravaging Burgundy. A council assembles at Autun in 1055. The duke proudly refuses to appear there. Hugh calms him, bends him, and brings him without resistance into the holy assembly, where the abbot of Cluny speaks with so much eloquence that Robert, touched to the depth of his heart, pardons the murderers of his son and re-establishes peace.

At another time, the bishops of Chalon and of Mâcon owe their reconciliation to Saint Hugh. He presides at the council of Avignon, as legate of Pope Nicholas II. His lights enlightened all the assemblies of the Church of France. At Toulouse, in 1068; at Chalon, in 1072; at Autun again, in 1077; at Clermont, in 1095; everywhere the Catholic synods honoured themselves with his presence. His renown of virtue was so great that Pope Stephen IX, ill at Florence, wished to keep him there to assist him at his deathbed, and receive his last sighs.

But Gregory VII above all, that illustrious and holy Pope who was first prior of Cluny, testified to the abbot Hugh the most filial and most affectionate confidence. He had not been a year on the Holy See when already, in 1074, he complained with tenderness of not yet having seen at Rome his friend, the abbot of Cluny. At the height of his disgraces and of the anxieties of his public life, he found no greater consolation than to pour into the heart of Hugh all the sorrows of his own, and to make him the intimate confidant of his eloquent complaints on the sadnesses of the Church. More than once Saint Gregory named him arbiter and judge of important ecclesiastical disputes; for example, of the notable causes of the Church of Auvergne and of the bishop of Orléans. He regarded him as one of his legates in the Gauls.

During the great and terrible quarrel which divided Gregory VII and the emperor Henry IV, Hugh knew how to remain faithful to the affection which he owed his spiritual son, and to the submission due to the sovereign Pontiff. He averted more than once the tempest raised against Gregory; but he defended also Henry IV to the death, against the ingratitude of his son, and arranged, in 1077, by his credit with the celebrated countess Matilda, the reconciliation of the emperor with Saint Gregory. It is to Hugh that the dethroned and fugitive emperor wrote with sorrow the details of the revolt of Henry V; and the abbot of Cluny did not misknow the benefits that he had received from the imperial family.

In those memorable times, the part of the abbey of Cluny was immense. From it came two of the most illustrious Popes who have occupied the chair of Saint Peter, and who, by the elevation of their mind, as by the severity of their morals, were worthy to continue the work of Gregory: Urban II and Paschal II. Both, disciples of Hugh, were sent to Gregory VII by the abbot of Cluny, and succeeded each other immediately on the pontifical throne. This singular fact alone suffices to make one understand the moral preponderance of the Burgundian monastery in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Urban II, from his accession, hastened to announce it to the abbot Hugh, his master, in terms of respect and fraternity, still quite full of the memories of the house where he had been brought up. Coming to the famous council of Clermont, he went as far as Cluny, blessed there the high altar of the new church which had just been built, and set out again with Hugh for the Catholic assembly where the first crusade was decided. Hugh was very much honoured and had much influence in that council.

Paschal II, become pope, came to see Cluny again; thence he went up toward Dijon, where he consecrated the church of Saint-Bénigne. He was for Hugh what Urban II had been; and both renewed and confirmed all the privileges that Gregory VII had already renewed, in a long bull, in favour of the abbey and of the abbot of Cluny.

It lacked little that Hugh decided the king of France, Philip I, by his familiar conversations, to come, under the habit of a monk of Cluny, to do penance for his past life. The king however contented himself with submitting to Hugh the abbey of Saint-Martin des Champs.

But nothing equalled the devoted friendship which Alfonso VI, king of Castile, bore to the abbot of Cluny. Alfonso, held prisoner by Sancho, his brother, had owed his deliverance to the prayers and authority of Hugh. In his gratitude, he founded in Spain two monasteries subject to Cluny, and he doubled the annual census that Ferdinand, his father, had promised to the abbey. If Hugh had not held him on the throne, he would have made himself a monk in Burgundy; he wished at least, in keeping the royalty, to contribute generously to the construction of the basilica, the immense construction of which the abbot of Cluny undertook. Hugh came to Burgos to see King Alfonso, and, in this journey, there is attributed to him the honour of having introduced into the church of Spain the Roman rite in place of the Gothic or Mozarabic rite.

The same year, the arbitration of Hugh was solicited by two princes, Raymond of Burgundy, count of Galicia, and Henry, count of Portugal, who sent him a treaty of partition on the succession of their father-in-law, Alfonso, king of Castile and of León.

A count of Mâcon, Wido, entered the monastery of Cluny with his sons, thirty knights and a great number of servants. The countess, his wife, retired into the convent of Marcigny, founded by Saint Hugh. Hugh I, duke of Burgundy, ceded his States to his brother Odo, and came to end his days at Cluny, in Christian austerities. William the Conqueror begged our holy abbot to come and spend some time in England, to take the direction of all the monasteries of that country. He conjured him to send him at least six monks. Hugh refused, not wishing to have any part in the violences of that conqueror, who despoiled, deposed the Anglo-Saxon clergy, and replaced it by a Norman clergy.

The monastic houses and all the resources of the abbey of Cluny increased without respite. In the testament of William the Bastard, there was an annual legacy for Cluny. The first daughter of the abbey of Cluny, La Charité-sur-Loire, is founded. Theobald III, count of Troyes, and Adelaide, his wife, make a considerable donation to Cluny. The monastery of Saint-Arnould of Crespy is submitted to it by Count Simon of Crespy; that of Saint-Bertin, by Robert, count of Flanders; that of Rimesingue, by the emperor Henry; that of Saint-Wulmar, by the count of Boulogne; that of Nogent-le-Rotrou, by Count Geoffrey. The bishop of Orléans, the bishop of Basel, the archbishops of Lyon, of Besançon, of Reims, concede to the abbot of Cluny the monasteries of their dioceses. At Auxerre, at Auch, at Tarbes, at Limoges, in all Aquitaine, everywhere new concessions that it would be too long to enumerate.

The popes and kings are not satisfied with protecting by their charters the progressive aggrandisement of the monastery of Cluny; they submit to it themselves monastic establishments. Urban II, in full council, exalts and privileges the abbey of Cluny, and has his bull signed by the Fathers of the council. He threatens those who trouble Cluny with all the spiritual penalties. Finally, he gives Hugh the right to wear the pontifical ornaments on solemn feasts.

After this picture of the public life of Saint Hugh, let us see rapidly the marvels of his private life. He was austere in his living, prudent in all his actions, grave and serious in his words, modest in all his steps, charitable toward all, a friend of silence, an enemy of idleness; he prayed without ceasing, and, if he took some rest, it was only to begin his work again with more ardour. He took great care that his religious should have all that was necessary for their maintenance, for fear that the want of these things might prejudice the observance of the Rule. Heavenly helps did not fail him either for the government of his Order. A monk of Cluny, many say Hildebrand, who was later Gregory VII, saw one day Jesus Christ sit down in a stall of the choir, beside Hugh, and dictate to him the monastic decrees and rules. He knew by revelation what passed in his monasteries. One day, at Saint-Jean-d'Angély, it seems to him, in a vision, that lightning falls upon Cluny. He goes at once to that monastery, and not having been able to learn there what fault had been committed to draw down thus the anger of God, he sets himself to prayer, and heaven reveals to him that one of his religious has gravely offended God. At the monastery of La Charité-sur-Loire, he gave the kiss of peace to all the religious, except a novice whose secret faults God made known to him. One day when he was with the bishops of Chalon and of Mâcon, he read in the heart of someone who was there, and brought him to

confess a fault he had not dared to avow. A messenger came one day to tell him at Nanteuil: “Villeuque is dead.” “You are mistaken,” replied the Saint, “it is not Villeuque, but Oric.” He knew by revelation, as is seen in the life of Saint Anselm, the death of his persecutor William Rufus, and made him a communication of it.

He had often warned one of his religious, named Durand of Bridon, to abstain from some jests, unbecoming in the mouth of an ecclesiastic and of a religious: he had even predicted to him a severe chastisement. In effect, this religious being dead, he appeared to another named Séguin, with a horrible mouth, which seemed to bear the punishment of the words it had pronounced, in spite of the prohibition of Saint Hugh: this poor deceased charged Séguin to render account to the abbot of Cluny of the sufferings which he endured in purgatory. Hugh ordered seven of his religious silence for a week, and continual prayers for his deliverance. At the end of the week, the dead man appeared again, and complained that the silence having been broken by one of the brethren, his relief had been deferred. This silence was therefore kept seven other days: then Durand showed himself a third time, but all shining with light, mark of the eternal happiness into which he had just entered.

In the Beauvaisis, Hugh received great honours at the house of Albert, lord of Gournay; he predicted to his wife, Ermengarde, that the child she bore in her womb was a son, and that he would one day enter the Order of Cluny. The event verified this prediction in every point. He predicted also to Hoël, archdeacon of Le Mans, that the following year he would be bishop of Le Mans, and exhorted him to answer so great a grace.

Once when Hugh was crossing the Alps to go to Rome, a poor old woman, hidden in the hollow of a rock, frightened his mule, which fell with him into a precipice: all the cortège is terrified and believes him dead; but he is held by the branches of a tree; he is delivered, and scarcely is he out of danger when the mysterious tree disappears. This miraculous protection, God granted it not only to the Saint, but to others, by his prayers and even his intercession; and, in his lifetime, he restored perfect health to a young boy who, falling from the top of a bell-tower, had broken all his limbs. A cleric, returning from Spain, had fallen into a precipice of the Pyrenees mountains; but invoking the name of the holy abbot, he was held by a branch which preserved him. Another was about to be submerged in the Loire, but he was delivered by invoking the abbot Hugh, praying him, though absent, to succour him. A religious, called William, no longer knowing what remedy to employ for an ailment he had in the leg, bethought himself to ask his healing of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the intercession of his holy abbot. Having fallen asleep thereupon, he saw during sleep two men clothed in white, who poured a heavenly oil on his leg; and, on awaking, he found himself perfectly healed.

But, among these miracles, we must not omit that which he wrought at Paris, in the very church of Sainte-Geneviève, where he had celebrated holy Mass. He had brought to him the chasuble of Saint Peter, which was kept there very religiously, and, applying it to a paralytic, called Robert, he said to him the same words that this Prince of the Apostles had said formerly to Aeneas of Lydda: “The Lord Jesus Christ heals thee, arise and make thy bed.” And, at the very hour, this man was healed, and returned to his house, without the help of anyone and in good health, giving thanks to God, to Saint Peter and to the venerable abbot. There was there a holy dispute between those present and Saint Hugh: they attributing the miracle to him, and he attributing it to Saint Peter. He had, if I may speak so, acquired such an esteem with God, that pilgrims were warned, at the sepulchre of the Apostles, by a heavenly vision, to go to Cluny of which they had never heard speak. His charity never tired; always surrounded by the poor, he gave always; he had prepared for them, in advance, garments and provisions, because, he said, mercy must not be made to wait. His indulgence equalled his charity. One day, when he was returning from Spain, he brought back with him a young Moor newly baptised. This young man whose soul, says the legend, was still blacker than his face, dared to rob his master; but the holy man pardoned and would never abandon on the road the new convert. Another time when he was visiting his monasteries in Gascony, he perceived near the road a poor hut of lepers: it was a man formerly rich and in good health, who had come to hide himself in this solitude. Every one flees and

keeps away from contagion. Hugh alone enters the cabin, speaks to the leper, touches him, consoles him, gives him his tunic and heals him.

He who practised such extraordinary mortifications moderated those of his spiritual children. The legate, Peter Damian, visiting the abbey of Cluny, wished to increase the severities of the Rule; but Hugh, consulting at once his experience and his paternal goodness for his monks, said to him: “Work with us, live our life for eight days, and you will decide afterwards.” The legate did not insist further and would not submit to the trial.

Is it to be wondered at if, under such an abbot, the monks of Cluny became so numerous? In a single Chapter, Hugh sat surrounded by three thousand monks, and a contemporary author, Orderic Vitalis, assures that ten thousand lived under the conduct of our Saint. It is he who had built at Cluny, in Romanesque style, the church whose ruin we have narrated on 13 January: it was the largest in the whole universe at that epoch, and it was surpassed since, in size, only by Saint Peter’s of Rome. The description of it may be seen in the history of the abbey of Cluny, by M. Lorain. Hugh made also several beautiful regulations touching the divine office; among others, that on the feast and during the octave of Pentecost, there should be sung at Terce the proper hymn: *Veni Creator*, which has since been received by the whole Catholic church.

At last, the time of his death approaching, God made it known to him in several ways: a labourer, called Bertin, of Varennes, being in the middle of a field, saw a great number of men following a lady of an admirable beauty; one of the company having asked him to whom that field belonged, he answered him simply that it belonged to Saint Peter and to the abbot Hugh: “It is then mine,” replied he who had questioned him, “because I am Peter; and for these whom you see, they are so many saints who walk in the train of the Virgin, Mother of the Saviour of the world; go then and tell the abbot Hugh that he will soon die, and that he set his house in order.” Bertin bore him these tidings, the most agreeable he had received in all his life. He prepared himself to die well, and, having fallen ill, he received the Sacraments with a marvellous devotion. The priest gave him the holy Viaticum, and having asked him if he recognised the life-giving flesh of his Lord, he answered firmly: “Yes, I recognise it and I adore it.” Then, having had himself carried to the church of the Blessed Virgin, and laid on ashes and on sackcloth, he departed this world on 29 April in the year of Our Lord 1108, according to Hugh of Cluny, who wrote his life, and 1109, according to Baronius, aged eighty-five years, after having been abbot sixty years. Saint Godfrey, bishop of Amiens, who was then at Rome, knew, by a vision, that this holy abbot was deceased, because it seemed to him he saw the religious of Cluny who besought him to give the last Sacraments to their superior Hugh. A good nun of Jouarre, called Sabina, learned also, by a vision, this holy death. She saw the Blessed Virgin, assisted by a great number of Saints, in the midst of whom there was a magnificent seat, which she was told was prepared for the abbot Hugh. There were many other revelations of his decease and of his glory.

The body of Saint Hugh was buried with pomp behind the matutinal altar, in the great church of Cluny. It was raised afterwards and placed on the high altar to receive there the homage of the peoples. A short time after, he was placed in the number of the Saints by Pope Callistus II.

Saint Hugh left not many writings. Of all the letters which he must have addressed to so many illustrious personages with whom he was in relation, seven only remain to us: one to William the Conqueror; another to Philip I, king of France; a third to Urban II; three to Saint Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, and the seventh to one of his disciples, Anastasius. Some pious counsels to his brethren, recommendations for his convent of Marcigny which he cherished, some monastic regulations on alms and on the books of the library, a sort of general confession, that is about all that remains of this great man; and, although the latinity of it is rather pure, and the style remarkable for the epoch, we speak of them only out of respect for so glorious a memory. But the letters which were addressed to him by the Popes, the kings, the bishops, and of which a great number subsist in divers collections, prove, if they had been known how to collect, all the variety of the correspondence of Hugh, and of what price it would be to-day for general history.

One saw at Cluny, before the pillage by the Protestants, a statue in silver-gilt of Saint Hugh. The Saint wore a mitre and a crozier enriched with diamonds. He held in his hand a gilded church, and in this church was enclosed the head of Saint Hugh. Around the principal statue were figured several gilded holy personages, each in a separate niche. See *History of the Abbey of Cluny*, by M. Lorain.

Saint Peter of Verona, Martyr

Veritas! Such was the motto of the crusaders of Albi; such is that of the Dominican!

I believe, Lord; help the weakness of my faith. Mark ix, 23.

God, who knows how to draw light from the midst of darkness, caused Saint Peter Martyr to appear like a fair star in the midst of the errors of the Cathars, a kind of Manichaeans who had made their way into the north of Italy. He was born at Verona in the year 1206, of parents infected with this pernicious heresy; God preserved him from the danger to which his birth exposed him. The father of our Saint, wishing him to learn the humanities, did not fear to place him with a Catholic master. Young Peter was soon initiated there into the principles of the true religion, as well as those of good literature. One of his uncles, having questioned him on his lesson, the schoolboy recited to him, among other things, the Apostles' Creed, and explained it to him in the Catholic sense, especially those words: *Creator of heaven and earth.* The uncle tried in vain to prove to him that it was not God but the devil, or the evil principle, who had produced all visible things: he argued in vain that there were in the world things evil by their nature, and that consequently they could not be the work of God or of an infinitely perfect Being. The child held firm: nothing could make him change. This firmness made the uncle fearful; he communicated his fears to the father, who was far from sharing them, whether he attached little importance to these religious questions, or hoped to bring his son back later to the ideas of his sect; he sent him to the University of Bologna to continue his studies. There Providence preserved Peter from the taint of vice, as it had preserved him from heresy: it even inspired him with the design of renouncing the world entirely. He went and presented himself to Saint Dominic, who, after assuring himself of his vocation, gave him the habit of his Order, although he was only sixteen years old. From then on Peter felt obliged to imitate, and even surpass, all the others in the way of perfection. He slept little, fasted much, prayed always, and, without regard to the delicacy of the age he was at, he measured his strength only by the ardour of his love and zeal. In the year of his novitiate he fell into a very dangerous illness, which was rightly attributed to the excess of his abstinences: he could scarcely swallow any food.

After his profession he applied himself to his studies with so much zeal that in a short time he made himself fit to receive sacred orders, to go up into the pulpit, to attack the heretics, and to appear on the most important occasions in the defence and support of the Church. He behaved there with such fervour that, in the words of Saint Antoninus, all his actions seemed animated by a very lively faith and a most ardent charity. When he was in choir, the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar set him on fire like a seraph; but chiefly since he saw himself honoured with the priesthood; for at the mere thought that he was to celebrate these august mysteries he sank down into nothingness; and he never raised the chalice, in the most holy Sacrifice, without earnestly asking God for the grace to shed his blood for His glory. He had a particular talent for touching hearts in preaching; which was why his superiors sent him to preach in Tuscany, the Romagna, the March of Ancona, the Bolognese and the Milanese; he succeeded so admirably that the heretics detested their errors, the sinners most obstinate in vice did penance, and good people were confirmed in virtue.

The devil, irritated, resolved to thwart him by every imaginable means. Our Saint was preaching at Florence: it was in the old market, because the churches were not large enough for the great number of people who ran to hear him; this monster of hell appeared there in the form of a black horse running at full speed; it seemed ready to cleave the crowd and crush all who should be met in its path; but the Saint, making the sign of the cross, dispelled this phantom, and all the people saw it vanish like smoke. After the sermon, Peter ordinarily

sat in the confessional to receive penitents: one day there was one who, touched with regret for his faults, accused himself of having kicked his mother; the holy Confessor gave him a severe reprimand for it; and, to excite him still more to holy contrition, he told him that the foot which had thus struck his mother deserved to be cut off. The penitent cut off his own foot as soon as he was back in his house. The Saint, whom the people already accused of imprudence, having learned of it, came to the penitent, took his foot, joined it to his leg and, making the sign of the cross, restored it to its first state: this miracle made people conceive more esteem than ever for his holiness and his very wise conduct.

Meanwhile God, who ordinarily tries the virtue of His Saints, wished to try that of Peter. When he was at the convent of Saint John the Baptist at Como, He favoured him with several visits from heaven; thus the holy virgins and martyrs Catherine, Agnes and Cecilia appeared to him in his cell, and conversed with him so familiarly and in so intelligible a voice that a religious who passed through the dormitory, hearing this conversation, imagined that they were really women who had entered the monastery and whom he had drawn into his room. He took witnesses of what he believed he heard, and all together they complained of it in chapter to the superior: the latter, not examining the matter closely enough, banished Father Peter to the convent of Jesi, in the March of Ancona, to lead a retired life there, without appearing any more in public. The Saint, who had not wished to defend himself, for fear of making manifest the grace he had received from heaven, and in order to suffer something for God, bore this confusion for some time with admirable patience; but at last it escaped him to complain of it lovingly to the crucifix, before which alone he unburdened his heart: “What, my God,” he said to Him, “You know my innocence; how can You suffer me to remain so long plunged in infamy?” But Our Lord answered him: “And I, Peter, was I not innocent? Had I deserved the opprobrium and the sorrows with which I was overwhelmed in the course of My Passion? Learn then from Me to suffer with joy the greatest pains, without having committed the crimes for which they are imposed on you.” These words of Jesus Christ made such an impression on the heart of Saint Peter that from then on he placed all his felicity in sufferings, all his honour in humiliation and all his joy in the cross of Jesus Christ. But when his confusion thus pleased him, God caused the whole mystery to be discovered and the innocence of His servant to be known: which caused him to be recalled from this banishment to appear with more splendour than before, according to the practice of Our Lord, which is to exalt His servants the more, the more they have humbled themselves for His love.

As soon as he was delivered from his prison, he took up again the arms of the word of God to fight heresy. Pope Gregory IX, who knew his learning and his zeal, appointed him inquisitor general of the faith in 1232. But what gave most weight to his preaching were the miracles he worked at every hour to prove the truth of his doctrine. One day, disputing against a heretic in a public square where the whole audience was scorched by the heat of the sun, he obtained from God, in an instant, a cloud which covered the assembly and gave it a necessary refreshment: which this heretic had challenged him to do. Another time, he struck dumb another heretic, who was a great talker and had proposed many arguments against the truth of our religion. Another pretended to be ill to catch the Saint out, and asked him for his cure; but he was well deceived in his pretence, for he became in good earnest so ill that he saw himself in a moment at the extremity, within two fingers of death. He recognised his fault, confessed it, and received a perfect cure of soul and body through the prayers of the servant of God.

These marvels took place at Milan, where Saint Peter laboured with all his strength for the conversion of the heretics. One day he found them so obstinate in their errors that discouragement took hold of his soul: he was about to give up this work; nevertheless he first consulted the Blessed Virgin on the matter, praying on his knees before one of her images. He then heard a voice which said to him: “Peter, I have prayed for you, that your faith may never be shaken; continue then and persevere in your first labour.” These words of the most holy Virgin filled his heart within with so much vigour and zeal that he resolved to employ himself in future only in sustaining and defending the faith against its enemies, though he should lose his life a hundred times.

Taking up his first functions again with greater ardour, he passed from Milan to Cesena, where the sick were brought to him in crowds that he might heal them. From Cesena he went to

Ravenna: on his arrival, which took place in the evening, there appeared on the bell-tower of the parish of Saint John a lighted torch which did not go out, although there was a great wind at the time and snow was falling abundantly. He came also to Mantua and to Venice, where he cured, by means of holy confession, two women who were at the point of death.

At last he arrived at the convent of Como, of which he had been appointed prior: he had already governed, in the same capacity, the convents of Piacenza, Genoa, Aosta and Jesi, and everywhere he had worked miracles to confirm what he preached to the people; but he worked them particularly in this last convent: for, with a single blessing, he cured several sick and crippled persons who were waiting for his return at the gate of the city. By the same sign of the cross he restored the use of all her limbs to a nun of the Order of the Humiliati, named Therasia, who had been for seven years crippled in her whole body. Two other paralytics also received a like grace from him. Moreover, he worked these miracles from the zeal he had for the conversion of the heretics, and in order that, at the sight of these works, which doubtless exceed the power of man, they might recognise the falsehood, the dreams and the superstitions of their sect.

Nor do we wish to omit what happened to two farmers in the territory of Como, of whom one was a heretic and the other a Catholic. The heretic, when he sowed his grain, commended it to the devil, as to the Lord of visible things; the Catholic prayed God to bless his; the holy Prior, being informed of it, foretold to the heretic farmer that if he did not cease so impious a prayer, his lands would not bear a single ear, and that, on the contrary, those of his Catholic neighbour would produce wheat a hundredfold: what he had foretold actually came to pass; but the barrenness of the heretic's lands was very fertile for him, since it brought about his conversion and that of many others who learned of this miracle. Meanwhile the chiefs of the Manichaeans, extremely irritated against the Saint, at last resolved to put him to death, and entrusted the execution of this dreadful plot to two assassins. Peter knew in advance, by a supernatural light, the martyrdom that awaited him: he spoke of it from the pulpit, and said that on the very day on which Judas had sold the blood of his Master, that is, on the Wednesday of Holy Week, the heretics had likewise debated the question of buying his; that the money was already in the hands of him who was to assassinate him. He even foretold to them what his enemies did not know: that the place where the murder would be carried out was between Como and Milan, and that, moreover, he was prepared to suffer it joyfully. He added that his enemies were greatly mistaken in persuading themselves that after his death he would no longer fight to exterminate their sect; that, on the contrary, it would be then that he would make a more formidable war upon them.

At last, on 5 April, Saint Peter, going on the business of the Inquisition from Como to Milan, was met at about two o'clock in the afternoon by the assassins, in a place called Barlassina, where one of these traitors, named Carino, struck him on the head with an axe with such violence that he fell to the ground half dead. The Saint, kneeling as well as he could, recited the first article of the Apostles' Creed, and, having offered in sacrifice to the majesty of God the blood he was shedding for the defence of the faith, dipped two of his fingers in it and wrote on the ground these three words: *Credo in Deum*, "I believe in God"; but the murderer, impatient that he was not yet dead, drove another blow into his left shoulder which pierced his heart. It was thus that the Saint's soul took its flight towards heaven, to receive there the triple crown of virginity, doctorate and martyrdom. This assassination took place in the year of Our Lord 1252: Peter was forty-six years old. The religious who accompanied him, called Brother Dominic, did not escape the fury of these assassins either: they pierced him with several blows and left him for dead on the spot; and, in fact, he died soon afterwards. The body of the holy Martyr was carried solemnly to Milan, and laid in the church of Saint Eustorgius, owned and served by the religious of his Order. The miracles continuing at his tomb verified his prophecy that after his death he would wage a crueller war on the heretics than he had done during his life.

On the very night when he was carried into this church, a great light was seen to shoot from earth to heaven. These prodigies opened the eyes of a great number of heretics. Nevertheless there was found one so rash at Florence that, seeing the image of Saint Peter in which he was represented with the dagger in his breast, he uttered this blasphemy: “Oh, that I had been present when this traitor was assassinated; I would have given him another blow!” But the word had scarcely left his mouth when he remained mute, unable to say a single word more, until he had recognised his fault and embraced the Catholic faith. Even Carino, his murderer, who had escaped from the hands of justice and taken refuge at Forlì, recognising his crime, asked penance of it from the Fathers of the Order, took the religious habit there, and wore it holily the rest of his life.

So many victories won through the merits of Blessed Peter over the enemies of the Church, and the countless miracles that were worked at his tomb and at the invocation of his name, moved Pope Innocent IV to decree his canonisation the year after his martyrdom, on 25 March; and he ordered that his feast should be celebrated on 29 April, because the 5th, which was the day of his death, may be occupied by the feasts of Easter. Afterwards Pope Sixtus V, by a Bull issued in the year 1586, had the feast of this glorious Martyr inserted in the Roman Breviary.

Since his canonisation he has done a great number of further prodigies, for he has restored health to every kind of sick person, raised the dead, helped women in pregnancy or in childbirth, restored reason to the insane, cured epileptics and delivered the possessed. His relics have been distributed to several cities of Italy. Paris possessed, before 1793, in the great convent of the Jacobins, the cutlass which was consecrated by the blood of so illustrious a Martyr, and the two fingers, still covered with their flesh and skin, which he dipped in it to write, as he died, his last profession of faith. The religious of that monastery had authentic certificates of both these relics.

Saint Peter of Verona is honoured in Lombardy and at Palma, in Grand Canary. He is particularly dear to the Dominicans, of whom he was the first martyr: that is why they call him Saint Peter Martyr. The Lombard school and Fra Angelico of Fiesole have often reproduced this martyrdom and the features of Saint Peter of Verona. He is represented: 1° kneeling, writing with his blood on the sand: *I believe in God*; 2° he bears a gash on his head and a sword pierces his breast; 3° he is crowned with the triple crown of virginity, learning and martyrdom; 4° he holds in his hand a crucifix and a lily.

Acta Sanctorum, Thomas Lentino and Ambrose Taegio, contemporary authors.

Saint Tertulla and Saint Antonia, Virgins (260)

The persecution in which the virgins Tertulla and Antonia suffered raged in Africa and particularly in the colony of Cirtha (Constantine), with unheard-of violence. The rage of the demon and of the persecutors was exercised not only on those who, having passed through the persecutions without letting themselves be shaken, lived freely continuing to serve God; but the hand of insatiable hell extended still to the exiles whom the fury of the president had already crowned martyrs, not by the shedding of their blood, but by the manifestation of the sentiments of their hearts. Among those whom they brought to the tribunal of the judges were Agapius, bishop, the guide and father in Jesus Christ of the virgins Tertulla and Antonia, and his colleague Secundinus. The zeal of preaching had led them to Mugues; they had founded a Christian community there by their example and by their teaching. They left in that place Marian and James, with the disposition to follow soon in their footsteps to go to glory. “Suddenly,” relates one of the confessors, “a hostile troop and an irritated multitude threw themselves upon the house which sheltered us as upon an asylum of the faith that they would destroy. Then we were dragged from Mugues to the city of Cirtha. We were followed by those whom we loved and who loved us, by those who had been chosen to receive the palm of martyrdom, and whom the love of us, as well as the grace of Christ, drew toward the glorious crown.” After they had been interrogated, their courage in confessing the name of Christ was rewarded by prison.

When they had undergone divers interrogations and divers torments, the prison of Lambèse, which they had already learned to know, received them anew. Meanwhile each day numerous Christians perished. Then Agapius, foreseeing that his turn would soon have come, began to pray the Lord for Tertulla and Antonia, whom he cherished as his daughters, that He would deign to procure them martyrdom at the same time as himself and that they should not be separated. He obtained then from heaven the answer that what he asked with so much insistence had been granted him from his first prayer. It is on 16 December that the feast of these Martyrs is celebrated at Algiers. *Proper of Algiers.*

Saint Ave of Denain, Virgin (4th century)

There is found, in a very ancient martyrology of the abbey of Denain, the name of the blessed Ave, who was honoured in that community. She was a young person much favoured with the goods of fortune, but deprived of sight. She had already made several pilgrimages to the tomb of the Saints, that it might please God to heal her of her infirmity, and her prayer had not yet been heard, when one day an angel warned her, it is said, to betake herself to the sepulchre of Saint Renfroie and to ask her healing from heaven by the merits and intercession of that Virgin. The blessed Ave did so and was promptly healed. To testify to God her gratitude, she gave her goods to that abbey, had the church of Saint Mary restored, where the relics of her benefactress were transported. She herself took the religious habit in that community and lived there holily near the tomb of Saint Renfroie. The blessed Ave died in great sentiments of piety and was buried in the church of Saint Martin. Her memory remained always in benediction in that place. *M. the abbé Destombes*.

Saint Ursion (375) and Saint Maurelus of Troyes (545)

Ursion governed the monastery and the parish of Isle-Aumont, some kilometres from Troyes. His death is placed about the year 375. A church was built under his invocation, near the brook of Hozain. What remains of his bones and the precious shroud which enveloped them is to-day (1872) preserved in the beautiful church of Saint-André, near Troyes.

Saint Maurelus was likewise a religious of the monastery of Saint-Ursion and curate of the parish of Isle-Aumont. The details of his life have not come down to us. History has preserved only the memory of the tender friendship which united him to Saint Lyé. He died about the year 545. His relics, transported to Montier-la-Celle at the time of the incursions of the Normans — as also those of Saint Ursion, of Saint Mélain, of Saint Phal and of Saint Exuperantia — are to-day preserved in the church of Saint-André-lès-Troyes: this church has, besides, inherited most of the relics of Moutier-la-Celle.

The feast of the translation to Montier-la-Celle was formerly celebrated on 26 April, as we see by the Proper of Troyes of 1548; but the particular feast of Saint Maurelus was 21 May, and that of Saint Ursion 29 September.

Proper of Troyes of 1548; Saints of Troyes, by M. Defer; local notices.

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[1] Saint Tychicus was a Hebrew of the province of Asia: Scripture teaches us that he filled near Saint Paul the function of messenger: he was the bearer, among others, of the Apostle's epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians (Coloss., iv, 7, 8; Eph., vi, 21, 22). The Greek Church and tradition place him in the number of the seventy-two disciples of our beloved Saviour Jesus Christ; which leads us to believe that he was not converted by Saint Paul, but that he was given to him to be his collaborator in the preaching of the Gospel and his travelling companion. In 65, Saint Paul had the thought of giving him as successor to Saint Timothy in the government of the church of Ephesus.

Tradition adds that Saint Tychicus was successively bishop of Colophon, in Ionia, and of Chalcedon, in Bithynia.

[2] Here are the names of the seven blessed Robbers of Corfu: Saturninus, Jusiscliolus, Fansticn, Januarius, Marsalius, Euphrasius and Mammius.

[3] The Bollandists name this bishop of Brescia Saint Paul I, and affirm, on the authority of a learned Brescian archaeologist, that no episcopal catalogue, no Missal, no Breviary names a bishop of that city who bore the name of Paulinus.

[4] See the Life of Saint Second, with that of Saint Friard, on 1 August.

[5] See his Life above, vol. iv, p. 51.

[6] Saint Liberius I, eighth bishop of Ravenna, was a Greek philosopher. Baronius, on 30 December, confounds him with Liberius III, bishop of the same city.

[7] The Bollandists think that it is here a question of the same Saint Senan who is honoured in the parish of Plousane, ancient diocese of Léon.

[8] Molesmes is to-day a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, 17 kilometres from Châtillon-sur-Seine (Côte-d'Or). — Cîteaux is a village of four hundred inhabitants in the same department. — Of Celle-lès-Troyes there remain only ruins. Its church is especially regretted, which was one of the most beautiful of Champagne.

[9] *Volo filium quem gestas in utero ex isto mihi annulo desponsari.* (*Vita*, i.)

[10] *Exord. Magn. Cist.* (Dist. i, cap.).

[11] *Ne multitudine sancti vilescerent in Ordine*.

[12] It is easy to conclude, from the success which Saint Robert obtained with the religious of Molesmes, that their disorders could not have been grave. All their relaxation had consisted in forsaking the labour of the hands, in receiving oblations from the hands of the faithful, and in introducing innovations in their dress, in spite of the prohibition of their superior. It must not be lost sight of that Saint Robert posed as a reformer, and that the approximate observance of the rule of Saint Benedict did not suffice him: he must have the strict observance. He ended by obtaining it; but it would not be just to treat as relaxed the monks of Molesmes who wished to content themselves with the severities of the ordinary rule.

30 April

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, Saint Catherine of Siena, virgin, of the Order of Saint Dominic, of a life brilliant in holiness and in miracles, whom Pius II placed in the rank of the holy virgins. 1380. — At Lambèse, in Numidia, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Marian, lector, and James, deacon: the first, after having already overcome the rigours of the persecution of Decius, in confessing Christ, was arrested anew with his most illustrious colleague, and both together having been, after cruel and studied torments, comforted as much as twice by divine revelations, were at last, with many others, despatched by the sword. 260. — At Saintes, the blessed Eutropius, bishop and martyr, whom Saint Clement directed toward Gaul, after having consecrated him bishop, and who, having long preached the Gospel, had his head broken for the testimony rendered to Jesus Christ, and ended his life by that victory. — At Córdoba, the holy martyrs Amator, priest, Peter, monk, and Ludovic. 855. — At Novara, Saint Laurence,[1] priest, and several children whom he was educating, martyred with him. — At Alexandria, the holy martyrs Aphrodisius, priest, and thirty others. — At Ephesus, Saint Maximus, martyr, crowned in the persecution of Decius. About 250. — At Fermo, in the March of Ancona, Saint Sophia, virgin and martyr. — At Naples, Saint Severus, bishop, who, among other miracles, recalled, for a time, a dead man from his sepulchre, to convince an impostor who tormented a widow and some wards for a false debt. 5th century. — At Euna, in Epirus, Saint Donatus, bishop, who shone in the time of the emperor Theodosius by an extraordinary holiness.[2] 387. — At London, in England, Saint Erkonwald, bishop, who shone by many miracles. 698.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Reims, Saint Maternian, bishop, brother of Saint Maternus of Milan; he died on 7 July, but his feast is made chiefly on this day, on which the archbishop Hincmar raised his body from the earth and sent it as a rich present to Louis, king of Germany. 349–370. — At Maastricht, Saint Quirillus, bishop. About 489. — At Chalon-sur-Saône, Saint John, Saint Desiderius, Saint Flavius, and other blessed bishops of that city, whose common feast was formerly made on this day. To-day their feasts are celebrated in the diocese of Autun: that of Saint John, on 15 May; that of Saint Flavius, on the 13th of the same month; that of Saint Desiderius, on 26 June. — At the same place, Saint Desiré, priest, who has part in the solemnity of these holy

prelates. Dead at Gourdon, where he had lived in solitude, he was transferred to Chalon, to the church of the Hospital of the Lepers. A second translation was made of him, at which Pope John VIII assisted, on his return from the council of Troyes. Saint Gregory of Tours writes that he was invoked against toothache. About 569. — At Tonnerre, Saint Michomer, confessor, disciple of Saint Germanus of Auxerre. 441. — At Vernon-sur-Seine, Saint Adjuteur or Ajoutre, monk of the abbey of Tiron, whose life is full of prodigies and admirable examples of virtues. 1131. — At the same place, the blessed Rosamund, mother of Saint Ajoutre. — In the diocese of Besançon, the feast of Saint Sigismund, king of Burgundy.[3] 524. — At Waulsort, near Dinant, on the Meuse, in the diocese of Liège, Saint Forannan, who was abbot of that place, after having abdicated the archbishopric of Armagh, in Ireland. 982. — At the monastery of Savigny, in the diocese of Avranches, the blessed Aymon or Amon, of the Order of Cîteaux, celebrated for his learning and the singular purity of his morals. — At Jouarre, the blessed Sabina, virgin, of the Order of Saint Benedict. 1173. — At the abbey of Afflighem, in Belgium, the blessed Raoul, surnamed the Silent, on account of the silence which he kept for seven years. A fire having broken out, one day, at a little distance from the place where he was, God inspired him to pronounce this word: "Flame, stop," and the flame stopped. He was a contemporary of Saint Bernard. — In Auvergne, Saint Pontius, eighth abbot of La Chaise-Dieu, who ended his days in the Holy Land, and was buried in the valley of Josaphat, not far from the tomb of the holy Mother of God. — In the Perthois, in Champagne, Saint Hoïlde or Saint Houe, virgin, who received the veil from the hands of Saint Alpin, bishop of Châlons; her body, after some centuries, was carried to Saint-Étienne of Troyes; one of her bones was transferred to Sainte-Houe, abbey of Cistercian nuns, in the ancient duchy of Bar, in Lorraine,[4] and another to Paris, in the church of the Petites-Cordelières. 5th century. — At Cologne, the translation of Saint Quirinus, honoured also in the diocese of Troyes on the same day.[5] — At Verdun, the entry into heaven of Saint Pulchronius, bishop of that city. 470. — At Autun, Saint Placidus, abbot of the celebrated monastery of Saint-Symphorien: tradition gives the name of angels to the religious of this community. Who merited it better than Placidus, of whom forgetful history has preserved us nothing, but whom the Church has vowed to immortality by placing him on our altars? Saint Placidus is the last of the religious of Saint-Symphorien who has merited the honours of public worship.[6] The epoch was not far off when the Saracens were to lay the abbey in a winding-sheet of dust. 8th century. — At Paris, the venerable Madeleine of Saint Joseph, Carmelite nun. She was daughter of Antoine Dubois, lord of Fonteines-Marans, whom the kings Charles IX and Henry III charged with several important negotiations. At the age of four years, she was so struck by what was said to her on the consequences of death, on the occasion of a child who was being carried to burial, that she conceived an invincible disgust for the vanities of the world. When they put a little more care than usual in dressing her, she said: "What use is all this, since we must die?" The steward of her father's house, having one day found it bad that she made the poor work at tasks from which no profit was drawn, she answered him: "If we lose money, we gain souls." Mademoiselle de Fonteines entered, at the age of twenty-six, the Carmel of Paris which Madame Acarie had just founded, and died in God on 30 April 1637. Pope Pius VI declared that Mother Madeleine of Saint Joseph had practised the Christian virtues in a heroic degree.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — Saint Catherine of Siena…

Martyrology of the Servites. — At Forlì, Saint Peregrine, confessor, of the Order of the Servites, whose birth into heaven is honoured on 1 May. *Martyrology of Cîteaux.* — The blessed Raymond of Calatrava. 1163.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Urci, a city to-day destroyed, two leagues from Almería, in the ancient kingdom of Granada, in Spain, Saint Indaletius, bishop of that city, who was ordained at Rome by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and was sent to preach the Gospel in the Iberian Peninsula with Torquatus, Secundus, Euphrasius, Caecilius, Tesiphon and

Eusitius, missionaries like himself. The relics of Saint Indaletius were transferred, in 1080, to the monastery of Saint-John de la Peña and glorified by numerous miracles. 1st century. — Among the Greeks, Saint Maximus, martyr, who perished by a sword-thrust in the belly: he is different from the martyr of the same name mentioned in the Roman. Epoch uncertain. — At Rome, Saint Quirinus, bishop and martyr, buried in the catacomb of Praetextatus. He was perhaps a bishop of a distant country, dead while fulfilling his visit to the thresholds of the Apostles. — At,[7] the holy martyrs Radicianus, deacon; Terentius, Marinus, priests; Dagarus with twelve others; Meturnus, Clement, Lucinus, Telesphorus, Primosus, Saturninus, Aemilian, Maiorica, Saturnina, whose names only have come down to us. — And elsewhere, the funeral of Saint Polychronius, bishop, whose see is unknown. — At Forlì, in the Romagna, Saint Mercurialis, bishop of that city. 156 or 405. — At Trent, Saint Maxentia,[8] widow. About the year 400. — Among the Greeks, Saint Clement, confessor and poet, who, after having charmed the earth by his songs, went, in his turn, to hear in heaven the melodies of the angels. About the 9th century. — At Kempten, in Swabia, the blessed Hildegard, queen, wife of Charlemagne, mother of Charles the Bald, of Pepin and of Louis the Pious, and foundress of the monastery of Kempten (Campidona), where her relics wrought many miracles. 783. — At Verden or Werden, in Saxony, Saint Switbert, called the Younger, bishop.[9] 807. — At Verona and at Augsburg, Saint Gualfard who, after having exercised the profession of saddler and distributed to the poor the money he had amassed by his work, lived twenty years the life of the solitaries. 1127. — At Monticiano, in Tuscany, the blessed Anthony, of the Order of the Hermits of Saint Augustine, on whose tomb lilies blossomed spontaneously. After the year 800. — At Ravensburg, in Württemberg, the blessed Louis von Bruck, a young scholar of about fourteen years, who was mutilated and hanged by the Jews in a forest, near Haslach. A meteor, which lit that forest several nights in succession, caused his body to be discovered, in whose honour a little chapel was built which became a place of pilgrimage. A century after, he was carried back to Ravensburg in the chapel of Saint Vitus. 1429. — At Lucca, the blessed Michael of Barga, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance, whom one saw going through the fields to teach the catechism, to exhort to piety. More than once, it happened to him to take the place of the shepherds, while these went to fulfil their religious duties. 1479.

Saint Eutropius, Commonly Ytrope, Bishop of Saintes, Martyr, and Saint Eustella, Virgin

1st century.

To the holy ashes, run, O city; these are pledges full of God, the martyrs'. Here was the cradle of the faith; in the bosom of death we have drawn life in fullness. — Santolius, *Hymns.*

Toward the middle of the first century of the Christian era, a man covered with a long linen robe and leaning on a knotted staff, which made less rough to him the fatigues of a long and painful road, was making his way, with hurried steps, through the vast forests of the Saintonge. Come out of those thick and deep woods, which hid from his eyes one of the most beautiful countries of the Gauls, he soon distinguished on the horizon the city of Mediolanum (to-day named Saintes). This city, which was the goal of his journey, announced itself from afar by a long girdle of walls, flanked with high towers. The domes and the summit of the edifices which he scarcely glimpsed through the light vapours of the morning, indicated that Roman domination, in endowing it with these numerous monuments, had equally endowed it with the right of citizenship. On the smiling hillsides which surrounded and dominated the city rose elegant villas, encircled with clumps of verdure and flowers, whose perfumes the balmy breeze bore afar. A thousand brooks rolling a limpid water spread everywhere freshness and life, and wound through fertile plains which rich harvests gilded. At the sight of so many marvels, Eutropius, which was the pilgrim's name, prostrated himself with his face against the earth. After a fervent prayer addressed to the Lord, he rose, saying aloud: My God, grant to the inhabitants of this great city which stretches at my feet not to be deaf to the holy word that I bring them in

your name, prepare them for the holy truths that I am going to explain to them. May their mouths soon pronounce with love your divine name, may they break their idols, and may they henceforth recognise no other God than you.

Saint Eutropius, whom the Saintongeois acknowledge as their Apostle and their first bishop, was one of those Blessed ones of whom Our Lord speaks, who had the honour of seeing Him on earth and of conversing with Him: which so many kings and prophets desired so ardently and had not obtained. It is so that tradition of the churches carries it, in the account of Baronius. The Jansenists and our Gallican bishops have made light, each outdoing the other, of the ancient legends bequeathed by the faith of our Fathers. This is a wrong in our eyes, because, if these legends, recited at winter evenings, have been able to lose something of their native naïveté, in passing from mouth to mouth, and in taking on some tint of the character of the narrator, it is none the less true that there is in these accounts a true foundation. It was a question of disengaging the unknown; it was found more logical to deny everything.

There exists at Saintes a very ancient legend on Saint Eutropius. The Saint would be the son of a king (great personage) of Persia. In his childhood he was led, by his governor, to the court of Herod; he heard speak of Jesus of Nazareth and of his prodigies; he wished to see him, asked to be presented to him, received his blessing and embraced his doctrine. He returned to his father whom he gained to Christianity, later he came back to Judea and learned there the death of Christ condemned to the torment of the cross; indignant, he took again the road of Persia and had put to death there all the Jews who were found in the States of his father. M. the abbé Lacurie, honorary vicar-general of His Beatitude, the patriarch of Chaldea, took information on the origin of Saint Eutropius. The opinion of the Chaldean church, which comes to confirm the French legend, is that the first bishop of Saintes was a Chaldean and son of a great personage. Disgusted with the world, he came back to find Saint Peter who raised him to the priesthood, and sent him to Mediolanum Santonum.

Eutropius having prayed, as we have said above, resumed his march toward the city. Arrived near the principal gate, he entered an inn to rest an instant from the long fatigues of the journey and take a frugal meal, then he penetrated into the heart of the city and became the object of public curiosity. The severity of his costume, which offered a singular contrast with the sweetness of his countenance, drew the looks of all the passers-by; arrived at the centre of Mediolanum, he chose a spacious square. Having grouped around him a considerable crowd of citizens and artisans, he drew from his bosom a little cross of wood roughly worked, and began to recount, with a sublime enthusiasm, the life, the miracles and the death of our Saviour. On hearing these marvellous accounts, the people, believing they saw a madman or an impostor, armed themselves with sticks and rushed upon the missionary. Eutropius, driven from the city as cruelly, took refuge on a neighbouring height, chose a desert place and built himself a cabin on the flanks of a rock. Discouraged by this failure, Eutropius took again the road to Rome; Saint Peter was dead, Saint Clement revived his zeal, ordained him bishop and put him under the conduct of Saint Denis the Areopagite who, with a caravan of other missionaries, was coming to evangelise the north of the Gauls.[1] Eutropius followed then the Areopagite as far as the city of Arles and thence passed into Guyenne. The particular cult of which Saint Eutropius is the object, even in our days, in the mountains of the Ariège, leads one to believe that this Apostle will have evangelised certain regions of the south of France before regaining Saintes. However that may be, returned to his isolated retreat, Eutropius gave himself to prayer and mortification. Roots soaked in water were his daily food, a little straw sufficed to rest his body exhausted by vigils. In spite of the unfavourable reception that the inhabitants of Mediolanum had given him, often he abandoned his dear solitude and, going through the surrounding country, announced everywhere the word of God. He ventured even to re-enter the city. The purity of his morals, the simplicity of his language gained him little by little the esteem of a small number of pagans. Some, drawn by his inspired eloquence, instructed themselves in the true religion and received baptism. Encouraged by this first success, Eutropius redoubled perseverance and zeal. From that moment, he was seen every day going through the streets and squares of Mediolanum,

followed by a great multitude of people, who took pleasure in giving him the title of envoy of God.

One day, the people having, as usual, assembled around Eutropius, a young girl, of a rare beauty and of high birth, suddenly cleft the crowd and came to prostrate herself at the feet of the Apostle, saying to him: “Master, I wish to embrace the religion of Christ, instruct me in the truths it teaches.” Eutropius, having thanked the Lord, led the Virgin to the place where the new Christians assembled, and initiated her into the principal mysteries of the faith.

Eustella, which was the name of the young pagan, was soon baptised; grace transformed her soul. She wished to share with Eutropius the rough fatigues of the apostolate.

Now, this conversion caused a great rumour in the city of Mediolanum. Eustella was daughter of the legate of the praetor of the Gauls: there was everything to fear from this man, who, by his high dignity, had, more than any other, to make the gods of the empire respected. Abusing his power, he could send to death the rash man who had dared to tear his daughter from the bosom of idolatry. On learning that his daughter was a Christian, the father of Eustella entered into an extreme fury. He drove her brutally from his palace. Returned to better sentiments, he tried to bring back his daughter by gentleness and seductions. Eustella answered always with the greatest firmness and consented not to return to the paternal house. She had built herself a narrow cell not far from the cabin of Eutropius. It is in this humble asylum that she wished to pass her days. Irritated by so much resistance, the legate sought no more to dissemble his resentment; his fury knowing no more bounds, he awaited impatiently the day of vengeance. He ignored, that cruel Roman, that in preparing for Eutropius the palm of martyrdom, he prepared for him a throne in heaven, and that his name, immortalised by his torment, would be pronounced with respect by future generations. The legate had summoned all the butchers of the city; he distributed to them a sum of a hundred and fifty Roman sous, and ordered them to go and put Eutropius to death, and bring Eustella back to his palace.

On the eve of the calends of May, the butchers went out of the city very early in the morning, and, followed by a crowd of pagans who applauded the cruelty of the legate, armed with sticks, axes and leaden-loaded thongs, they make for the cabin of the solitary, who was at that moment on his knees and in prayer. They drag him out of his asylum, make a hail of stones rain on his head, strike him without pity with blows of sticks, and tear all his body; they consummate their crime by cleaving his head with a blow of an axe. As soon as Eutropius had rendered the last breath, his murderers, thinking no more of bringing Eustella to her father, took flight and re-entered tumultuously into the city, frightened by the crime they had just committed.

As soon as night had spread its first veils, some Christians, guided by Eustella, buried the body of the holy missionary in the cabin which had sheltered his life. The death of Eustella followed close upon that of the Apostle who had converted her to the true faith. She was buried, according to her desires, beside the tomb of the first martyr of the Saintonge.

Saint Eutropius is represented with his head cleft by an axe or a cleaver. Near him is found a tree: the presence of this tree in the monuments relating to the Apostle of Saintes is explained in different ways, for its true sense has long been lost. Some say that before receiving the finishing stroke, Saint Eutropius was hanged on a tree and long tormented in that irksome position: it is certain at least that formerly Saint Eutropius passed for being very helpful to people condemned to death. Others, taking the thing from higher up, think that this tree recalls a good action of the Saint in his youth, at the triumphal entry of Our Lord into Jerusalem; for he would have been one of those who climbed the trees along the road and tore branches from them to throw them under the steps of the Saviour. Such is the fact that this tree would recall. The history of Saint Eutropius is, it is said, painted on the stained-glass windows of the cathedral of Sens.

He is invoked against dropsy.

Miracles, Relics and Cult of Saint Eutropius. Restoration of His Crypt

This great bishop wrought on all sides and in all centuries very signal prodigies. He drew miraculously from water and fire those who were to be there drowned or consumed. He delivered from the depth of dungeons captives and prisoners whom their enemies had shut up there. He even transported one, in an instant, from Babylon to Saintes, with the cage of brass in which the infidels had shut him up. He healed the sick, raised the dead, drove the demons from the bodies of the possessed and wrought other like marvels. One will remark also in the history of these miracles the terrible chastisements which the justice of God exercised against several persons who had the temerity to profane the feast of this illustrious preacher of the Gospel. Nearly five centuries had passed over the forgotten tomb of the Martyr; many peoples had trodden the soil which enclosed his holy remains, the Church shone then more than ever, she had come forth victorious from the Roman persecutions, she had assisted at the fall of the empire, she had remained firm in the midst of the floods of barbarians come from the North, who invaded and devastated a great part of southern Europe. “In the midst of that frightful chaos, civilisation would have disappeared for ever from the earth, without religion, aided by the lights and the vigilance of the popes.”[2] More recently still, the Church had just triumphed over the schisms which had for an instant alarmed her most faithful children, but which had never weakened either the power of her dogmas, or the strength of her doctrine. With the peace which she enjoyed, there rose on all sides monasteries, where men removed from the noisy clamours of the cities knew how to ally the cult of prayer with the rude labours of the fields. They instructed the people and made them share the love of agriculture; joining example to their lessons, they cleared themselves the uncultivated lands. Clovis had just been baptised. In the interest of the faith which he had embraced, he marched, at the head of the Franks, toward southern Gaul, in order to chastise the Visigoths, who then occupied it and who professed Arianism. He conquered them in the fields of Vouillé, and pursued them to the foot of the Pyrenees. Returning toward the North, the conqueror stopped at Mediolanum, and was received there with acclamation. He did not leave it without having left considerable sums, to build churches and monasteries there, to which he granted great privileges. About this epoch, two monks occupied in clearing the hillside where Eutropius had been buried, found again the bones of the martyr. They remarked on the skull a deep cleft, which could only have been made by a blow of an axe. During the night, while the two religious were plunged in a deep sleep, Saint Eutropius appeared to them. “Know,” he said to them, “that the fracture you have seen in my head is the trace of the martyrdom that I bore.” Palladius (Saint Pallais), bishop of Saintes, warned of this miraculous vision, had the bones of the holy Apostle transported to a chapel of the church of Saint-Étienne, which he had just built in one of the suburbs of the city. Later, a rich convent of Benedictines rose around the basilica which took the name of Saint-Eutrope. The holy relics, exposed to the veneration of the faithful, attracted at first some pilgrims run from the neighbouring regions; but at the report of the miraculous cures wrought by the intercession of the Saint, in favour of those who came to visit him with faith, whole populations came eagerly to kneel at the feet of his altars. The church of Saint-Eutrope became a celebrated pilgrimage.

Let us leap over all the space which separates that epoch from the sixteenth century; let us arrive at the year 1562. Then the wars of religion desolated the Saintonge; the Protestants pillaged and overthrew the houses of the Lord. There was reason to fear that already the body of Saint Eutropius had been burned by the heretics, and the same fate was dreaded for his precious head. François Noël, prior of the convent of Saint-Eutrope, transported it secretly to the cathedral of Saint-André, at Bordeaux; but, in 1602, the holy relic was restored to its church by the care of Pierre de la Place, one of the successors of Noël.

Later, when the political tempest of 1789 passed over France, religion had again its days of mourning; but authentic documents prove that the relic of Saint Eutropius did not disappear in the revolutionary storm; and it has always been preserved in the church which bears his name.

The inhabitants of Saintes are not ignorant, and we shall learn with pleasure to strangers, into whose hands our narrative may fall, the restoration of the crypt or underground chapel of the church of Saint-Eutrope. This

restoration has a double aim: first, the conservation of a building precious for the history of religious architecture, then the restitution to worship of a monument dedicated to religion for nearly twelve centuries. Let us give to each what is due to him: it is at the solicitation of M. the abbé Lacurie, chaplain of the college of Saintes, that the works were undertaken by the French Society instituted for the conservation of historical monuments. On Friday 19 May 1843, at eight in the morning, workmen were occupied in digging at the place where, before the Revolution, the high altar of the crypt stood. They soon recognised the traces of an excavation made in the rock which serves as pavement for the crypt. Laid bare, the excavation, whose form is that of an oblong square, presented the following dimensions: Length: 1 m. 23 c.; breadth: 0 m. 85 c.; depth: 1 m. 88 c. At the bottom, one saw a stone in the form of a tomb, cut diamond-pointed, in the following dimensions: Length: 1 m. 20 c.; breadth: 0 m. 90 c.; thickness: 0 m. 37 c. This stone was traversed right through, at the four corners, by bolts or round bars of iron, of about two centimetres in diameter, consolidated in their holes with lead poured in fusion, and which bound it to an object on which it rested. On its uppermost face, on the side of the west, one read the name *Eutropius*, written in Carolingian characters of long dimension, deeply engraved and perfectly visible.

The chest, which this stone covered, was removed, and the bones which it contained were delivered to two physicians charged to examine them.

This operation took place in presence of the numerous assistants, impatient to know the result. The doctors succeeded, in a short time, in reconstituting the skeleton of a man, minus the head and the upper bone of one of the arms. This is the place to say that, for centuries, there has been honoured, in the church of Saint-Eutrope of Saintes, a relic which tradition, supported by important titles, has always made to be considered as the head of the blessed Martyr. We shall add also, for the persons who do not know it, that there is exposed to the veneration of the faithful, in one of the churches of the city of Béziers, a bone which written monuments say to be that of one of the arms of the first preacher of the faith among the Santones.

“We have no intention to discuss,” says an eyewitness, M. the abbé Briand, to-day deceased: “we are only narrator. Yet we cannot dispense ourselves from making this remark: it is supposed, with much reason, that the skeleton discovered is that of Saint Eutropius; there is lacking to this skeleton the head and the upper bone of an arm. Now, two churches have just motives to believe themselves in possession of the missing parts. What a striking coincidence!…”

Let us add, however, that the physicians found also in the chest a head; but, after a scrupulous examination, they declared that, to judge by its form, by its proportions, by those of the teeth, of which several still held to their sockets and several others were scattered in the chest, this head was not in proportion of strength with the bones that they had before their eyes and that, almost certainly, it did not belong to the same subject. It appeared to them to be rather that of a young woman or of an adult.

Finally, there was still in the chest a notable part of the bones of an almost new-born child. One remarked there also a little earth, some fragments of cement and the round white shell of a small snail. Do not these last circumstances lead to the idea of a translation? An official report, establishing the events of the day, was signed by all the persons convoked and by other assistants.

The 30th of April brings back, each year, the double feast of Saint Eutropius and Saint Eustella, patrons of the city of Saintes. Besides the ceremonies that the Church celebrates in honour of the holy Martyr and of the servant of the Lord, the civil authority orders public rejoicings which attract a great concourse of strangers to ancient Mediolanum. Formerly, minstrels went through the city in all directions and stopped before the dwelling of those who bore the name of the Saint or of the Saintess, and executed there a short serenade. The city of Saintes, which remains plunged during all the rest of the year in silence and the most complete isolation, puts on the next day a quite new physiognomy. The joyous crowd inundates the pavement of its streets. The contentment is universal; but, as if to offer a singular contrast to the noisy joys of the city, a

traditional usage has consecrated a pious pilgrimage to the grotto of Saint Eustella, situated on one of the hills which surround the city. Here now are some precious details on the cult of Saint Eutropius in the mountains of the Ariège; details which we owe to the obligingness of M. the abbé P. Authier, curé of Unac (diocese of Pamiers). This learned ecclesiastic wrote to us, in November 1871: "The Saint Eutropius of whom there is question in pages 22 and 23 of my brochure on the priory of Unac is indeed Saint Eutropius, bishop and martyr of Saintes, since we celebrate his feast from time immemorial on 30 April, and I know of no other Saint of that name feasted that same day.

"To tell you how his cult was established in our regions, I can found my assertions only on conjectures. The church in which we celebrate this feast, where the pilgrimage takes place on 30 April, is a church built in the second half of the eleventh century, welded to a bell-tower older, of which the architecture accuses a construction of the eighth or ninth century. The best-founded presumptions lead to believe that the present church of the eleventh century was decorated and served by the Benedictines of Cluny; but that the first church, of which the bell and watch tower still exists, was the church of a military abbey founded by Charlemagne or his son, Louis the Debonair, king of Aquitaine, residing at Toulouse in his young age. The devotion of the pilgrimage to the relics of Saint Eutropius will have been established, either by the military abbots, like the neighbouring devotions of pilgrimage to the altars of the Blessed Virgin of Sabart, Montgauzy and Celles, which are believed to go back to that epoch, or by the religious of Cluny, who had dedicated chapels to Saint Eutropius in the basilica of the mother-house. The pilgrims to Saint-Eutrope of Unac have a little bottle of wine blessed at the altar anciently dedicated to Saint Eutropius and drink it fasting in very small doses, either as remedy, or as preservative from maladies. It is with this practice as with that which made pilgrims carry away, as a remedy, the oil of the lamps which lit the tombs of Saint Martin, at Tours, and other Saints. I could not affirm that the church of the military abbey of Unac was dedicated to Saint Eutropius; but it is certain that the altar where the inhabitants and the routine pilgrims always come to deposit quite naturally their wine which is to be sanctified by the solemn blessing of the Church, is found six metres in front of and facing the great opening of the old Carolingian tower, that is to say, where was the altar of the primitive church.

"The present church of the eleventh century was dedicated to Saint Martin of Tours, titular patron, and the altars of the collaterals were dedicated to the secondary patrons, one to Saint Maurus and the other to Saint Eutropius, in the very place of the Carolingian altar.

"Were there relics of Saint Eutropius at Unac, at the epoch of the establishment of the pilgrimage? I do not know. On entering this parish, forty years ago, I found, in the tomb of a reliquary of the middle ages, which had served as monstrance for the solemn blessing of the Blessed Sacrament, very small fragments of relics of Saint Eutropius, Saint Maurus and other Saints as indicated by fragments of vellum, with a note saying: '*Aquestas reliquias foren trobadas in claustro de l'nutar de missa de mossum S. Félix, l'an 1565*'. This church, anciently parochial, was destroyed that year by the Huguenots, at Unac. These relics were without other authentic document and without seal. I have not heard others mentioned. Now we have received from one of our bishops of Pamiers 1° a fragment of three centimetres of the relics of a Saint Eutropius, martyr, extracted by him from the cathedral basilica of Saint-Lizier, in our diocese; and 2° another fragment of one centimetre obtained by himself at Saintes, in 1845, at the solemn translation of the tomb of Saint Eutropius."

We drew our narrative on Saint Eutropius from Baronius and Father Giry; from the *History of the Santonian Church*, by M. the abbé Briand, to-day deceased; from private letters which M. Lacurie, of Saintes, the skilful restorer of the crypt of Saint-Eutrope, honorary vicar-general of His Beatitude the patriarch of Chaldea, M. the abbé Grasilier, chaplain of the Carmel of Saintes, M. the abbé Authier, curé of Unac, in the diocese of Pamiers, M. the abbé Ant. Ricard, director of the Liturgical Seminary of Marseille, etc., have been so good as to address to us.

Saints James, Marian, Agapius, Aemilian, Martyrs in Numidia (Algeria)

— Pope: Saint Dionysius. — Emperor: Valerian.

Saints of God, remember before Our Lord those whose names you know well. — Commemorative inscription of the martyrdom of Saints James and Marian, found again at Constantine.

Whenever the blessed martyrs of God almighty and of His Christ, in their eager race to seize the crown of the kingdom of heaven, make a request of the brethren whom they have most loved, they forget not the law of humility, which always gives to faith its greatest lustre; and the more modest their request, the more effectual also it is. Now, two most illustrious Martyrs of the Lord have given us the mission of making their glory known to the world: one is Marian, who among all our brethren was specially dear to us, and the other James; both, besides the common engagements of baptism and the profession of one same worship, were still attached to me, you know it, by the bonds of the family. On the point of sustaining their glorious combat against the cruel furies of the age and the attacks of the gentiles, they desired that the brethren should be instructed by us in this struggle into which they were entering under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It was not to have celebrated, by a vain boasting, in the midst of the world, the glory of their crown, but to leave to the multitude of the faithful, to the people of God, an example which should instruct them and strengthen their faith. And it was not without reason that their friendship chose me to publish these narratives; for who could doubt that we knew and shared the secrets of their life? We lived together in the bonds of a close union, when the time of persecution came to surprise us.

We were travelling in Numidia, and we had gathered the people of our suite, as we always did; but the road we followed led us to fulfil the ministry which religion and faith had imposed on us, while it led our companions to heaven. They arrived at a place called Muguas, near the suburbs of Cirtha,[1] a Roman colony. In this city, at that moment, the blind fury of the gentiles and the orders of the military officers had raised a cruel persecution, like the unchained waves of the age; the rage of the devil, thirsty for the blood of the just, was athirst to try their faith. Wherefore our blessed martyrs Marian and James doubted not that this was a certain sign of the divine mercy which heard their prayers; for, if they found themselves thus in the place and at the moment where persecution raged with the greatest cruelty, they understood that it was the hand of Christ which had led them to the crown of martyrdom. All those indeed whom Christ cherishes were the object of the blind furies of the prefect, who had them sought by his soldiers; his cruel folly was exercised not only against the faithful who served their God in full liberty, after having come out victors from the preceding persecutions; the devil extended still his insatiable hand over those who, long condemned to exile, had merited by their desire, if not by the shedding of their blood, the crown of martyrs.

Now, among those who were thus recalled from exile to be presented to the prefect, were Agapius and Secundinus, both bishops, both recommendable by their tender charity for the brethren, but one of them above all by the holiness of his continence. It was not from one torment to another torment that they were dragged, as the gentiles might believe; rather they went from one glory to another glory, from one combat to another combat. After having torn from the pomps of the age and subjected to the yoke of Christ their companions in captivity, they were going, with the courage that a consummate faith inspires, to trample under foot the sting of death. And truly, it would have been a crime not to run to victory in these struggles here below which last but an instant, when the Lord hastened to meet them to have them near Him. Thus Agapius and Secundinus went to the noble combat which a power of the earth had, it is true, prepared for them, but to which Christ Himself called them. We had the happiness of offering hospitality to these two pontiffs, who were to unite to the glory of the priesthood the palm of martyrdom. Such was the spirit of grace which animated them, that not content to offer to God the precious sacrifice of their blood in a generous and holy testimony, they wished to make all the faithful as many martyrs, by inspiring them with their courage in the faith. It is true that the sole spectacle of their devotion and constancy would have sufficed to confirm the faith of the brethren; but their charity, their tender affection for us, wished to assure further our perseverance.

They let fall on our souls, like a heavenly dew, the word of salvation; for it was given them to see him who is called the Word or the word of God, and they could not be silent on his marvels. I do not wonder if, during the few days they stayed with us, our souls drew largely life and courage from their holy exhortations; for already Christ, on the eve of their passion, made His grace shine forth in them.

At last, when they left us, their examples and their instructions had disposed Marian and James to follow the same way, by treading in their glorious steps. Scarcely two days had they been gone when already the palm of martyrdom came of itself to find these two beloved brothers. It was no longer, as everywhere else, one or two stationary soldiers, it was an entire century that sought victims for the persecution.

This troop armed by violence, and with it an impious multitude, had run in crowd to the villa that we inhabited, as to the powerful bulwark of the faith. Attack a thousand times glorious for us! blessed alarm worthy to be celebrated by the transports of joy! They came to us that the blood of the just, of Marian and of James, might accomplish here below the designs of the mercy of God. We have difficulty here, beloved brethren, to contain the joy with which our hearts are filled. Scarcely, for two days, saints have torn themselves from our embraces to go and undergo their glorious passion, and we still have with us brethren who are going to be martyrs! When the hour of the divine goodness drew near, it deigned to give us also some part in the glory of our brethren; we were dragged from Muguas into the colony of Cirtha. Marian and James, our beloved brethren, followed us there; destined for the palm, their love for us and the mercy of Christ guided them in our steps; for, by a contrast that deserves to be remarked, those followed who nevertheless were to open the march for all the others. They did not wait long. They exhorted us with a holy transport of zeal, and proclaimed aloud and without fear that they too were Christians. Straightway, then, they were interrogated; as they persevered in confessing courageously the name of Christ, they were led to prison.

Then they were subjected to cruel and numerous torments by a stationary soldier, the executioner of just and pious men. He had taken, to aid his cruelty, the magistrates of Centurio and of Cirtha, who thus made themselves priests of the devil; as if faith were broken with the limbs in one who counts for nothing the care of his body! But James, who had always appeared stronger in his faith, because he had already triumphed over the persecution of Decius, repeated with a noble pride that not only was he a Christian, but moreover that he was a deacon. For his part, Marian provoked the torments, by confessing that he was a lector: he was so in effect. How tell the new torments which the cruel artifices of the devil, always too skilful in shaking faith, invented against them? Marian was suspended to be torn; so that, by a special providence of God, the very torment of the martyr was truly his exaltation. The knot which held him in the air pressed on him, not the hands, but the extremity of the fingers, so that the mass of the body, supported by such weak members, should increase the pain. They even had the cruelty to attach heavy weights to his feet; so that, drawn in contrary directions, the whole frame of the body was dislocated; the nerves were broken, the entrails torn; but, O barbarous impiety of the gentiles, against the temple of God, against the co-heir of Christ, thou hast done nothing! thou hast suspended the limbs of a martyr, opened his flanks, laid bare his entrails; but our Marian placed his confidence in God; and the more the torments of his body multiplied, the more his courage grew. At last the fury of the executioners was conquered, and he had to be led back to prison, quite joyful at his triumph. There, with James and the other brethren, he celebrated, by long and fervent prayers, the victory of the Lord.

Gentiles, now what will you do? Do you believe that Christians feel the torments of a prison, that they will be frightened by the darkness of this world, they whom the joys of eternal light await? their spirit, strengthened by the hope of the grace of which it will soon enjoy, embraces the heavens in its noble flights, and it is no longer at the punishments with which they wish to punish it. In vain will men seek, to exercise their chastisements, a deep retreat, the sombre horrors of a cave, an abode of darkness; when one hopes in God, no place is frightful, no time appears sad. Christians consecrated to God, their father, receive, both day and

night, the consolations of Christ, their brother. So it happened to Marian. After the torments with which his body had been torn, he fell into a deep and tranquil sleep; and, on awaking, he related to us himself in these terms what the divine goodness had made him see to sustain and encourage his hopes: “My brethren,” he said to us, “I saw rise before me, at a great height, a tribunal of dazzling brightness, on which sat a personage performing the office of judge. He dominated a platform to which one mounted by numerous steps. The confessors were made to approach one by one, in order, before the judge, who condemned them to be beheaded, when suddenly I heard a clear and powerful voice which cried: ‘Let Marian be brought!’ and at once I mounted the platform. At that moment, I perceived, seated at the right of the judge, Cyprian, whom I had not yet seen; he held out his hand to me, raised me to the highest step of the platform and said to me smiling: ‘Come and sit with me.’ I sat down in effect; and the interrogation of the other confessors continued. At the end, the judge rose, and we conducted him to his praetorium. We walked through places where agreeable meadows spread out, and which the smiling foliage of the woods embellished; tall cypresses and pines whose crest rose to heaven, spread their shade afar; one would have said that the verdure of the forests surrounded these places like an immense crown. In the midst, the pure waters of an abundant spring filled to the brim a vast basin. But behold, suddenly the judge disappears from our eyes; then Cyprian, taking a cup which by chance was at the edge of the fountain, filled it again, presented it to me, and I drank of it myself with happiness. At last, while I was giving thanks to God, the sound of my voice awoke me.”

At this account, James recalled that God had deigned to show him the crown which was reserved to him. In effect, some days before, Marian and James, and I with them, were travelling together in the same cart. Toward the middle of the day, at a place where the road was stony and difficult, James had been seized with a deep sleep; we called him, and when he awoke: “My brethren,” he said to us, “I have just experienced a great emotion; but it is joy which transported my soul; you too, rejoice then with me. I saw a young man of prodigious stature; he had for vesture a robe of a whiteness so brilliant that the eyes could not contemplate it; his feet touched not the earth, and his forehead hid itself in the clouds. As he passed rapidly before us, he threw us two girdles of purple, one for thee, Marian, and one for me, and he said to us: ‘Follow me promptly.’” In such a sleep, what strength against the enemy! what vigil can be compared with it! How happy is the rest of him who watches in the faith! Earthly members alone are chained, for it is only the spirit that can see God. How, after that, describe the transports of joy and the generous sentiments of our martyrs, who, on the point of suffering to confess the holy name of God, had had the happiness of hearing Christ and seeing Him offer Himself to their gaze. Nothing had been able to stop Him, neither the noisy agitation of a cart, nor the brightness, nor the heat of the day, in the midst of its course. He had not waited for the silent hour of the night; and, by a special and wholly new grace, He had chosen, to show Himself to His martyr, a time when He is not accustomed to reveal Himself to His saints.

Besides, the two brothers were not the only ones to enjoy this heavenly favour. Aemilian, who, in the ranks of the gentility, belonged to the equestrian order, was also in prison with the other Christians. He had reached the age of fifty years without having lost the privilege of chastity. He had still redoubled in prison his long fasts; his more multiplied prayers were, with the Sacrament of the Lord, the only food which, every day, sustained his soul and prepared it for the combat. Now Aemilian also, in the middle of the day, had fallen asleep, and, when he awoke, he related to us in these terms the secrets of his vision: “I was coming out of prison,” he said to us, “when suddenly I met a gentile, my brother according to the flesh. In a voice full of insult he asked me news of us, and questioned me with curiosity how we found ourselves in the darkness of the prison and its forced fasts. I answered him that, for the soldiers of Christ, the word of God was, in the midst of darkness, the most brilliant light, and in fasts, a nourishment which fills all desires. At these words, he resumed: ‘Know, all of you who are held in prison, that if you obstinately refuse to change, the penalty of death awaits you.’ But I, who feared that this might be a lie invented for pleasure to deceive us, wished the confirmation of a piece of news which fulfilled all my wishes: ‘Is it true,’ I said to him, ‘that we shall all suffer?’ He repeated again his first words, and said: ‘Soon your blood will flow under the sword. But I

should like to know whether all of you, who thus despise death, will receive in heaven equal rewards, or whether your crowns will be different.' I answered him: 'I am not able to give an opinion on so lofty a question. Nevertheless,' I said to him, 'lift your eyes a little toward heaven; you will see the innumerable army of the stars shine there. Do all these stars shine with the same brightness? and is the light in all equal?' At this answer, the curiosity of the gentile found yet another question to put: 'If then,' he said to me, 'there must be a difference among you, who are those who will merit the preference in the good graces of your God?' — 'Among all the others,' I answered him, 'there are two especially whose names I must not tell thee, but whom God knows. They are those whose victory is more difficult and almost without example; rarer, therefore, their crown is more glorious. It is for them that it was written: *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"*

After these visions, they remained still some days in prison; then they were led again before the tribunal, in order that the magistrate of Cirtha, not content with the first chastisements by which he had honoured the generous profession of their faith, should send them again to the prefect. At that moment, one of our brethren, who was among the spectators, drew upon himself the eyes of all the gentiles; for, having had the happiness of proclaiming his faith, it seemed that the splendour of Christ shone on his face as in his words. The impious, in the transport of their fury, asked him whether he too was of the religion of the martyrs and bore the same finger as they. Straightway, by a prompt confession of his faith, he merited to share their happiness. Thus the blessed martyrs, while they were being prepared for torment, won many witnesses to God. At last, they were sent to the prefect; they travelled with joy this difficult and painful road; on their arrival, they were presented to this magistrate; after which they were thrown for the second time into the prisons of Lambèse. For prisons are the only hospitality that the gentiles know how to give to the just.

During several days, blood was shed without pity, and a great number of our brethren were sent to the Lord; yet the senseless rage of the prefect could not reach Marian and James, and the other victims among the clerics: so numerous were the laymen who were struck; for this impious man, cruelly skilful, had separated the different Orders of our religion, hoping that the laymen, thus isolated from the clerics, would yield to the temptations of the age and to their own terrors. Wherefore our two friends, the faithful soldiers of Christ, and, with them, the rest of the clerics, grieved that the laymen had preceded them in the combat and in glory, and that a victory so slow and so late had been reserved to themselves.

During this long waiting, James was consoled by a new vision. Agapius, that holy pontiff of whom we have spoken, had, for a long time already, consummated his martyrdom. Two young girls, Tertulla and Antonia, whom he loved with a wholly paternal tenderness, had suffered with him. Often he had asked of God for them to associate them with his martyrdom, and God had deigned to reward his faith, giving him assurance of it by these words: "Why do you ask unceasingly what you have merited long since by a single prayer?" Now, Agapius appeared to James in his prison, in the midst of sleep. In effect, on the point of receiving the stroke of death, while the arrival of the executioner was awaited, James was heard saying: "How happy I am! I am going to rejoin Agapius, I am going to sit with him and all the other martyrs at the heavenly banquet. This very night, I saw him, our blessed Agapius; in the midst of all those who had been shut up with us in the prison of Cirtha, he appeared the happiest; a joyous and solemn banquet united them. Marian and I, carried away by the spirit of love and charity, we ran to it as to agapes, when suddenly there came to meet us a young child, whom I recognised for one of the two twin brothers who, three days before, had suffered with their mother. A necklace of roses was passed around his neck, and, in his right hand, he held a palm of smiling green. 'Where do you run?' he said to us; 'rejoice, be in gladness; to-morrow you will sup with us.'" Oh! how great, how magnificent is the goodness of God toward His own! What paternal tenderness in the heart of Christ Our Lord, who gives to His beloved children rewards so fair and makes them know in advance the benefits which His clemency reserves for them!

Meanwhile day has succeeded to the night in which this vision was manifested, and soon the sentence of the prefect is to serve for the accomplishment of the promises of God. It is a condemnation, but which frees from the tribulations of the age Marian and James with the other clerics, to make them partakers of glory, in the society of the Patriarchs. They were therefore led to the place of their triumph; it was a deep valley, crossed by a river whose banks rose gently in a hill, and formed thus, on both sides, as the steps of an amphitheatre. The blood of the martyrs flowed to the bed of the river; and this scene was not without mystery for the saints who, baptised in their blood, were still to receive in the waters as a new purification.

You would have seen then the ingenious system of a barbarity which shortens its blows to multiply them. Surrounded by a whole people of martyrs whose head is destined for the sword, the executioner has disposed them with art in long files, so that his sacrilegious blows seemed to run from one head to another, carried away by a blind fury. Thus nothing arrested his cruel ministry; it was the quickest means to consummate this barbarous execution. If, in effect, he had struck them all in the same place, the corpses would have piled up in an enormous heap; the bed of the river itself, soon filled up, would not have sufficed for so frightful a carnage. According to custom, before striking the victims, their eyes were bandaged; but the darkness could not obscure their souls; a vast, immense light inundated them with its ineffable splendours. Many, in spite of the veil which hid from them the brightness of day, told their companions in death and the brethren witnesses of their torment, that they saw scenes of a marvellous beauty, steeds, whiter than snow, mounted by young men whose white robes cast a vivid brilliance. Others, at the same time, among the martyrs also, confirmed the accounts of their companions, by the testimony of another sense; they had heard the neighing of the steeds and the noise of their steps. As for Marian, already filled with the spirit of prophecy, he announced, with an assurance full of courage, that the day was near when the blood of the just was to be avenged. He predicted the numerous plagues with which the world was threatened, the pestilence which was to fall from heaven upon earth, the captivity, the famine, the earthquakes, the deluges of insects whose stings would be mortal. By these prophecies, not only did the faith of the Martyr confound the gentiles; they were still a powerful goad, or rather like the sound of the trumpet in battles, to excite and strengthen the courage of the brethren, recalling to them that in the midst of the frightful plagues of the world, the just of God ought not to let escape the so fair occasion of a pious and honourable death.[2] When the sacrifice was ended, the mother of Marian, transported with a joy worthy of the mother of the Maccabees, and now assured of the lot of her son whose martyrdom was consummated, congratulated him on his happiness and applauded herself to have given birth to such a son. She embraced that body which her entrails had borne and which made to-day her glory. Her lips, with a religious tenderness, deposited numerous kisses on the still bleeding wound. O Mary, how happy thou art! happy to be the mother of such a son, happy to bear so fair a name! Who would not believe in the happiness which so great a name brings with it, on seeing this new Mary receive such glory from the fruit of her womb? Truly it is ineffable, the mercy of the almighty God and of His Christ, toward those who have put their confidence in His name. Not only does His grace prevent and strengthen them, but moreover, in redeeming them with His blood, He gives them life. Who could measure the greatness of His benefits? His paternal mercy works unceasingly and pours out upon us the gifts which faith shows us as the price of the blood of our God. To Him be glory and empire for ever and ever! Amen.[3]

Saint James and Saint Marian are patrons of Gubbio, in Umbria: their relics are kept in the cathedral of that city. Their feast is celebrated in Algeria, on 30 March.

These Acts form part of the collection of Dom Ruinart.

Saint Pulchronius, Fifth (Known) Bishop of Verdun

454–470. — Popes: Saint Leo I; Hilary; Simplicius. — Emperors: Maximus; Avitus; Majorian; Severus; Anthemius.

All the historians who have spoken of Saint Pulchronius have seen in him the second founder of the church of Verdun, the restorer of the city almost entirely destroyed by the Barbarians, the powerful wonder-worker, the model of episcopal virtues.

The family of Saint Pulchronius was one of the most illustrious of Gallia Belgica, not only by rank, but still more by piety. The good works of his parents were so agreeable to God that He revealed to them by an angel the birth of a son who would be a light in the house of the Lord and who would appease the wrath of heaven irritated against men. He was born at Troyes in Champagne, but his father and mother often made their residence at Verdun; they died some years after the birth of their son who was taken to Toul, to the house of Saint Lupus, his relative, where he made his first studies. Saint Lupus having left the world to retire to the celebrated monastery of Lérins, he left Pulchronius at Toul to continue his studies there. He called him to Troyes, when he was made bishop of that city, and took him with him on a journey which he made to England to combat the Pelagian heresy there.

Under such a master, Pulchronius attained a very high degree of learning and virtue; ordained priest, he fulfilled all its functions with zeal and discretion.

The church of Troyes had then so great a reputation that all the cities of the Gauls desired to have for bishop a disciple of Saint Lupus; this is what led the clergy and the faithful of Verdun to ask Saint Pulchronius for pastor; the passage of the Huns had reduced that city to a pitiful state. Saint Lupus saw good to be done, he obliged his disciple to yield to the prayers of a diocese covered with ruins. The faithful were dispersed afar and lived as they could. The new pastor gathered the sheep scattered by the tempest. His first instructions were very touching. He exhorted them to patience and resignation, engaged them to appease by the practice of good works the wrath of God irritated against the sins of men. His example even more than his discourses inclined their hearts toward contrition. The pagans, seeing the Christians humble themselves and do penance, felt themselves moved to imitate them.

After having re-established the celebration of the holy mysteries and the other exercises of religion interrupted by the ravages of the Huns, Saint Pulchronius, as a devoted son of the Church, made the journey to Rome to visit the tomb of the Apostles and ask of the Holy See the confirmation of his election.

On his return, he published in his diocese the decisions of the Council of Ephesus which declared Mary Mother of God, and had built within the walls of Verdun a basilica, which he dedicated under the title of the nativity of Our Lady. In the temple the Blessed Virgin was represented holding under her feet a serpent to mark her victory over the heretics with this inscription:

Theotokos, Mother of God; Christotokos, Mother of Christ.

It is on a ground of his inheritance that Saint Pulchronius had this church of the Blessed Virgin built. To enlarge the share of the Lord, some inhabitants gave him their gardens, situated on the slope of the mountain where are still at present the bishopric and the cathedral.

Christianity made new progress in France, after the invasions of the Barbarians; paganism disappeared almost entirely under the ruins of the old Gallic cities; and it was doubtless to consecrate this triumph of the Gospel that Saint Pulchronius had built, on the highest point of the city, a basilica vast enough to contain the newly converted faithful who formed from then on the majority of the population of Verdun. He transferred to the new church the episcopal see which had been till then in the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul outside the walls, and put the city as well as the whole diocese under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. The decrees of the Council of Ephesus (431) and of the Council of Chalcedon (451), in proclaiming the divine prerogatives of Mary, had powerfully contributed to popularise her cult. It is from that epoch especially that a great number of temples were dedicated in her honour, that feasts were instituted in memory of her mysteries and that the bishops chose her for the special protectress of their dioceses.

One would be tempted to believe that the schools, the libraries, all the documents of the sciences disappeared in the great cataclysm of the barbarian invasions. Certainly many things perished, but the love of study remained, above all in the bosom of the clergy. The decadence of letters began, it is true, in the fifth century; but this decadence did not prevent the Gauls from producing a great number of learned men, theologians, philosophers, historians, poets and distinguished orators. Their works have not all come down to us. But those that we know prove that there was still received in the public schools an intellectual culture little common. Most of the Gallic bishops of the fifth and sixth centuries were chosen from the ranks of the lettered and they became soon, by the schools which they founded, the instructors of the ages that are called barbarous, "whose barbarity must not be denied, but which one would have thought less ignorant, if they had been less ignored." These episcopal schools kept the literary traditions until the creation of the monastic schools, and on this sole title they would deserve to be better known. Saint Pulchronius established one in his city of Verdun. The brilliance which it spread rebounded on the clergy of all that diocese. Numerous evangelical labourers were formed there, who converted the rest of the idolaters: the divine office gained also there in splendour and regularity. The bishop gave moreover all his rich patrimony to the church. The revenues of it were employed for the maintenance of the sanctuary and for the construction of lodgings for the priests with whom he lived in common; such was the first origin of the Chapter of Verdun.

The holy bishop was respected and loved by great and small; he gained to Jesus Christ the most obstinate by his insinuating affability, by his exemplary life and by the great number of miracles which supported the truths coming from his mouth; his countenance was gay and his words grave. He considered himself as a victim of expiation for the sins of his people whom he saw exposed to the danger of falling under the domination of the conquerors come from beyond the Rhine. Civil wars divided the cities and provinces of Gallia Belgica: some being still subject to the Romans, from whose hands they were soon to escape and who loaded them with excessive taxes, and the others, to the Franks who made every day new conquests. Childeric, their king, had forced the Roman generals to abandon Cologne, taken Trier by assault and conquered all the country situated between the Rhine and the Meuse. Verdun which, this time, was not attacked, believed itself indebted for it to the protection of its holy Pastor.

His virtues and his labours were crowned by a precious death on the last day of April of the year 470. He had laboured sixteen years as bishop, to make learning and piety flourish in the midst of his flock. The Roman custom of burying the dead along the great roads existed still at that time, at Verdun. Saint Pulchronius was therefore buried near a public way, not far from the present gate of the citadel. There was raised over his tomb an oratory which became in the sequel the parish church of Saint-Amant. In 1625, this church still occupied the site where are dug to-day the ditches of that same citadel. In the course of time, the relics of Saint Pulchronius were transferred partly to the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, partly to the abbey of Saint-Vannes. His feast is celebrated at Verdun on 30 April.

Monuments and Traditions

The tradition which attributes to Saint Pulchronius the construction of the cathedral of Notre-Dame of Verdun, within the walls of the city and on the site which it still occupies to-day, is recorded in the Breviaries of that diocese in these terms: "*Novam ab eo intra urbem basilicam a fundamentis aedificatam, Deo, sub nascentis Virginis Deiparae nomine, fuisse consecratam…. referunt*" ("They report that a new basilica was built by him from the foundations within the city and consecrated to God under the name of the Virgin Mother of God at her birth").

Roussel, author of a history of Verdun published in 1745, does not admit that Saint Pulchronius dedicated his church under the title of the Nativity of Our Lady, and he refuses to Verdun the honour of having celebrated, from the fifth century, this feast of the Mother of God. He opposes to the constant formal tradition of the church of Verdun two reasons of which the first proves nothing, since it is drawn from the silence of a

historian of the ninth century, as if that historian, or rather that annalist, had had to or been able to say everything. The second is based on the wholly arbitrary interpretation of a word of Saint Fulbert of Chartres, who says, in one of his homilies for Our Lady of September, "that after the institution of older and more solemn feasts, the devotion of the faithful has asked for the addition of the feast of the Nativity celebrated to-day." — *Non contenta fuit devotio fidelium, quin Nativitatis solemne superadderet hodiernum.* — The word *hodiernum*, in a sermon preached on the day of the feast itself, indicates not in the least that it is a question of a feast recently instituted. Besides, the text of Fulbert, who died in 1029 (see his life above on 10 April), if it were taken in the sense of Roussel, would express only a manifest error; for it is certain that under the pontificate of Sergius I, about the year 688, this feast was celebrated at Rome. The sacramentaries of Saint Gregory and of Saint Leo the Great, the martyrologies of Bede, of Ado, etc., mention it. If then one wishes absolutely that Saint Fulbert spoke of a recent institution, that may be true for the church of Chartres and not for the others. Moreover, Du Saussay, in the Gallican martyrology on 8 September, thinks that Saint Maurilius, disciple of Saint Martin and of Saint Ambrose, become bishop of Angers, instituted first the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin in Gaul: which would explain the name *Angevine* formerly given to Our Lady of September, just as the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the celebration of which began in Normandy and in England, was called the *Norman*. Can one conclude from all this that the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady was really established at Verdun by Saint Pulchronius? This consequence would not be rigorous; but what is certain is that nothing, absolutely nothing, weakens the constant tradition of the church of Verdun, which has always attributed to itself the honour of having celebrated first, or one of the first, the birth of Mary. The cartularies, the books of ceremonies, the most ancient Breviaries, support this tradition: now, it is a very good and very solid proof that of tradition supported by monuments; since the monuments and the tradition, the one propping the other, attest that from time immemorial, Verdun has celebrated the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, as a solemnity proper to it, as the patronal feast of the cathedral church, and that until the revolution of 1793; since, on the other hand, tradition and monuments do to Saint Pulchronius the honour of this institution, why come, in 1745, to ravish this honour from him? On the occasion of the Greek inscriptions that Saint Pulchronius is said to have had engraved under a bas-relief representing the Blessed Virgin seated and crushing the serpent, it is good to know that inscriptions of the same kind are still seen to-day on a pillar of the cathedral of Verdun. But it is the archdeacon Wassebourg, author of the *Antiquities of Gallia Belgica*, who had made in the sixteenth century a representation of the Blessed Virgin crushing the serpent, and placed above it the inscription *Theotokos* and *Christotokos*, continuing thus the tradition which attributed to Saint Pulchronius a monument of the same kind, conceived in the same thought, executed according to the same data. It is a thing worthy of remark, in effect, that, for many centuries, in the church of Verdun, they have not contented themselves with the Latin words *Mater Dei* and *Deipara* as expression of the Catholic dogma, but have believed they ought to express this truth by the Greek words of the council of Ephesus. Thus one reads in an ancient Breviary of that church, which dates from Saint Louis: *Ave, Theotokos, virgo Maria, quae firmam mundi regentem machinam Filium protulisti*, etc. (third antiphon of the third Nocturn on the day of the Assumption). The Breviary of 1486 and that of 1560 preserved this usage in the offices of the Assumption, of the Annunciation, etc. In inserting in the inscription of his monument the Greek words *Theotokos*, *Christotokos*, employed frequently by the council of Chalcedon, Wassebourg doubtless wished to allude to the ancient liturgy of Verdun, which employed very often these terms in the offices of the blessed Virgin. The curious monument raised by the piety of Wassebourg is found in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, on the wall which faces the altar. The Terrorists mutilated it in 1793. In the upper part of the bas-relief, one reads the following ingenious distich, in which the Blessed Virgin is made to say:

Sum quod eram, nec eram quod sum; nunc dicor utrumque. / *Christiferam pietatis heram cole me, genitumque.* — "I am what I was; but I was not what I am: at present I am both. Honour my son; honour in me the Christ-bearer, the Mother of mercy."

In the centre of the bas-relief, the Virgin is seated and crowned. With the right hand she holds a lily, symbol of virginity, and with the left she supports the child Jesus, who himself bears the globe of the world surmounted by a cross. At her feet, Mary tramples the infernal dragon. Now, exactly at the height of the head of the Virgin, one reads these two characteristic inscriptions:

On the right: *Christotokos, Mater Christi.* On the left: *Theotokos, Mater Dei.*

Below and about opposite the feet of the Virgin is kneeling, his hands joined most devoutly, the pious archdeacon to whom this monument is due. He addresses to Mary this humble prayer, which runs on a cartouche three times coiled:

Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata. "O holy Virgin, suffer me to praise thee." Before him are his arms with the stoic device, whose energetic brevity, borrowed from paganism, sums up all the Christian morality:

Abstine et sustine. "Abstain and bear."

Facing the archdeacon and on the same plane are six choir-boys, who send toward heaven the words of this stanza, distributed on four cartouches: *Monstra te esse matrem:* "Show yourself our Mother:"

Sumat per te preces, / Qui pro nobis natus, / Tulit esse tuus. "May He receive by you our prayer, He who, born for our salvation, deigned to become your son."

At the bottom, in the whole breadth of the frame, the signification of this sculpture is summed up in this legend:

Haec contrivit caput serpentis antiqui, quae sola cunctas haereses interemit et, Virgo permanens, Deum et hominem genuit. "Behold her who has crushed the head of the ancient serpent, who, alone, has destroyed all heresies, and, while remaining a virgin, has brought into the world Jesus Christ, God and man."

Finally, lower still and outside the frame is found this inscription in Gothic letters: Representation of the image of Nostre-Dame of Verdun, ordained by sainct Pulchrone, fifth euesque of that Cité, according to the decree of the Concilie of Calcedone: Where he was present when the heresies against the Virgin Mary were confounded. And decreed that henceforth she should be called Christotokos and Theotokos; That is to say mother of Christ and mother of God, In the year of grace four hundred and fifty-two. This image is of wood, and Wassebourg had it engraved at the beginning of his book of the Antiquities of Gallia Belgica.

It will have been remarked that the last inscription makes Saint Pulchronius assist at the council of Chalcedon; but this saying is not tenable, since Saint Pulchronius was ordained bishop only in 454, three years after the holding of that council. Did he assist there as a simple priest, or will he have been confounded with two other Pulchronii or Polychronii, one bishop of Antipatris in Palestine, and the other of Epiphania in Asia Minor? This last hypothesis explains in a rather plausible manner the error into which the author of the Antiquities of Gallia Belgica has fallen on this subject. Although our intention is not to maintain that the idea of representing the Blessed Virgin in the manner we have just said goes back to Saint Pulchronius himself, while establishing that the pious archdeacon of Verdun, Wassebourg, made himself the echo of a respectable tradition, we cannot help answering a last objection, which has been made in the name of the criticism of the last two centuries, of that criticism so pretentious and yet so ignorant. It has been said, then, without proving it, of course, that the custom of representing the Virgin crushing the serpent under her feet was introduced only since the discussions on the Immaculate Conception. One may believe, we shall answer, that this symbol became then more general; but for a long time the infernal dragon had been represented under the feet of Saint Michael, of Saint George, of Saint Margaret, etc. The malediction pronounced at the origin against the seducer of the first Eve: — *Ipsa conteret caput tuum:* She shall crush thy head, — gave birth early to the idea of introducing the same emblem into the images of Her whom the Fathers of the Church surnamed the second Eve. Criticism had doubtless not read Prudentius, poet of the fourth century, who seems to describe in these beautiful verses the image of Our Lady attributed to Saint Pulchronius:. *Hymn. ante cibum,*

v. 146–155.

“The ancient hatred of the serpent was the source of the seduction; it is because there reigns between the children of men and him an eternal enmity that the viper is humbled, trodden under the feet of the woman.

“The virgin who has deserved to bring a God into the world triumphs over all poisons. Under her tread, the indolent reptile, with tortuous coils, vomits upon the turf its glaucous virus, henceforth harmless.”

Consult the *Ecclesiastical and Civil History of Verdun*, augmented, new ed., Bar-le-Duc, 1863; Ozanam, *Germanic Studies*, vol. ii, p. 386.

Saint Hamon or Aymon, Religious of the Abbey of Savigny in Normandy

— Pope: Alexander III. — King of France: Louis VII.

This Saint was born in the diocese of Rennes, about the beginning of the twelfth century. The surname of Landachop which he bore in religion makes one believe that he was born at Landecob, a village of the parish of Saint-Étienne-en-Cogles. His parents, who belonged to a good family, and who were very virtuous, inspired him from his tender age with the fear of God. Born with the happiest nature, he showed himself remarkable above all by his docility, his simplicity and his sweetness. The Lord having granted this virtuous young man an uncommon intelligence, he made his studies with success, and, while he remained in the world, he gave unequivocal proofs of his capacity; but the advantages that he could find there did not reassure him against the dangers which there threaten virtue: so he took the resolution to flee it and to embrace the religious state. The abbey of Savigny, founded by Saint Vitalis in the diocese of Avranches, and not far from the place of Hamon’s birth, was that which he chose for the place of his retreat. He presented himself there, and was received with kindness by Saint Geoffrey, who then governed that house. Scarcely had the new postulant entered the novitiate and begun to taste the sweetnesses of religion, when he was falsely suspected of being a leper and in danger of being sent away. He avoided this disgrace, which he greatly feared, by asking to go and serve two religious of this monastery, who were, they, really afflicted with that horrible disease, and who were in a separate building, named the Desert. His abbot having favourably received his request, Hamon betook himself there, and made himself the servant of these poor infirm. While the two religious were taking their rest, Hamon stole away secretly, and withdrew into the chapel of the house, where he occupied himself now in singing psalms, now in praying, his body prostrate; he gave himself to this holy exercise with so much assiduity, he took so little care of himself, that he was seen several times to fall into faintness. The community recognised at last that he was not at all a leper, and, after he had passed a rather long time of trials in the Desert, he was admitted to make his profession; an advantage for which he sighed keenly, and which contributed still to increase his fervour. It appeared so remarkable to Saint Geoffrey, his abbot, that he thought he ought to call him to sacred orders, and, later, to have him raised to the priesthood. Clothed with this august character, Saint Hamon showed himself a new man. The holiness of the priesthood penetrated him so vividly that he was wholly absorbed by it, and that, often, he forgot to take bodily nourishment. One feels sufficiently what confidence a priest so full of fervour must inspire: so Saint Geoffrey charged him soon with the office of confessor of the community. The servant of God did not deceive the hope that his abbot had conceived of his zeal and capacity. He produced great fruits in the tribunal of penance; and his reputation spread so much in divers convents of women of the province that, more than once, he saw himself obliged to leave his cloister to assist them in their spiritual needs. The most remarkable of his disciples were Saint Peter of Avranches, religious of Savigny, and the blessed Bergoigne, nun of Mortain, both celebrated for the holiness of their life. He directed both of them until their death, and, a little time after their decease, God gave him the consolation of seeing them in glory. Saint Peter of Avranches appeared to him all shining with light, and made known to him the happy state in which he found himself. It was not only to persons consecrated to God that Hamon rendered himself useful. His so pure and so perfect virtue gained him the confidence of the great and of people of the world, who

made him the avowal of their weaknesses, listened with respect to his wise counsels, and profited by them, as much to regulate their morals as to give themselves to the practice of good works. When there presented themselves to him persons whose conscience was burdened with some considerable faults, he was not content to act toward them as judge and physician, he made himself also their intercessor with God, and sought, by the most fervent prayers, to make descend upon them the spirit of compunction. Often it was revealed to him, in this holy occupation, that those for whom he asked mercy had rendered themselves unworthy of it by a voluntary hardening. The remedies that he applied to the sins of others did not reassure him, and, often, he trembled for himself, and feared that he was not sufficiently healed of the wounds which the commerce of the world had made on his soul, before his entry into religion. This was the cause that he approached the altar only with a holy fright. Besides a purity of life where his delicate conscience suffered the trace of no stain, he brought, in the celebration of the holy mysteries, an attention so lively to all the ceremonies and to all the words, that nothing escaped him on which his reflections did not act in a manner which made the past present to him, and which has given occasion to say that he truly saw the mysterious things which made the matter of his application. Thus when he said, at the consecration: “The day before that on which He suffered, He took bread, etc.,” the eyes of his soul saw distinctly the divine Saviour, of whom he spoke, take the bread and bless it. When he invited the angel of God to present, before the throne of His Majesty, the sacred offering, his spirit saw instantly the execution of his prayers in the ministry of the angels. If he prayed God to accept his offering as He had received those of Abraham and of Melchisedech, he saw in what manner his offering was accompanied, in the eyes of God, by those of these holy souls. He was happy to have always brought a new attention to the most formidable of our mysteries, and to that of all our actions which most deserves all our attention and all the recollection of our mind, as the goods we receive there deserve all the gratitude of our heart. The Lord, who delights to communicate Himself to innocent souls, favoured His servant with these precious graces which He ordinarily reserves for His dearest friends. It was above all during the celebration of the holy mysteries that Saint Hamon received these particular marks of the goodness of God which filled his soul with the sweetest consolations. The historian of his life assures that one day, during the holy sacrifice and at the moment of pronouncing the holy words of the consecration, Hamon had a vision in which he saw Jesus Christ who was standing, his face turned toward the East and who by a sign expressed to him his satisfaction. He felt a joy so great that for some instants he lost the use of his senses. When he came to himself, he preserved of this vision a memory so vivid and so constantly present that he could no longer give any attention to created objects.

The superiors of the monastery of Savigny judged fit to charge Hamon with the care of the lay brothers of the house. It was a difficult employment, because most of these brothers were coarse and ignorant men, who, after having entered into the way of perfection, soon looked back and made little progress in virtue. Some even returned to the world to be able to live there at their fancy. The servant of God grieved much at their conduct, and thought that it might be caused by some negligence or some other defect on his part. He attributed also to his incapacity the departure of these unfortunate fugitives, and feared that the Lord would one day demand of him an account of their souls. One day when he was still, on this subject, more overwhelmed than usual, he saw, during Mass and at the moment of communion, Jesus Christ attached to the cross, but full of life, having his head bent to the right side, and who spoke to him in this manner: “If, all innocent as I am, I have suffered such great evils for love of you, is it not quite just that you should count for nothing the pain that you endure for me?” At the same moment the heart of the holy religious was penetrated with so great a consolation and so much sweetness, that he believed firmly that this apparition had taken place only to draw him from the anxiety in which he found himself, and to deliver him from the pains that he experienced on the subject of his brethren. This spiritual favour filled him with joy, and he spoke of it only with transport.

Hamon had the consolation of learning the blessed state in which were the souls of his father and mother.

It is asserted that this holy religious knew the secret of hearts, and that God discovered to him the sad state in which one of his confrères found himself, who, an unfaithful depositary, had kept for himself money that he was charged to distribute in alms. This holy man possessed also the talent of persuasion, and William of Toulouse, among others, made the trial of it. He was a celebrated doctor of Caen, who, being penetrated for Hamon with the highest esteem, had come to see him and had testified to him the desire of consecrating himself to the service of God at Savigny. He manifested at the same time the design of returning to Caen to arrange his temporal affairs, and promised to come back without too much delay. Some abbots of the Order of Cîteaux, who were on the spot, and to whom he communicated his intentions, combated them strongly, and wished to make him see how dangerous it was for his vocation that he should re-enter the world. All their efforts were useless, and William remained none the less in the resolution of making this journey. These abbots having then withdrawn, Hamon came to find the doctor in private, spoke to him with so much sweetness and in so persuasive a tone that he had soon to rejoice at a success which the abbots together had not been able to obtain. He charged himself to go himself to Caen to put in order the affairs of the doctor, who, tranquil henceforth, thought no more except of consecrating himself to God, in the house where he then was. His merit caused him to be chosen in the sequel to govern as abbot the celebrated monastery of Cîteaux, where he was remarkable by his tender compassion toward the poor and the afflicted. He died there in 1175.

As there was in the abbey no religious holier than Hamon, it was also to him alone that was given the care of touching and distributing some relics of the Saints, with which the house had been enriched by his means. He put his hand to these precious remains of the living temples of the Holy Spirit only with trembling: and without the miracles which often accompanied this religious exercise, he would have had difficulty in resolving to continue it, so much did he fear to be punished, as rash, for an action of which no one was more worthy than he. It was not only to the relics of the Saints that he had so lively and respectful a devotion; he honoured also their memory, and had oratories built under their invocation. Several chapels of the environs of Savigny have been for a long time subsisting proofs of his zeal for the cult of the friends of God who are in possession of eternal glory.

There is put in the number of his miracles what happened to him with regard to a nun of an abbey through which he passed in one of his journeys. This nun being at the extremity, wished that the Saint should hear her confession. Hamon could not refuse her his ministry on an occasion so pressing; but he hastened also to return to his monastery where obedience recalled him. The dying nun testified much grief at his departure, and the Saint, touched by her affliction, said to her with a simplicity full of confidence: “I must obey, and return; but wait to die until I have come back.” He set out at once, and having returned some days after, he found that death had, so to speak, respected his orders. It seemed that this good nun awaited only the blessing of Hamon to go and enjoy beatitude; as soon as she had seen him again, and heard the edifying discourses with which he had come to strengthen her in that terrible passage, she rendered tranquilly her spirit to God. The abbey of Savigny had, in the time of Saint Hamon, only a narrow church, and one which was falling in ruins. Saint Vitalis had built it; but it was no longer in proportion to the number of religious that the house contained. The servant of God desired keenly that the ancient church should be replaced by another more solid and more spacious; the Lord heard his desires; a vision he had taught him that they would soon be accomplished. In effect, the venerable Jocelin, abbot of Savigny, had, a little time after, that church demolished which had already in part collapsed, and had built that which was seen there until the end of the eighteenth century. Alas! revolutionary impiety respected this monument and the rest of the monastery no more than the other works of the Saints. The abbey of Savigny offers now only a heap of ruins. This holy man was afflicted, toward the end of his life, with a malady which did not permit him to lie down. He was seated and bore his pains with a patience which made the admiration and the edification of every one. To these bodily afflictions were joined terrors of the soul, caused by the approaches of death which he dreaded. But the Lord put an end to these trials which He permitted only to render more pure and more perfect the virtue of His servant. Hamon was favoured with several visions in which he had some knowledge of the

happiness of the Saints. This knowledge, which filled his heart with joy, inspired in him a firm hope of reaching the heavenly fatherland. It is thus that he received from God consolations which softened the evils of the body, and calmed the pains of the spirit. He died holily on 30 April of the year 1173. The anonymous author of his Life assures that he knew those who had lived with this religious; and this Life bears at its head the title of Life of Saint Hamon, a quality which the author gives him, as a denomination which was acquired to him and solidly established. It is asserted that this author is Stephen of Fougères, bishop of Rennes, contemporary of Saint Hamon. The religious of the abbey of Savigny did not celebrate a particular feast of their holy confrère; but they made every day in the office a memory of five Saints, among whom he was named. His body was raised from the earth with solemnity by the bishops of Avranches, of Rennes and of Le Mans, in the year 1184. A second translation was made of it in 1243. The greater part was then deposited in a tomb raised before one of the altars of the church, and the rest was enclosed in a shrine. Since the revolution they are found in the parish church of Savigny, where they are venerated. Several miracles wrought by this virtuous religious are so many proofs of holiness. D. Ménard assures that there were preserved in the library of Savigny twelve manuscript volumes of the works of Saint Hamon.

Cf. History of the Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau.

Saint Catherine of Siena, Virgin

1347–1380. — Popes: Clement VI; Clement VII. — Emperors: Charles IV; Wenceslas.

Alleluia, Alleluia. Sideribus cunctis fulgentior est Catharina, / Et decus aeternum est haec quoque virginibus, Alleluia. — Alleluia, Alleluia. Catherine surpasses in brilliance all the stars, and her glory exalts for ever that of the virgins. Alleluia. — *Dominican Missal.*

There was once at Siena, in the heart of Tuscany, an honest and laborious family of artisans. It dwelt in a humble house which one still sees at Siena in the street dell'Oca, not far from a great monastery of the Order of Saint Dominic; the piety of the middle ages built afterwards, quite beside this house become celebrated, a pious chapel which was the object of frequent pilgrimages. The head of this family was an honest dyer of the city of Siena. He was named Giacomo di Benincasa. He was a member of the noble family of Benincasa. Like Joseph, that humble offshoot of the house of David, he steeped again in the sweat of labour the humbled branch of his unrecognised genealogy, and he protested in his person, in favour of the divine law, against that proud law of men which still proscribed labour from the bosom of aristocratic races. His wife Lapa was the model of the virtues of marriage, and she brought up wisely in the fear of God her numerous children: she had twenty-five. Labour and prayer dwelt in the midst of them. It was like a sanctuary of divine graces: she who united them all was Catherine, one of the last fruits of this union, Catherine, the illustrious, the learned, the predestined, the glory of her parents and of her country, to whom the republic of Siena wished to give its name, as a family surname. And this is so true that this Saint has never been known otherwise than under this name: Saint Catherine of Siena. There is no title above such a title among men. There is about the childhood of this Saint already as it were an aureole which announces what she was to be one day. It is nothing but sweetness, suavity, human and divine predilections. She was named in her family and among the friends of her father Euphrosyne, that is, pleasure of the heart, to express the joy and the peace which her sweet presence brought. In her shone all the holy innocence, the nameless sweetness of that happy age which the Saviour Jesus, that fair lily without stain, has designated as the sweet symbol of predestination.

Brought up, according to the expression of the blessed Raymond of Capua, who wrote her life and who signed that beautiful book with the name of her unworthy confessor, brought up as a child who belonged to God, she showed virtues unknown at that age. She gave all she had, and sought already only the imitation of the divine model, which was the study of all her life. At five years, Catherine knew the angelic salutation, and as she had for her mother in heaven an instinctive tenderness, and could as yet honour her only in that manner, she recited at every moment of the day that sweet prayer, sometimes kneeling at each step of the

church or of the paternal house. And then, very often the Angels came to lift up little Catherine, who found herself transported to her father's house without her feet having touched the earth. This fresh devotion made the joy of her father, and drew upon her the complacent looks of God, who destined to His glory this frail creature.

The sign of heavenly favours was not long to appear at the dawn of this life which was to be so fair, so full. One day, Catherine being then six years old, her mother sent her, with her little brother Stephen, a little older than she, to her sister Bonaventura, married in the neighbourhood of the city. When they were both returning, by that descent which is called the Valle-Piatta, little Catherine saw suddenly in the air, on the top of the church of Saint Dominic, a resplendent throne where Our Lord was seated, clothed in pontifical ornaments, surrounded by Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Saint John the Evangelist. The love of Jesus Christ had already invaded the whole soul of Catherine. The Saviour fixed on her a majestic look stamped with a delicious tenderness. Then He blessed her smiling. This sight threw little Catherine into ecstasy, and made her forget that her little brother was still walking. Little Stephen, in effect, stopped a little further on, and as he did not see Catherine, he runs to her, and taking her hand, says to her: What are you doing there? Why do you not come? — But Catherine remained insensible, and she smiled always at her sweet vision. At last, as if she were awaking from a long sleep, she lowered her eyes and said to her brother: If you saw the beautiful things that I see, you would not have troubled me so. — When she raised her eyes to seize again this heavenly apparition, all had disappeared. The child wept and reproached herself for having lowered her eyes.

From this moment, Catherine kept of childhood only its candour; there was nothing in her that was not perfect. Already her heart was full of the love of God, and her will completely submitted to that from on high. She began to recollect herself in prayer and orison; and, early sign of her vocation, she gathered around her little girls whom she made share the exercises of her piety. There were already monastic austerities in the practices of this childlike piety.

Like Saint Teresa, Saint Bruno, and the greatest Saints, solitude with its reveries, its majestic silence full of harmonies, vast as the voice of God Himself, solitude, that school of the highest virtues, tempted this chosen soul from the morning of her life. — One day, like Saint Teresa, this premature disgust for the things of the world drew her toward the solitary country which surrounds the city of Siena. In the recess of a grotto which bordered the roads, she thought she had found the desert. Everything spoke to her young imagination; at once she set herself to prayer, and her ardent soul raised her body above the earth. But God made her know that she was too young and too weak for this kind of life. The Holy Spirit recalled her to the paternal house. She obeyed; but on leaving this grotto, these deserted roads by which she was to regain the city, frightened her. And then it was so far still to return to the Valle-Piatta. And finally, what would her mother say, all her family, of this long absence? She prayed and she felt herself at once transported as by a supernatural force to the gate of the city. She had been thought to be at her sister Lysa's. She said this long afterwards to her confessor, the blessed Raymond.

The intelligence which she had of divine things made her understand that there is in the order of perfection a higher degree, that it is this state of innocence and complete ignorance of the life of the senses, which is called the state of virginity. She felt that there is an exquisite purity which the majority of men do not know, or at least have not the courage to practise beyond adolescence, and without which nevertheless is impossible that ineffable union with the Creator which is the first need felt by chosen souls. Perhaps also her eyes had fallen one day on that page of the divine book where the Saviour, in a word, reveals to His disciples, still blinded by the flesh, this great sign of heavenly predestination, and perhaps her heart was attached to that fair page. These words, void of sense for so many fine intelligences arrived at their maturity, had not been mute for this child of seven years. One day when she was alone before God, and no one could hear her, she threw herself at the knees of the blessed Virgin Mary, that model and guardian of virgins, and with eyes full of tears, humbly prostrate, she took the Immaculate Queen to witness of the purity of the solemn vow she was

about to make for all her life. “O blessed Virgin,” she said to her, “mother of that fair love which God has put in my heart, and which, I feel, is the most perfect of the affections of this world, you who first kept for the jealous God the purity of your body and of your heart, deign not to consider the profound unworthiness of your servant, and grant her to receive for spouse him whom she desires with all the strength of her soul, your divine son Jesus. And I, I promise you here, to him and to you, to preserve my innocence for love of him, and never to receive another spouse.” The Lord heard her promise, and later He consecrated it by a mystical union before the heavenly court.

After this vow, Catherine walked with great strides in the holy ways; to crucify her body, to humble self-love, which is still of all macerations the most agreeable to God, that was all her occupation. She deprived herself of meat, and when it was served to her, she gave it to her little brother Stephen. With the holy virtues, there grew also in this heart the love of souls and the desire of the glory of God. So she loved with an exquisite tenderness the Saints who had laboured most at these two great works of life: the conversion of sinners and the glorification of the name of God. Saint Dominic was one of those who had made it the special aim of their life. Catherine was seized for this Saint and for his angelic virtue with a particular veneration and tenderness, and she resolved to enter one day or other a monastery of the Order of Saint Dominic.

There was even a moment in her heart the thought of expatriating herself, of taking man’s clothes and entering the Order of Friars Preachers. A great Saint had been seen formerly to forget her sex and let it be ignored by others, to die in holy solitudes under the habit of the cenobites; but the project at which she stopped was to enter the Order of the Sisters of Saint Dominic.

There were then in Italy a great number of monasteries of women of this Order; there were two at Siena, and these religious were called the Sisters; they were recognised from afar by their great black mantle of the Penance of Saint Dominic, and on that account they were named the mantled sisters, *Mantellate*. Catherine resolved to go to find these religious and begged them to receive her among them, and to let her wear their habit. But God willed that a great trial should come still to strengthen her vocation.

This trial, almost all the women who have left the world to serve God solely and without reserve have known it; with some, it is born of themselves, and of that leaven of vanity which this delicate and graceful sex draws from its own beauty. With others, it is born of another kind of obstacles still less easy to conquer, the contradictions which their heart feels rising around it and which it may meet in a world which they still esteem or in a family whose disapproval or grief they dread.

The family of little Catherine had made other projects for her: her mother Lapa wished to marry her. Already one of Catherine’s elder sisters, Bonaventura, had made a marriage which rejoiced her mother; and she herself was occupied in finding for her young sister a good establishment. The love of God and His service were not incompatible with marriage, mothers of families had even been seen sanctified by their children. All these reasonings did not weaken the still secret design of Catherine, but she let herself go to the desires of her mother and of her sister. While keeping her faith pure within herself, she let herself be dressed with elegance, she accepted all the ornaments with which her freshness and beauty were set off. She took care of her bodice, she made herself pretty and sought to please; but she shook off in time this torpor of her piety. She awoke from this sleep of her soul and punished herself for it cruelly.

As to her young sister, she expiated also this involuntary crime of having wished to take from God a heart made for Him alone. She died prematurely, and Catherine had to weep for herself and over this cherished sister. She offered to God tears and fasts for this dear soul, and she had the consolation of being enlightened from on high on her eternal destinies. God showed her grace, but her mother had not renounced her views on Catherine; the hope of seeing herself live again in numerous grandchildren flattered her pride. In her eyes all the glory of a woman being in the fecundity of her womb, she pressed her more than ever. A Dominican,

friend of this family, was begged to use on Catherine all his authority. She made to this holy monk the confession of her heart, and he sought not to shake such fair designs. Well! said to her this confidant of her pious secret, if it be true that you have no more any desire of this world, give your family an exterior sign of it, cut your hair. It is thus only that you will mark seriously your resolution.

To cut her beautiful black hair, the pride of her mother, the adornment of her youth, was it necessary?

Catherine did not hesitate, she put the scissors into her beautiful tresses, and they fell. She took a veil and covered with it her discrowned head to hide from her mother this sort of theft made on her tenderness. Lapa perceived it at last, her grief took from her at first all feeling of anger. But afterwards, it was an explosion of recriminations. Do you think, she said, to escape our views on you merely by that? Your hair will grow, and though your heart should be torn by it, we shall force you well to take a husband. Then Lapa, to turn Catherine aside from the direction her ideas had taken, gives her for occupation to regulate all the interior of the household: she helped the servant in almost the coarsest details, and there scarcely remained to her time to follow her strictest religious duties. She did not lose patience, and the grace of God sustained her in this new contradiction. It is then that she made herself as it were a cell within herself, where she shut herself in with God while her body was absorbed by labour. In serving her father, she imagined she served Our Lord Jesus Christ. In serving her mother, she believed she served the Blessed Virgin; her brothers and sisters represented to her the disciples and the holy women. But her father, a man more pious and more clear-sighted than all the rest of her family, discerned this invincible vocation even in this submission to orders which deprived her of her hours of meditation and of her holy works. God wrought a miracle to come to the aid of his good faith and of his piety. He saw one day appear over his daughter prostrate in prayer, far from all eyes, a dove white as snow.

It was a heavenly warning, and Giacomo understood that he could not struggle with God. The greatest obstacle to the vocation of Catherine found itself overcome.

In Catherine also the bonds which attached her to earth found themselves broken at the same instant. The same day she assembled her family, declared to all the vow by which her heart had engaged itself to the Lord irrevocably, and the absolute refusal which she made of every alliance in this world. Enlightened by the spirit from on high, her father resisted no more, he even ordered that she be left in full liberty to follow the vocation she had chosen. The too sensitive love of Lapa for her daughter Catherine yielded to the authority of Giacomo, and she immolated with much regret to that God against whom her despair still struggled, all the hopes which she had made rest on this dear child.

Catherine made herself as it were a cell in the house of her father where all the practices of penance subjected to her victorious spirit her so pure flesh. Then began for her a life of austerities and privations so strong that the greatest Saints have not known any beyond that degree. Discipline, iron chains, hair-shirt, privation of food, none of these voluntary martyrdoms of penance was unknown to her youth. One of her hardest austerities was a daily struggle against sleep: sometimes it was very late that Catherine was still discoursing with her confessor, the blessed Raymond of Capua, on the things of God. Her soul and her body kept watch, and yet this holy man, grown old in the service of God and the holiest life, sank down upon himself and slept. Then she woke him gently and said to him: Is it thus that the body should prevail over the things of the spirit, and is it to a man of God that I speak of divine things?

She came at last to the age of twenty, being able to live solely on bread, water and raw herbs.

But this was not without a certain decline of her health and of her strength. Long the tenderness of her mother struggled against this penitent life. She tore her in the evening from her hair-shirt and from the boards on which her delicate and emaciated limbs rested at night, to take her to sleep in her own bed. On the side of Catherine it was also a continual struggle against this tenderness which fought grace, and her spirit of penance was so ingenious that it always succeeded in destroying the cares that her mother took of her poor

body.

One day, she took her to the waters; the waters of Siena were much renowned in the middle ages. It was on a fine summer morning, in a beautiful valley which the Apennines almost bordered; under the fragrant shade of citron and orange trees was the basin of the bathers; everything in this place should speak of repose and softness to this young girl. Catherine perhaps felt all the danger that there was for her soul in this mysterious attraction which exists between the harmonies of nature and the life of our senses, and at once she wished to subject once for all to grace in herself all her sensual instincts. She testified to her mother the desire of entering the water only when everyone should be gone. The crowd of bathers was not long in flowing away, and at once Catherine enters the water; but under pretext of making the bath more profitable to her, she placed herself at the opening of the channels which brought the sulphurous water. And let one judge of the torment she inflicted at that moment on a poor enfeebled body, which found itself all burned by these streams of boiling water.

The author of her life relates that she said to him later with her dove-like simplicity, and as if to remove from this penance all its real merit: “I thought during that time of the tortures of hell and of purgatory; I besought my Creator whom I have so much offended, to change for me those deserved torments into these pains which I suffered willingly, and in the hope of this mercy, I forgot everything.”

Do you know, you who read the imperfect narration of this angel’s life, what were these offences which she expiated so cruelly? These offences, her confessor, a truthful man, worthy of all credence, has not feared to tell us, they were slight failures against the spirit of grace: it was perhaps an instant of one of her days stolen from the constant thought of God; it was, shall we believe it! the forgetting of some pious habit, or a quarter of an hour of sleep which was perhaps reproached to her by this grace of God, which reigned victorious and sovereign in her flesh subtilised by the force of the spirit.

We have often heard blasphemed around us these holy roughnesses, these heroic transports of the spirit against the flesh. It is not even only the vulgar who have dared to rise against this life of austerity and penance which, alone, the law of individual liberty would defend against its anathemas. Books written by some venerated pens, eloquent in human things, but unskilled in the things of God, have been the organs, sometimes fanatically impious, of this reprobation of an irreligious and perverted age. We who are still in the world, who hold to it by so many bonds, dare nevertheless to interpret the reason of this ascetic life. The crowd sees in these disciplines, these hair-cloths, these hair-shirts, only the blood which stains them. On these bodies of Saints, it sees only the wounds which they have made themselves in a holy barbarity; and yet if some miraculous virtue comes out of these wounds for our good, it is because it is the very hand which holds to this body which has dug them there, which has nourished them there. What energy of body and soul do not all these torments voluntarily suffered reveal? And without these transports of the spirit against the flesh, who knows to what point the flesh would have carried itself against the spirit?

All the rights which the body abdicates, it cedes to the spirit; all the forces, all the faculties of which it refuses itself the exercise, flow toward the soul. This body, exhausted, emaciated, worn out, is no longer a barrier between the soul and its Creator, between man and the infinite; it is scarcely a veil which protects against the indiscreet curiosity of the indifferent the mysterious converse of this soul with God. Raised above herself, subtilised, this seeing soul knows no more darkness; a supernatural light descends within her and unites her to the mysteries of the kingdom of God whose coming she calls every day with ineffable ardours. Become more clear-sighted than all the learned according to the world, she perceives, she, the immensity of this God, His majesty, His incomparable holiness so outraged, so misknown by guilty humanity. Then the crimes of sinners appear to her in all their horror; her own failings take on proportions relative to the greatness of this offended majesty, of this impeccable nature of God, before whom the highest virtue is itself only darkness and imperfections. Then this holy soul sees with terror the Angels veil themselves with their wings before the thrice Holy God; and as the justice of this God asks holocausts of her, and He wants none

outside ourselves, this chosen creature offers herself to this justice. She offers herself, that is, she offers her innocent flesh to be consumed by the fire of the spirit; that is, she accomplishes, she realises in the law of Christ the sacrifices of the primitive law; that is, to this sacred fire which burns in the chaste sanctuary of her soul, always without being consumed, she casts the ever-renewed fuel of all the passions, of all the instincts, of all the covetousnesses of corrupt nature. And that is why sorrow is absent from all these invented sorrows, voluntarily heaped upon these bodies of Saints. That is why they smiled at suffering, and fled pleasure. Meanwhile the mother of Catherine, Lapa, ignorant of the mysteries of this interior life, had great trouble also to understand the reason of this life of penance in her daughter, so pure, so gentle, so charitable. She grieved each day, and ceased not to complain that her fair Catherine, formerly so strong, so robust, who carried without fatigue to the garret of the house the load of an ass or a horse, was no more than a puny creature who had strength only in speaking of God and of heavenly things. It was also a great sorrow to her to see Catherine take the habit of the Sisters of Penance. Until the entry of Catherine among these sisters, there had been seen there as yet only widows and married women. These sisters lived even outside, in their families. It is from this moment only that this Third Order of the Sisters of the Penance of Saint Dominic took a more regular and more perfect form.

It was a fair day for this young girl that on which she went up with her mother to the church of Saint Dominic and where, before her sisters in religion assembled early in the sanctuary, she received the symbolic habit which she had so ardently desired since her childhood, the white tunic, symbol of innocence, the black mantle, symbol of humility. Innocence and humility, that was all her life. For the illustriousness to which this simple daughter of the people of Tuscany was called was to take away nothing from the angelic purity of her morals, nor from the simplicity of all her being.

There was still in her, from that moment, a redoubling of fervour and piety. She was from that moment three years observing so well monastic silence that she spoke in all that time only to confess herself. Poverty also made part of her life; she renounced everything, in the very midst of the abundance that reigned in the house of her father, where she regarded herself as a servant, and not as the heiress of all that ease. As to chastity and obedience, these two other so severe vows of the religious life, they had been for a long time the base of all her life. Who could tell her vigils, her prayers, her meditations, her groanings? He whom she loved, the ineffable object of all her sighs, heard these groanings of her spirit, often He deigned at her call to come and encourage His servant; and this heavenly vision absorbed her so much that ecstasy arrested on her lips the words begun. These communications so close and so intimate with the Spirit of God explain how her soul had strength enough to sustain her body exhausted by abstinence; for she remained often an unlimited space of time without taking food. They explain also how this simple girl revealed in the middle ages this admirable doctrine, which is an inexplicable miracle in a woman deprived of all science according to men.

Worthy daughter of Saint Dominic and of Saint Thomas Aquinas, these two devotions dear to her heart with the devotion to Saint Magdalen whom God Himself gave her as patroness in one of her visions, the first foundation of the doctrine of Saint Catherine of Siena is the perfect detachment from oneself even in the thought of the heart. God had said to her in an apparition: “My daughter, think only of me: if you do so, I shall think unceasingly of you.” On the subject of her doctrine, Saint Catherine had from then on numerous visions. But, as if to enlighten her on the nature of these revelations, and reassure her against the evil spirit to whom this holy soul was always a redoubtable enemy, the Saviour showed Himself to her one day and taught her the manner of discerning the inspirations of the Holy Spirit from those of the demon. “My visions,” He said to her, “begin by terror and continue in peace. Their beginning makes one feel a certain bitterness which changes little by little into sweetness, while the inspirations of the evil spirit begin by troubling the soul with a false joy. But they end by sadness and darkness; for my ways are very different from those of hell. The visions which come from me procure also humility, and the others puff up with pride: for pride is father of lying, and humility is inseparable from holiness.”

It was thereafter only a perpetual communion of Catherine with God. Did she speak to some one, often her heavenly visions surprised her in the middle of this conversation, necessary doubtless, but human. A soul which is God's, she thought, must belong to Him not only with a view to heaven, but still more with a view to union by love. "Why occupy yourselves with yourselves?" she said often afterwards to her disciples and to her confessor himself. "Let Providence act, in the midst of the greatest dangers, she has her eyes fixed on you, she will always save you." She consecrated in her works admirable Chapters to this divine Providence which she exalted with all the strength of her love.

So this Providence of God loved her and guarded her in a manner almost always miraculous. She found herself thus knowing how to read and write by a prodigy, one day when, discouraged by her useless efforts, she conjured her to come to her aid.

One of the sublime teachings of the doctrine of Catherine is still this: "The soul united to God," she says, "loves Him as much as she detests the sensual part of her being." The love of God engenders the hatred of sin, and when the soul sees that sin takes root in the senses, she hates them and strives to annihilate the sin that is in them. This holy hatred begins in the soul by a certain contempt of herself, and this contempt protects her against the seductions of men and of the demon. So Saint Paul said formerly: "It is in my weakness that my strength is." A fruitful word which the Saints have developed in their sublime acts. One must see from this how in her teachings Catherine scourges in her disciples self-love, "father of pride," she said, "and of all the vices." When she said that, she spoke on the ruins of her own heart immolated to God alone for a long time. But before being raised to these marvels of uncreated wisdom and divine love, Catherine had had to struggle with the spirit of darkness. The ancient serpent had breathed in the ears of the young girl impure words. He had cast trouble and despair into the fervent soul of the Christian. It must be said to the glory of Catherine, and for the eternal consolation of all Christian souls, who, more than worldly souls, know the anguish of tribulation.

One day, Catherine fell into mortal doubts, for she was tempted in her soul before being so in her members, as it happened to the greatest Saints. Enemy of her penances and of her macerations, the spirit of evil insinuated to her that God was about to abandon her in the extraordinary wayswhere He had led her; and that if one can find one's way again in the beaten paths, one could never more do so, once cast into those mysterious paths which lead either to an almost impossible perfection, or to an almost certain damnation. What a moment! what torment! Alas! all the torments of this world could not offer the image of that frightful perplexity. To aspire to God, to perfection, and to see recede like a lying mirage that heaven of love and purity which the soul has made from this world her end and her life! To fall from there, not in the common paths, but in the mire that borders them! Oh! when the ancients created that fantastic and frightful figure of their Tantalus in torment, they had had the vision of the Christian soul devoured with that thirst of heaven which nothing can quench but heaven itself, of that thirst goaded still by this appalling temptation.

"Poor girl," murmured to Catherine a sardonic and cruel voice, "what audacity, what temerity in your desire of perfection! Do you think to raise yourself with impunity to the rank of angels, you, frail creature, kneaded of the same clay as all these sinners? Forget these senseless dreams! you are young still; while your eyes have still some brightness, while your brow has kept its youth, fix one of those hearts you have disdained until this day. There only is security, there only is happiness. See Rachel, see Sarah, Rebecca. Are they not holy women? And do you think ever to raise yourself above these models of strong women?" And Catherine, wavering with terror, but strong in her faith and her confidence, answered: "I trust in him who makes my strength, in Christ whom I love, and not in myself." Let Christian hearts retain this well and let them dwell on this picture. There are moments in life when this memory, this sole memory, can save them from despair. This persevering confidence, this uprightness of her spirit and heart which fixed her to this thought as to a fulcrum, this confidence saved Catherine. The evil spirit then quitted her soul. He took possession of the woman. He entered by thought, that messenger of heaven and of hell. He surrounded her then with the most

shameful pictures, with the most grossly sensual images. This torment lasted long. Catherine turned away her eyes, and the blush rose to her modest brow. But behind her, the same images reappeared. Obsessed, she fled, as formerly Saint Jerome fled his holy grotto, his narrow cell, all filled with chastity and memories of penance; she went to ask of all the sanctuaries of Siena her deliverance; but everywhere she carried with her these phantoms of hell. The altars of Saint Dominic, heavenly protector of all chastities in peril, were the confidants of her terrors and of her anguish. But Catherine, tried, forgot not prayer, that channel of all divine help. She increased on the contrary her sacrifices, the number of hours that she gave to orison, to penance. Faithful to the inspirations of grace, she excited herself to a holy hatred of herself and profited by her apparent humiliation to offer to the Lord a more perfect sentiment of her spiritual poverty. Sometimes she remained long hours as if annihilated at the foot of the cross. Then she rose to serve God with more courage.

It is by this humility, this constant submission, that Catherine triumphed over so terrible a trial. It had lasted several days. It withdrew, and for long. It is then that, prostrate, she felt the Holy Spirit enlighten her heart with that fruitful light which made her feel the necessity of these trials in the career of holiness. Beatitude is at the end, but trials and sorrows strew this road. Alas! how many tears have marked on this earth the passage of these Saints whom our heart cherishes, whom our cult honours! But Jesus, in calling them after Him, had said to them: Let him who wishes to follow me leave all there and take my cross. And they, generous to a holy folly, said: Lord, it is not enough of your cross, we will render you blood for blood!

This is what Catherine of Siena said, she also, to her Lord in her communications with Him which were visible to her alone. After this cruel trial, consolation and joy abounded in her heart. The Saviour Himself appeared to her as in His sacrifice of Calvary. “Where were you, Lord,” Catherine asked Him gently, “while my thought was soiled with all these images?” — “I was in thy heart, my daughter,” said the Spouse to her, “and I was ravished there by the fidelity which thou keptest me during this painful combat.”

In the midst of the torrents of felicities which filled her life from that day, Catherine returned still to this memory with delight. The thought of what she had suffered inundated with emotion and gratitude her delivered soul. Like Saint Jerome, she took herself sometimes to regret that militant epoch of her life. It had been for her an immense step in virtue.

Here begin the public life of Catherine, as her holy confessor speaks, and her beneficent action on all Christendom. As the blessed Raymond of Capua says again: Such a light could not remain under the bushel, and was it not necessary to show to all eyes the city placed on the mountain?

It is then also that took place in the life of Catherine that mystical union between her and her beloved Lord, vision worthy of the admiration of angels, which has seized the imagination of our chosen artists, and which they have reproduced so many times in painting and in legend.

One day, — it was the eve of Lent, and all, Christians and worldlings, celebrated by all the customary follies the last gaieties of carnival, — Catherine was alone in her cell, and she adored with all her soul that God whom everything forgot around her. “Lord,” she said in her holy ecstasy, “make me strong, so that nothing may ever separate me from your love.” A voice, the divine voice of the Spouse, answered her: “Be at peace, I will espouse thee in faith.”

At these words, the Spouse Himself descended, and with Him appeared before the dazzled Catherine the resplendent Virgin Mary, sacred patroness of all the Virgins of heaven and earth, then Saint John the Evangelist, with his eagle’s look and his dove’s purity, the victorious Saint Paul, Saint Dominic, illustrious by his angel’s morals and his learned labours, finally with them all, king David, that eternal model of penitent love; in presence of all this cortège of holinesses and virtues, the Immaculate Virgin, mother of pure love, took in her divine hands the right hand of Catherine and presented it to her Son asking for her the mystical ring. A ring of gold adorned with four precious stones which surrounded a magnificent diamond, shone in the hand of the Saviour. Doubtless there was there again a figure intelligible only to the piety of

Catherine and of the Saints. The Saviour presented the ring to His betrothed and put it on her finger, saying: “I, thy Creator with my heavenly Father, I thy Redeemer, I espouse thee now in faith, and thou shalt keep it pure until the day when we shall celebrate in heaven the eternal nuptials.”

The vision disappeared, but the ring remained on the finger of Catherine. She alone saw it; for all it was invisible. It never left her, and she never tired of admiring it.

From this moment, God willed that this zeal, which Catherine nourished in her heart for His glory and the salvation of men, should bear its fruit. Already, at that epoch, some were scandalised at the greatness of her revelations and the heroism of her virtues. For the unction of the divine word was often her only nourishment, and she refused herself for a long time food, without however falling into faintness. A celebrated ascetic of Florence was scandalised at it like the others. He testified it to her, and Catherine defended herself, in a modest letter wholly stamped with strength and grace, from the suspicions which her conduct had given birth to in the mind of this man.

Thus Catherine had often to undergo formidable contradictions in her family, and even in her spiritual family. Some treated her as a hypocrite, others mocked her. A religious of the Order of Saint Dominic overwhelmed her once with cruel outrages, Catherine answered him only by silence, and charitable as much as patient, she defended him against Father Raymond and the religious of his Order who wished to treat with severity a man whom grace found so rebellious.

The Lord said to her one day: The pride of men has become intractable, my justice will confound them by an equitable judgment. I will give them a salutary confusion, and for that, in my divine wisdom, I shall send them women ignorant and weak by nature, but wise and powerful by my grace in order to confound their pride. Catherine was to be one of these privileged women, the most illustrious perhaps. God ordered her formally to appear in public, promising to be with her by His grace, and this several marvellous facts of her family life admirably testified. Carried by the humility of her spirit and of her state to fulfil, in her relations with her family, the offices most disdained by all and by the servants themselves, Catherine received nevertheless the grace of never being troubled in her intimate communications with God, even in the midst of the roughest domestic labours, and often she was seen lifted from the earth during her ecstasies, as formerly Saint Mary Magdalen: her body followed her soul to show the virtue of the Spirit which drew her. One day when she was seated near the fire to watch the meats that were being roasted, Catherine had one of those ecstasies which tore her from the earth. Her sister-in-law came in who, seeing it, accustomed as she was to see her sister in this state of rapture, continued her work. She carried off the meats when it was time and left Catherine given up to her vision; when she came back afterwards, she found Catherine on the burning coals. Now the fire was very great. At once the young woman, frightened, fled crying: Alas! alas! Catherine is all burned! When the young girl was taken out, her body and her garments were intact. There was no trace of burning, not even dust or ash attached to the stuff of her robe. “The heavenly fire which inflamed her soul,” says one of her confessors, “had arrested the fire of earth.” The Holy Spirit preserved her also from the snares into which the evil spirit often drew her. It is told that one day this enemy of men, in his fury against Catherine, cast her into a great fire before those whom she was instructing. While the bystanders uttered cries of fright and strove to draw her from the fire, she rose alone smiling, and her garments were not even damaged. Catherine looked tranquilly around her, and said, quite smiling, to those who were looking at her, as frightened by this miracle which saved her as they had been by this strange accident: “Pay no attention to it, it is the wicked beast.”

This wicked beast, Saint Teresa knew also, when her holiness was being perfected in combats. This wicked beast, God the Father, for our redemption, permitted indeed to dare to transport upon the mountain the immaculate person of our Saviour. Why should it not have its part in the torments and the martyrdom of our most illustrious Saints? Catherine was also precipitated into a quagmire by this power of hell. She was returning that day quite peacefully to Siena on her ass, and some brothers of Saint Dominic surrounded her.

But there, as always, the reward followed the trial.

One day when the Saint had remained long in prayer in the church of Saint Dominic, and was returning home, she found herself surrounded by an immense light. She stops, and sees the Saviour holding between His hands a heart resplendent with life and beauty. — She, trembling, humbles herself and prostrates before her heavenly Spouse. — But Christ comes to her with kindness, and opening her side, He places in her breast this heart instead of her own. For a long time the faithful Catherine had said to her beloved: Lord, take my heart from me. — My daughter, said the Saviour, here is my heart which I give you, and by it you shall live always. The companions of Catherine affirmed that they had seen at her side a red scar which bore witness to the truth of what she said. From that time Catherine bore within her, not only that symbolic fire of charity, but a burning and true fire, and this fire renewed in her all her being and all her virtues.

Into her modest cell descended all the poetries, all the felicities of heaven. Now it was the Queen of angels herself, now Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint John the Evangelist, who lavished on her their sublime teachings. Another day she received for patroness the blessed Mary Magdalen, and she knew from her in an instant that suavity of love, that generous abandon which had drawn her from the bosom of worldly delights to the feet of Christ. — From that time, she named Saint Magdalen no more except the sweet lover, her mother.

As for all the Saints, the true nourishment of Catherine was the eucharistic meat and drink, and her union with the Sacrament of the altar was so intimate, so continual, that the sole sight of the sacred bread sometimes satisfied her.

Her confessor relates that it seemed that the eucharistic victim, as if impatient to go and reside in this tabernacle of purity and holy adoration, came one day to place itself of its own accord on the paten at the moment when he advanced to give communion to his illustrious penitent. — Often witnesses affirmed that the holy host, at the moment of communion, leapt from the hands of the priest to the lips of Catherine. — It was nothing but miracles and favours of heaven.

She saw the angels serve Mass, a veil of gold in the hand. She heard the heavenly choirs. She saw the Saints, the Virgin herself, ravished with admiration before the abasements of the God of the altar.

She communicated every day and she believed with the great number of Saints that the sinful man, after having purified his conscience by absolution, ought not, under the sole pretext of his unworthiness, to keep away from the holy table.

On this subject, she wrote to a knight of the republic of Florence a remarkable letter of which here are a few lines: “It does not suit you to do like many imprudent people who fail in what is commanded by holy Church, saying: I am not worthy! and they pass a long time in mortal sin without taking the nourishment of the soul. — O guilty humility! Eh! who does not see that you are not worthy of it! Wait not, for you will not be more worthy at the last hour than at the first. — With our own justice we shall never be worthy, but God is the one who is worthy, and who makes us worthy by His dignity which is infinite, which never diminishes.”

The active life of Catherine is not less worthy of admiration, not less strewn with marvels than is her mystical life, and than was later her teaching life. — Alms-giving was like a recreation for her heart. She loved above all to use the goods which her father, an upright and just man, handed her for alms in favour of the hidden and honourable miseries which the society of cities conceals in its bosom. There were at Siena some of these noble and chaste miseries which veiled themselves, ashamed of their destitution. Catherine went to seek them discreetly. With her friendly hand she satisfied these venerable hungry ones, she substituted a bed for the pallet, filled the bin with new bread, brought wine, wheat, oil, and, at the same time, tears of sympathy, a fraternal compassion made them accept with happiness gifts which they would have blushed to beg from haughty opulence. — She went alone, in the morning by stealth, to these poor. God opened to her miraculously their door, which she closed again as she ran away after having left there her offerings.

One day when a cruel malady kept her in bed, she learned that a poor widow of her neighbourhood had no more bread to give her children. Her heart bled with compassion, and she prayed, that the Lord might give her strength enough to be able to go and succour this distress. The next day, she rises before daylight, gleans in the granaries of the paternal house, loads herself with bread, wine, wheat, oil and all that she finds of food within her reach. But how, weak and ill, carry off alone all these provisions? there was almost the load of a mule. God will come to her aid. Can strength fail the faithful servants whom Providence has elected her treasurers in this world? She puts a part of her load on her shoulders, another at her girdle, she takes another with both hands, and lifts all these burdens invoking God. Her hope is not deceived. She sets out, light as a messenger from on high; she felt not even the weight of this load, which was of nearly a hundred pounds. — She runs; she arrives. — But near the house of the widow, her step slackens, her burden makes itself felt. She prays with fervour and strength returns to her. — The door of the poor dwelling was not fastened at the top. She opens it and deposits her load within. But the weight of it was so considerable that in falling it wakes the poor widow. — Already Catherine was fleeing and conjuring her divine spouse to give back to her the strength that He had just withdrawn from her by taking off her burden. — The widow had recognised her habit. She knew that this benefactress who hid herself was Catherine, Catherine whose morning alms, like that of Saint Nicholas, came to gladden the awaking of the unfortunate, Catherine whose fraternal charity gave to the poor, like Saint Martin, the greater half of her mantle.

One day, in the church of the Friars Preachers of Siena, a poor man asked her alms; she had nothing, but to refuse a poor man was for her a bitter grief. She looked then upon herself for what she could give him: the betrothed of the Lord had neither rings nor pearls, for her adornment, her glory is within. Her eyes stopped on a silver cross which was attached to one of those little cords furnished with knots, on which the Lord's Prayer is recited and which for that reason are called *Pater nosters*. She detached this cross and gave it to the poor man, who received it with joy and withdrew. The night following, as Catherine prayed, the Saviour appeared to her holding in His hand the same cross all adorned with precious stones. — Dost thou know this cross, my daughter, He said to her. — I know it, said Catherine, but it was not so beautiful when it was mine. — Yesterday, said the Lord, thou gavest it to me with love, and I promise thee that on the day of judgment I will give it back to thee such as it is, that it may become thy glory. — He disappeared, but He appeared again often to Catherine under the habit of the poor. One day she gave to one of these poor men, whose unknown face hid from her heart Him whom she loved, her robe, the only one she had kept. The Lord gave her back the next day a tunic strewn with gold and precious pearls. First-fruits of the eternal rewards which prefigured already that mantle of glory with which God will clothe those who shall have covered His glorious members, in the sad nakedness of the poor of this world! Another day the Saviour renewed in her favour, in the house of her father, that miracle of water changed into wine at the marriage of Cana. The sufferings without remedy, the evils which science had renounced to heal, attracted above all the compassion of Catherine.

There was at Siena a wretched woman, named Tecca. Leprosy covered her body, and her sores spread infection around her: all abandoned her. The insatiable charity of Catherine adopted this unfortunate. She surrounded her with cares, made herself her slave and feared not to embrace her as a friend. Were not all who suffered her friends? This wretched woman accustomed herself to these cares, to this tenderness, miracle of a religion of love and sacrifice; she would no longer allow Catherine to absent herself on Sunday for the divine office. The leper, who believed all these cares due to her, blasphemed and calumniated her benefactress. The mother of Catherine conjured her to leave that wicked old woman, but the charity of Catherine was not discouraged; she contracted at last this horrible leprosy which she combated in Tecca. This misfortune did not stop her in her task; but He who heals and saves had rejoiced enough in the generous courage of His beloved. Tecca died, and she had no sooner rendered the last breath than the leprosy of Catherine disappeared suddenly, and her hands which had contracted it first became whiter and more brilliant in beauty than before.

Another exercised her patience also cruelly: it was a nun of her Order, Palmerina. Her wounded pride, a secret envy, had excited in her heart a venomous hatred against this angel of virtues; she cast on that spotless reputation ignoble calumnies. God punished her, she was attacked by a mortal malady, and found herself in the agony. During this time, Catherine accused herself of all this evil, and she conjured her divine Saviour not to let this soul leave the world without having inspired in her sentiments of charity and gentleness. It is then that, in an ecstasy, she saw by the spirit of God how beautiful is a soul, one of those souls that the Saviour has loved even to descending from heaven to redeem them.

The powerful prayer of Catherine always delayed the agony of Palmerina, and the last combat of this poor woman was something frightful. Catherine had the revelation of it, and she shed so many tears that she obtained at last from God the conversion of this hardened heart which a ray of mercy came to enlighten at her last hour. She accused herself of her fault and received the kiss and the pardon of Catherine, granted.

Peace and joy followed her everywhere. Here she saved the honour of a noble family, there she reconciled political enemies, elsewhere the most repulsive infirmities called her. Calumniated often by those whom she succoured, she saw the ingratitude of Tecca and of Palmerina renewed in another nun of her Order, Andrea, whose ulcers and wounds she washed without disgust. This wretched woman attacked Catherine in her reputation. The virgin held to her honour before men only for the honour of him whose spotless name she had to glorify. — But the exquisite modesty of that honour itself preserved all its delicacy. True and sincere virtue carries with it a dignity, a calm which nothing could shake. Andrea was touched by grace. — Her heart yielded to the sweetness which escaped from the smile of this virgin whom she persecuted. She protested aloud of this angelic innocence, and God was glorified yet again this time in the person of His servant.

But this was not all, and Catherine was to cast on the political discords which divided her country, the unction and the divine peace, so she is called the angel peacemaker of Siena.

In 1368, a terrible revolution had inaugurated the Mount of the Reformers, for the Italian republics were always torn by their intestine discords. — The republicans of Siena, cast down, fell under the rough domination of the plebeians whose suspicious tyranny spied on the citizens even in the most secret intimacy of the family. The noble Agnelo d'Andrea was arrested for not having invited a reformer to a great feast that he gave in his villa near Siena.

From her peaceful cell Catherine heard the threats of the riot and the cries of death which this crowd in revolt cast at the senator Ludovic of Magliano, and, angel of peace, she wrote to the duchess his wife words of hope and encouragement to conjure her to remain firm in the service of God in the bosom of tribulation.

She had converted also that young knight of Perugia whom the republic of Siena immolated to its jealous tyranny, Nicholas Rulda, accused of revolt and plot by the Mount of the Reformers. The popular government launched against him a sentence of death. — The proud soul of this patrician did not lower itself to ask for pardon. He offered his head to popular hatred. — But his youth had been licentious, and the friendship of Catherine reconciled him with divine justice. At her voice repentance descended into his heart. — He died as a hero.

He had required of Catherine that she should conduct him to the scaffold, so that the prayer of this virgin might escort him to the foot of the throne of God. — Saint Catherine of Siena, disdaining the hatreds that this good work might raise against her, followed him to the place where he was to be executed. Catherine smiled on him in his last moments, and it was the most sublime picture that could be seen in the episodes of these sinister revolutions, that holy girl beside this block, that child of the people exhorting this patrician to die as a martyr, and that blood of noble Italy spurting on the virginal mantle of a daughter of artisans.

Already for a long time Catherine was more than a simple Christian virgin. — She was also the strong woman, she who spreads everywhere peace, order, labour. She carried above all order into the spiritual

world, and at this epoch she began to lay the first stone of that mystical foundation, of that school which makes her glory.

There had been seen in antiquity illustrious women teaching sometimes doctrines of philosophy. The celebrated Hypatia had been one of the glories of her century in this sense.[1]

The example of a woman teaching and speaking in public was therefore not new, above all in those Italian republics so near the warm climates of Greece.

But the example of a woman, however holy she might be, speaking aloud of theology and holiness, this was assuredly to attract public astonishment in that Catholic Italy of the middle ages. Saint Bridget in her revelations, Saint Hildegard, had both illustrated their holiness by learned writings which had helped the Church in this protest of our glorious middle ages against the religious rationalism whose phantom rose threatening. Saint Catherine of Siena did more, she dared to preach her doctrine aloud. — She proclaimed it, and cast to the echoes of Siena, of Pisa, of Rome her mystical teachings. She was one of the glorious chiefs of that mystical school, the only one which established harmony between the mind and the heart, the only one which did not separate the power of knowing from that of loving. Catherine remembered that a sublime word had been said formerly: To love is to know, and disdaining abstract truth, she brought back instinctively all speculations to love.

The greatest miracle of this life so fair and so full of prodigies is perhaps this miraculous gift of science and strength which the Holy Spirit sent her and which made a philosopher, an illustrious theologian of this daughter of the people who had never learned anything.

From the moment when she began to speak in public, she drew to her multitudes of men and women who descended from the mountains and the surrounding countries to hear her word of love and consolation. — Monasteries even came out of their enclosure to hear her. — And it is a strange spectacle, that inspired young girl calling around her a whole school composed of relatives, friends, priests, knights, soldiers, young women, religious, laymen all united, all as one family in the same faith, the same doctrine, the same love, the same hope, all submitted to this superior soul which dominated them by all the greatness and strength she had received from God, all praising her, invoking the power which her prayer had acquired over the heart of God and glorifying that God in His humble servant.

We regret having given too much room to the obscure life of Catherine to be able to insist further on this remarkable picture where great men of her time, grouped by a sincere admiration around her, proclaim her, with a unanimous and unsuspected voice, the most illustrious woman of the middle ages.

The mystical doctrine which Catherine teaches is summed up in two words: love and patience. This is all her life, this is also her doctrine.

In this doctrine, Saint Catherine of Siena does not separate from silent and ecstatic love, from the sweetnesses of orison, the active life of charity which pours itself on suffering and sinful humanity in generous and fruitful floods. It was not of herself that this illustrious pupil of the love of Christ dared to preach to her brethren and reveal to them the miracles and the supernatural lights infused in her soul. Her humility long defended her from so many honours. But inspiration is an order of the Holy Spirit. — Neither the ignorance of His elect, nor the barbarity of men can prevent it from producing itself and from coming out of the heart and the intelligence of the Saints. — Who could stop it in the Prophets? Did not Zachary, the high priest, struck by the justice of God in the very organ of his speech, feel loosened the bonds which held his tongue in order to obey the Spirit who breathed in his ear the name of John when it was necessary to name the precursor of the Messiah?

Thus, in face of the turbulent schools of the most illustrious universities of Europe, Catherine opened her mystical school like a delicious garden where the sweet teachings of divine love awaited the sick souls which

doubt or rationalism had struck. — All the glory of this holy mission came to Catherine only from her humble obedience to the movements of grace, of that grace which had taken her in the swaddling-clothes of childhood and had led her, docile and victorious, to the highest summits of Christian perfection. — It was all the philosophy of the cross, of which she had received the inspiration from the Saviour Himself in the dark and painful days of her mortified and solitary life!

All has been said of the teachings of Catherine when her disciples have been named. The first, according to grace, is the blessed Raymond of Capua. — The second is an artist, an artist whose ardent faith made almost a master, Andrew Vanni. Raymond of Capua was of the Order of Saint Dominic. He was one of the successors of Catherine with Father Tommaso della Fonte and Bartholomew of Siena, both also of the Order of Friars Preachers. Masters and disciples of their penitent, they came, after the sacramental confession, to hear Catherine, and remained seated at the feet of this virgin, listening to the Spirit speaking by her pure and innocent mouth. As to Father Bartholomew, he was an eminent man. Apostle of Tuscany, he gathered first the chronicles of the Third Order. — He was the friend of Catherine; he had known her young, and nothing is sweeter or purer than the account he made of the birth of their holy friendship. He accompanied her later in her journeys to Pisa, to Lucca, to Avignon, to Genoa, to Florence and to Rome. — Catherine, following this gift of perfect knowledge which she had of souls, felt in her heart as it were the echo of all the sufferings and of all the impressions which this heart, so dear to her, felt, at whatever distance it was. It was so for some other of her privileged disciples, Stephen Maconi, for example.

The conquest of this soul had been less easy to her. She had seized it in the midst of the fiery transport of pleasures. Pressed with an ardent desire of deliverance for his dear country, this young man full of lively and generous passions had resolved to put an end to the aristocratic struggles and to the political hatreds which divided the Sienese republic. He dared to choose as arbitrator between his noble family and some noble rival enemy races, Catherine, whose holiness had become an authority. Catherine resolved to give to God this fair soul. She succeeded. From the first exhortations which the Saint insinuated to him on the irregularity of his life, the eyes of Stephen were wet with tears. “The finger of God is there,” he said. This young man had come there for the salvation of others, he found there his own.

Catherine was not long in procuring the peace which Stephen solicited by dint of prayers. One day when she had put herself in orison in the church of San Cristoforo, awaiting in vain the rendezvous which she had fixed with the representatives of these rival races, behold grace suddenly breaks that hereditary hatred, riveted so to speak to their noble escutcheons. They enter this church where Catherine appears in ecstasy, surrounded already as with an aureole. In that instant peace and charity descend into the soul of these rough knights. — Catherine then rises, speaks to them of God and of the goods that concord produces. She requires of them mutual pardon, mutual oblivion of their old hatred. She unites their hands, she mingles them in her sister’s kiss. All weep, all ask this union, this fraternity which the angel of the country preaches to them so well, and Catherine glorifies God who alone can work like miracles.

Stephen made rapid progress in virtue. He scarcely left that underground chapel of the hospice of Santa Maria della Scala where Catherine assembled her friends and her disciples to pray with her, and where she had herself her little oratory. — More than once his sweet friend, whom he named his mother, and who had also for him all the maternal tendernesses and anxieties, delivered him from a peril, tore him from the danger of a conspiracy. Her prayer saved also from a devouring fever Neri, a friend of Stephen, young and brilliant knight whom she formed also in the humble school of Christ. Ardent, full of the pride of his blood, the sword of humility seemed to him at first cruel and made his heart bleed at its first wounds. Catherine accustomed this proud soul to bear docilely the yoke of the Gospel. But it was with the clear-sighted affection of a mother, by progressive and delicate cares that she strengthened it and raised it.

It was to the still timid faith of this young man that she addressed this reproach: I wish, my son, that you open the eye of your intelligence, that you see the love of God for you, and that you lose fear. Fear is a forgetting

of that doctrine which has been taught you, it dries up soul and body and holds them in a continual sadness.

This Neri became one of the most ardent defenders of the faith in the middle ages. — Later he negotiated, by order of Catherine, the peace of the Church with Queen Joanna of Naples. — He died soon after Catherine in a hermitage of the mountains of Umbria.

After these came Vanni, who painted in the enthusiasm of faith that beautiful coronation of the Virgin which was admired in one of the palaces of Siena. Catherine had known him when she was scarcely twenty years old. This young artist, with the imagination of a poet, the heart of a hero, had undergone the domination of this fair soul so chaste, so lofty, so ardent. — He had for her an exquisite sentiment where admiration, respect, tenderness came to melt into a chosen affection. One day when he surprised her ravished in ecstasy in the chapel of Saint Dominic of Siena, Vanni painted with his heart this portrait of Catherine which was long seen on that wall. In the sequel, the artist became captain of the people. That day he received from Catherine an admirable letter which has been preserved and which is a whole treatise of social and political economy.

Another disciple of Catherine was Matthew di Cenni, an admirable man, a heart of fire, capable of the most heroic enterprises of charity. He was one day at the extremity, at the hospital of the Misericordia where he was combating with all his care the ravages which the terrible plague of the year 1374 made at Siena. Catherine learns it, she runs to her dear child. “Come,” she said to him, “up, Matthew. It is not the time to remain in repose.” And her dear sick man rose full of joy. The prayer of Catherine, the wish of her tenderness had saved him.

Three miles from Siena rose in the middle ages the monastery of Lecceto. There lived hermits of the Order of Saint Augustine. Catherine loved this monastery. Lost in the solitudes of this fertile Italian country, it made the faithful soul forget that at her feet bellowed the passions and covetousnesses of the earth. It was there that the seat of the school of Catherine was truly established. All the memories which are attached to her blessed name are there. — Near the church is that room become celebrated where she retired to be alone with God. — She found in this monastery yet a disciple, an Englishman come into these solitudes no one knows how. She found there also Brother Anthony of Nice, whose whole life was consecrated to the defence of the Church, and another brother, John Tantucci. That one called Catherine humbly his master. She knew there also Brother Felix da Massa, and that blessed Brother Jerome, passionate lover of the divine mysteries of the Redemption.

After them came women whose names have been made illustrious by attaching themselves to hers. There were a great number in the ranks of these *Mantellate*, religious of the Penance of Saint Dominic. Those who have become the most celebrated are: the noble Joanna Pazzi, an ardent Florentine whose good heart and fair intelligence Catherine loved. Joanna di Capo, — consoled by Catherine, in the midst of the terrible riot of Florence which had struck her with terror; healed of a dangerous fever by her intercession, she followed her and loved her. There was also Cecca, whose tomb is seen at the Minerva, Cecca the laughing, the mad, as

Catherine said gently. Finally, there was the amiable Alessa; Alessa, a daughter of the illustrious race of the Saracini. This charming young woman had remained a widow at twenty. Like Asella, so praised by Saint Jerome, she hid from the world her youth and her withered illusions, under the veil of the Mantellate. It is thus that she knew Catherine, and attached herself to her. Alessa survived that dear friend; and when the holy relics of Catherine, borne in triumph, passed through the streets of Siena, it was on the arm of Alessa in mourning that Lapa leaned, the old mother of Catherine, formerly restored to life by the prayers of this virgin, for long years. All the disciples of Catherine, laymen and religious, have borne witness to the prodigies of her admirable eloquence, incomprehensible in a woman brought up as she had been. The learned of her century questioned her astounded. “Whence comes so much science,” they said to themselves, “to an obscure woman who has never learned anything?” All that she knew came to her directly from God, as she

says enough in the book which she composed during her ecstasies. It happened to her often to dictate to two or three secretaries at once on divers subjects, and without any embarrassment. Her speech seduced everyone, and her detractors themselves had their mouths full of praises when they had seen her. From all sides they came to hear her.

Hence, from this illustriousness, from this holiness, the weight which she had in the destinies of the Church and of her country. So many labours however did not stop the ordinary practices of her piety and of her active charity. She was the honour of her people, and yet the humblest among the Saints saw her prostrate in their sanctuaries. She was fond above all of the monastery of Montepulciano, a foundation of the thirteenth century where reposed the relics of a holy young girl of the country, dead in the flower of her youth, under the habit of the servants of God and in the odour of virtues. This was Saint Agnes of Montepulciano. Humble flower of the Apennines, her tomb received the homage of all Italian Catholicity. It is claimed that when Catherine advanced to kiss her feet, this saint of heaven, as if she thrilled in recognising a saint of earth, gently raised one of her feet and presented it to Catherine.

In this monastery of Montepulciano, founded under the Rule of Saint Dominic, Catherine shut up all she loved of her family: two nieces, her cherished children, daughters of her sister Lysa. These sweet bonds drew her sometimes again to Montepulciano. The vocation of her dear Eugenia was above all the object of her cares, and when she was far from her, she wrote to her letters almost like those that Saint Jerome addressed from his solitude of Bethlehem to those young priests whom he wished to be the honour of the Church and the edification of the faithful.

At another monastery, the old convent of Santa Bonda, she had a friend, Sister Constance, with whom she passed sometimes long and sweet hours of intimacy, as she did with Alessa at Siena. Returning toward her native city, she stopped sometimes with some of her brethren at the castle della Rocca. One day, after having reconciled two knights of the neighbourhood, enemies for a long time, she delivered a poor woman tormented by the evil spirit by making the sign of the cross on her throat, where he held himself.

This castle della Rocca belonged to noble friends of Catherine whom the tyranny of the Populace spied on from afar, because this illustrious family was suspect to it. To the North of this magnificent domain, there unrolled one of the most beautiful valleys of the Orcia. This abode would have made the delight of Catherine on earth, if her dreams of heaven had not closed beforehand her heart to all desires, even the purest, of this world; for she loved this nature which spoke to her of God so loudly. She loved the morning song of the birds, the noises of evening in the country, the flowers, all those poetries which the hand of God has sown on the earth. On the summit of the Apennines she sought to catch the sighs of the leaves stirred by the wind, and the harmonies of this majestic and wild nature. She too was a poet; and all the Saints have borne her in their heart, in their intelligence, Poetry, which Fable itself had made the daughter of heaven.

Catherine held from another family the superb castle of Belcaro, where the Pope authorised her to establish a community of Mantellate. There only the Third Order became regular. She had already founded the monastery of Our Lady of the Angels.

On the return from one of these pilgrimages, she found at Siena mourning and sorrow. It was the year 1374; civil war was tearing the Sienese republic. To these horrors was joined the plague. The Angel of Siena failed not her country. Catherine could not refuse it all the helps of her prayer and of her charity. She and her companions were sublime there.

The salvation of souls called her next to Pisa. Some brothers and some Mantellate accompanied her in this journey. She was there at the house of Gerard Buonconti, and her arrival was a feast. — The archbishop, lords, religious, priests, children of illustrious families, made her cortège. One saw there little Tora, who became later the blessed Saint Clare Gambacorti. In the house of Gerard she renewed, by the force of her prayer, that miracle of an empty cask become suddenly full of a delicious and inexhaustible wine.

Meanwhile, two great thoughts agitated the soul of Catherine: the pacification of the Church, her cherished mother, for which she felt herself devoured with zeal and love, then that so fruitful thought of the middle ages: the holy war of the crusades.

She had at Pisa frequent conversations with the ambassador of Cyprus, and she communicated to him the presentiment which she had of the approaching misfortunes with which a long schism was to tear the Church.

She also made confidence of it to that good Father Raymond who followed her everywhere. She saw this crusade, object of all her wishes, put back very far still by the discords which separated the Christian peoples. — This was perhaps the sorrow which consumed her life.

Perugia had just revolted, and Catherine, who foresaw all the evils to come, did all to prevent the revolt at Pisa, at Lucca and in the rest of Tuscany. — At Lucca, she had already founded as it were a mystical colony with which she corresponded.

It was at Pisa that Catherine remained dead for a whole day. Her sisters, her brothers wept around her; suddenly the beatings of her heart returned, and she was heard to cry: “O my soul, how unhappy thou art!”

All rejoiced to see their mother, their benefactress returned among them; she alone wept, because her soul, which had already perhaps glimpsed the splendours of God, descended again on this land of exile.

And in effect, Catherine revealed it. — She had glimpsed all the mysteries of the other life, the glory of the just, the confusion of sinners. She had seen the divinity, and the heavenly Father had said to her: “Consider all these things, and descend again to earth to reveal my judgments to men, and to convert them and teach them. Thou shalt instruct them in spiritual doctrine, and I will give thee my divine wisdom against which the contradictions of the world can do nothing.”

A little time after, in one of her ecstasies, and as Catherine, devoured with that generous charity which all the Saints knew, asked the Saviour to be admitted to the honour of having part in the sufferings of the cross, she received on her body all the stigmata of the Passion. These sufferings which she had so desired were cruel. — She understood then what was this immolated love which had saved the world; she understood how much “this heart had loved men.” These divine and miraculous wounds were still seen on her, even after her death.

The labours of Catherine for the unity of the Church are the illustration of the last part of her life.

The fourteenth century was ending in strange convulsions. It was nothing but discords in all the States of Europe. Political, civil, religious discords, the conflagration was everywhere, and everywhere terrible. Germany, France, England, Spain were torn within, or threatened without. The republics were no happier. In the Low Countries and in the Italian republics, popular tyranny made one regret or desire the yoke of the hardest despotism.

In the republic of Siena, this popular tyranny was not represented by one alone, as it is even in the most calamitous monarchies; — for the liberal government, that great political heresy, has its sects like all heresies. — The Mount of the Reformers, the Mount of the Nine, the Mount of the Twelve, gave the republic as many masters as they had members. The Visconti ravaged Lombardy, — Naples was struck with terror under the domination of Joanna, — Rome, abandoned by the Popes of Avignon, was in a still worse state, anarchy tore it.

And yet Italy, devoured by so many scourges, still dominated the nations by her soul and her mind. Law and Poetry had attained there all their splendour. — Petrarch and Boccaccio represented there the Genius of Poetry. — And Catherine, offering in her writings and her discourses the gravity, the rectitude of a statesman beside her poetic mysticism, personified in herself alone the Genius of Law and the Genius of Poetry. — In this sense she was not only the honour of her century and of her country; she offers as it were a summary of their character.

Meanwhile, the pontifical States, reconquered by Gil Albornoz, were flourishing again while the struggle of the Popes with that terrible house of Visconti recommenced. A league was made in Christendom, formed of the principal powers of Europe. In the meantime, the legates who had succeeded to the wise government of Albornoz had, by their ambition and rapacity, stirred up the republic of Florence, till then so devoted to the Holy See. The hatred against the clergy went among the Florentines to the abolition of the canonical tribunals, and to the massacre of priests. — At Prato the same revolt had taken place. Galeazzo Visconti profited by these facts. The revolt took on still vaster proportions. The old Ghibelline spirit organised the government of terror. — Perugia, Bologna and more than sixty towns of the States of the Pope made common cause with Florence. It was more than the sentiment of patriotic independence that was the soul of the revolt. The worthy and excellent Gregory XI felt it and was struck by it. But he protested against the events by his interdict. He owed it.

The Florentine commerce was cast down in this bloody struggle. Weary of the vexations and pillage which the nations among whom all their commerce had taken refuge made them undergo, the Florentines attempted a step of conciliation with Gregory: it failed. Who was going to re-establish harmony between this unchained popular power and the spiritual power of the Roman Church? Things were in a desperate state. Catherine, at the news of all these evils, remained consternated. — She loved her country with that energy which she brought to her sweetest affections. And the Church, how much more she loved it! what bitterness, what struggles for her heart!

One day she rose, as half a century later Joan of Arc the inspired was to rise, — a daughter of the people also. — She bore that day the salvation of Christendom in her heart. Then began between Catherine and Gregory XI a sublime correspondence. It initiates us into a new policy which does not speak the language of common diplomacy; it is the true policy, the only good one, that which enlightens, which pacifies. She prays, she conjures this Pontiff: — “Alas! my sweet Father,” she writes to him, “in the name of Jesus crucified, I beg you to act with kindness and to conquer the malice and pride of your children by patience, humility and gentleness. You know, Father, that one does not drive out the demon by the demon, but by virtue alone. Alas! Father! peace, peace for the love of God, so that your children lose not the inheritance of eternal life. Peace and no more war! let us march on our enemies bearing the sacred standard of the cross and armed with the sword of the sweet and holy word of God. I can do nothing more; have pity on the sweet and loving desires which I offer you with my tears for the holy Church. For myself, I shall give willingly my life for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. — Jesus, love.” Such then is the policy of Catherine: Prayer, tears, pardon, peace. It is the policy of the cross.

Not only was it her policy, but she was of no other party than that of justice. While she asked the Pope for peace, that Christian civilisation might go to the help of the Holy Places, and that this captivity of the papacy of Avignon might cease, she sought to redress the real vice of the administration of the legates, who had been the great leaven in these revolts. — She depicted in her letters, full of sense and equity, the source of so many evils, and she wrote to the princes and lords to revive in their hearts the patriotic sentiment and the respect of popular rights.

The attempts of the Florentines for peace failed once more. There was only Catherine who could procure it. She rose ill, set out, sending before her Raymond of Capua; she dared to go herself to ask peace of Gregory. This peace, the re-establishment of the papacy at Rome, was all the dream of Catherine.

But she bought success dearly. It was cruelly delayed by the bad faith of the Florentines, who seemed for a long time to make sport of the patience of this good Pontiff. The cardinals themselves, jealous to see the advice of Catherine always preponderant in the councils of the Pope, attacked the holiness of this virgin. Three of them above all, men eminent in learning, tried to surprise her in her discourses. Catherine was unshakeable, and she confounded them by the humility and wisdom of her answers; they avowed to the Pope that the Holy Spirit spoke by that pacific and inspired mouth.

In this sojourn at Avignon, Catherine accomplished a great enterprise. She dared to proclaim before the sovereign Pontiff the vices of the Roman court. She dared to ask in the name of the immaculate doctrine of Christ the reform of those abuses.

She spoke of all these things with an oratorical eloquence and a rectitude which charmed Gregory, and which carried his will. — He had her come often and ordered her to speak of the things of God in full consistory; her discourses were worthy of public admiration. Some felt in her the divine inspiration stir; but others, envious, jealous, affected to be scandalised. It lacked little that they presented her to the people as a sorceress, as the English people dared to do later for Joan of Arc.

The court of Avignon was hostile to her, for it was known that the mission of Catherine was to bring back to Rome the triumphant papacy. She decided at last this great question. — Saint Bridget, another illustrious saint, had just died, and her prophecies had shaken the Pope also. At last the hour of that departure so desired by Catherine arrived. The Pope left Avignon solemnly, and went to sit again on the tomb of Saint Peter (17 January 1377). Gregory had required that she should leave at the same time as himself. Toulon and the other cities she traversed wished to see this girl whom the papal court held in so high esteem and whose holiness made so much noise. She did good again there.

It was now necessary for her to pacify Florence, where the wind of revolution blew always. Catherine asked peace with the Roman court. She obtained it from the Guelph party, which was the flower of the nation. The committee of the Eight did not want it; this quarrel engendered new discords. In this supreme struggle, the Eight were victors. The populace was with them, it was a horrible carnage. Catherine appeared to these wretches as the most illustrious victim to sacrifice to the country, to the public good. Threatened with all her own, surrounded by frightful vociferations, pursued, Catherine, with a smile on her lips, congratulated herself within that she could give her life and her blood for the Church. She hoped perhaps that this blood would appease the popular furies, that it would dissipate the drunkenness of these madmen and make peace flourish again in Tuscany. The most redoubtable populace of Florence, the Ciompi or wool-carders, sought her on all sides. She presented her head to their raised halberds. — She throws herself into the midst of these furious men and falls on her knees at the feet of their chief: “Thou seekest Catherine,” she says to them, “here she is. Do what God will permit thee, but do no harm to these who are mine.”

The chief of the popular conspiracy stops at the sight of her. This courage, this contempt of life, the inspiration which always guided her in the great hours of her destiny, gave Catherine a prestige which her well-known holiness sustained. “Withdraw,” he said to her. “Flee, I beg,” as if he had feared that one of his troop would dare to lay a hand on this chosen one. But Catherine did not rise. “No,” she said, “I wish to die here, I wish to give my blood for that God whose vicars you outrage, for you, for your salvation. That is my only desire.” This troop was moved. And this frenzied chief fled with his eyes full of tears, as if he had been the victim pursued and not the executioner.

From that day the revolution calmed in Florence, and little by little Catherine saw advance this peace for which she had offered herself as a holocaust. The cities of the pontifical States were on the point of surrendering; the Florentine Republic felt its political and commercial interests threatened by this very revolution, which had resulted only in tribunals of blood. Gregory asked only a little good will. Catherine, like the dove of the ark, carried from one camp to the other the olive branch, and the peace of Sarzana ended her political mission. Her name was laden with the blessings of the republic. At Siena she was received in triumph (March 1378). At once, this humble and strong woman went to hide her glory in her solitary cell of the contrada dell’Oca. There she dictated to her beloved disciples that admirable book which sums up her doctrine, and which is the masterpiece of her labours, the *Dialogue*, one of the most important monuments of mystical theology.

Catherine is not foreign to the reform of the temporal administration of the Pontificate which repaired all the odious conduct of the legates. The constitution of Gregory XI assured happiness and liberty to the populations of the States of the Pope.

To the good-natured yoke of Gregory XI succeeded the upright, just, but severe government of Urban VI. This noble Pontiff wished to establish ecclesiastical reform in all its rigour. His cardinals united against him. A schism broke out in the Church. It was again a new sorrow and new labours for Catherine.

When Urban VI was still only archbishop of Bari, he had known Catherine at the court of Avignon, and he knew her virtue and her influence on the mind of peoples. He called her to Rome by a formal order, for the Saint felt her last days on earth coming, and she had need of solitude and recollection.

Urban VI received her with benevolence and as a true power that she was besides, by merit and holiness. — She made to the cardinals, in full consistory, a discourse so wise, so imposing, on the particular Providence of God in the government of His Church, that she strengthened the tried heart of the new head of the Church, and, at the prayer of Urban, she devoted herself to the defence of unity.

She called to obedience to the sovereign Pontiff all the princes of Europe; her second care was to seek, by letters full of heart, and animated by the energetic sentiment of duty, to bring back the three cardinals authors of the schism. Next, as she feared that France, eldest daughter of the Church, might strengthen the schism by giving her adhesion, she wrote to King Charles V himself, to ask his recognition in favour of Urban VI. It was no small step. King Charles V was slow to take his decisions, and had he been mistaken, he would not have come back from it. Moreover, France did not hide her sympathies for the French Popes of Avignon. What had been foreseen happened. Charles V declared for Clement VII who sat at Avignon.

France was excommunicated. In hatred of her influence, England made itself Urbanist. Germany, Hungary had already offered their obedience to Urban VI, through the negotiations of Catherine.

But Clement VII, in dismembering the pontifical States for the profit of a prince of the house of France, made himself unpopular in Italy.[2] Catherine had therefore the advantage of preaching for the common country threatened, at the same time as for the unity of the Church, while France had for ally only Joanna of Naples; all the Christian nations had leagued against her.

There were then seen, in the midst of this great quarrel of Christendom, to rise the voice of two women, the most illustrious perhaps of that time, both sisters in holiness, both eminent in merit. These were Saint Catherine of Siena, the arbiter of Italy, and another Catherine, daughter of Saint Bridget, to whom Urban, who knew her, said: “My daughter, one sees well that you have been nourished with your mother’s milk.” The great thought of the reformation of the Church united these two illustrious women. From the mutual sympathies of their political thought, was born that fair and holy friendship which makes their glory. Saint Catherine of Siena, the most eminent of the two, was in these sweet relations the humblest still of the two, and it was she who went each day to seek the conversation of her friend on the Viminal, where was the humble monastery of the Clarisses which Catherine of Sweden directed.

Catherine tried to bring back to the true Church the hardened heart of Joanna of Naples. She began with that queen a long correspondence. But the blindness and cruel levity of Joanna wearied the patience of Catherine. Joanna, fallen for a long time from her throne by her crimes, had no more than one foot on it so to speak. Catherine addressed herself to Charles of Durazzo.

This young prince answered her appeal. He recognised publicly Urban VI, and avenger of the crimes of the queen of Naples, called by the wishes of the Neapolitans, he gathered the inheritance of this princess.

The last human consolation which awaited Catherine in this world, was the victory which Urban VI won in Rome itself against a band of Bretons, partisans of the antipope Clement VII. Catherine deprived herself of her beloved disciples to offer their arms for the defence of the papacy. Raymond and Stephen had gone. They

had surprised on her eyelids prophetic arms. It was her last farewell.

The year 1380 was the last of that glorious life which had given itself, distributed itself to all. She expired on 29 April. It was the day of the feast of Saint Peter, martyr, that blessed Dominican who rendered his soul writing with his blood these words: I believe in God.

The anguish that her revelations on the future of the Church caused her were for this Saint like a sorrowful passion. She cried to the Lord, and asked grace for this Church, spouse of His divine Son. “Take,” she cried, “O my Creator, this body that I received from your hands. Spare neither flesh nor blood, break it, cast it into burning braziers; break my bones, provided it please you to hear me in favour of your vicar…”

She wrote before her last hour to the blessed Raymond: “My friend, my life is distilled for the Church, sweet spouse of Christ. I walk in the way watered with the blood of martyrs. I pray God to let me see soon the redemption of His people.”

The evil spirit, her enemy, raised up against her a terrible combat at this supreme moment, for the death of the Saints of the Lord is sometimes full of tribulations and anguish. The spectacle of this last struggle, and of the sufferings of this soul which on the very threshold of heaven hell still wished to ravish, made the pious women and the Saints who surrounded her tremble. This suffering was long, but at last the tempter left her; the smile reappeared on the lips of Catherine, and her hymns of gratitude to the God who awaited her ended only with her life.

Her farewells to those whom she loved were sublime. Her amiable Stephen, led to the feet of the dying Catherine by an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, received her last words. He retired into the Order of the Carthusians, as Catherine had predicted to him.

There was at Rome a pious widow, Semia, whom she admitted to her familiarity. She had had a dream that very night, a prophetic dream which showed her the mercies of God on Catherine, and the presentation in heaven of this new sister of the virgins.

Several of her disciples received also the warning of the eternal triumph of their beloved mother. Catherine herself appeared, at the hour of her death, to Father Raymond, her spiritual director who was then at Genoa, and made him know her happiness.

The news of this death was a calamity in the Church, a mourning for all Italy. The body of Saint Catherine, adorned with the habit of Saint Dominic, with the veil of white wool and the black mantle, was borne to the Minerva and deposited in a chapel of Saint Dominic. Her funerals lasted three days. Miracles have abounded since in that blessed chapel.

But the Republic of Siena was jealous of Rome, and asked of the Pope a relic of this daughter of her bowels. The Pope gave her that head which had borne so many high, so many noble thoughts. The arrival of this precious relic at Siena was a triumph still more complete than the first for the venerated memory of Catherine. All the inhabitants of Siena, laymen and religious, great and small, poor and rich, went to salute the blessed Head of the Saint.

The Republic of Siena honoured equally with a holy place the house of Giacomo, where Catherine had grown in age and in virtues.

That poor cell of the Fullonica, quite full of the raptures of Catherine, of the perfumes of her purity, and of her sighs toward heaven, that cell where she worked with her companions, where, as a true Italian, she mingled often with holy words a musical melody issued from her poet’s heart, that cell itself is to-day a magnificent oratory. Art has adorned this sanctuary, opulence has enriched it with its gifts. Finally the cult of Catholicity honours and consecrates it.

Before ’93, Paris possessed some of her bones in the great convent of the religious of Saint Dominic. The church of Mailly (Somme) possesses at present some of her relics.

Pope Pius II canonised her in 1461, eighty-one years after her birth into heaven, and Urban VIII, in the reform of the Breviary, transferred her feast to 30 April. By decree of 13 April 1866, Pius IX established Saint Catherine of Siena the second patroness of Rome.

Here is how the holy patroness of Siena is represented:

1° Our Lord appears to her, and to reward her for her charity toward the sick, permits her to apply her mouth to the wound of His side; 2° Saint Dominic clothes her with the habit of his Order; 3° one sees her holding a rosary in her hand, kneeling, with the same Saint Dominic at the feet of the Blessed Virgin. It is to express that after the founder of the devotion of the Rosary, no one has laboured more to spread it than Saint Catherine of Siena; 4° on an old wood engraving of the fifteenth century, one finds her standing, holding a crucifix accompanied by a lily and a palm. With the same hand, she holds still a book on which is written: *Jesu dolce, Jesu amore*; with the other, a flaming heart with this legend on a banderole: *Cor mundum crea in me, Deus.* Above, two Angels fly, suspending three crowns over her head, that of science, that of virginity and that of martyrdom (by the stigmata doubtless); 5° but the most characteristic manner of representing her is assuredly the following: Figure in full length, costume of the Dominican nuns, on the head a crown of thorns, a crucifix in the hand on which blooms a bouquet of lilies; at the feet, the hands, the left side, the stigmata figured by stars of seven rays or folds; 6° Fra Bartolomeo, of the Order of Saint Dominic, painted the mystical marriage of Saint Catherine.

Besides the letters and the *Dialogue*, we have from Saint Catherine a treatise on Obedience, one on Discretion, one on Prayer and a fourth on Providence. There is in all a great depth of mystical theology.

The Life of Saint Catherine, which occupies a hundred and twenty-six folio pages in the

Bollandists, vol. iii of April, was first composed by Father Raymond of Capua, her confessor: no one knew the Saint better than he; he speaks as an eyewitness. See also a letter of Father Stephen Conrad, prior of the Charterhouse of Pavia; the bull of canonisation reported by Surius and the Bollandists; the admirable letters of the Saint; her *History*, by Chavin de Malan, 2 vols. in-8vo, Paris, 1844.

Saint Adjutor,[3] Lord of Vernon, Hermit

— Pope: Innocent II. — King of France: Louis VI, the Fat.

He who believes in God observes His commandments, and he who puts his confidence in God shall fall into no evil. — Ecclus. xxxii, 33.

Adjutor was of the illustrious house of the lords of Vernon-sur-Seine; one of them, named William, is buried in the principal church of that place; he is called, in his epitaph, prince of Vernon, and passes for having been grandfather of our Saint. His father was called John, and his mother Rosamond, both very pious and full of charity for the poor. The holiness of Rosamond was even so great that she is given the title of Blessed, and that she is publicly invoked with her son. The education which Adjutor received by their care soon made him an excellent model of virtue. He made prayer his principal occupation; he subdued his body by very rigorous fasts and abstinences, and spared it nothing that was fit to render it entirely submissive to the spirit. His austerity went even to such an excess that, young as he was, he seemed to have only skin and bones.

In the flower of his youth, he took the cross with a great number of other lords to go and make war in Palestine, and try to deliver the sepulchre of Our Lord from the hands of the infidels. When he was near Antioch, fifteen hundred enemies attacked him, and easily put to flight his troop, which was only two hundred men. Then he implored, with extreme ardour, the help of heaven, and prayed Saint Magdalen, for whom the town of Vernon then had a great devotion, not to abandon him on this occasion.

Hardly had he finished his prayer when a frightful hurricane burst suddenly, filled the infidels with terror, and obliged them in their turn to take flight. Adjutor rallied his men, gave them new courage, and with that handful of people pursued the fugitives so vigorously that a thousand of them remained on the spot, and the rest was put entirely out of action.

After seventeen years of various enterprises, in which he always showed an intrepid courage for the cause of Christianity, he fell into the hands of the enemies, was made prisoner, thrown into a dungeon and loaded with chains; he was even made to suffer many torments to oblige him to deny his faith and to become a Saracen. But he was no less constant in this calamity than he had been courageous in battles, and nothing was able to shake his faith, for which he even desired to shed all his blood and to lose his life. One day, when after a very barbarous treatment he was alone and abandoned in his prison, he raised his eyes to heaven and implored the help of Saint Magdalen, for whom he had a singular devotion, like all those of his country, and of Saint Bernard of Tiron, who had died a short time before and whom God rendered glorious by great miracles.

After this prayer he fell drowsy, and, during this drowsiness, he was transported with his chains, from the depth of his prison, which was in the East, into a wood near the town of Vernon, a place of his domain. Saint Magdalen and Saint Bernard, authors of this great miracle, having set him gently on the ground, told him that this should be the place of his rest until the end of his life. The archbishop of Rouen, who was Hugh III, made inquiries about it, and recognised it as true by the deposition of five or six lords who had eaten with him, in Palestine, the eve of his transport and of his arrival in Normandy.

As for him, to acknowledge this grace, he had a chapel built in honour of Saint Magdalen, in the very place where that holy lover of Jesus Christ had set him down, and had three altars set up in it, of which the principal was dedicated under the name of Saint Saviour and of Saint Mary Magdalen. Then he became a religious in the abbey of Tiron, which he instituted heir of all his goods, and lived there with such holiness that he was a subject of admiration to all the religious. He had a bed in his room like the other religious, but he lay on the ground and used that bed only to hide his austerity. He attended the meals of the community, but there he contented himself with bread and water and a few herbs without seasoning. He never left off his hair-shirt, and the most worn of all garments was the one most agreeable to him.

With the permission of his superiors, he withdrew into solitude in that chapel of Saint Magdalen which he had had built, and which was accompanied by some houses, a priory dependent on Tiron. It is not credible with what fervour of spirit and with what austerity he lived in that hermitage. His lodging was a grotto behind the altar. His continual exercise was to pray and to practise corporal and spiritual charity toward his neighbour. Archbishop Hugh, who first wrote his life, says that he applied himself with unwearying zeal to the succour of religious who were in need, to the repair of churches, to the relief of the poor, to the reconciliation of great lords and of princes, to the reformation of youth, to the re-establishment of good morals, and to all that could contribute to the ornament of Christianity; that he was persevering in vigils and in prayer, unwearying in labour, patient in afflictions, zealous for Chastity, which he preserved intact in the war where the dangers are so numerous for that virtue; finally, that he made himself amiable to God, to the Angels and to men.

Miracles further set off his great virtues. He restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, health to all sorts of sick, and delivered a man possessed by a furious demon. Having learned that there was in the Seine a very dangerous whirlpool where many men and boats were lost, he begged the bishop to betake himself there, to make over it the sign of the cross, and to cast holy water into it; and, for himself, he cast into it a part of the chain with which he had been transported; and, at the same instant, the whirlpool filled up, and ceased to be dangerous.

The end of the life of Saint Adjutor having arrived, he had the diocesan bishop and the abbot of Tiron entreated to come and assist him. They betook themselves at once to his chapel; after he had received from

their hands the last Sacraments, he rendered his soul, laden with merits, to Our Lord. It was on 30 April of the year 1131. His body was buried in that same chapel, which had been the place of his great penances. Many miracles were then wrought there: a bailiff, whose eyes had been put out by a lord whom he had come to summon, made a novena there, saw in the night Saint Adjutor who brought oil and Saint Magdalen who anointed his eyelids, and, on waking, found himself healed. The town of Vernon and the country round about being continually afflicted with fires, hail, floods and other scourges of God, bound themselves to a procession to the chapel of Saint Magdalen, and were entirely delivered. Ten inhabitants only, who had mocked at this devotion, perished miserably within the year with all their goods and their houses. Among the villages which had part in this grace are reckoned those of Passy, Gaillon, Estrépagny and Longueville. The same town being besieged, and suffering great damage from the Greek fire which was thrown into it, was preserved from that fire, which turned back against the besiegers as soon as the help of Saint Adjutor was implored. Fever patients have also been healed at his tomb, and his power with God is still experienced every day.

Saint Adjutor is represented in the costume of a warrior or of a Benedictine religious; chains are at his feet. He is seen also crossing the air, supported either by angels, or by Saint Magdalen and Saint Bernard of Tiron. — Birds sing on his tomb, of which the trace had been lost: it was, it is said, to this circumstance that the discovery of it was due. Saint Adjutor is invoked to avoid drowning, doubtless by allusion to his name, which signifies helpful.

Acta Sanctorum, Apr.

Saint Maximus, Merchant in Asia, Martyr

The emperor Decius, having resolved to exterminate our holy religion, had edicts published throughout the empire which ordered the Christians to adore the idols. Maximus, who was of Asia and a merchant by condition, declared himself loudly a servant of Jesus Christ. He was arrested at once, and led before the proconsul Optimus.

The proconsul, after asking his name, added: “Of what profession are you? — *Maximus*: Of free condition, but a servant of Jesus Christ. — *The proconsul*: What is your profession? — *Maximus*: I am a man of the people, and I live by my trade. — *The proconsul*: Are you a Christian? — *Maximus*: Yes, I am, though a sinner. — *The proconsul*: Have you no knowledge of the edicts which were published a short time ago? — *Maximus*: What edicts? and what do they contain? — *The proconsul*: That all Christians are to renounce their superstition and to acknowledge the true prince to whom all obey, and that they adore his gods. — *Maximus*: I know that impious edict; and it is that very thing which led me to confess my religion publicly. — *The proconsul*: Since you are informed of the tenor of the edicts, sacrifice then to the gods. — *Maximus*: I sacrifice only to one God, and I congratulate myself on having sacrificed to Him from my youth. — *The proconsul*: Sacrifice to save your life; for I declare to you that if you disobey, I will make you expire in torments. — *Maximus*: That is what I have always desired: I made myself known only to have the occasion of quitting promptly this miserable life, in order to possess one which is eternal.”

Then the proconsul had him given several blows of the stick; he said to him at the same time: “Sacrifice, Maximus, sacrifice to deliver yourself from the torments. — *Maximus*: What one suffers for the name of Jesus Christ is not a torment, it is a true consolation;[1] but if I had the misfortune to depart from what is prescribed in the Gospel, it would then be that I should expect eternal tortures.” The proconsul, irritated by his resistance, ordered that he be stretched on the rack; and while he was tormented, he repeated to him often these words: “Renounce, wretch, this senseless obstinacy, and sacrifice at last to save thy life. — *Maximus*: I should lose it by sacrificing; and it is to preserve it that I do not sacrifice. Your sticks, your iron claws, your fire, will cause me no pain, because the grace of Jesus Christ is in me; it will deliver me from your hands, to put me in possession of the happiness which so many Saints enjoy who, in the same combat, have triumphed

over your cruelty; and it is by the virtue of their prayers that I obtain this strength and this courage which you see in me."[2] The proconsul, despairing of being able to conquer the soldier of Jesus Christ, pronounced the following sentence: "I order that Maximus, who has refused to obey the edicts, be stoned to serve as an example to the Christians." Maximus was at once seized by a troop of satellites, who led him outside the town, where they battered him to death with stones. His martyrdom happened in 250 or 251. Saint Maximus is honoured by the Greeks on 14 May, which was the day of his death. He is named under 30 April in the Roman martyrology.

These acts are a model of what are called proconsular Acts, that is to say they were taken word for word from the register of the tribunal which condemned Saint Maximus. Cf. Surius, Baronius, Henschenius and Ruinart; Tillemont, Fleury, etc.

Saint Hoïlde, Virgin

5th century.

Hoïlde, illustrious virgin, had for father Sigmar, and for mother, Leutrade. Her parents, of distinguished nobility, count and countess of Perthes, in Champagne, had seven daughters as pious as noble. The eldest was named Amée, the youngest Manégilde or Menehould; Hoïlde was among the intermediate ones. All grew up in the shadow of the vigilance of their parents, the heart cultivated and formed by good morals and wise teachings. Having received from their parents a sound body and from God an excellent soul, they were agreeable to God and to men, and, as befits well-born and well-bred Virgins, they had always a wisdom above their age. Enlightened from their tender years by the grace of God, and seeing how much the world was subjected to the reign of evil, they resolved, by unanimous consent, to despise its attractions, as well as the false delights of the flesh, in order to unite themselves to Jesus Christ alone and to keep for Him their flower of virginity. — Amée exhorted her sisters, Menehould supported her exhortations; Hoïlde wished it to be a settled resolve.

At that time, Saint Alpin, bishop of Châlons, visiting the churches of his diocese, betook himself to Perthes, where he received, with a pious eagerness, the seven young sisters whom their devout parents presented to him. By their full consent, he consecrated them to God, made them know still better the price of virginity, gave them a rule of life and wise prescriptions, enriched them with his blessing, and, withdrawing, recommended them to their parents, no longer simply as their daughters, but as the betrothed of God Himself. They followed all their life the rule which Saint Alpin had given them. Amée, Menehould and Hoïlde attained a higher holiness than the others; and, after having borne in this life the labours of good works, they flew away to the abode of glory.

Several centuries afterwards, the count of Champagne, Henry the Liberal, had a vision, during his sleep, in which it seemed to him that he had fallen into a well, and that a terrible misfortune had struck his life; but Saint Hoïlde came to his aid and delivered him. On waking, having asked and learned who Saint Hoïlde was, he had her body sought. He discovered it and had it transferred to the church of Saint Stephen of Troyes, which he had built and dedicated to the first martyr. This translation took place, in 1159, in the month of September. God approved it by miracles, and the noise which they made caused the countess of Bar to ask and obtain an arm of Saint Hoïlde, to deposit it in a monastery of religious women, of the Order of Cîteaux, which took the name of Sainte-Hoïlde. God glorified so great a Saint by miracles. To obtain water in a time of extreme drought, the canons, having carried the body of Saint Hoïlde in procession, were drenched with an abundant rain. A man, afflicted with a malady so grave that he could neither walk nor carry his hand to his mouth, was advised by his wife, on the eve of the feast of Saint Hoïlde, to make a vow to this Saint and to commend himself to her; the next morning, he was carried to the shrine of the Saint; when he had accomplished his vow and made his prayer, he found himself healed and was able to return home without help. A woman, lately delivered of a child, wasted by an incessant fever and choked by a dangerous abscess

in the throat, had been treated in vain by the physicians, who despaired of her life; but, advised by her brother, who was a canon of Saint Stephen's, to offer a vow and prayers to Saint Hoïlde, she followed this counsel, and, at the instant, she vomited the pus of her abscess, was delivered from the fever and restored fully to health. The body of Saint Hoïlde rested in a gilded shrine and received numerous homages.

Old Proper of Troyes of 1548.

Saint Erconwald, Bishop of London

Saint Erconwald was the son of one of the kings of the Heptarchy, it is not known which. He left the domains of his father and went, with his share of the inheritance, to found two monasteries: one at Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, near the Thames; the other at Barking, in the county of Essex: this latter was destined for religious women: he gave the government of it to Saint Ethelburga, his sister. In 665, King Sebba brought him out of his solitude of Chertsey to raise him to the episcopal see of London, which he occupied eleven years. He considerably increased the revenues and the buildings of Saint Paul's. That magnificent church, which was the glory of the English nation, was destroyed by the fury of the schismatics, in the sixteenth century. Before accomplishing this work of destruction, they drew the dead from their tombs, broke the funeral monuments and cast to the wind the ashes which they contained. In this barbarous search there was found, among others, the body of the pious King Sebba, embalmed and wrapped in precious stuffs. They proposed to discover treasures, and the infamous greed of the searchers found only a few rings with their stones and a chalice of little value. What was done in London was done in all the rest of England. In 1533, the body of Saint Erconwald disappeared from the cathedral and nothing has been heard of it since the latter was rebuilt.

Let us say a word of the monasteries of Chertsey and of Barking, founded by Saint Erconwald. The first, burned by the Danes, who massacred the abbot and the ninety religious, was rebuilt by King Edgar. The second enjoyed a revenue of about two hundred thousand francs, when the greedy hand of Henry VIII appropriated convent and revenues.

Saints Amator, Peter, Louis and John, Martyrs at Córdoba

Saint Eulogius, bishop and martyr of Córdoba, in Spain, has preserved to us the names of four heroic confessors, whose blood the Moors shed in the year 855. The first and the most intrepid was a young priest named Amator, who had left his little provincial town — the borough of Martos — and had betaken himself, with his family, to Córdoba, to make his studies there. His companions in martyrdom were a monk named Peter, and Louis, both born at Córdoba, of citizen families. They had devoted themselves, by zeal, to the conversion of the Mohammedans; but the execution of this project put the enemies of the faith in such a fury that they fell upon them and cut their throats. Their bodies were thrown into the Guadalquivir, the river which passes at Córdoba. The Christians of various localities gathered them up and gave them burial. They are honoured with a public cult at Córdoba, where they have a particular office of the semi-double rite. The blessed Peter was buried in the monastery of Saint Saviour, almost at the gates of Córdoba, and the blessed Louis some miles from there, in the town of Palma, whose counts often took the name of Louis, by devotion to this glorious Martyr. As for the blessed Amator, he was carried to his native place, which changed its name in his memory and took that of Martos, an alteration of Amator. To these three Martyrs is joined the blessed John, who is not named by the Roman martyrology.

Saint Raymond of Calatrava

His feast falls on 30 April in the diocese which saw him born. Here is a brief notice of this holy founder.

“Saint Raymond was born at Saint-Gaudens, former diocese of Comminges, at the end of the eleventh century, and was a religious of the Order of Cîteaux, in the convent of L’Escale-Dieu, in the diocese of Tarbes. Sent to Spain with some other religious, with the aim of extending the Order there, he founded the convent of Hitero, of which he was the first abbot, and which he rendered very flourishing by his rare qualities and his reputation for holiness.

“At that time, the Almohads were working to retake the places conquered from them by the king of Spain. They desired above all to retake that of Calatrava. Frightened by the great preparations of the infidels, the Templars, who had received the guard of that town, did not feel strong enough to resist the Moors, and they gave it back to King Sancho. The king was embarrassed by this not very generous restitution. He had it published that if any valiant man would charge himself with the defence of Calatrava, he would give him that town, with all its dependencies and its privileges. None of the knights of Castile daring to present himself, the French religious of L’Escale-Dieu, the abbot of Hitero, asked the king for the defence of the place. The king, applauding his generous project, hastened to grant it to him. Raymond, accompanied by one of his monks who had borne arms, made an energetic appeal to all pious hearts, and, having gathered an army of twenty thousand men, to whom he knew how to communicate his ardour, he succeeded, with the help of heaven, on which he counted more than on human efforts, in repulsing the infidels and driving them from the positions from which they threatened Calatrava.

“It was then that the thought came to him of uniting a certain number of his companions in arms, of the noblest and most pious, to found the Order of Calatrava, in which, joining the military life to the monastic life, one pledged oneself to defend religion against its enemies. Raymond adapted to it the Rule of Cîteaux. He was already advanced in age when he drove out the Moors. He passed the rest of his life in the cares of his Order and the exercise of religious virtues, attached above all to the contemplation of divine things, until he died, in 1163. His body, after having passed three hundred years at Calatrava, was transported to the monastery of Mount Sion, at Toledo. His feast is celebrated, in the former diocese of Comminges, on 30 April.”

Furnished by M. Fourcade, professor at the seminary of Saint-Ptf,

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[1] These martyrs of Novara suffered under the emperor Valentinian. They were put to death without any legal formality by the pagan multitude. Here is a little piece of verse which was anciently engraved on the tomb which contained the bones of the Martyrs, and from which flowed a liquor salutary to the sick:

“Do you see this marble, in the form of a tomb? It is solid within, no cleft opens in it, whence the earth might pour forth hidden waters. It is from the bones buried in this place that this liquor comes. If you doubt, take from the sepulchre the relics which yield these drops, you will say then: Where now is this salutary wave?” — Baronius.

[2] The relics of Saint Donatus were brought by the Venetians into the church of Saint Mary of Murano.

[3] See on 1 May.

[4] A farm, near Bussy-la-Côte, canton of Revigny, arrondissement of Bar-le-Duc, alone recalls to-day the name of Saint Houe and marks the site of the ancient monastery, which was of the Order of Cîteaux.

[5] See 30 March and 3 May.

[6] See the history of the foundation in the Life of Saint Euphronius of Autun and in that of Saint Symphorian.

[7] Which? There were three cities of this name: one in Caria, the other in Lycia, and the third in Thrace.

[8] Saint Maxentia. — This illustrious widow is the mother of three Saints: Claudian, Majorian and Vigilius. The last became bishop of Trent and was one of the remarkable prelates of the 4th century. A widow early, Saint Maxentia left Rome to escape the importunities of those who solicited her hand. The church of Trent celebrates her feast under the double rite: at some distance from that city, there is a village named after her, Santa-Masenza. (See the life of Saint Vigilius.)

[9] We mention this bishop only for the record, for it is proved now that he has been confounded with Saint Switbert called the Elder, bishop of Werden, in Holland, whose Life we have given on 1 March. Saint Switbert of Werden, in Saxony, never existed.

[10] Gregory of Tours, whose testimony one is pleased to invoke in favour of the evangelisation of the Gauls in the n:e century, — although the text on which it is relied is far from being authentic, — Gregory of Tours attests that Saint Eutropius, founder of the Church of Saintes, was at least sent by Saint Clement. *De gloria martyrum*, book i, chap. 56.

[11] Lacretelle, *Introduction to History.*

[12] It is known that Cirtha received later the name of Constantine, in honour of Constantine, who drew it from its ruins after the death of Maxentius.

[13] These evils predicted by Saint Marian were the capture of Valerian by the Persians in 260, the tragic end of that prince, the war of the thirty tyrants, the plague, etc. — Lambèse, of which there is question in this narrative, was situated twelve leagues from the present city of Constantine.

[14] The Proper of Algiers had taught us that there had been found again, near the river Rummel, at Constantine, the ancient Cirtha, an inscription, engraved on the rock, which recalls the martyrdom of Saint James, of Saint Marian and of their companions. We have been fortunate enough to discover one of the readings of this inscription in the *Souvenirs of the Church of Africa,* by Father Cahier. Here is this reading which we accompany with the translation:

PRIDIE. KAL. MAI. PASSIO. XC(?) MARTVRORVM. NOSTRATIVM (?). MARIANI. ET. IACOBI. D(iaconi). AGAPII. E(piscopi). RVSTICI. CRISPINI (et). ALT(erius?). AEMILIANI. ZEONIS. SILBANI. E(t). C(om)PL(urium?). SANCTI. DEI. MEMORAMINI. IN. CONSPECTV. D(o)M(i)N(i). † (Jesu Christi?) QVORVM. NOMINA. SCITIS. SVFECIT (sufficit?). IND(ictione). XV.

"On the eve of the calends of May, passion of ninety Martyrs, our fellow-citizens: Marian and James, deacons; Agapius, bishop; Rusticus, Crispinus, and another; Aemilian, Zeno; Silvanus, bishop, and several others. — Saints of God, remember before Our Lord those whose names you know well. What more need we?"

There is a barbarism in the Latin text: it is *marturorum*. "Now," says Father Cahier, "one must not shrink from the finding of a barbarism in the popular African monuments. One would see many others in Italy, where the Latin sap could better maintain purism. But I know of no elegant or merely correct formula which could be worth more, in the matter of a Christian inscription, than this clause: Saints of God, remember …"

[15] Hypatia, daughter of Theon, mathematician of Alexandria, born at Alexandria, in the year 370 of Jesus Christ, became herself so skilful in mathematics and philosophy that the magistrates of that city invited her to give public courses. She obtained the most brilliant successes and acquired great credit with Orestes, governor of the city; but she was a pagan and little favourable to the Christians. Furious men, stirred up against this woman, seized her person, beat her to death, and dragged through the streets her limbs in shreds, in the year 416 of Jesus Christ. The writings of Hypatia perished in the burning of the library of Alexandria. She is surnamed the Philosopher.

[16] He had reserved only Rome and the Sabina and had erected all the rest into a kingdom of the Adriatic destined for the duke of Anjou, brother of Charles V.

[17] Ajoutre, Ustre, Adjuton, Adjudou, Aiatou, etc.

[18] *Haec non sunt tormenta, sed unctiones.* — That is: these are not torments, but anointings.

[19] *Omnium sanctorum orationibus, qui in hac colluctatione certantes vestras superaverunt insanias nobisque virtutum exempla reliquerunt.* — That is: by the prayers of all the saints who, striving in this contest, overcame your frenzies and left us examples of virtues. — Ruin., p. 145.

1 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The birth into heaven of the blessed Apostles Philip and James. Philip, after having converted to the faith of Jesus Christ almost the whole country of the Scythians, came to Hierapolis, a city of Asia, where he was crucified, then battered to death with stones, and thus reposed in a glorious end. As for Saint James, who is also named, in Scripture, brother of the Lord, and who was the first bishop of Jerusalem, having been hurled down from the top of the temple, he had his legs broken, and was then despatched by means of a fuller's club, with which his skull was broken; he was buried in the same place, not far from the temple. 61. — In Egypt, Saint Jeremias, prophet, who was stoned by the populace, and put to death at Taphnis, where his body was also laid in the earth. Saint Epiphanius says "that the faithful were accustomed to go and pray at his tomb, and that they brought back from it dust which served them as a remedy against the bite of asps." — In the Vivarais, Saint Andeolus, subdeacon, whom Saint Polycarp sent from the East into Gaul, with several others, to preach the word of God there. This Saint was beaten to pieces with cudgels bristling with thorns, and had his head split in four parts, in the form of a cross, with a wooden sword, which consummated his martyrdom under the empire of Severus. 208. — At Huesca, in Spain, the holy martyrs Orens and Patience.

— At Sion, in the Valais, Saint Sigismund, king of the Burgundians, who was cast and drowned in a well, and was afterwards famous for his miracles. 524. — At Auxerre, Saint Amator, bishop and confessor. 418. — At Auch, Saint Orience or Orens, bishop. 5th century. — In England, Saint Asaph,[1] bishop, and Saint Walburga, virgin. 778. — At Bergamo, Saint Grata, widow. — At Forlì, the blessed Peregrine, of the Order of the Servites of the blessed Virgin Mary.[2]

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Amiens, Saint Ache and Saint Acheul, martyrs, whose relics repose in a magnificent church built in their honour at the gates of the town. — At Russon, in the country of Tongres, Saint Evermar, martyr, whom a tyrant named Haccon massacred in hatred of his piety, in a wood, as he was going on pilgrimage to Saint-Gervais of Maastricht. 700. — At Avenay, in the diocese of Châlons-sur-Marne, Saint Bertha, wife of Saint Gombert, who, after having lived some time with him in the shadow of marriage, in an angelic purity, separated from him with his consent, and embraced the religious life, which did not exempt her from the persecution of the impious, who cruelly put her to death and made her an illustrious martyr, 8th century. Their feast is celebrated at Reims on 28 April. — In Auvergne, Saint Florina, virgin and martyr. — At Auch, memory of Saint Ursinianus, whose cult has perished in crossing the ages: he preceded Saint Orens in the see of Auch. — At Coutances, Saint Cariulph or Criou, a native of Bayeux, and Saint Domard, both disciples of Saint Marculf. The cathedral of Coutances possesses relics of them. — On the Friday after the

Ascension, feast of Saint Gertrude, patroness of Vaux-en-Dieu, in the diocese of Reims. — At Vabres, in Rouergue, Saint Africanus, bishop of Comminges, who purged the greater part of that province of the infection of Arianism. His feast is celebrated at Rodez on 28 April.[3] 6th century. — At Montauban, Saint Theodard, archbishop of Narbonne, who was, during his life, a treasure of doctrine, a prodigy of eloquence and a perfect model of holiness. About 893. — In Lower Brittany, Saint Brieuc, bishop and confessor. His feast is kept at Quimper on 13 May. About 614. — Near Cadillac, on the Garonne, opposite Alençon, Saint Macarius, bishop of Comminges, disciple of Saint Martin, who converted to the faith the town which bears his name, having Saint Cassian and Saint Victor for colleagues in the ministry of preaching. His body now reposes at Bordeaux, whither it was transported with extraordinary pomp by one of the dukes of Aquitaine. 6th century. — At Gap, Saint Arigius or Arey, bishop, praised by Saint Gregory the Great for his zeal against the Simoniacs.[4] 604. — In the diocese of Coutances, Saint Marculf, abbot, who has merited for our most Christian kings the hereditary grace of healing the scrofula. There are some particles of his relics in the cathedral church of Coutances, as well as in the parish church of Saint-Marcoul, in the same diocese. 558. — At Nanteuil, Saint Domard and Saint Criou, the faithful companions of Saint Marculf who died the same day as he. 53S. — At Tarbes, Saint Justus or Justin, Saint Magnus, Saint Isicius and Saint Photius, apostolic preachers. Their feast is at Tarbes on 28 March. — At Meaux, Saint Blandinus, confessor, whose body is at the priory of La Celle, near Faremontier. After the middle of the 7th century. — At Reims, Saint Theodulf, commonly called Saint Thiou, abbot of Saint-Thierry. About 590. — At Savigny, diocese of Avranches, the blessed Geoffrey, William, Peter and Haymo, religious of that monastery, whose bodies were raised from the earth on this day, to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The first two were also abbots. — At Auxerre, Saint Martha, virgin, who preserved in her marriage with Saint Amator or Amatre, afterwards bishop of Auxerre, the same purity which nature had given her at her birth. — At Troyes, another Saint Amator, bishop of that town. 340. — At Villefranche, in the Bourbonnais (diocese of Moulins), pilgrimage of Saint Thorette, shepherdess. 12th century. — At Fosse, in Hainaut, Saint Outain or Ultan, Irish missionary, brother of Saint Fursey and of Saint Foillan, first abbot of Mont-Saint-Quentin, massacred by idolatrous brigands at the moment when he was crossing a forest with three companions singing the praises of God. He was buried in the church of Saint Agatha of Fosse, which he had had built on land given him by Saint Gertrude of Nivelle.[5] About 68C. — At Moncel, in the diocese of Beauvais, Saint Petronilla, of the illustrious family of the counts of Troyes, first abbess of the abbey of that name founded by Philip the Fair.

Until the moment of their dispersion at the end of the 18th century, the religious of Moncel always venerated Saint Petronilla as their model and invoked her as their protectress with God.[6] 1355. — At Amiens, Saint Milfort, Saint Varloix, Saint Luxor, Saint Agrippina, Saint Laurienna, Saint Gratian and several others who are no longer known except by vague traditions. May the remembrance which we grant them render them propitious to us. — In Lower Brittany, the translation of Saint Corentin, bishop of Quimper, who left to that town, with his name, an eternal memory of his virtues. His decease is celebrated on 12 December, and his translation on the first Sunday of May. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, feast of Our Lady of Grace, who is invoked against contagious diseases. — At Solesmes, the holy martyrs Boniface, Maximus, Vitalis and Juliana, whose bodies, drawn from the catacombs, were given to that abbey in 1661: they are still venerated there to-day. — At Étretat, in Normandy, ceremony of the blessing of the sea. — In the diocese of Troyes, Saint Germaine, virgin and martyr, and Saint Honorata. 451.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Among the Premonstratensians: On the Sunday in the octave of the Ascension, in the diocese of Roermond, in the province of Falcobourg, Saint Gerlac, confessor, who, under the habit of a Premonstratensian, led for fourteen years a very austere life, shut up in the interior of an oak which he had himself hollowed out, and, at last, filled with virtues and miracles, died in the Lord on 5 January.[7]

Martyrology of the Discalced Trinitarians. — At Madrid, the solemn translation of the body of our Father Saint John of Matha, who, having been enclosed in a silver shrine, adorned with precious stones, was carried on the shoulders of the most notable citizens, in a most solemn procession, through the streets and squares of the town, then borne to the church of the Order of the Trinitarians, where he was deposited by the authority of Innocent XIII, and where he is visited and honoured with great devotion. (The feast of this translation takes place on the Saturday before the fifth Sunday after Easter.) *Martyrology of the Capuchins.* — At Assisi, in Umbria, the dedication of the patriarchal basilica of Saint Francis, which Innocent IV solemnly consecrated, and which Gregory IX subjected directly to the Holy See, and established in the dignity of chief place and metropolis.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Hierapolis, Saint Marianne and Saint Philippe, daughters of the Apostle Saint Philip. 1st century. — At Catania, in Sicily, Saint Comin or Comice, martyr. 270. — At Gallipoli, in Italy, a town where the Greek language long predominated and where a Hellenic bishop and a Latin bishop were elected in turn, the deposition of Saint Maurus of Libya, martyred at Rome. There was formerly, at Gallipoli, a church and an abbey of the name of Saint-Maur. Reign of Numerian. 283. — At Avellino and at Atripalda, in the kingdom of Naples, feast of Saint Hypolixte or Hypolistre, priest and martyr, a native of Antioch, who came to preach the Gospel in Italy, and converted eight thousand men in the single town of Avellino: he is the principal patron of this latter town and of Atripalda. 303. — Near Évora, in Portugal, in a place called the Pit of the Martyrs, Saint Columba and her sister put to death for Jesus Christ. A fountain gushed forth at the spot where their heads rolled, the waters of which were long salutary to the sick whom a true faith brought there. 303. — Again in Portugal, the venerable Gerald, of the Order of Canons Regular at Canseda: he is invoked against pains of the side. 12th century. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Quintian, Eleutherius, Gage, Alexander and Saturninus. — And elsewhere, the holy martyrs Apollonius and Euphemius. — Among the Greeks, Saint Sabas, martyr, who was hung by the fingers from a fig tree. — At Nisibis, in Mesopotamia, Saint Batas, martyr, who had left, at the age of thirty, his family, his riches and Persia, his country, to come and become a religious on the lands of the Roman empire. The king of Persia having declared war on his new Christian subjects, when the emperor Jovian had ceded Nisibis to him, Batas was taken. Ten soldiers pulled his arms and dislocated all his limbs; after which he was bound, stretched on the ground and his head was cut off.

About 365. — Among the Greeks, Saint Isidora, virgin, who, like a bee wearied by the weight of the day, flew away, laden with the honey of good works, toward the heavenly hive. — At Trier, on the Moselle, Saint Theodulf, priest, who must not be confused with Saint Theodulf of Reims. His relics were discovered, in 1240, in the oratory of the palace of Saint Helena and deposited in the convent of the Dominicans. Tradition, which had not forgotten this Saint, although the place where his body lay was unknown, made him a grand-nephew of the Roman emperors. 7th century. — At Castel-san-Peregrino (formerly village of Contro), in the diocese of Nocera, in Umbria, Saint Peregrine who, repulsed by the inhabitants of that place, died of cold and misery, during a winter night. The villagers, having found his staff, which had flowered near his corpse, recognised their fault and his holiness. Middle of the 11th century. — At Terni, in Umbria, the saints Proculus, Pelestus, Agapitus and thirty-three soldiers, martyrs. — In the East, Saint Quentin or Quintian, martyr. — At Mérida, in Spain, Saint Saturninus, martyr. — In Ireland, Saint Kellac, bishop. About the year 600. — At Panzano, in Tuscany, Saint Euphrosinus, who appears to have been a missionary bishop. His acts have perished. Local tradition shows a stone on which he left the imprint of his foot and another on which, having sat down, he left that of his loins. There exists at Panzano a church of his name. — At Fossombrone, in Umbria, Saint Aldebrand, bishop and titular patron of the cathedral. He died a centenarian. 12th century. — At Montaione, in Tuscany, the blessed Vivaldus or Ubaldus, hermit, of the Third Order of Saint Francis and patron of the parish church. He first put himself in the service of another hermit who was a leper, and passed the rest of his life in a hollow chestnut tree. Later, there arose on his hermitage a church and a convent of the strict Observance which took his name. 14th century. — At Agamio, in the diocese of Novara, in Italy, Saint Panacea, virgin and shepherdess, killed by an unworthy step-mother who, having found her occupied in prayer, drove spindles into her head. Her tomb, on which a church has risen, has become a goal of pilgrimages. There is, in the diocese of Novara, a great devotion to Saint Panacea, who is invoked especially against epilepsy. 1383. — At Bergamo, Saint Grata or Gracia. Daughter of Lupus, governor of the town, she was married to a Germanic lord, although in her heart she had desired to have no other spouse than Jesus Christ. But the Lord, who knew the secret desires of His servant, permitted her husband to die before the consummation of the marriage. Heiress of a rich patrimony, she employed it entirely in good works: she founded three oratories and a hospital where she went herself to tend the sick. These liberalities doubtless made the local authorities close their eyes to the want of regard which Grata showed for the imperial edicts then so severe against the Christians. She was able to give hospitality to Alexander, one of the officers of the Theban legion who had escaped by flight from the massacre of his companions in arms, as well as some soldiers of his suite. When Alexander, become from a soldier an apostle of Christ, had been put to death for the cause of religion, Grata buried him with her own hands. 307.

Movable Feasts of May

On the third Sunday after Pentecost, feast of the Most Holy Heart of Jesus. — In a great number of dioceses of France, the Sunday in the octave of the Ascension, feast of the holy relics with which the diocese is enriched. — At Billom, in the church of Saint-Cerneuf (and as a memorial), feast of a relic of the precious blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which was brought from Syria toward the end of the 11th century at the time of the first crusade, by two canons of that church, Durand Albanelli, a relative of Godfrey of Bouillon, and Peter Barbasta. This inestimable relic, which disappeared at the Revolution, consisted of about a spoonful of a blood which preserved its natural colour and its fluidity. Several authentic documents accompanied the vase in which the precious blood was contained: one dated from the time of one of the successors of Tiberius, the other from the empire of Valens. Bulls of Eugenius IV (1444) establishing a confraternity in honour of the precious blood of Billom; of Paul VI, of Callistus III, of Leo X, of Clement VII, attest a great number of miracles wrought by the virtue of this divine blood. We read in a brochure entitled: *Historical Discourse on the precious blood which is revered in the collegiate and royal church of Saint-Cerneuf of the town of Bellom in Auvergne*, a brochure which dates from 1757: “Recourse is had above all to the relic of the precious blood in losses of blood, such as dysenteries, haemorrhages, etc., and for diseases of the eyes.”[8] — Procession to

the chapel of Our Lady of the Cross at Marciac, diocese of Auch. In 1653, when the plague was ravaging Marciac and the neighbouring countries, the Blessed Virgin appeared in the country, surrounded by a dazzling light, to a woman of the people, and told her that the scourge would cease if a chapel were raised to her, in that very place, under the title of Our Lady of the Cross. When the poor woman, on her return to town, told what had happened to her, she was treated as a visionary. However, the evil increasing always, it was decided to try the means she proposed. They go in procession to the place designated by her; they bless it, and hardly has the first stone been laid than the scourge diminishes in intensity; as the walls rise, it diminishes still more, until at last the sanitary state resumed its normal course. In '93, the chapel was devastated, the ex-votos removed, the vault pulled down, the altars broken, the statue thrown into a well. This holy mutilated image was taken out later; and when better days shone, it was solemnly placed there where it still is to-day. — On the Sunday in the octave of the Trinity, feast of Our Lady of the Waves, at Sainte-Adresse, near Le Havre, a chapel dear to sailors. The origin of this sanctuary goes back to the 14th century: the invasion of the waves had made it disappear three hundred years before, when the zeal of the curé of Sainte-Adresse rebuilt it in 1859. — On 1 May 1841, inauguration of the new chapel of Montciel, in the diocese of Saint-Claude, and translation of the statue which was venerated in the old sanctuary alienated by the Revolution. Our Lady of Montciel owes her foundation to a Benedictine of the priory of Saint-Désiré, who, urged by the desire of a more perfect life, came to settle on the mountain where the chapel rises to-day, near Lons-le-Saulnier. — Anniversary of the discovery of a miraculous statue, venerated under the name of Our Lady of the Walnut-tree, at Cuiseaux, in the diocese of Autun. This name comes to it from the trunk of a walnut-tree, where it was hidden at the beginning. A shepherd alone knew it; and every day he was seen praying on both knees, with great fervour, before this walnut-tree. Asked why he knelt at the foot of this tree, he told the reason; and at once all the neighbours came to pray with him, then raised a chapel, in which they enclosed the walnut-tree and built around the tree a pillar, destined to bear the statue, so that it might be in evidence to all. From then on, this chapel became a place of pilgrimage and lasted five centuries. The Revolution came and sold the chapel to make of it a profane dwelling. The statue then returned to the parish church, where it is still venerated to-day. 1 May 1249. — On the days of the Rogations, and during the month of May, processions to Our Lady of Romay, in the diocese of Autun. It is a chapel where the whole country delights so much to go and honour Mary. In this chapel, anterior to the 12th century, is venerated a statue of the Virgin in stone rather roughly worked, and which tradition makes go back to the 10th century. Buried in a neighbouring meadow, at the time of the wars of religion, to withdraw it from the fury of the Calvinists, it was found again, says the local tradition, by digging the soil, there where oxen were seen to come each day to scratch the earth and as if to kneel before the holy image. Our Lady of Romay is to the Charolais what Fourvière is to Lyon, Notre-Dame de la Garde to Marseille. The concourse of foreign pilgrims rivals there the piety of the inhabitants; and one who no longer prays to God cannot defend himself from loving Our Lady of Romay, from kneeling and sometimes shedding a tear before her altar. In '93, the miraculous statue was withdrawn from profanation by the devotion of a young girl, who, helped by her brother, hid it first in the bed of the neighbouring river, then in the pit of a tannery, and at last in her own dwelling, behind the curtain of her bed; and the men of the Revolution, who came to seek it there, searched everywhere, except where it was. Peace being restored to the Church, the Virgin came to resume her place in her sanctuary; and since then she does not cease to receive there the eager homages of the populations. Pius IX has granted to so renowned a sanctuary numerous indulgences, the table of which is posted in the church. — On the Sunday of Pentecost, beginning of the pilgrimages to Our Lady of La Certenne, in the parish of Mesvres, in the diocese of Autun. It was, before the Christian era, on the highest summit of the mountain, a camp, of which the surrounding wall is still visible; and at the foot was a residence of druids. The stones and fountains were reputed sacred there; three goddesses were honoured there who, corresponding to the three Fates of the Romans, presided over generation and birth, dispensed abundance and riches; and the women offered them apples with cornucopias, at the feast of the Matronalia. As the vulgar believed that these goddesses made themselves visible to men and entered into contact with them, their cult, more popular than that of the great

divinities, was preserved under the name of ladies and fairies. Hence was given to the rocks of Dettey, which form a kind of enclosure, the name of Rocks of the Lady; hence at Sans, a hamlet of Sennecey-le-Grand, a quarter where the vestiges of ancient constructions abound bears the name of Quart-des-Dames. One of the three ladies of La Certenne had her temple on the mountain; and she was supposed to cure fever; the second at La Maison-Dru, and she passed for giving milk to nurses; the third at La Commelle, and recourse was had to her for the cure of diseases of the eyes. Finally the young girls went to ask these three goddesses for husbands, and the nurses, for milk. Such was the state in which Christianity found the mountain of La Certenne. To root out these gross superstitions, it substituted for the pagan oratory placed at the edge of the camp, on a mound formerly surrounded by a ditch, a chapel of the Virgin, whose title of Our Lady replaced that of the Lady which the goddess bore; it recommended to the peoples to deposit at the feet of the Virgin the water drawn from the fountain to have it blessed by her; finally it attempted every means of raising minds from a gross cult to Christian spiritualism; and although there have always remained some remnants of the old superstitions, which have several times obliged the bishops of Autun to interdict the chapel, the sincere piety of many pilgrims offers there a consoling spectacle for the faith. The pilgrimage begins on the day of Pentecost: at sunset they climb the mountain; the groups of pilgrims disperse, some go to drink at the fountain of the Lady, others go into the neighbouring wood to seek a shelter under the leaves to rest and sleep. The most devout betake themselves to the chapel, recite prayers there or sing canticles all night; the rosary, the litanies, the readings succeed one another without interruption. All these people crowded in that narrow sanctuary hardly breathe, its walls sweat under the breath of all those breaths, the statue itself sweats, and then they cry miracle; the Virgin weeps, everyone approaches; they make her touch the books, the medals, the rosaries, the garments of the sick or some linens to apply them afterwards to the diseased limbs. Nothing is more popular than this pilgrimage: each year it is made a feast to go, as they say, to the good Our Lady of La Certenne.[9] — On the first Sunday of May, feast of Our Lady of the Sick, at Ornans, diocese of Besançon. The once famous sanctuary of Our Lady of the Sick having been overthrown at the Revolution and not having been re-established, the church of Saint Laurence inherited the statue which was venerated there. On the first Sunday of May, it is carried in procession to where its chapel once stood, so as not to let perish the memory of a glorious past. — On the Monday of Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Buglose, in the diocese of Aire, one of the most frequented pilgrimages of Gascony. Placed in the parish of Pouy, which the birth of Saint Vincent de Paul has so illustrated, five kilometres from the oak which sheltered the first childhood of that man of God, in the midst of the sands of the desert, this ancient chapel was, from time immemorial, the object of the veneration of the whole country, as was the statue of Mary which was kept there, when, on 28 November 1569, Joan d'Albret issued an ordinance providing that the "rural oratories which served, she said, for foolish superstitions, together with the altars and retables of churches in the towns and villages, should be razed, demolished and the stones converted to useful needs." The following year, 1570, by virtue of this decree, the sanctuary of Buglose was given to the flames; and the statue, saved from destruction by some Catholics, was secretly thrown by them into a marsh, now dried up, thirty or forty paces from the miraculous fountain which still exists. They proposed to take it out when better days should shine; but, these days not having come in their lifetime, they carried their secret to the tomb. In 1620, Louis XIII had just re-established the Catholic cult in Béarn, when a herdsman, who was accustomed to lead his flock to graze near the marsh, saw, from an oak on which he had climbed, one of his oxen enter the marsh and lick a statue there, uttering groans. He descends at once, runs to warn the curé of Pouy; the latter arrives, the statue is drawn out, and the image of the Blessed Virgin is recognised. Then the traditions half effaced in memory awake: scattered stones are gathered, a pedestal is set up for the statue of Mary in the very place where the chapel of the Fountain is to-day; and from then on the Blessed Virgin is called no more than Our Lady of Buglose, a name formed of the French word *beugler* [to bellow]. A new sanctuary was soon raised. Toward the end of the 18th century, Buglose escaped the ruin which enveloped so many churches. Some devastators tried, says the local tradition, to lay a sacrilegious hand on the altar; but they stopped, frightened, at the very beginning of their work. However, fear was felt for the holy image if it remained in its sanctuary; and pious

hands transported it for a time to the oratory of the Fountain. There, many of the faithful came to pray to it during those evil days; and the revolutionaries, making the fiscal interest prevail over their hatred, did not hinder them; they confined themselves to putting under administration the alms which piety brought, and to burning the archives. When worship was re-established in France, the pilgrims resumed the road to the holy chapel; the neighbouring parishes began again to go there in procession. Unfortunately the church was not in proportion to the celebrity of its pilgrimage. In 1854, a new one was begun on the renewed and enlarged foundations of the old. — On the Monday of Pentecost, procession of various parishes to Our Lady of Biran, in the diocese of Auch. The chapel of Biran owed its first origin to the discovery of a little statue of the Virgin, bearing on its neck a cross of white stones, found on the trunk of a great tree, in which it had been indicated by a bright light radiating from above through the branches. All the inhabitants, amazed at the prodigy, felled the tree, and raised, on the very spot, a little chapel where the statue was placed in a niche constructed with the wood of that tree. — The same day, procession to Our Lady of Cahuzac, in the same diocese. It is told that the Calvinists, not being able to bear the good which was done in this chapel, resolved to set fire to it. Three times, in fact, at nightfall, they set out from Mauvesin with this design, marched all the time, and three times they found themselves, at daybreak, having made only a league of road, so tired that they could only retrace their steps. The governor of L'Isle-en-Jourdain, displeased with these useless attempts, came in person, in full daylight, at the head of the Huguenots, as far as Cahuzac; but at the entrance of the chapel, he felt himself suddenly struck down under the hand of God, and burned by an interior fire, which obliged him to withdraw in all haste. — On the Monday of Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Marsan, situated near Saint-Lizier, in the former diocese of Conserans. On the hill, where the graceful chapel of Our Lady is admired, there stood, during the reign of paganism, an altar dedicated to Mars, which the bishop of the place replaced, in 670, by an altar consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. In the 10th century, the black plague having invaded the south of France and the north of Spain, the populations, frightened at seeing themselves decimated by the scourge, vowed themselves to Our Lady of Marsan. At this general and solemn vow, the scourge stopped; and, in the impulse of their gratitude, the towns of Tarbes, Auch, Saragossa, the Val d'Aran, and still more all the neighbouring populations, betook themselves, on the Monday of Pentecost, to Our Lady of Marsan, to offer her their homages. They did not stop there: since that epoch, their deputies came each year to renew their thanksgivings with their offerings; and there was built, to receive them, a magnificent hostelry, called the hostelry of the Ambassadors, the rooms of which, as well as the canopies of the beds, were adorned with pictures which each of the towns delivered from the epidemic had had painted in memory of that memorable event. Since '93, the town of Saint-Lizier alone comes, on the Monday of Pentecost, to continue the traditions of the past; and the pictures of the hostelry of the Ambassadors have disappeared. — On 1 May and 8 September, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Caria, situated in the diocese of Carcassonne, on the plateau of a high mountain surrounded by still higher mountains. It is told that formerly a great lord, quitting this world and its enjoyments, to consecrate the rest of his days to preparing for death, withdrew to that plateau which forms a veritable desert; that others, edified by the holy life he led there, came to join him, and formed a community which built itself vast habitations, of which the foundations are still visible; and, in the centre of these habitations, is the present sanctuary of Our Lady of Caria. The reputation of Our Lady of Caria in the neighbourhood is such that those very persons who make no scruple of missing Mass on Sunday do not miss the pilgrimage of 1 May and of 8 September. — On the Monday of Pentecost, 15 August, 8 September and 25 March, procession to Our Lady of Brouls, in the diocese of Toulouse. The statue which is venerated there was laid bare by a cow digging the earth and uttering long bellowings. — In the same diocese, on the Monday of Pentecost and 8 September, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Bout-du-Puy. — On Ascension day, anniversary of the discovery of the statue of Our Lady of Bourisp, in the diocese of Tarbes. The sanctuary of Bourisp, lost in the depths of the French Pyrenees, owes its origin, like many others, to the discovery of a statue of the Virgin by a shepherd, to whom one of his oxen pointed it out by going often, apart from the flock, to caress it with its tongue. The statue, transported elsewhere several times, always returning to where it had been found, there was raised to it, in that very place, first a chapel, then a

church, of which an unknown architect traced the plan, directed the works and disappeared immediately afterwards, and of which, so fertile is the legend here in marvels, invisible hands cut, each night, the wood and the stone, so that in the morning everything was ready to be placed. Popular piety at once surrounded this sanctuary with its homages and has not ceased since. — On Ascension day, principal pilgrimage to Our Lady of Sewen: it is one of the oldest of Alsace, since a tradition from time immemorial makes it go back to the 5th century, to the time of the invasion of the barbarians. Then, it is said, the persecuted Christians took refuge in the valley of Sewen, and built there a little chapel in honour of the Virgin. The piety of the populations soon enlarged and adorned it; dwellings grouped themselves all around, and the parish of Sewen took birth, under the title of Great Hermitage of the Virgin, in opposition to the village of Hoba or Hubach which was called Little Hermitage of the Mother of God, in German Klein-Einsiedlen. Later, an establishment of lady canonesses having been founded in this almost inaccessible valley, the new community, endowed with the property of the whole valley, had a portion of the forests cleared, the stagnant waters drained off, bridges and roads established, and thus converted a wild and unwholesome desert into a fertile and agreeable country, which soon peopled itself to the point of forming fifteen communes. The cult of Our Lady was maintained at Sewen at the time of the Reformation, during the horrors of the thirty years' war; strangers came little there, but the women and girls of the neighbourhood withdrew to the most solitary part of the valley, and entrenched themselves there to escape, under the protection of Mary, from the brutality of the soldiers. To-day still, despite the spoliations and ravages which the Revolution of '93 wrought there, the pilgrimage does not cease to be frequented. — Solemn inauguration of the repaired chapel of Mary in the church of Saint Martin, at Colmar. There reposes, between two windows, on a column of hewn stone, a statue of the Mother of God bearing the Child Jesus, a masterpiece of the German school of the 16th century. Artists of all countries still come to admire in this place, above the retable of the altar, the picture of the Virgin of the Birds, given by the painter himself, Martin Schœr, who wished thus to honour the church where he had been baptised. This holy chapel was the refuge and the hope of the Catholics of Colmar, unworthily persecuted, during the whole of the 16th and 17th centuries, by Protestantism, which, having seized power, abused it, in contempt of all the laws of justice and equity. The more vexations were suffered, the more people pressed to the altar of the Virgin, to claim her assistance. The heretical authorities went so far as to confiscate all the ornaments with which the altar was decorated, and to forbid the bells, which were reserved solely for civil uses. It would be impossible, say the annalists of Colmar, to tell the thousand prodigies obtained in this sanctuary, and to which the riches that decorated it bore witness. One of the most remarkable is the maintenance of the faith in the town, despite all the violences and persecutions of Protestantism invested with power for two centuries. Also this chapel was the seat of several congregations which loved to assemble there under the eye of Mary. There was, among others, the congregation of young persons, which counts still to-day at least six hundred associates, and the congregation of men, which, from its origin to our days, has not ceased to be regarded as the bulwark of Catholicism in Colmar. — On the Saturday before Trinity, feast of the confraternity of Our Lady of the Assumption attached to the ancient and ever venerated sanctuary of Our Lady of Monswiller, half a league from Saverne. The pilgrimage of Monswiller is to-day the most frequented of Alsace after that of Marienthal. The celebrity of Our Lady of Monswiller goes back to the siege of Saverne by Mansfeld. When this Attila of Christendom came to besiege that town, the inhabitants implored the Virgin of Monswiller; and, full of confidence in her help, they threw themselves on the assailing troops crying: "Long live Our Lady of Monswiller! Long live our protectress!" and they repulsed them. They returned a few days later to the assault, but they were reduced to abandoning the siege. To avenge themselves on the heavenly protection to which they attributed their defeat, they rushed on Monswiller; they broke its altars, tore its pictures; then, setting fire to the building, they made of it a heap of ashes; but, a marvellous thing, later, in the midst of the debris, the image of Mary was found perfectly intact, without the slightest deterioration; this miracle, recorded in history, had for witness the whole population of Saverne. — At Ligny-en-Barrois, the fifth Sunday after Easter, or the sixth, when the fifth is not in May, feast of Our Lady of Virtues. This Virgin, a perfect likeness of that which is seen at Bologna and at Santa

Maria Maggiore in Rome, is said to be the copy of one of the Virgins of Saint Luke. She passed successively from the hands of Clement IV (1265) into those of René of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, of Joanna I, queen of Naples, and of the Carthusians of the town of Capri. These gave her to Antoine de la Salle, squire of René, duke of Anjou, of Lorraine and of Bar, pretender to the throne of the Two Sicilies, to secure the protection of him whom they thought was soon to be their master. In 1459, Antoine de la Salle, having become governor of the children of Louis of Luxembourg, constable of France, who dwelt at Ligny, placed the precious image in the chapel of the château, whence it passed into the collegiate church of that town. In 1544, this picture, carried off by an officer of Charles V, passed from Ligny to Le Bouchon, and its marvellous virtue was manifested in that exile, as in the sanctuary where it had previously been honoured. Thirty-six years later, that is to say in 1580, at the request of the countess of Ligny, Margaret of Savoy, the holy image was restored to Ligny; and the countess, after having had its authenticity well established, placed it provisionally in the church of the château. The news of this happy return spread promptly; and from all sides pilgrims ran, desirous of seeing again the image of their protectress and Mother. At the French Revolution, by a religious sentiment very rare at that epoch, the administration of the department transported it from the collegiate church to the parish church: and its enthronement in this new sanctuary was made with a solemnity which could not have been hoped for in such unhappy days. After the law of 30 May 95, which authorised the reopening of the churches, they entrusted it to Hubert Mulot, to keep until a suitable place should be prepared for it. Three days were employed in this preparation; and during that time, the dwelling of Mulot was surrounded by thousands of men, women and children, eager to pray before this precious relic. On 22 June, everything being ready, the translation to the church took place; and it was for Our Lady of Virtues a veritable triumph: the whole town was there and accompanied, through the streets, the precious image, as in the finest days of old. This feast was equalled only by that of the following year, 1796, 1 May and the fifth Sunday after Easter; the day on which, from time immemorial, the feast of Our Lady of Virtues was celebrated. There, not only all the inhabitants of Ligny, but all the neighbouring parishes, despite the difficulty of the times and the dangers to which one exposed oneself, seemed to have made an appointment; the miraculous image was borne in triumphal procession; and each came to present his head under her foot to testify his confidence to her. This semblance of religious liberty lasted little; fifteen months later, the church having been closed again, the holy image was concealed in the houses of pious inhabitants; whence, at the restoration of worship, it came to resume its ancient place in its chapel, alas! horribly degraded by the revolutionary hammer. It remained there in the midst of the ruins until 1814, when the first restoration of the sanctuary began, which was finished only in 1823. There the faithful still come to venerate it. It is borne, as formerly, in procession through the streets, on the fifth Sunday after Easter; and before it goes out of the church, two priests hold it up in the air, while several thousand pilgrims satisfy the devotion they have of passing beneath. Under the second empire, the magistrates of Ligny showed less courage than their predecessors of the great Revolution: they no longer attended the processions of the good Mother. — At Ploulech, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc, celebration during the whole month of May of the parish offices at Our Lady of Kozgéodeck. Kozgéodeck is a Celtic word which meant: old maritime town or old fortified town, because there stood formerly the ancient Lexobie, an important place at the Gallo-Roman epoch. It was, in the beginning, an episcopal see founded by Drennulus, disciple of the noble decurion Joseph of Arimathea, who buried Our Lord, as the author of the *Historical and Chronological Catalogues of the ancient bishoprics of Brittany* sets forth;[10] it is even, according to several, the first church that was raised to the Blessed Virgin in Armorica. In 836, Lexobie having been attacked and destroyed by the Danes or Normans,[11] the inhabitants, having returned to their homes after the departure of those cruel enemies, rebuilt another church of the Blessed Virgin, which, despite the translation of the episcopal see to Tréguier in 849, preserved its ancient renown and continued to attract the crowd of pilgrims.[12] — On the Monday of Pentecost, procession to Our Lady of the Bramble, at Josselin, in the diocese of Vannes. About the year 808, says tradition, long before the foundation of the town of Josselin, a ploughman cultivating the earth in the very place where the church of Our Lady was built, and cutting brambles with his sickle, which is still seen

hanging from the vault, found this statue there, and obtained leave to place it in a little chapel, which was then under the invocation of Saint Leger. Soon the peoples ran to the modest sanctuary, which they called no more than Our Lady of the Bramble; and, having obtained miracles there, they testified their gratitude by their offerings. The lords of Clisson and of Rohan, as well as the burghers and inhabitants of Josselin, made magnificent gifts there; Clisson wished even to be buried there. During the Revolution, the treasure was pillaged, the great bell broken in pieces and the church profaned. To-day a certain number of pilgrims still visit Our Lady of Josselin, and offer ex-votos there; the procession is made on the Monday of Pentecost, no longer with the pomp of former times, but always with a numerous attendance, even from the surrounding parishes. There are remarked especially several persons afflicted with hereditary convulsions which make them bark like dogs, and whose fits cease only after they have kissed the statue. The popular legend tells that this malediction attached to a small number of families comes from the hardness of their ancestors, who loosed their dogs against a poor sick beggar-woman, who asked them only a little water to quench her thirst. — On Trinity Sunday, principal pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lotivi, in the peninsula of Quiberon, in the diocese of Vannes. This pilgrimage is very much frequented, not only by sailors, but also by sick persons afflicted with dropsy. This sanctuary formerly belonged to the Templars, who had the Trinity for the principal feast of their Order. — On the first Sunday of May, great pardon or patronal feast of Our Lady of Guyaudet, in the parish of Bolhoa, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc. The origin of it is told thus: in 1692 there lived, in the village of Guyaudet, Claude Alain, a poor man, burdened with a numerous family which he sustained by his labour and by the help which the charity of the faithful added to it, but animated by a great piety toward the Mother of God. One morning when provisions were lacking at home, he goes out to fetch a little flour at the mill, having, according to his custom, prayed well to the Blessed Virgin for himself and his family. Passing near the fountain of Guyaudet, it seems to him that he hears a voice; he looks and sees on the edge of the fountain a little statue of Mary. He concludes from it that the Mother of God wishes a chapel to be built to her in that place; and the Blessed Virgin, to prove to him that such is in fact her will, orders him to tell his wife to take only a spoonful of flour to make pancakes for all her family. The wife obeys, and this small quantity of flour furnished food abundantly to all for several days. Claude Alain, unable to resist the evidence of these marvellous facts, goes to the curé of Bnthoa; the latter sends him away, recommending him to distrust his imagination. The Mother of God repeats her warning, and Alain his entreaties to the curé: the latter persists in his incredulity. At last the voice makes itself heard anew, and assures him that this time he will be listened to. He goes then to the curé, and finds him struck with blindness, praying Mary to restore his sight, with a promise to do what she wished. The curé, not content with praying and promising, has himself conducted in procession to the fountain; and hardly has he arrived near the holy image than he recovers his sight. They cry miracle; the curé places the little statue on a stone which is still seen not far from the chapel, and on which the pilgrims go and kneel. Around this stone, he has built first an oratory of planks; then, by the aid of the offerings brought there, the present chapel. — On the Monday of Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lambader, in the diocese of Quimper. Our Lady of Lambader, formerly property of the Templars, is of Arab architecture. The Bretons invoke Our Lady of Lambader for all the miseries of life; but mothers invoke her specially for their children slow to speak: they have the holy sacrifice offered for them, present bread there to be blessed which they make them eat, promise the Blessed Virgin that, if she gives them the use of the tongue, the first word they will teach them to pronounce shall be her blessed name, and then withdraw full of confidence. — On Trinity Sunday, great pardon[13] or patronal feast of Our Lady of Rumengol, in the diocese of Quimper. Our Lady of Rumengol or of All-Remedy, according to the etymology which some draw from two Celtic words, *Remed oll*, *Remedium omne*, is, for fifteen hundred years, one of the most frequented sanctuaries of Mary. In the beginning, it was only a chapel of wood, built by Grallon the Great, first Christian king of Brittany, to oppose a sanctuary of the Mother of God to the druidic monument which was called in Breton *Ru men goulou*, words which signify red stone of light, and which some give as the etymology of Rumengol. In 1536, the present church was raised, as the inscription engraved on a stone of the façade bears. — On Ascension day, at Nantes, beginning of the station at Our Lady of Mercy *or novena*

preparatory to the feast of Pentecost. The famous sanctuary of Our Lady of Mercy, which, moreover, no longer exists to-day, goes back to the year 1024. The hill of Martroy, then covered with a forest, harboured a dragon which ravaged all the surroundings and was the terror of the town. After vain efforts to kill it, recourse was had to the Mother of God, and a vow was made to build her a chapel in that very place, if the monster were got rid of. Full of confidence in her help, three young gentlemen devoted themselves for the safety of their fellow citizens, and went, with intrepidity, to attack the redoubtable dragon. The struggle was horrible: one of the young men succumbed; but while the beast was bent on its victim, the other two killed it. The clergy and a great crowd of people betake themselves to the hill under the leadership of Bishop Valtérius II. They lay at once the foundations of the new sanctuary under the title of Our Lady of Mercy; and, as soon as it is built, it becomes a place of pilgrimage among the most frequented, and gives its name to the whole quarter, which is still called to-day by the name of Miséricorde. When in '93 the edifice which attracted the sympathies of all religious souls was overthrown, a pious girl hid the so venerated statue; and after the Revolution, she gave it to the parish church of Saint-Similien, where the ancient novena was transferred with the indulgences. The statue of Our Lady of Mercy, placed in this same church of Saint-Similien, attracts, as formerly, numerous pilgrims, who seem to wish to make her forget her old chapel, where people came not only from the country of Nantes, but from Anjou, sometimes even from Poitou and the Marches, and where the ex-votos hung on the walls told of the miracles she had granted there. — On 1 May 1855, inauguration of the new church of Our Lady of Ardilliers, near Saumur, in the diocese of Angers. This sanctuary, one of the most famous of France by the great miracles which have been wrought there, owes its origin to a stone image of the Mother of God, which a fervent religious of Saint-Florent, named Absalon, driven from his monastery by the Normans, venerated in his grotto where he kept himself hidden. In 1614, Our Lady of Ardilliers was given to the congregation of the Oratory, which Cardinal de Bérulle had just founded in France. Under the direction of the Oratorians, the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Ardilliers became more and more famous. M. Olier came there, in 1641, with his associates, M. de Foix and M. du Fenier, to commend to the Blessed Virgin the design which he was meditating of founding the seminary of Saint-Sulpice. In 1706, the venerable Grignion de Montfort came there likewise to pray for the double congregation of priests of the Holy Spirit and of sisters of Wisdom, which he proposed to establish. After the names of the individuals devoted to this sanctuary of Mary come the various cities, the towns of Poitiers, Montmorillon, Celles, Saint-Aignan, engaging themselves by vow to send, every year, a deputation to Our Lady of Ardilliers; the town of Riom, delegating to her its principal inhabitants to put itself under her protection, and having deposited, as a perpetual testimony of devotion, a picture in silver relief of Saint Amable, its patron; the town of Bourges, vowing itself to Our Lady of Ardilliers in a contagious disease, and delegating to her two of its aldermen to thank her for the cessation of the evil. Heresy itself could not defend itself from an involuntary respect for the so venerated statue; and when in 1562 the Huguenots came to pillage this church, to carry off its treasure and its sacred vessels, to profane the bodies of the Saints and that of Jesus Christ Himself, they did not touch the image of the Virgin. God then, taking up the defence of His Mother against her enemies, redoubled the miracles, as they redoubled their fury. Our Lady of Ardilliers survived the tempest of '93, which overthrew all ancient memories; but what men had spared, time, to which nothing resists, did not spare: in 1849 it was necessary to rebuild the chapel of the Virgin, which Cardinal de Richelieu had raised, and which threatened ruin; it was necessary to renew even the entire edifice. The faithful, by their generous subscriptions, had soon met the costs of this expense. The works being finished, the bishop of Angers came, on 1 May 1855, to inaugurate, by a splendid feast, the ancient church made young again, which, since that time, is visited with an ever new ardour. — On the Monday of Pentecost, principal feast of Our Lady of La Faigne or of the Beech,[14] in the parish of Pontvallain, in the diocese of Le Mans. The tradition of the country makes the origin of this sanctuary go back to the first centuries of Christianity. Then, it is said, a lord of the neighbourhood, still an idolater, met on a beech, in visiting his vast domains, the image of the Virgin which the new Christians had placed there to venerate it. He tries to break it, but in vain; he then carries it off and shuts it up in his château, that it may no longer serve for the Christian worship which he holds in horror. The

statue returns to place itself on the beech. The same phenomenon being reproduced several times, the lord was converted, received baptism and had built, in the place of the beech, a chapel of the Virgin. Pilgrims at once ran there; and whatever be the situation of this sanctuary in the midst of a deserted country, far from every centre of population, if one except the large farm which surrounds it, never since then has this concourse ceased. — On the first Sunday of May, patronal feast of Our Lady of Alms, at Rumilly, in the diocese of Chambéry. In 1240, the Sieur Amédée de Gonzié, pursuing wild beasts on the banks of the Chéran, forgot himself to the point of shooting an arrow against the venerated statue which had been placed on the bank of the Chéran, which had to be crossed by a ford, to protect travellers; the shaft, turning back at once against him, came and struck him in the eye and took away his sight. In his grief he falls on his knees and promises Mary to build her a chapel in that very place, if he recovers the use of his eyes. His prayer was at once granted; and not content with raising a sanctuary, where he transported the miraculous statue, he had built, near the new chapel, a monastery, which he entrusted to the Regular Religious of Saint Augustine, charging them to offer a refuge to travellers whom the rising of the waters would prevent from passing. These strangers were kept for three days, and if they were poor, the money and provisions necessary to continue their journey were furnished them. When a bridge had been thrown across at that spot, the money destined for passers-by was distributed to the poor of the country, who in consequence called the monastery Our Lady of Alms. This sanctuary became a famous place of pilgrimage. In '93, this chapel was sold with its dependencies, and its foundations and revenues were confiscated; but it was neither demolished nor profaned; and some time afterwards, the count of Pengon, having been thrown into the prisons of Paris, made a vow, if he escaped the guillotine, to buy back the holy chapel and restore it to worship. This vow obtained him his deliverance. He bought back the chapel of the Alms, and made a gift of it to the town of Rumilly on 7 January 1806. The statue which is seen to-day on the high altar is still, it is said, the same which existed in the time of Amédée de Gonzié, that before which, for six hundred years, so many heads have been bowed, so many tears have flowed, so many prayers have been poured out, so many graces have been obtained. — On the first Sunday of May, patronal feast of Our Lady of the Rock, at Castellane, in the diocese of Digne. Our Lady of the Rock is so named from the picturesque and majestic rock, two hundred metres high, on the summit of which she is placed. She dates from the end of the 8th century. Then some inhabitants of the country, having withdrawn and fortified themselves on this height to shelter themselves from the incursions of the Saracens, built themselves a chapel of the Virgin there, help of Christians and consoler of the afflicted. Soon the peoples of the neighbourhood ran to group themselves all around, and a town was formed which received the title of Petra castellana, *rock with castle. After the expulsion of the barbarians, the inhabitants transported their dwellings little by little to the plain, and built there at the foot of the rock a new town, which is the present town; but they lost nothing of their affection for the chapel of Our Lady of the Rock, which had been, for two centuries, their impregnable bulwark; and from that epoch to our days, they have never ceased to hold it in great veneration. — On the Monday of Pentecost, at Thorame-Haute, diocese of Digne, patronal feast of Our Lady of the Flower, of which the origin is told thus. At the beginning of the last century, it is said, the Virgin appeared several times to a shepherd, commanding him to have a chapel built in that place. On the refusal of the inhabitants to comply with the words of the shepherd, the Virgin gave of her apparition proofs so irrefutable that everybody set to work with enthusiasm; and during the construction, one of the workmen having expressed the wish that the river near which her chapel was being raised should carry itself to the opposite bank, to leave dry the bank near which they were working, and so put the sand to hand, the river obeyed at once the wish that had just been expressed; and all, witnesses of the prodigy, crying miracle, went back at once to work with a new ardour. Our Lady of the Flower is honoured as the patroness of travellers; and it is rare that a carter passes before this sanctuary without depositing his mite in the alms-box. Even those the most remote from religious practices still preserve this devotion. — On the Sunday of the Rogations, beginning of the forty days of feast in honour of Our Lady of the Château, at Tarascon, diocese of Aix. Our Lady of the Château, otherwise called the fair Briançonne, is a little statue of vine-wood, about eighteen inches high. She had been first honoured in the parish of Le Bouchier,*

arrondissement of Briançon; but, toward the middle of the 14th century, to withdraw it from the Waldensians who broke all the statues and all the images, the hermit Imbert, who had the keeping of it, carried it off to Tarascon. The inhabitants offered with joy an asylum to the banished Virgin, whose celebrity they knew, and deposited her in a little chapel opposite the château. There, each day, from the first rays of the sun, the hermit, going through the streets, summoned all the faithful to come and salute her whom the Church calls the Star of the morning; an immense crowd came at his invitation, and made the air resound with pious canticles in honour of Mary. However the Jews established in that quarter, being inconvenienced, especially on Saturday, day of their sabbath, by the affluence of pilgrims to the chapel of the château, asked to have the fair Briançonne placed elsewhere, offering to build her an elegant chapel wherever it might be wished. Their offer was accepted, on condition that they should build at the same time a hermitage for the hermit charged with guarding the chapel, and should dig a well for his use. The Jews submitted to this engagement, and cut in the rock of the mountain of Saint Gabriel, five kilometres from the town, a hermitage which served at once as chapel for the statue and dwelling for the hermit. The faithful of Tarascon were not long in being grieved at no longer having the holy statue in their midst; and as it was the custom then to carry to the procession of the Rogations all the statues of the Saints, those especially which belonged to confraternities, they asked that she should be fetched, every year, on the Sunday before the Rogations, to be carried in procession, and that she should be kept, at least some time afterwards, so as to enjoy her. It was at first for a week, and successively the time was prolonged to forty days. This translation was a great feast for the whole country; and this feast has been perpetuated to our days, when it attracts each year an extraordinary concourse of people. It has in fact a special physiognomy, which contrasts with our modern manners, and one would think oneself in the full Middle Ages. On that day, from three o'clock in the morning, preceded by their ancient oriflamme, which is adorned with vine-branches mixed with nettle leaves, the priors of the confraternity of Saint Roch go, to the sound of the tambourine and the bagpipe, to announce the feast in the neighbouring country. During this time, the great bell gives the signal for departure, the streets fill with pilgrims; all assemble at the church to hear the Mass which is said at four o'clock. The holy sacrifice ended, the procession is organised, sets out, following a great crucifix which is sometimes carried by a barefoot brother, and makes the streets resound with the chant of the litanies. Tarascon becomes almost completely deserted; men, women, children, all betake themselves to Our Lady of the Château. At the chapel, Masses succeed one another from six o'clock. After the last Mass, all approach the altar and come respectfully to kiss the feet of the statue, then withdraw to take their modest meal on the moss and the turf. At ten o'clock, the bell of the chapel announces the departure; and at once, to the sound of the flute and the tambourine, all range themselves in file singing the Ave, maris stella. *The statue, in country dress, is placed on a litter, adorned with flowers freshly gathered on the mountain. At the foot of the hill, the officiant blesses with the cross the whole country, to call down fruitfulness upon it; and the march is continued as far as the rural church of Saint-Étienne-des-Grés, where the Virgin remains until four o'clock in the evening exposed to public veneration. After some time of rest, solemn Vespers are sung, and, at four o'clock, the march is resumed. At the entrance of Tarascon a striking spectacle is offered, which always makes those even who are accustomed to it feel emotions one cannot defend oneself from. The eagerness of the multitude, the noise of the petards and of the continual discharges of musketry, the acclamations of an immense people, the meeting with the monstrous Tarasque, which leaps three times, as if frightened by the presence of Mary, give to this feast a stamp of joyous piety, unique of its kind. The clergy and the authorities of the town receive the statue at the Saint-John gate. There, she is stripped of her morning toilette, whose pins the pious women dispute among themselves, to fasten with them the first swaddling clothes of a new-born child, and she is clothed in her most beautiful robes. At half-past seven, the procession enters the church of Saint Martha, to the sound of bells and organs, the rolling of drums, the noise of the trumpet, the piercing cries of the bagpipe, the detonation of petards, and the holily passionate accents of all the voices which sing with redoubled cries:* Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis. *The statue is then placed on the throne which has been prepared for her; during the forty days that she remains there, she receives there the constant homages of the faithful, and each day*

an heir of the Dusseau family clothes her in a new robe. This honour has been conferred in perpetuity on this estimable family, in recognition of the fact that, during the great Revolution, the Sieur Dusseau stole the statue from the fury of the revolutionaries, and kept it hidden until the reopening of the churches. At the end of forty days, the holy image is carried back to her mountain, but without display, so afflicted is one at separating from her; often the grief goes to the point of making tears flow. — On the Monday of Pentecost and 15 August, pilgrimage to Our Lady of La Couture, in the diocese of Évreux. Among the sanctuaries of this diocese shines, like the sun in the midst of the stars, the ancient and splendid church of Our Lady of La Couture, at Bernay, Beatae Mariae de Cultura, *so called from the land where it was built, and which had to be cleared. This fine monument owed its origin, according to tradition, to a statue of the Virgin, buried in the earth on the summit of a hill, in a wood near Bernay, and discovered by shepherds toward the end of the 10th century, on the indication of one of their sheep, which was continually scratching the earth at that spot. Pilgrims and processions flocked there not only from Lisieux, Orbec, Lieurey and Saint-Georges, but also from Rouen, Caen, Pont-Audemer, L'Aigle, from Paris itself. Still to-day people come there from twelve to fifteen leagues, and the pilgrims are counted there by thousands. The parishes of Broglie, Drucourt, Landepereuse, Saint-Aubin, Saint-Clair, Les Jonquerets, Couibepine, Malouy, Saint-Martin-du-Tilleul and other places come there in procession, under the leadership of their respective curés, with the brothers of charity who shake their little bells, the confrères of Saint Michael, who beat the drum, the musicians who make their instruments sound, the common run of the faithful who sing the praises of Mary; and, when they have arrived, the priests, often, are not sufficient for the pious eagerness of this crowd, avid to receive the Sacraments. Such is the spectacle which is offered, each year, at Our Lady of La Couture, whether on the Monday of Pentecost or on 15 August.*[15] *— On the Monday of Pentecost, 8 September and Easter Monday, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Nazareth, diocese of Montpellier. The chapel replaces, on a mountain where a dolmen is still seen, an ancient temple of druids. "The Blessed Virgin," it is said, "appeared in this place, asking that her altar be substituted for the impious worship which had defiled these mountains, and left on the rock the imprint of her foot which is still shown to-day." — On 1 May, beginning of the pilgrimages to the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of Grace, at Rochefort, in the diocese of Nîmes. This sanctuary unites the prestige of the highest antiquity with the brilliance of the most astonishing miracles. The historian Bories, in his book entitled:* The royal crown of the kings of Arles, *attributes to Charlemagne the foundation of this sanctuary. The injury of time or of men destroyed, one knows not at what epoch, the work of Charlemagne; and there was substituted for it a little chapel, where the peoples never ceased to honour on this rock a statue of the Virgin, known, by reason of its colour, under the name of Saint-Brune. This image, which still exists in the new sanctuary, was, according to tradition, discovered by a shepherd on the western slope of the mountain, in a hollow, where is seen a niche much visited by pilgrims. In the 16th century, the Calvinists sacked and destroyed the chapel; but there was the good fortune to save the venerated statue from destruction. The present church, which was finished only in 1778, is due to the sons of Saint Benedict charged with serving it. No less attentive to the needs of the body than to the interests of the soul, the Benedictines had two immense cisterns hollowed in the rock, destined to receive the rain waters, to furnish water to the troop of pilgrims. So much zeal, joined to the fine order which they put into the service of the chapel, cast the greatest lustre on this pilgrimage. Multitudes ran there not only from the neighbouring countries, but from all Languedoc, Vivarais, Gévaudan, Dauphiné and other provinces. Each year counted there more than fifty thousand persons. '93 came upon this illustrious sanctuary: the Benedictines were driven out, all the riches and all the relics were pillaged. The head of the statue was struck off, borne on the point of a sabre to the slope of the hill, whence it was made to roll to the bottom. But God quickly punished these profaners. Two were struck with blindness; two perished by a violent death; and two others, who had uttered horrible blasphemies against the Blessed Virgin, were crushed the same day under the debris of a newly built wall. Such striking examples of the vengeance of heaven stopped the destroyers in their sacrilegious work; they respected a certain number of ex-votos, which were still hanging on the walls, and left the chapel as it was; so that, during the revolutionary storm, faithful priests were able to exercise their*

holy ministry there. Become national property and ceded to the hospital of Uzès, it was left by the administration of the hospital at the disposal of several ecclesiastics, who dispensed there to the peoples the helps and consolations of religion. In 1836, it passed into the hands of the bishop of Nîmes, who, seeing the ever increasing importance which this pilgrimage was taking, entrusted it, in 1846, to the Marist religious. These had the monastery restored at once and vast asylums built to lodge the pilgrims. This new state of things considerably increased the affluence, especially in the months of May, August, September, and at the time of the spiritual retreats, which the Marist Fathers give successively now to men, now to women. Among these pious pilgrims are distinguished the pupils of the minor seminary of Beaucaire, who, each year, on 29 April, cover a distance of six hours' march, arrive in the evening at the house of the Marists, communicate the next day and deposit on the altar an offering in the name of the minor seminary. In the afternoon, they take up again the travelling staff and calculate the march so as to arrive at Beaucaire for the first exercise of the month of May. The whole community comes in procession to meet them; they are given the place of honour, and thus, to the chant of canticles, they betake themselves to the chapel of the seminary, where the exercise of the month begins at once, which these pious travellers have just placed under the protection of Our Lady of Grace. — In the diocese of Limoges, procession to Our Lady of Sauvagnac, on the Monday of Pentecost. Tradition makes the origin of this chapel go back to the 12th century. The lord of Mérignac, seeing himself, says the legend, on the point of shipwreck on returning from the crusade, vowed to raise a chapel to the Blessed Virgin if he escaped death. He did escape in fact; and, to discharge his vow, he founded this chapel on a peak, in the midst of the mountains of Grandmont; he gave there a silver lamp in the form of a ship, and called this sanctuary by the name of Sauvagnac, that is to say saved from the waters, salvus ab aqua. *In these latter times, the pious sanctuary having fallen into a state of degradation, the whole diocese was invited to subscribe to restore it; and, with twelve thousand francs, the fruit of the subscription, it was enlarged and a semicircular apse was added to it. The inauguration of the chapel thus restored testified to the devotion of the whole country for this place of pilgrimage. — On the last Sunday of May, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Cardonnay, in the diocese of Rouen, canton of Aumale: its name comes to it from the thistle [*chardon] under which was found the statue which is venerated there: the chapel goes back, at the least, to the 12th century. Sold in '93, this chapel has fortunately fallen into the hands of a religious purchaser, who is anxious to preserve it, and who has even enriched it with several indulgences which Pius IX has granted to those who should come to visit this

…sanctuary. The parish of Aumale, preserving for Our Lady of Cardonnay the pious sentiments of its ancestors, goes there still to-day in procession on the last Sunday of May and on the day after the first communion of the children. The college goes there on its side on the last Thursday of the month of May; finally, several parishes of Picardy, among others Gauville and Morvilliers, go there in pilgrimage about the same time. This chapel, moreover, is maintained with care; it possesses, besides the tabernacle and the ornaments of that of Rueil, numerous pictures which attest the confidence and piety of the people. — On the Monday of Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Bethlehem, in the diocese of Orléans. — On the Monday of Pentecost, feast of Our Lady of

Nanteuil, in the diocese of Blois. The cult of the Blessed Virgin in this place, if the tradition spread in the country is to be believed, goes back to the first times of the establishment of Christianity in these regions. Then a statue of Mary having been discovered among the foliage of a great oak, it was taken out to place it on the edge of a neighbouring fountain where it could more easily be seen and honoured; "but," says the legend, "the statue having returned of itself to the place where it had been found, a chapel of two storeys was raised to it on the very site of the oak." In the 12th century, the church and the priory of Nanteuil depended on the abbey of Pontlevoy. The construction of the present sanctuary is attributed to the munificence of Philip Augustus, who wished by it to testify his gratitude to Mary for a double benefit: the first was that she had obtained for him an abundant rain to quench the thirst of his army which was dying of thirst; the second, the victory over the king of England and the capture of Montrichard. The devotion of kings and lords for the

Virgin of Nanteuil was shared by the faithful; from all sides people came there on pilgrimage, especially on the Monday of Pentecost; which gave birth to a renowned fair that was established there on that day from before the 14th century, and to the historic name of Pilgrims' Meadow, which the vast meadow near the church still bears to-day, so called because the pious travellers had the right to graze their mounts there. The inhabitants of Tours distinguished themselves above all by their devotion to this sanctuary. The wars of religion and the troubles of the League, which desolated the 16th century, did not hinder the pilgrims of the Blésois, of Touraine and of Berry from going to Nanteuil. Despite the political upheavals, the affluence did not cease, and, often even, in public calamities, whole parishes went there and made the vow of returning there every year. In the 17th century, the same affluence; and, among the numerous pilgrims, one counts one of the holiest priests of that epoch, M. Olier, curé of Saint-Sulpice. Finally, in the 18th century, the blessed Joseph Labre came to spend fifteen days there, and the high idea of his holiness which he left there is still alive in the country. The disastrous epoch of the Revolution was announced by the saddened features of the face of Our Lady of Nanteuil and by the tears which flowed from her eyelids. Several, who refused to believe it, came to examine the fact with their own eyes, and were obliged to admit it. The revolutionaries drew from it no other consequence than a more impassioned hatred against the miraculous Virgin; they devastated her church entirely, breaking the altars and tabernacles, tearing the pictures, pillaging all they hoped to sell to their profit and burning all the rest. After these exploits of Vandals, they passed a rope round the neck of the venerated statue and made it fall violently at their feet, where it broke. The head, separated from the trunk, rolled in the dust; and a woman, having outrageously pushed it with her foot, was soon punished for it by a death accompanied by the most cruel sufferings. Another woman, more worthy of her sex, gathered religiously this pious fragment; and, at the reopening of the churches, an artist having adapted a body to it in place of that which had been broken, the new statue was put back in the place where the old one had been. The pilgrimages then recommenced as formerly. Châteauvieux and Saint-Aignan resumed the practice of their annual procession, and miraculous cures were often the reward of the faith of the populations. The church of Nanteuil is one of the fine monuments which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us. — At Aubervilliers,[16] in the diocese of Paris, the second Sunday of May, feast of Our Lady of Virtues. In 1338, there was there only a little chapel, with an altar and a statue of the Blessed Virgin; but, that same year, on the second Tuesday after Easter, a young girl, wishing to adorn the altar, begged a young man to come and help her in this pious office. While they were occupied with this care, behold, suddenly, the statue is covered with sweat and the water runs down its face; a phenomenon the more extraordinary as the weather was very dry and the heat extraordinary. In their surprise, they call first witnesses and then summon all the inhabitants by the sound of the bell. Soon the report of the prodigy spread and the pilgrimages began. The numerous miracles wrought at Aubervilliers caused the statue to be called Our Lady of Virtues, that is to say of miracles. The concourse became so numerous in the 17th and 18th centuries that eight priests, constantly attached to the sanctuary, were not sufficient for the devotion of the pilgrims. This devotion has greatly diminished, but has not entirely disappeared: mothers come there to bring their children, and the populations throng there on the second Tuesday of May. — At Tourcoing, Christian families consecrate themselves, during the month of May, to Our Lady of La Marlière. The statue, which was formerly venerated there, was found in the trunk of a centuries-old tree: carried off, in 1562, by a Calvinist soldier, it was exchanged by a pious woodcutter for two faggots; but the Revolution of '93 made it disappear. Piety toward this sanctuary is none the less lively. — On the Monday of Pentecost, patronal feast of Our Lady of Quarte, between Bavay and Reims, there come on that day as many as thirty thousand pilgrims; they arrive from the dawn, go round the church, pray before the holy image of Mary, make her touch various objects, rosaries, green branches, etc., which they then carry away with them. At the time of the Revolution, the women of Pont-sur-Sambre armed themselves with stones and drove off the demolishers who came with the intention of overthrowing the sanctuary. — On Easter Monday and on the Monday of Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Vertigneul, not far from Cambrai. This celebrated pilgrimage, already much frequented from the year 1428, is more frequented still in our days, especially by mothers who bring their infant children there, to put them under the

protection of the Queen of heaven. — On Ascension day, principal pilgrimage to Our Lady of Orcival,[17] in the diocese of Clermont. This pilgrimage is among all those which exist in the world one of the most frequented and best preserved. The Virgin who is honoured there is attributed to Saint Luke. — On the Tuesday of Pentecost, principal pilgrimage to Our Lady of Pity, a celebrated Virgin, a quarter of a league from Aigurande, in the diocese of Bourges. It is said that, in ’93, they wished to saw the statue of the Virgin through the middle, but that the rebellious saw refused this profanation. Then one of the demagogue demolishers seized an axe, struck with redoubled blows and succeeded in separating the head from the trunk: in falling, this head went rolling to the feet of a young girl who picked it up religiously and carried it to her mother. The latter received it with respect and deposited it in a secret place, where the faithful could come and pray Mary to make better days dawn on France. — On Trinity Sunday, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Cluis-Dessous, in the diocese of Bourges. The origin of this sanctuary is due to two solitaries who came to retire to the places where it stands, then covered with brushwood, to lead the eremitical life there. The Benedictines took over the service of it and were replaced there, in the 15th century, by the Franciscans: these latter raised the present chapel which, thanks to religion and despite its poverty, enjoys an immortal glory, while, quite beside it, the proud château of the Montpensiers lies in the dust. The Virgin of Cluis bears the name of Our Lady of the Trinity. This Virgin, remarkably beautiful, was withdrawn from impiety during the Revolution: calm returned, she was given back to her sanctuary. Throughout the year, pilgrims often come to pray to Our Lady of Cluis, especially for the maladies which afflict them or their relatives. If the sick person is a young girl, it is three young girls who make the pilgrimage; if a married woman, three married women; if a young man, three young men; and thus is translated into action, in a striking manner, the dogma of evangelical fraternity. But nothing is so beautiful as the procession of Trinity day: the pilgrims number ten to twelve thousand. During the three weeks which precede, they fast on Friday, and give some alms to poor people yet poorer than themselves. A great number go there from the eve; and, at midnight, at the precise moment when the ancient Benedictines began to sing Matins, the particular processions begin; the pilgrims go off in bands of three in honour of the mystery of the day, the forehead uncovered, often barefoot, always with the rosary in the hand and in the profoundest silence. They go through the fourteen stations of the way of the cross arranged by the Franciscans over a space of about two leagues, in the streets of Cluis, in the public squares. Such is the devotion to Our Lady of Cluis-Dessous; and it has always been maintained to such a degree that even in the worst days of the Revolution the nocturnal procession was not left off. — On the Monday of Pentecost, solemn procession to Our Lady of the Well. Our Lady of the Well, at Gargilesse, in the diocese of Bourges, is a graceful church founded by Hugh II, lord of Naillac, in 1236, on the model of the magnificent abbatial church of Déols. The religious lord of Naillac established the right of asylum in the lands which surround the sanctuary; and by crosses planted with his own hand, he determined the enclosure within which this sacred right was to be exercised. The road which the processions still follow in our days is that bounded by the crosses of Hugh of Naillac. The church is Byzantine, perfectly homogeneous in style, and a little masterpiece. The French government has had it, on that account, completely restored in these last years. — On the day and on the Monday of Pentecost, principal pilgrimage to Our Lady of Laus, diocese of Gap. — On the day after Pentecost, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Hamel, between Crèvecœur and Grandvilliers, in the diocese of Beauvais. To this sanctuary is attached the memory of the miraculous deliverance of the sire of Créqui, who had taken the cross under Louis VII and remained captive of the Mohammedans, ten years, during which every means was tried to make him renounce his faith, striking him often until he was bloody. His master, despairing of succeeding, notified him one day that the next day he would have him strangled. Ralph, on this notice, passes part of the night in prayers, commends himself to Our Lady of Hamel; then, yielding to weariness, he stretches himself on the ground and falls asleep. A marvellous thing, says the legend: the next morning he wakes; he finds himself again at Hamel, and learns from a shepherd that the lady of Créqui, his wife, who believed herself a widow, is that very day marrying the sire of Renty. At once he betakes himself to the château of his father, and tries, but in vain, to make himself recognised, so thin, gaunt and ill-clad was he. Then he goes to wait for the bride on the road by

which she must go to the church; he accosts her as she passes, presents to her the half of the nuptial ring, as well as the bracelet which she had given him at his departure, and says in her ear some secrets that he alone knew. The lady, convinced, falls into his arms, leads him to the church of Our Lady of Hamel to celebrate, no longer a wedding, but the return of the husband found again; and his chains were hung on the wall of the sanctuary, in sign of eternal gratitude. — At Nantes, novena from the Ascension to Pentecost, at Our Lady of Good Guard, whose origin is due to a miraculous statue which appeared one night in the midst of a bright light. The chapel, recently demolished to make way for a new street, has just been rebuilt, in the ogival style, at the confluence of the Loire and the Sèvre. — On the Sunday in the octave of the Ascension, at Saint-Léonard of Rubempré, in the diocese of Amiens, solemn feast of the translation of the relics of Saint Victorinus, child martyr, cited in the martyrologies of 27 March and 14 May.[18]

Saint James the Less, Apostle

— Pope: Saint Peter. — Emperor: Nero.

Pray with faith and without mistrust, for he who is in mistrust is like the wave of the sea which is tossed and carried hither and thither by the wind. — Epistle of James, i, 6.

Saint James, of the royal tribe of Judah, was born at Cana, eleven or twelve years before Our Lord Jesus Christ. He was commonly called the Just, on account of the high reputation of virtue which he had acquired among the people, and also because he belonged to the sect of the Essenes, who were the religious or the Just of that time. Although he was not of the priestly tribe, he was nevertheless permitted to enter the place of the temple where the priests alone had the right to enter, and which was called the *Sancta*. Some authors say that he entered also, to make his prayers, into the sanctuary called the Holy of Holies, although that had never been permitted except to the high priest, and only once a year.

Secondly, he was called Oblias, that is to say the Rampart of the people. Also, as Eusebius tells us, after Hegesippus and Clement of Alexandria, the wisest of the Jews were persuaded that the capture and pillage of that great city, and the infinite number of evils with which the Jewish nation was then overwhelmed, were the punishment of the crime committed against the person of Saint James, in putting him to death.

Thirdly, the faithful ordinarily named him the Brother of the Lord: the apostle Saint Paul, writing to the Galatians, says to them: “That, having gone to Jerusalem to see Saint Peter, he had seen no other apostle but James, the brother of the Lord.” It is not that he was a son of the Blessed Virgin, as the impious Helvidius had the effrontery to say: for that adorable Mother having remained perpetually a virgin, according to the faith of the Church, she could have no other son than him whom she conceived by the sole operation of the Holy Spirit. Nor is it that he was a son of Saint Joseph, by another wife, as some other authors have written: for it is the common sentiment of the faithful that Saint Joseph was a virgin when he espoused Our Lady, and that he preserved the flower of his virginity until his death. Moreover, the Evangelists teach us that Saint James was the son of a Mary who followed Our Lord, and who assisted at His crucifixion on Calvary: living at the same time as the Blessed Virgin, she could not be the wife of Saint Joseph. Saint James is therefore called Brother of the Lord, according to the manner of speaking of the Hebrews, because he was his near relative and his cousin, his mother being a niece of Saint Joachim and of Saint Anne, and first cousin of the Blessed Virgin.

He had three brothers, of whom the Gospel makes mention and who are also called Brothers of Jesus Christ, namely: Joseph, Simon and Jude, of whom the last is of the number of the twelve Apostles, and, in his canonical Epistle, calls himself brother of James, esteeming himself more honoured by this quality than worldly persons are by their greatest alliances; as to Joseph, brother of James, it is probably that Joseph, otherwise called Barsabas, and surnamed also the Just, who was proposed, with Saint Matthias, to fill the place of the traitor Judas. However it seems that the name of Brother of the Lord belonged above all to Saint

James, and that it is the name by which he was distinguished from the other Apostles, as may be seen in the most ancient authors, and even in the historian Josephus, cited by Eusebius; perhaps because he was the eldest of his cousins; because his signal piety rendered him more conformable to the life and holiness of the Saviour; or finally because he resembled Him, it is said, perfectly in face; in fact, the faithful went on purpose to Jerusalem to see him: in looking at him, they believed they still saw Him who had ascended into heaven, and who was no longer visible among men.

Hegesippus, a very ancient author, of whom we have already spoken, says that this apostle was sanctified from his mother's womb. It is a privilege which Holy Scripture attributes to Jeremias and to Saint John the Baptist, and God could also grant it to Saint James; and it is probable that this author, who lived immediately after the Apostles, and whom the Roman Martyrology praises for his holiness and for the sincerity with which he wrote the *History of the Church*, would not have advanced this fact if it had not been the common belief of the faithful. According to this same author, James never ate anything that had had life. He drank only water, he used neither perfumes nor baths, although that was very ordinary in his time; he prayed so assiduously that he had made calluses on his knees. Saint Epiphanius assures us that he remained a virgin all his life, and Saint Jerome, with several other ecclesiastical writers, proposes him as a model of innocence, of holiness and of penance, which gave admiration to angels and men.

Holy Scripture tells us nothing of him in particular, since Our Lord called him into His company. Only, according to a certain book of Gospels, which the Nazarenes used, and which Saint Jerome, who translated it from Greek into Latin, calls, according to the Hebrews, at the evening of the Supper, after having drunk the chalice of the Lord, Saint James declared that he would not eat until the Son of Man was risen; for which reason Our Lord appeared to him the very day of His resurrection, and, having asked him for bread, He blessed it, broke it and presented it to him, saying to him: "Make no more difficulty, my brother, about eating, because the Son of Man is risen." But this apparition cannot be that of which Saint Paul speaks, writing to the Corinthians, since he places it only after the apparition to more than five hundred disciples, which did not happen on the very day of the Resurrection, but several days after.

After the descent of the Holy Spirit, when the number of the faithful had multiplied at Jerusalem, Saint Peter, by his authority and by the advice of the other apostles, established Saint James bishop of that city, where his virtue had rendered him the object of universal respect, as Hegesippus, Eusebius and Saint Jerome teach us. The letter attributed to Pope Saint Anacletus says that the ceremony of the ordination was performed by Saint Peter, assisted by Saint James the Greater and Saint John, his brother; for which reason, afterwards, the Church ordained that a bishop should be consecrated only by three bishops. The Popes, nevertheless, can dispense from this law, and they have often done so when they have sent bishops to carry the faith into distant countries. It even seems quite manifest that, when the Apostles ordained bishops in the course of their preaching, they were not always assisted by two other bishops.

Saint Epiphanius relates that Saint James wore on his head a plate or lamina of gold. It was apparently a distinctive mark of the episcopal dignity. Polycrates, cited by Eusebius, relates the same of Saint John, and some authors say it also of Saint Mark. It is probable that this was done in imitation of the high priest of the Jews.

It is the only external mark which ecclesiastical history teaches us was worn by bishops in the first centuries; and even so it does not appear to have been much in use. The reason is that the ministers of the Gospel, being sought out by the pagans with a sort of fury, took care not to distinguish themselves outwardly from the rest of the Christians. This ordination of Saint James gave him a new credit, not only among the faithful, but also in the company of the other Apostles. Thus, Saint Peter having been delivered by an angel from the prisons of Herod, sent at once to give him notice of it. Thus, in the council which the Apostles held, concerning the observance of the legal ceremonies, which the Jews, newly baptised, wished to impose on the Gentiles who were converting, he gave his opinion second, and immediately after Saint Peter; and his advice had so much

weight that at once, without deliberating further, it was resolved to make a decree conformably to what he had said. Saint Paul speaks of him with much honour in the Epistle to the Galatians, especially in the second chapter, where, joining him to Saint Peter and Saint John, he calls all three the pillars of the Church.

This holy Apostle, living thus in Jerusalem and exercising there the office of bishop and pastor of the people of God, obtained wonderful results there and drew every day, by the examples of his holy life and by the brilliance of his preachings, several Jews to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Ananus, who was then high priest, a proud, turbulent and cruel man, and of the sect of the Sadducees, could no longer bear these conquests which James was incessantly making for Jesus Christ. He took advantage of the interval which elapsed between the death of the Roman procurator Festus and the arrival of his successor Albinus to satisfy his hatred against James and some other Christians of consideration. He audaciously violated the rights of Roman supremacy and made him appear before the Sanhedrin. After having given him much praise, having recalled to him in the most flattering manner the esteem that all the people had for him, he set before him: "that, all the world embracing the sect of the Christians, the temple and the worship of God were going to be entirely abandoned. An Israelite as zealous as James for the glory of God ought to prevent so great an evil; persuaded of his justice and of his holiness, he doubted not at all that he would do so with much courage. He begged him therefore, when a crowd of Jews should be assembled in Jerusalem, for the feast of Easter [Pasch], to go up to the most eminent place of the Temple, and there to declare sincerely, before all present, what he thought of Jesus who had been crucified. It was to put in his hands the honour of the synagogue and to abandon the interests of the law of Moses; but he doubted not that he would act in this affair as a man of conscience." Saint James, seeing there a fine occasion to preach Jesus Christ, accepted this offer willingly, and, one day when a great number of inhabitants and strangers were assembled, he went up on the pinnacle of the temple, which was like a flight of steps looking on the court or on the great nave. Then the priests cried to him: "Just One, whose every sentiment we honour, tell us what you think of Jesus who was crucified." They believed that he would not have the boldness to declare Him the Christ and the Messiah; but this Apostle, full of courage, cried out: "Why do you ask my opinion touching Jesus, Son of Man? Have I not already declared it an infinity of times before all those who wished to have part in the light of the Gospel? Know that He is seated at the right hand of God, His Father, and that one day He will come from there to judge the living and the dead." This confession filled the faithful with joy; a sort of applause rose among them; but the priests and their partisans, seeing themselves deceived, were filled with fury; they cried out in the assembly that the Just One had himself erred and that he was not to be believed; then, going up hastily to the place where he was, they cast him down to break his head. He did not die, however, of this fall; but, kneeling, he began to pray God for his persecutors, saying: "Lord, pardon them this fault, because they know not what they do." A priest, of the descendants of Rechab, son of Rechabim, hearing this prayer, was so touched by it that he said to these barbarians: "What are you doing? Do you not hear the Just One praying for you?" But that did not hinder them from throwing stones at him to stone him; a fuller discharged on his head a blow of the lever which he used for fulling cloths. Thus died Saint James, on Easter day, which was 10 April of the year 61 of Jesus Christ.

The Jews attributed to his unjust death the destruction of Jerusalem. Ananus put to death several other Christians. The Roman governor disapproved of it openly. King Agrippa did more, he stripped him of the supreme priesthood.

Relics, Writings and Liturgy of Saint James the Less; the Three Saints James

His holy body was buried near the temple, in the very place of his martyrdom; afterwards, his bones were brought, for the most part, to Rome, with those of Saint Philip, and from there the principal ones were transferred to Toulouse, by the zeal of the emperor Saint Charlemagne, and deposited in the church of Saint-Sernin. There are other churches which claim to possess considerable parts of them: as that of Saint-Zoilus, at Compostela, a piece of the head; that of the Jesuits, at Antwerp, another piece; that of

Saint-Stephen, at Forlì, a jaw; the cathedral of Langres, an arm, which is said to have been there for seven hundred years; Saint-Corneille, of Compiègne, a great part of his skull, where the trace of the blow of the lever which was discharged on the head of the Saint has been preserved; the church of Saint-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, at Paris, dedicated under the names of Saint James and Saint Philip, some bones, which disappeared during the French Revolution. The episcopal chair of Saint James was still seen at Jerusalem in the 4th century. But the most advantageous relic which remains to us of him is, without doubt, the excellent epistle which he wrote, and which is the first of the seven canonical ones; in it he gives admirable lessons to all the faithful; he teaches them above all to receive afflictions with joy, and to consider the cross as the most powerful instrument of their salvation; to pray with faith and perseverance; to despise the riches and glory of the world, as things which pass in a moment; to distrust their covetousness, which is the source of all their temptations; not to content themselves with hearing the word of God, but to put it faithfully into practice by joining works with faith; to repress their tongue, the too great liberty of which produces an infinity of evils, and not to make acceptance of persons, but to esteem the poor as much as the rich. He prescribes in it also the form of administering the sacrament of Extreme Unction, which, without his epistle, we should have known only by unwritten tradition. In the drawing up of the Creed, the article “I believe in the Holy Spirit” is attributed to him. His constant attribute is the fuller’s club with which he was battered to death, which he holds in his hand.

It is generally believed that Saint James addressed his epistle to the Judeo-Christians of the north of Africa, who made all their Christianity consist in a theoretical faith in the Messiah without practising the precepts and counsels of Jesus Christ: Saint James shows them that faith without works is a dead faith, which will not suffice to justify them. There is therefore no real opposition between him and Saint Paul, who makes justification depend on faith and not on the works of the Mosaic law. Both combat among the Judeo-Christians the pharisaism which made perfection consist in external practices, in legal works: both teach faith and Christian works animated by this faith.

There is also an Oriental liturgy which bears the name of Saint James, and of which Saint Proclus, patriarch of Constantinople, speaks, as well as the council *in Trullo*. Whoever its author may be, it is at least of a very high antiquity. (See Father Le Brun.) Perhaps Saint James will have given only the general direction of this liturgy; people will then have worked on the same plan, and made additions to it. Clement of Alexandria, ap. Euseb., bk. ii, ch. 1, and Saint Jerome, bk. *against Jovinian*, praise the great skill of the same Apostle in matters which have religion for their object.

During the first times, only some parts of the liturgy were written. Until the 4th century, the words of the sacred invocation or of the consecration of the bread and wine were known only by tradition, and this was done from a motive of respect. See Saint Basil, bk. *On the Holy Spirit*, ch. 27. Saint Justin says “that prayer was made in the liturgy for the emperors, for the different States, etc.” Saint Cyril has given a rather extended explanation of that which was followed in his church.

The most authentic monuments prove that, from the birth of Christianity, there was a liturgy, and that the first formulas of prayers of which it was composed were established by the Apostles. Thus Saint James was the first author of that of Jerusalem. Some new prayers were afterwards added to it, but the essential point was not touched; hence it comes that the liturgies of the churches founded by the Apostles have always borne their names. Still, in our days, the Christians of Syria follow, as coming from Saint James, the liturgy which bears his name. The continuators of Bollandus have renewed the opinion, rejected so long ago, of the three Saints James, and distinguished Saint James, son of Alphaeus, one of the twelve Apostles, from Saint James, brother of the Lord, of whom we have just spoken, whom they hold not to have been of that number; they say that Saint James, son of Alphaeus, was of Galilee, of the tribe of Zabulon or of Nephthali, and brother of Saint Matthew; in the division of the kingdoms, he went to preach the faith at Gaza and at Tyre, and was thus martyred at Ostracine. But whatever efforts they make to establish this opinion, which several learned

authors have refuted when it was proposed by Erasmus, I do not think it will be looked on with a favourable eye by those who have some deference for the sentiments of the Roman Church, which recognises only two Saints James in the number of the Disciples, and holds, in its ecclesiastical office and in its martyrology, that he who is called brother of the Lord, who wrote a canonical epistle, and who was ordained bishop of Jerusalem, is one of the apostles whom Our Lord chose, while still on earth, to compose His college, and the same as Saint James, son of Alphaeus. These new authors cite for themselves a very small number of writers; there are a great number, above all among the Latins, who are contrary to them: the authorities and reasons on which they rely have more appearance than solidity, and some even favour the common opinion more than theirs. Saint Jerome, far from entering into their sentiment, is directly contrary to them, not only in his Treatise against Helvidius, which he made when young, but also in his Commentary on chapter 17 of Isaias. For he recognises in that place only fourteen Apostles, namely: the eleven whom Our Lord had chosen, Saint Matthias, who fills the place of Judas, and Saint Paul and Saint Barnabas, who were added to them by the express order of the Holy Spirit. Now, that would not be true if Saint James the Less, whom Saint Paul calls so solemnly Apostle, had not been of the number of the twelve, since then there would have been fifteen. It is therefore the sentiment of Saint Jerome that Saint James the Less, brother of the Lord, is the same as the apostle Saint James. The authors of whom we speak, who cite for themselves the same holy Doctor on this chapter, have not considered that he interpreted it twice in succession; in the first commentary, he puts, it is true, Saint James, brother of the Lord, outside the number of the twelve Apostles, according to the opinion of some interpreters whom he does not follow; but, in the second, where he speaks according to his own sentiment, he says what we have just reported. In the book *On Ecclesiastical Writers*, he supposes again, as true, that Saint James drank, at the last supper, the chalice of the Lord: now, only the twelve Apostles participated in that great happiness. He therefore recognised that Saint James was of that number, and did not recognise three. Let us add some considerations to what precedes:

1° It is true that Saint James the Less and brother of the Lord was the son of Mary, wife of Cleophas; but that does not prevent his being the son of Alphaeus, whether Alphaeus and Cleophas were one and the same person, or whether Alphaeus being dead, Mary married Cleophas. Such was the manner in which Father Giry resolved the genealogical difficulty. To-day, thanks to the progress of philology, there is no longer difficulty on that head; for the two names Cleophas and Alphaeus are only one and the same name, are of the same form; the pronunciation alone is different. The mother of Saint James the Less was indeed named Mary (Matt. xxvii, 56; Mark xv, 40; Saint John six, 23). The latter shows us in her the wife of Cleophas and the sister, or the cousin, of the Mother of Jesus Christ; James was, consequently, the cousin — *Consobrinus* — of Jesus: for which reason he is, in this quality, called the brother of the Lord (Gal. i, 19). However astonishing that may appear to a modern Westerner, it is certain that in Hebrew the uncle names the nephew and the nephew names the uncle brother, and that thus this word designates in general a first cousin. Does not the Latin *germanus* itself designate equally the cousin and the brother, but rather the cousin than the brother? Thus then James the Less, the Apostle, and James, the brother of the Lord, are only one and the same person, and the efforts of Protestant or other learned men to demonstrate that the two designations suppose two persons fail before this fact that the New Testament does not know three Jameses, that it cites only two, that it distinguishes them one from the other as long as they both live, while, after the death of James the Greater, there is question only of James, son of Alphaeus (Mark xv, 40; Acts i, 13; xii, 2; xii, 17; xv, 13; xxi, 18; Gal. ii, 12; 1 Cor. xv, 7).

2° It is again true that Saint James the Less was ordained bishop; but one must not conclude from that that he was not an Apostle; for, although the Apostles had received, on the day of the Supper, the priestly character, or even the episcopal power, the ceremonies of Ordination could nevertheless still be exercised on them; which Saint Peter did, in regard to Saint James, to set him over the government of the church of Jerusalem.

Such is again the answer of Father Giry: one may add that nothing proves a direct consecration of Saint James by the Apostles. The only certain thing is that, until the dispersion, they governed in common the church of Jerusalem, and that at their departure, when they divided the world among themselves, this same church of Jerusalem fell to the share of James, son of Alphaeus. To sum up: there were only two Saints James: Saint James the Greater, son of Zebedee, and Saint James the Less, son of Alphaeus, both apostles of the Lord. If we are asked why the Saint whose life we have just given was called the Less, we shall answer that this name appears to have been given him either because he was called to the apostolate after Saint James the Greater, or because he was of small stature.

Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*; Maistre, *The Seventy-two Disciples*; Goschler, *Dictionary of Theology*. — See in the Supplement to this volume some details on the Invention of the bodies of the apostles Saint Philip and Saint James, in 1873.

Saint Philip, Apostle

1st century.

This Apostle, after having received the Holy Spirit, betook himself to Scythia, which had fallen to him by lot, and converted almost the whole of that nation to the Christian faith. — Roman Breviary, 1 May.

Bethsaida, a village situated along the sea of Tiberias, in Galilee, had the honour of giving three Apostles to Jesus Christ: Saint Peter, Saint Andrew and our Saint Philip. He applied himself, from his youth, to the study of the holy letters, and particularly of the books of Moses, where he discovered, as under shadows, the fair truths which he afterwards recognised in the person of his master, the Saviour of the world. This disposed him greatly to open his eyes to the light of the Gospel, when Our Lord called him to follow Him. Clement of Alexandria relates, as an established fact, that Saint Philip was he who, having been called to follow Jesus Christ, asked permission to return first to his house to bury his father, and to whom the Saviour answered: “Follow Me, and leave to the dead the care of burying their dead.” Jesus Christ, by this answer, did not pretend to condemn those who render the last duties to the dead; He wished only to make His new disciple understand that, being called to the sublime functions of a wholly spiritual ministry, they ought to have the preference over the corporal works of mercy. He began at once to exercise the apostolic functions: for, having met Nathanael, he announced to him that he had had the happiness of finding the Messiah, and brought him to Him. “We have found,” he said to him, “him of whom it is spoken in the law of Moses and in the writings of the Prophets, Jesus of Nazareth, son of Joseph.” These words did not at first make much impression on Nathanael: he did not believe that the expected Messiah could come out of Nazareth; but Philip told him to follow him, to come and see for himself what the case was. He was persuaded that he would no sooner have seen Jesus than he would recognise Him on the spot for the Son of God. Nathanael did what his friend required of him. Jesus, seeing him approach, said: “Behold a true Israelite, in whom there is neither dissimulation nor artifice.” Nathanael, surprised that Jesus called him by his name, asked Him how He could know him. Jesus answered him: “I saw thee before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree.” Nathanael, as the Fathers explain, remembering then that he had been in a place so retired that no man could have seen him, confessed that Jesus was the Son of God, the King of Israel, or, what amounts to the same, the Messiah foretold by Moses and by the Prophets.

Three days after this event, Philip found himself at the marriage of Cana, where Jesus had been invited with His disciples. The following year, he was put by the Saviour in the number of the Apostles, when He formed the sacred college. We read again in the Gospel that, when Our Lord wished to work the great miracle of the multiplication of five loaves and two fishes, He addressed Himself to Saint Philip, and asked him where food could be bought for all that multitude. It was to make him better know the excellence of the prodigy which He was about to work, and to give new vigour to his faith. Some Gentiles, come to Jerusalem to adore God at the feast of the Pasch, hearing of the marvels which Jesus Christ was working, and desiring to see Him,

addressed themselves also to Saint Philip, as to him whom they judged most fit to procure them this grace. Finally, when the Saviour, on the evening of His passion, had conversed with His Apostles of His eternal generation, of His coming into the world and of His return to His Father, Saint Philip made Him this request: “Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us.” To which that divine Master answered: “Have I been so long a time with you, and you know Me not yet? Philip, he who seeth Me seeth the Father also.” An admirable doctrine, and one which discloses to us great secrets on the mystery of the most holy Trinity.

After the ascension of the Son of God and the descent of the Holy Spirit, the Apostles dividing among themselves the various provinces of the world, upper Asia was the lot of Saint Philip. He went to carry the doctrine of the Gospel, which he confirmed by the force of several miracles: healing the sick and driving the demons from the bodies of the possessed by the imposition of his hands. He passed afterwards into Scythia, where he employed several years in converting the idolaters. Saint Isidore has said that he preached also to the Gauls; but it is pretended wrongly, in our view, that he means the Galatians, a colony of Gauls, which had established itself in that part of Phrygia called Galatia.[1] When he had passed some years in Scythia, he came to Hierapolis, a considerable city of Phrygia, in order to announce the truths of Christianity there. Having entered a temple of that city, as Metaphrastes writes, he found there a monstrous viper[2] which the people adored, and to which incense and sacrifices were offered; having compassion on that people, the holy Apostle threw himself on the ground and prayed God to open their eyes and to deliver them from this tyranny of Satan. His prayer was granted, the serpent died at once, and the people found themselves quite disposed to receive the light of the Gospel; but the priests and the magistrates, unable to bear it, seized Philip, and, after having kept him some days in prison, scourged him cruelly, crucified him, and at last battered him to death with stones, while, on his side, he thanked Jesus Christ for making him a partaker of His cross.

Nevertheless, before he expired, God, the avenger of the injuries done to His Saints, raised up so frightful an earthquake that several great edifices fell and the abysses, opening their bosom, swallowed up the authors of this impiety. The idolaters, astonished at this prodigy, recognised the truth and left to the faithful the liberty of taking down the holy Apostle. But he, who felt himself mortally wounded, and who did not wish to lose the honour of dying on the cross, like his master, prevented them from doing so; and, after having prayed for all present, he asked God to receive his soul into His hands. Saint Philip had laboured twenty years among the Gentiles.

The body of Saint Philip was taken away by the Christians, who gave it such burial as time and place could permit to their devotion; and, afterwards, a part having been reserved for Constantinople, the rest was brought to Rome and deposited in the church of the Twelve Apostles, built by the popes Pelagius I and John III, his successor, which is commonly called the Holy Apostles, and is now a convent of religious of Saint Francis. A part of his bones was transferred, in the time of Charlemagne, to the town of Toulouse; and even in the town of Paris there was seen, every year, on the 1st of May, in the great church of Notre-Dame, the head of Saint Philip, which was given to it, enshrined in gold, by John III, duke of Berry, son of King John. The town of Florence, in Italy, was also enriched with one of his arms; and the town of Troyes, in France, with a part of his skull, which was brought there from Constantinople by Bishop Garnier, when the French became masters of that great city.

In our days, the cathedral of Autun glories in possessing the head of Saint Philip, which had belonged to the religious of Cluny. This claim would be in contradiction with what we have just said on the subject of Notre-Dame of Paris; the two assertions can be reconciled by saying that, in the one and the other case, it is a question of a part only of the head of the Apostle. East of Jerusalem, on the flank of the Mount of Olives, not far from the place where Jesus, ascending into heaven, left the last imprint of His steps on the earthly soil, there is shown still to-day (1871) a grotto cut in the rock, where twelve fishermen assembled to formulate, in an immortal symbol, the faith which was to conquer the world.

Saint Philip pronounced the article: *He descended into hell.* — He is represented crucified head downward, attached by the heels to a branch of a tree, and the two arms nailed to a wall. It goes without saying that he has often been associated with Saint James, their feast being celebrated on the same day. — Saint Philip is patron of the cathedral of Algiers.

Our holy Apostle had engaged in the state of marriage: he was father of several daughters. Some of them, says Clement of Alexandria,[3] embraced the state of marriage. Two lived in celibacy, died very old, and were buried at Hierapolis, as we learn from Polycrates cited by Eusebius.[4] It is read in Sozomen[5] that one of these holy virgins raised a dead man to life. Papias, whom Eusebius cites in his history,[6] speaks also of this resurrection; but he does not say that it was wrought by any of the holy virgins; he says only that he had learned the miracle from their own mouth. Polycrates makes mention of another daughter of Saint Philip, whom the eminent holiness of her life rendered very celebrated at Ephesus, where she was buried. He calls these three sisters the lights of Asia. It is believed that the last is Saint Hermione or Hermina, whom the Greeks honour on 4 September. They say that she was a daughter of Saint Philip, apostle; that, after having suffered much, under Trajan, when he came to Ephesus, she consummated her martyrdom under Hadrian. Her tomb is marked among the holiest monuments of the town of Ephesus, where it was seen on a mountain.

The Greeks say in the history of Saint Hermione that Eutychia, one of her sisters, came with her to Ephesus, and that they gained to Jesus Christ a great number of persons.

They give also to Saint Philip, apostle, a virgin sister, named Marianne or Mary, who, after having shared in his apostolic labours until his death, retired into Lycaonia, where she died in peace. They put her feast on 17 February.

Acta Sanctorum, the abbé Maistre, etc. — See, in the Supplement to this volume, a Notice on the Invention of the bodies of the Apostles Saint Philip and Saint James, in 1873.

Saint Andeolus

— Pope: Saint Zephyrinus. — Roman Emperor: Septimius Severus.

To all those who love to study and to contemplate in the saints "the fairest souls of the earth, the best, the noblest, the purest, the strongest that humanity has produced, . . ." — Mgr Dupanloup.

The youth of Andeolus is almost unknown to us. Early he frequented the celebrated school of Smyrna, a veritable nursery of Apostles and Martyrs, which had had for founder Saint John the Evangelist and which had for continuator the admirable Polycarp.

As at Antioch the Holy Spirit had said: "Separate for me Saul and Barnabas for the work to which I have called them,"[1] it was revealed to Saint Polycarp that Benignus, Andochius, Thyrsus and Andeolus should go and labour for the salvation of the peoples of the Gauls. The first two were priests, Thyrsus a deacon, and the blessed Andeolus a subdeacon.[2]

Meanwhile, the supreme moment was at hand; the vessel was about to set sail. "Brethren, bid us your farewells," said Polycarp; and tears flowed from his eyes.[3] That noble and holy old man, aged more than eighty years, could not part without profound emotion from sons whom he loved tenderly.[4]

The ship which bore Saint Andeolus and his companions was obliged, as is believed, to put in at the island of Corsica.[5] The legend-writers relate that a furious tempest having risen, such that the sailors did not remember ever having seen the like, they were forced to stay some days in that island, the inhabitants of which Saint Paul had evangelised.[6] Calm being restored, they set sail again and the missionaries soon saluted the new fatherland to which Providence sent them. Having taken land at Marseille, they set out directly for Lyon, where they were welcomed by Saint Pothinus and by Saint Irenaeus. Although it is impossible to fix the date of his departure, it appears more certain that Andeolus did not prolong his stay at Lyon much. He received

the mission to carry the Gospel to Carpentras[7] and into the southern regions which the Rhône fertilises (166).

God left Saint Polycarp more than eighty years on earth, to bear witness to the truths which he had learned from the Apostles. That long life, all spent in the service of the Church and for the glory of God, was crowned by a glorious martyrdom, in the sixth year of the empire of Marcus Aurelius, which is the one hundred and sixty-sixth after Jesus Christ.[8]

This date is very important for us. First, it fixes, in a certain manner, the epoch of the arrival of Saint Andeolus in the Gauls. In fact, let the martyrdom of the bishop of Smyrna be made to follow, as closely as one will, the sending of the four missionaries, this sending cannot be placed later than the year 166. By bringing beside this date that of the death of Saint Andeolus (208), by the difference one obtains, in a precise manner, the minimum of the duration of his stay in the Gauls, that is to say forty-two years. If one limits to a few months, as is probable, the time he passed at Lyon, there will remain forty years about for the apostolic life of our Saint. This calculation has received the highest sanction in the Roman and Viennese liturgies, where it is read, each year, in the divine office, on the day of the feast of Saint Andeolus.[9]

We have seen that Saint Andeolus, on leaving Lyon, directed his steps toward Carpentras. In fact, in the canton of Carpentras, there are places where the memory of his preachings has survived, despite all obstacles, in the grateful memory of the peoples. We wish to speak of the borough of Mazan. In this commune, there is a quarter called of Saint Andeolus, where there existed, before the revolution of ’89, a very ancient chapel, dedicated to our Saint. It was built on a hill at the foot of which were seen remains of ancient monuments. An immemorial tradition in that country holds that Saint Andeolus stopped there to evangelise it.

A little higher up, not far from Orange, at Camaret, the same traditions and the same homages are found. It is even asserted that the Apostle of Jesus Christ was beaten with rods there and the place is still shown where this cruel execution was accomplished. Saint Andeolus possesses in this parish an ancient sanctuary built by Louis the Debonair.

In the accomplishment of the work of the salvation of souls, the courageous subdeacon, like another Saint John the Baptist, filled the part of precursor. Wherever he went, he invited to do penance and announced the coming of the kingdom of God. When those who have eyes to see and ears to hear had formed the desire of embracing the new life, he catechised them and conferred baptism on them. Then, content with having accomplished his mission in that place, he withdrew, yielding the place, doubtless, to the true Pastors of souls, to those whom Jesus Christ has clothed with the more extended powers of the priesthood. According to all probabilities, he traversed in this manner part of Provence, the Dauphiné and the Franche-Comté, which were being evangelised at the same time by the disciples of Saint Irenaeus, Saint Ferreolus and Saint Ferrutio, apostles of Besançon; Saint Felix, apostle of Valence. Tradition seems quite explicit on this point: it relates that Saint Felix and his companions also evangelised the Vivarais;[10] on the other hand, the numerous parishes or chapels of the diocese of Valence which still preserve the name of Saint Andeolus suggest that he had preceded the disciples of Saint Irenaeus in those parts: his march led him naturally toward those countries. But it is time to follow him into the Vivarais, the Helvia of Caesar, the present department of the Ardèche.[11]

Those who have studied the origins of Christianity know that the first missionaries of the faith had a well-known predilection for the great centres of population.

It seems natural to see Saint Andeolus remain faithful to this discipline, and come, in undertaking the conversion of the Helvii, to establish his residence at Aps, their principal city.

However, he preferred to it a town certainly less populous, but which was not without considerable importance, Bergoiate, called to-day Bourg-Saint-Andéol. In this last town, the most southern of the

Vivarais, he was nearer to the countries he had first traversed. God, moreover, whose Providence disposes all things for the good of souls and for the glory of the Saints, wished, in leading His servant into this city, to give for theatre to his last labours and his supreme struggles a more durable place than Aps, which the Vandals entirely destroyed two centuries after the epoch of which we speak.

Before pushing our narrative further, it is necessary, for the understanding of the facts, to take an exact knowledge of the city, object of the predilections of Saint Andeolus.

The town was composed of two quite distinct agglomerations, separated by the river, but bearing the same name and governed by the same urban administration: Bergoiate of the right bank and Bergoiate of the left bank, which were designated by the words: Upper or Lower Bergoiate. Lower Bergoiate or Gentibe occupied the site of the present town of Bourg-Saint-Andéol. Of these two agglomerations, Upper Bergoiate appears to us to have been the more considerable at the origin: it was the centre of activity, of commerce and industry, the city of the workers and the common people, a circumstance which explains to us the predilections of the Apostle, who had made it his residence and the seat of his preaching. The other, on the contrary, placed by its situation a little outside the tumult and movement of affairs, less populous, always calm and silent, was the favourite abode of the noble Gallo-Romans whose sumptuous villas spread themselves on the brow of the surrounding hillsides, and of the priests devoted to the service of the gods of paganism. The first preserved until the middle of the Middle Ages the preponderance which it enjoyed under the Roman emperors; the second owed to the discovery of the tomb of our holy Martyr to be drawn suddenly from its obscurity, and to conquer in a short time the celebrity and pre-eminence which its gods had formerly been unable to assure to it; from the twelfth century, the successive growths of this simple little borough soon gave it the aspect and proportions of an important town, while Bergoiate of the left bank, desolated by the ravages of wars and floods, was moving with equal rapidity toward its decline and its ruin. Abandoned each day by some of its inhabitants, who went to seek a refuge in the town of Saint Andeolus, it was no more, at the end of the thirteenth century, than a completely deserted place: the daughter had devoured the mother.

It was therefore at Upper Bergoiate that Andeolus had alighted on arriving; it was there that he preached the gospel of Jesus with marvellous success. Meanwhile, the emperor Severus, who was crossing the Gauls to go to Britain, where he was to subdue the savage tribes of Caledonia, came also to Bergoiate, on his way to Valence, and camped there with part of his troops. Now, at the moment of the arrival of this prince, there was in that place an extraordinary concourse of people. The crowd pressed around a personage who was discoursing in public: wholly under the charm of this unknown word, it scarcely cast a distracted glance on the imposing spectacle of the Roman legions marching, ensigns displayed, under the orders of their emperor. Piqued in his curiosity and perhaps also in his pride, Severus asked the cause of the gathering. Terrible was the anger of the Caesar, on learning that the personage who thus attracted the attention and the sympathies of the people was none other than a chief of Christians, propagating in broad daylight the errors of his sect. He ordered that Andeolus be seized at once and brought before him.

A tribunal is hastily set up; beside it are displayed all the ordinary instruments of torture, and in the midst of this funereal apparatus, Severus sits in person. It is he himself who, in a tone of menace, interrogates Andeolus on his name, his country, the object of the mission he gives himself. — “The East is my country,” answers the Apostle calmly, “and I come from Smyrna, sent by the bishop of that city with several others who are my fathers and my masters, to announce the Saviour Jesus Christ and preach His doctrine to the peoples who ignore it: if you wish to know my name, Caesar, I am called Andeolus.” — “Thou hast then come,” cries the tyrant, “to dishonour our gods and trample under foot the edicts of the emperors! hast thou thought well of the severity of the punishments that await thee, thee and the unhappy Helvii whom thou seducest?”

Taking then an air and a tone of affected gentleness, he exhorts the Apostle to renounce his chimerical ideas rather than expose his person to the rigour of torments: let him abandon an impious sect, let him consent to

offer incense to the gods, he will be able to live happy in the bosom of a sweet repose, gratified with one of the most honourable functions of the palace, loaded with distinctions and riches, which the munificence of the emperors assures him. — “Lend then an ear to my counsels,” he adds, “leave that religion which thou professest, which was invented not long since by a certain Christ whom I know not and who was crucified, it is said, in preaching it. Curse this Christ, and render homage to the immortal gods.” — “I adore only one God,” replies Andeolus, “the only and true God, who created heaven and earth. As for your stupid divinities, Caesar, I despise them; they are only deaf and dumb idols, fabricated by the hand of men, which the demon persuades you to adore.”

Irritated by the holy boldness of this language, the emperor Severus orders that Andeolus be delivered to torture. Then is renewed one of the accustomed scenes of the bloody tragedy at which the pagan world had not ceased to be present since the birth of Christianity. When the words of seduction, the promises as well as the threats, had come to fail before the firm and generous faith of the Christian, the polytheist tyrant called the executioners to his aid: it was then necessary to exhaust on children, delicate virgins, feeble old men, all the resources of cruelty and all the science of tortures, without being able to succeed in shaking their constancy. Thus, at the signal given to begin the torment, Andeolus is laid on the ground, bound by the feet and hands to cords which are stretched and then slackened with violent jerks by means of bows and pulleys: and, in the midst of this frightful tension, which makes all the nerves of the human body like the strings of a musical instrument, the holy Confessor is roughly beaten with rods armed with spikes and points of iron; then his flesh is torn with nails reddened in the fire; then that body, all bruised and bloody, is attached to a wheel raised above a brazier into which oil is poured in floods to activate the ardour of the flames.[12]

From the top of that burning wheel, as on a bed of rest, Andeolus tranquil, his face radiant and serene, raised his eyes to heaven and prayed: “Blessed be Thou, my God,” he said, “I give Thee thanks, Lord Jesus, who grantest me to suffer for Thy name. Abandon me not in this supreme combat; make, on the contrary, that persevering in it with an unshakable constancy, I may merit to present myself before Thy majesty with the palm of the victor.” He was heard also making this beautiful and touching invocation: “O Saint Polycarp, my blessed master, thou friend of Christ, who shinest in heaven like a precious stone, pray for thy servant, that he may be furnished with patience and courage, and that thou mayest triumph with joy over thy doctrine and over my victory in the Lord.” In effect, the courage of the holy Martyr seemed to revive in proportion as the torments were multiplied. The executioners were wearied, the fury of Severus desperate, but not conquered: wishing to reserve Andeolus for new torments the next day, he orders that he be led to prison. Then Cericius, tribune of one of the legions of the army, proposes to the emperor to shut up the Christian in a vault of the temple dedicated to the god Mars, on the other bank of the Rhône: to bring thus, loaded with chains, the enemy of the gods into their very sanctuary was a sort of reparation which would touch the heart of the immortals and render them propitious. The superstitious Caesar applauds this idea; the river seems to him besides an excellent barrier to interpose between the Apostle, whose influence he dreads, and this people, guilty of too much sympathy for the Christian. Andeolus is therefore shut up in the underground vault of the temple of Mars.

Now, toward the middle of the night, the guards of Andeolus saw suddenly rays of light shine through the doors of his prison: the whole interior of the underground was illuminated by it. Then voices of ravishing sweetness made themselves heard; a mysterious colloquy was established between Andeolus and invisible personages; they spoke of the combats of the holy Martyr and of the glory that awaited him: “Take courage, dear brother,” said these voices, “to-morrow you will receive the crown of martyrdom. Run to the end the bloody course, and Christ Himself will receive you in triumph, adorned with the palm of martyrdom, in the glory of paradise.” Andeolus, for his part, expressed to his heavenly visitors all the joy that flooded his soul; he thanked them for the balm they had poured on his sufferings, and begged them that the example of his patience in the supreme struggle might complete the conversion of the Gentiles to the faith. — A concert of

delicious harmony succeeded these discourses: the voices seemed to mount into the air, to grow weaker by degrees and to be lost in the distance. Silence and darkness were made again in the prison; the heavenly vision had disappeared.

When, by the order of Severus, they came to draw the Apostle from prison, all the wounds which the day before covered his body were healed over and entirely cured: Andeolus seemed to have recovered the strength and energy of his youth. The fierce emperor, having learned from one of the guards the details of the nocturnal vision, swore, by the god Mars and by his victories, that he would know how to prevent the magician from seducing the peoples longer and from ruining the power of his gods. He hastened to pronounce the sentence of death, and ordered that it be executed in his presence. Instantly, a soldier arms himself with one of those swords of very hard wood which the gladiators used for fencing, and, while Andeolus addresses to heaven a last prayer in a last look, the executioner of Severus splits his head in the form of a cross.

Thus consummated his martyrdom, on the 1st of May of the year 208, according to the most common opinion, the blessed Andeolus, first apostle of the Helvii. Severus, whose fanatical hatred still found means to exercise itself even on the lifeless members of the holy Martyr, had the body bound with an iron chain to which was hung an enormous stone, and this heavy burden cast into the Rhône, so that, buried under the waves, the venerated remains of Andeolus might escape the honours which the piety of the faithful reserved for them. But Providence, which watches over the bones of its Saints, drove the precious spoil toward the western bank of the river. It is said that the Apostle, before leaving his prison, had prayed the Lord to permit him to rest, after his death, in that place where the glory of God and of His Angels had visited him. And God, to grant this last wish of His servant, seemed to take pleasure in multiplying prodigies. Thus the heavy chain wound round the mutilated body of the Martyr, and which by its weight was to drag it to the bottom of the river, broke of itself, like one of those fragile bonds which a child’s hand breaks in playing, and disappeared alone under the waters. The holy body, on the contrary, supported and directed by an invisible arm, took its way through the rapid waves, cutting the current of the river in a straight line: arrived at the bank, it was lifted by a wave and borne gently to a distance of about two toises on the shore. For five days, it was there exposed to the injuries of the air, without showing the slightest trace of corruption, protected by a mysterious virtue which commanded respect from the beasts and birds of prey. Each night, it was asserted, songs and sounds, sweet and harmonious like those of a heavenly melody, had been heard, and a light had been seen shining which surrounded the holy body with a brilliant aureole.[13] The account of these marvels, carried far from mouth to mouth, reached the ears of a rich lady of noble condition, named Tullia. She was going, that very day, to one of her villas situated in the neighbourhood of Bergoiate. Following the Roman road, she met, near the place where the body of Saint Andeolus lay, a numerous group of pagans whom the novelty of the spectacle had attracted there. Making her chariot stop, she questioned some of those present and gathered from their mouth all the details that we have just related: details very consoling for her faith and for her piety, for she was a Christian. She resolved at once to give an honourable burial to the venerated remains of the holy Martyr. But, not daring to confide the execution of her pious design to anyone, she came herself, accompanied by her most faithful and surest slaves, and, profiting by the silence and darkness of the night, she took up the body secretly, and deposited it in a pagan sarcophagus which she had buried in the same place, at a great depth, in order to withdraw the precious spoil from the sacrilegious fury of the persecutors.

Saint Andeolus is represented standing, in the costume of a subdeacon, holding in his hand a palm and a book, the catechism doubtless. A wooden knife is driven horizontally into the top of the head of the holy martyr.

Cult and Relics of Saint Andeolus

The relics of the blessed Andeolus remained thus hidden for six hundred years, until the day of their first invention, which took place in 858, under the reign of Charles the Bald and the episcopate of Bernoin, bishop of Viviers.

While leaving the sarcophagus in the same place and at the same depth where she had placed it, Tullia had made over it a little crypt which has preserved her name. This precious monument still exists, under the church of Saint-Polycarp, such as it was rebuilt in the 9th century. It has always been known under the name of crypt of the blessed Tullia. The people called it the grotto or crypt of Saint Romana. The name of Saint Roumelle, which is found in some documents, is evidently a corruption of Saint Roumaine or Saint Romana. It is in this modest sanctuary that the first Christians of Bergoiate came to kneel, beside the venerated tomb of their Apostle.

However venerable the crypt of the blessed Tullia, newly restored to light with the holy deposit it had so faithfully preserved, it was a place too narrow and too poor to leave the tomb of Saint Andeolus there longer. The church of Saint-Polycarp itself was henceforth insufficient. An edifice at once vaster and more magnificent was needed, worthy of the glory of the holy Martyr and of the affluence of the faithful. According to notices made in the 17th and 18th centuries, Charles the Bald contributed by his largesses to the erection of this edifice. It is from the construction of this church that Bergoiate took the name of Bourg-Saint-Andéol. Despite the restorations of the 12th century and some mutilations of a later date, the work of Bernoin has come down to us. Although it remained empty since the translation of the relics of Saint Andeolus, the crypt of the blessed Tullia was preserved with the greatest care and surrounded with a profound respect. Until the end of the last century, people came there to pray and to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass as in a most holy place. M. the abbé Paradis, former pupil of the École des Chartes, has bought the church of Saint-Polycarp and the crypt, to restore them to worship. When the victory and the edict of the great Constantine had assured the peace of the Church and permitted Christian worship to take its place in the sun, the faithful hastened to perpetuate by monuments the memory of the scenes which we have just described. On the ruins of the temple of Mars, above the underground crypt which had served as prison for Andeolus, they built a church dedicated to the Holy Saviour and another above the tomb of Saint Andeolus, placed under the invocation of Saint Polycarp; this Christian antiquity, which possessed in the highest degree the sentiment of religious things, thus consecrated, in associating them one with the other, the glory of the disciple by the venerated memory of the master. On the very place of the martyrdom, they did no more than set up a stump of an ancient column, and this so simple monument, surrounded for all ornament by a rustic vegetation, has crossed the centuries, known until these last times under the name of Saint Pilon. Each year, on the day of the feast of Saint Andeolus, whole populations were seen to run who came to revive their faith in contact with that earth watered by the blood of the first apostle of the country. The upper part of the Pilon was covered, in spring, with a reddish efflorescence, which the people, in their simple and naïve faith, took for the very stains of the blood of Saint Andeolus, which reappeared at each anniversary of his martyrdom. This precious monument had disappeared after the great Revolution. It was believed destroyed. It had been, in fact, sawn into several pieces, and its fragments had entered as vile materials into the construction of the buildings of a farm. But one has had the good fortune to find again one of the most considerable fragments. The name under which this monument was designated, the veneration of which it was the object, lead one to think that the choice of it was not abandoned to arbitrariness nor to chance; but that this Pilon was a post or mooring-post, which the executioners found on the place of the torment, and of which they took advantage for the bloody execution. Popular belief holds that it was so. At the beginning of the 12th century, the church of Saint Andeolus found itself, by the fact of the feudal wars, reduced to a state of extreme distress. To raise it up, Leger, bishop of Viviers, ceded it to the canons of Saint-Ruf, who served it until 1774, the epoch of their suppression. Leger was not content with repairing the spiritual ruins of the sanctuary: the church of Saint Andeolus threatened ruin, he had it repaired and embellished, scrupulously respecting the plan of Bernoin: then he obtained that Pope Callistus II should come in person to consecrate it (27 February 1119).

The memory of this consecration was celebrated by a special feast until the Revolution. The glory of Saint Andeolus was not shut up within the narrow limits of the theatre of his martyrdom. In 544, following a war against Theudis, king of the Visigoths, Childebert, son of Clovis, having brought from Spain and Septimania a great number of relics, this prince, in concert with Saint Germanus, bishop of Paris, resolved to place these venerable remains in a basilica which should be for future ages a proof of his munificence and of his respect toward the Saints. He had built, for this purpose, the abbey of Saint-Vincent, to which Saint Germanus was later to give his name. This illustrious and holy bishop engaged Childebert also to raise in honour of Saint Andeolus a chapel or oratory which should depend on the abbey. In traversing the portion of Septimania which was still subject to the Visigoths, Childebert, among other relics, had been able to seize some bone of Saint Andeolus: which would explain the extraordinary devotion of Childebert and of Saint Germanus for the Apostle of the Vivarais. The celebrated bishop of Paris, having passed the first part of his life at Autun, in the countries evangelised by Saint Benignus, Saint Andochius and Saint Thyrsus, found also in his devotion toward these Saints a quite natural motive for honouring him whose name was always inseparable from the name of the Apostles of Burgundy. The oratory ended by becoming a parish church, under the name of Saint-André-des-Arcs, which has always recognised Saint Andeolus for its principal patron. The church of Saint-André-des-Arcs or des Arts, at Paris, no longer exists, whatever the continuators of Godescard may say: the name of the street alone recalls its existence: its site was at the corner of this street and of the present place Saint-Michel. If we descend to the northern extremity of Spain, in the county of Besalú, which, under Charlemagne and his first successors, depended on France, we find a very ancient monastery, placed under the title of Saint Andeolus and Saint Laurence. Around the monastery, to-day destroyed, was formed the village of Saint-Andéol-de-Guya, where the cult of our Saint is still very popular.

In 793, Louis the Debonair, going into the provinces, had built at Camaret, a borough of the principality of Orange, a church to honour a relic of Saint Andeolus which that locality already possessed. The ancient sanctuary of Louis the Pious still exists. It has been partly rebuilt; but what is primitive is easily recognised.

To finish sketching the picture of the development of his cult, during the Middle Ages, outside the Vivarais, it is enough to place here the enumeration of the places where it is still in honour. In the diocese of Dijon, not far from the town of Saulieu, is the parish of Saint-Andeux or of Saint-Andéol. The parish church is quite large and appears very ancient. Besides the high altar, there is, in the right side aisle, a chapel dedicated to Saint Andeolus. On the altar of this chapel is seen an ancient statue in painted stone, representing the Martyr clothed as a subdeacon and the head shaved, except the crown, which is very apparent. In the diocese of Lyon, we find the church of Saint-Andéol-de-Monceaux, which Leutade, count of Mâcon, by a charter of the year 943, gave to the abbey of Cluny; those of Saint-Andéol-la-Valla, archpriestship of Saint-Étienne, and of Saint-Andéol-le-Château, archpriestship of Mornant, mentioned both in the registers of the 13th and 14th centuries, but whose origin must go back much higher. In the diocese of Grenoble, the church and parish of Saint-Andéol, canton of Monestier-de-Clermont. In the diocese of Le Puy, there was formerly the priory of Saint-Andéol-de-Polignac, which depended on the abbey of Pébrac and which received great gifts, in 1060, from Armand, viscount of Polignac, and from Humbert, bishop of Le Puy. In the diocese of Mende, there is the church of Saint-Andéol-de-Clerguemort, canton of Fraissinet-en-Lozère, arrondissement of Florac. In the diocese of Valence, where, according to all probability, Saint Andeolus preceded the disciples of Saint Irenaeus, Saint Felix and his companions, the places which honour themselves in having him for Patron multiply. There was formerly Saint-Andéol-en-Trièves, archpriestship of Bas-Trièves. There are found at present Saint-Andéol-en-Quint, archpriestship of Die; Saint-Andéol-de-Chadeuil; Saint-Andéol, canton of Saint-Vallier. There exists, in this last parish, a pilgrimage in his honour, where numerous pilgrims came to invoke him. A relic and a statue of the Martyr were venerated there. By a historical singularity, destined to recall his manner of death, he is represented having only half his head. Some years ago, Mgr Chatrousse, bishop of Valence, condemned the exposition and public cult of the relic, because it was not accompanied by authentic letters. In the same diocese, there is still a hamlet, commune of La Bastie-Rolland, which bears the

name of Saint-Andéol and which possesses, in honour of the holy Martyr, a very ancient and venerated chapel. At the beginning of the month of May, people come there on pilgrimage from all the neighbouring countries. The tradition of the place holds that Saint Andeolus brought the faith there. In the diocese of Gap, again a church of Saint-Andéol. In the diocese of Avignon, not far from Carpentras, in the parish of Mazan, there was, before 1793, a chapel dedicated to Saint Andeolus with the title of priory. The country people invoked him as their particular Patron and as the apostle of the country. When spring began to display its riches, they went in procession, green branches in hand, to the oratory of the Saint, to ask God by his powerful intercession for the preservation of the fruits of their labours. The chapel had been repaired in 1679, and a little hermitage had been added to it destined to lodge him who took care of the venerated sanctuary. In the assembly where these repairs were decreed, and of which the report is preserved in the Book of the councils of the community of Mazan, the first consul set forth that the said community "ought to have put in order the fountain which flows beside the chapel, in order to attract more the particular graces which the great Saint Andeolus is pleased to do in the town and territory of Mazan, as well as several marvels in favour of persons attacked with fevers and other maladies, who are healed, principally on the day of the feast of the Saint, on 1 May, by using, after having invoked him at holy Mass, the water of the said fountain."[14] On the banks of the Durance, in the diocese of Aix, there is found, near Orgon and anterior to the year 1000, a chapel of Saint-Andéol, which Pons, bishop of Marseille, ceded, in 1003, to the celebrated abbey of Saint-Victor. It is in the tutelary shade of this oratory that was formed, later, the village of Saint-Andéol. The ancient chapel is none other than that which is still seen in the middle of the cemetery.

In 1562, the too famous baron des Adrets, after having sown murder and fire in Dauphiné, came to attack Bourg-Saint-Andéol, which could not hold against forces too superior in number. Hardly had the Protestant bands entered it than they ran to the churches. The doors of that of Saint-Andéol were burned, the altars overthrown, the tomb of the holy Martyr opened: everything was horribly sacked and profaned. The fierce baron gave the town up to pillage. The consuls saw themselves compelled to give up the silver plate of the churches. The shrine of Saint Andeolus, the other reliquaries and the sacred vessels were melted down and served to pay the wages of the fanatics. On withdrawing, the baron des Adrets left a garrison, under the orders of the lord of Saint-Rémésy. In those times of devastation and fury against the relics of the Saints, what became of those of Saint Andeolus? They were happily saved from the fury of the Protestants. When the silver shrine was entrusted to the keeping of the consuls, the head of the Martyr had been previously taken out of it and placed in a little wooden box, with some other fragments. After the appeasement of the troubles, the head of Saint Andeolus was taken out of the wooden box to be placed in a new reliquary of a magnificence in keeping with its destination. It was of silver, like the old one, and surmounted likewise by a silver bust, in the effigy of the glorious Martyr. Protestantism passed through the town of Bourg like a devastating torrent; it could not take root there. Thanks to its confidence in Saint Andeolus, this city became, on the contrary, until the end of the religious troubles, the bulwark of Catholicism in the Vivarais.

The arms of the town of Bourg-Saint-Andéol furnish us the perfect symbol of this confidence of its inhabitants in their holy Patron. They are gules with three pilgrim's staves argent, with a chief sewn azure charged with a dagger argent garnished with gold. In the knife one recognises without difficulty the traditional sign of the kind of death which ended the martyrdom of Saint Andeolus. The staves represent the affluence of pilgrims to his tomb and the devotion toward him. There are three of them, perhaps because of the three quarters of the town, which formed as many parishes. The motto completes the elucidation of this symbolism: "*His fulta manebit unitas*, Supported on these things unity will remain to us," that is to say, as long as devotion toward our illustrious and holy Patron flourishes within our walls, we are assured that he will extend over us his protection and that he will not permit error to break among us the unity of the faith. This remarkable character of the protection of Saint Andeolus over the city which is particularly consecrated to him has been recognised and accepted by the most competent authority. It is found, in fact, recorded in the legend of the office of the holy Martyr. To his powerful patronage is attributed the privilege which the town

of Bourg-Saint-Andéol possesses, alone among the neighbouring towns, of having remained always virgin in its faith. The few old men who saw the end of the 18th century and who still survive remember the unequivocal marks of veneration with which not only the sacred bones of the holy Martyr, but all the monuments illustrated and sanctified by his memory, were then surrounded. They relate that on the day of the feast of Saint Andeolus whole populations were seen to come to render homage to the Saint who had evangelised their fathers. People ran, not only from the neighbouring places, but from Grenoble, Carpentras, Vaison, Orange and from the depth of Provence. One of these old men affirmed to M. the abbé Mirabel, author of a life of Saint Andeolus, that Spain itself had sent deputations, that several times some had come from Catalonia. This state of things persevered until the baleful days of the great Revolution. Like so many other cults which the centuries had surrounded with their respect, that of Saint Andeolus foundered, for a time, in the immense cataclysm which fell on France after 1789. In 1791, the curé and the vicars of Saint-Andéol having taken the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, the religious service suffered greatly from it. The offices were deserted by the most instructed and most fervent parishioners. From 1 February 1794, the doors of Saint-Andéol were closed. Fifty citizens had the courage to ask the municipality for the faculty of reopening this church and of maintaining ministers of worship there at their expense; but their complaints were not listened to. The venerated sanctuary opened only before the commissioners of the government. In the name of popular sovereignty, these came to carry off the silver plate and give the monument up to devastation. The high altar, remarkable for its beauty, was destroyed. The tomb of Saint Andeolus, profaned and cast into the street. The statues of the Saints, the banners, the wooden reliquaries, broken in pieces and cast into the flames of a pyre lit on the public square. Justice must be rendered to the unfortunate priest who had given the example of defection to his parishioners: in these conjunctures, he made all his efforts to save the bones of Saint Andeolus from destruction. He asked that they be deposited in the archives of the commune, with the annexed documents, to be preserved there as antiquities. It is also said that he had tried to hide them. But all his efforts were useless; the holy body was cast into the flames, before his eyes. The revolutionaries of Paris, persuaded that a cult is necessary for the people, had given it that of the goddess Reason. The new divinity was established in the sanctuary of Saint-Andéol, on the frontispiece of which was put this inscription: *Temple of Reason.* In 1866, a hand was put to the work of repairing the parish church, dedicated to Saint Andeolus, which threatened ruin. The interior and exterior restoration of the edifice was soon complete. But this sanctuary, whose youth had just been redoubled, lacked at least some particle of the venerable remains of its illustrious Patron. For a long time it was liked to believe that a part of the holy body, hidden by pious hands, in 1793, had escaped the flames. In this hope, numerous researches had been made, but uselessly, the sacrilegious vandalism of the revolutionaries having spared nothing. However, God wished not to remain deaf to desires so conformable to His designs. In fact, hardly were the works of restoration finished when relics arrived from two sides at once. The first were drawn from two wooden reliquaries preserved at the hospice of Bourg-Saint-Andéol and furnished with the letters and the seal of Mgr de Savines, bishop of Viviers. One of these reliquaries, sent to Rome by the care of Monsieur the archpriest of Bourg-Saint-Andéol, was presented to the examination of the Congregation of the Holy Relics, which, finding it furnished with all the marks of authenticity desirable, permitted, by letters signed by the cardinal-vicar, to expose it publicly to the veneration of the faithful. The other reliquary, in all points like the preceding, was recognised and declared authentic by Mgr Delcusy, bishop of Viviers. A particle of these relics has been placed in the new altar of Saint Andeolus; another, in a reliquary apart, to be more easily presented to the veneration of the faithful. More considerable relics were preserved at Valence, in the former priory of Saint-Félix, which long belonged to the Order of Saint-Ruf, and where there are at present religious of Saint Vincent de Paul. They were enclosed in a casket, which was found, in 1850, in the high altar of the chapel of the priory, in making some repairs. Thanks to the initiative of M. Paradis, the church of Bourg-Saint-Andéol has just recovered integrally this notable relic. To complete his good work, the donor has enclosed these venerable remains in a fine reliquary. The translation of these fragments of the head of the illustrious Martyr was made on Sunday 3 May 1868.

Cf. *History of the Church of Viviers*, by M. the abbé Bousiller, and *Life of Saint Andeolus*, by M. the abbé Mirabel.

Saint Amator or Amatre, Bishop of Auxerre,[15] and Saint Martha, his Wife

— Pope: Saint Zosimus. — Emperor of the West: Honorius.

Amator, whose name was so perfectly justified by the charity which filled his heart. — Bollandists, Life of the Saint, 1 May.

Saint Amatre was born at Auxerre, in the course of the 4th century, of Proclidius, a rich inhabitant of that city, and of Isiciola, a lady of Autun. Zealous from his youth for the service of God, he studied the holy letters, under the guidance of Valerian, his bishop. When he had come to the age of settling, his father wished to marry him to a rich heiress of the town of Langres, named Martha; on the day of the wedding, he had begged Saint Valerian, bishop of Auxerre, to be so good as to come himself and bless the nuptial bed; but Valerian, doubtless by the permission of God, instead of reciting the prayers in use on that occasion, read the blessing which was pronounced over persons who consecrate themselves to God. Amatre and Martha, who alone had perceived it, promised each other to live as brother and sister; later, after the death of Saint Valerian, they went to find Saint Helladius, his successor, to obtain to be received, the one among the clerics, and the other among the religious women; Helladius blessed them and cut the hair of the young man, before admitting him to the number of the clerics.

Amatre was still only a deacon when he made his firmness felt by Palladia, a lady of Autun, who, passing the feast of Easter in the suburb of Auxerre where she had a rich domain, had come to church clothed in too sumptuous garments. He afterwards cured her miraculously of an illness, converted and baptised her husband.

Another prodigy came to point him out to public attention: a legion of demons driven from the island of Gallinaria by Saint Martin of Tours came to haunt Mont-Artre, near Auxerre; he drove it away by the virtue of the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Raised to the episcopate in the year 386, he employed himself wholly in the sanctification of his flock. He won to Jesus Christ so great a multitude of faithful that the ancient and sole basilica of Auxerre having become too narrow to contain them, he built a vaster one within the enclosure of the walls of the town. He dedicated it in honour of Saint Stephen, the first martyr. Animated by his zeal for the true religion, he did not fear to excite the anger of Germanus, governor of the country, by having cut down, against his will, a tree which kept up vain superstitions in the country. He would willingly have exposed himself to martyrdom by braving the anger of Germanus, had he not learned by divine revelation that this same Germanus would be his successor and a very great servant of God. He withdrew for some time from his episcopal city and directed his steps toward Autun, either to give the wrath of Germanus time to subside, or to ask the prefect of the Gauls, Julius, authorisation to confer Orders on the governor of Autun, who was far, at that moment, from suspecting what the mercy of God wished to make of him.

His particular historian, Stephen the African, teaches us some circumstances of this journey. Saint Amator, traversing the forest of Goulou, the peasants who recognised him for a bishop by the little reliquary which he wore at his neck made a way for him. The Saint blessed their food and healed a sick man by the sign of the cross. This miracle drew to him the acclamations of the whole country. Not far from there, he met a rich inhabitant of the town of Alise, named Suffronius, who was seeking a certain quantity of silver plate that had been taken from him. This lord joined the holy bishop, who consoled him, and gave him the hope of a prompt restitution. The thieves were in fact met three miles from there, and the restitution was made as the Saint had predicted. He determined Suffronius to pardon them, and to make them only promise, on the tomb of Saint Andochius and Saint Thyrsus, that they would change their life. This circumstance teaches us that the

meeting took place in the neighbourhood of Saulieu, where was this tomb of our holy Apostles. Saint Amator, approaching Autun, was received there with great pomp; the bishop, Saint Simplicius, went to meet him with his clergy, and the prefect Julius, with his officers. The next day, Saint Amator having asked audience of the prefect, this religious magistrate advanced to receive him, and began by asking his blessing. The holy bishop, after having given it to him, spoke to him thus: "God has done me the grace to teach me the day of my death, and as no one is more fit to govern my Church than the most illustrious Germanus, as the Lord has deigned to reveal it to me, I pray your Highness to grant me the permission to tonsure him." The prefect answered him: "Although he is useful and even necessary to our republic, yet since the Lord has chosen him, as your beatitude assures me, I declare to you that I cannot go against the order of God." Having therefore obtained his request, Saint Amator was preparing to return to Auxerre, but the bishop of Autun kept him still a little time, for the dedication of an oratory anciently raised on the tomb of Saint Symphorian. The two bishops, returning from the ceremony of the dedication, met three lepers whom they healed by anointings of blessed oil, and by making them drink water of the Jordan which was said to have been brought from Palestine by the holy bishop Rheticius. Saint Amator carried away some relics of the holy martyr and deposited them near Auxerre, in an oratory of Mont-Artre, which took the name of Saint-Symphorien.

Having learned the death of Martha, who, since their separation, had retired to Airy, land of her family, he had her body transported to Auxerre, and buried it on Mont-Artre, near the town.

The holy bishop made a journey to the East, whence he brought back considerable relics of Saint Cyricus and of Saint Julitta.[1] It was following this journey that the cult of these holy martyrs was established in the West. On his return to Auxerre, he assembled his clerics and warned them to think of giving him a successor. Seeing them sad and silent, he directs himself toward the church, where he had convoked all the people, and finds Germanus there in prayer with the others; he strips him of the secular habit, enrols him in the militia of the Church and declares him his successor, recommending him to keep without stain the honour he had just received. After that, this pious father having fallen ill, had himself carried into the church on his episcopal seat. It was there that he expired in the hands of those who supported him.

A choir of the blessed was seen at once to descend into the church, singing hymns and canticles, and to conduct his soul to heaven. The clergy and the faithful who were gathered around the holy bishop intoned in their turn the chant of the psalms. It was a Wednesday, 1 May of the year 418. His body was buried on Mont-Artre, in the oratory where Saint Martha already reposed. — The church which Saint Amator had raised on Mont-Artre to receive the relics of Saint Symphorian later took the name of its founder. The cult of our Saint, established in France from the 6th century, spread as far as Catalonia, on the occasion of one of his relics which Charlemagne had given to that country.

Saint Amatre is represented with an axe in his hand: before him is a tree which he is about to strike. The life of the Saint explains the why of these attributes.

Acta Sanctorum, 1 May, and among modern authors: *Légendaire d'Autun*, *Hagiology of Nevers*. Cult of Saint Symphorian, various Propers, etc.

Saint Orens, Bishop of Auch

5th century.

Will you receive with respect, publish and observe the traditions of the holy Fathers, and the constitutions of the Apostolic See? — I will. — Roman Pontifical, consecration of bishops.

Saint Orens succeeded Saint Ursinianus, one of those Pontiffs whose virtues have not come down to us, and whose cult has perished in crossing the course of the ages. At his death, thought was given to giving the church of Auch a pastor who should make live again him whom it mourned. Now, in those times of simple

and naïve faith, men, understanding their powerlessness, turned their wishes and their hopes toward heaven, and often rested solely on it for the care of choosing. A public fast and solemn prayers were ordered for that purpose, and God was pleased to grant them in a sensible manner. When the clergy and the people were assembled for the election, a voice from on high pronounced the name of Orens.

He was born at Huesca, on the frontier of Aragon, of a father whom the legend-writers make count or governor of Urgel, which has led several biographers to give him that city for fatherland. His education corresponded to the nobility and the piety of the authors of his days, who are honoured both with a public cult under the name of Saint Orens and Saint Patience.[1] He made in a short time great progress in letters and still greater in the ways of salvation. The Lord, who destined him to become one of the ornaments of His priesthood, tore him from the bosom of his family, at the moment when all the goods and all the honours of his house were passing to his head by the death of his elder brother. An angel warned him and led him as by the hand into the valley of Lavedan, some hours from Tarbes.

While the pious young man put all his care into hiding from the world, God seemed to take pleasure in glorifying him. The reputation of his holiness and the noise of the miracles which marked it soon spread on all sides: the peoples were seen to run in crowds toward the place of his retreat. They came there seeking only a remedy for their infirmities, and they found in the prayers and the charitable counsels of the servant of God the health of their soul with that of their body.

However, the virtuous solitary was alarmed at this concourse. He feared the seductions of a self-love which everything awakened, and in order to escape so much eagerness, he left the valley of Lavedan and climbed the summit of a steep rock, which, at his approach, dividing in two, appeared to open its bosom to lend him an unknown and almost invisible asylum. In this deep rock, hidden from the gaze of men, but under the eye of God, he gave himself up to vigils, fasts, macerations, to all the rigours of the most austere penance. “There,” says one of his ancient biographers, “herbs were his meat, water his drink, his house a cave, heaven his roof, earth his bed and a rough hair-shirt his garment.” This spirit of mortification followed him even into his prayers. Every day he recited the psalter, his loins girt with an iron chain and immersed to the middle of the body in a basin of cold water.

The hours which his religious exercises left him, he consecrated to the composition of a poem remarkable for the epoch, and of which some writers have wished to make the honour belong to Orenses who never existed. Divided into two books and composed in elegiac verse, it has for title *Commonitorium* or admonition: it is a picture of the various obstacles which oppose our salvation and a sort of guide toward heaven. It breathes a sweet and holy melancholy, such as the misfortunes of the empire and the aspect of an abrupt and savage nature must easily have inspired. In working at it, the author still sang the praises of God and was occupied in procuring His glory.[2] We find these verses very beautiful, on the brevity of life:

Every hour brings us by degrees nearer to death; the instant in which I speak already belongs to the domain of death.

By a march which hides its progress from us, imperceptible, the last of the hours urges on the step of the last of our days.

While food and sleep, hard words and cups delight thee; while thou sittest in thy dwelling and when thou walkest abroad;

While thou doest each of thy actions, voluntary or involuntary, death, which nothing stops, advances, advances ever.

Like the torch which we light to deceive the darkness of night and to replace the light of day, it consumes itself slowly without our perceiving it and the flame hastens to gnaw the matter subject to its activity;

So it is with man and with his destiny: all perishes; that which has shone most passes, and life itself resolves itself into death.

Thus passed his days, when the deputies of the church of Auch came to teach him the orders of heaven and to beseech him not to refuse the eager wishes of a people which awaited him. Humility is the seal of holiness, and even of all true merit. Orens, judging himself wholly unworthy of the high dignity that was offered him, refused to believe what was flattering in this account, and without hearing more, he took at once the traveller's staff, and was already preparing to flee; but stopped by the deputies and fearing, on their redoubled assurances, to resist God, he prayed the supreme Master to make His will more specially known to him. His prayer was hardly finished when the staff which he held in his hand took root, stretched out its branches, and was covered with green foliage. At the sight of this miracle, Orens bowed his head and directed himself toward Auch. When he was about to enter its walls, all the sick who were shut up in it found themselves suddenly healed. This second miracle completed the winning of hearts. The inhabitants hastened to go out to meet him to testify to him their joy and gratitude.

The new pastor devoted himself to the salvation of his sheep. Although the cross had long shone on the brow of the Caesars, paganism still counted, especially in the remote provinces, numerous followers. Orens applied himself first to extirpating it from his diocese. For this purpose, not only did he combat idolatrous rites, but he also overthrew all the monuments which, by recalling the memory of false divinities, perpetuated their cult. Where the friend of the arts is tempted to groan, the man endowed with a practical sense cannot refuse his assent. Before all, it was necessary to bring back the society strayed in the ways of error.

At the gates of his episcopal city, on a mountain then called Nervica or Nerveia, stood a celebrated temple consecrated to Apollo. Orens betakes himself there, destroys it, and on its ruins he raises a church in honour of the young child Cyricus and of his mother, Saint Julitta, martyred together under Diocletian. From the slightly altered name of this tender and innocent victim, the mount was afterwards called Saint-Cric.

A zeal so active against paganism could not remain mute and indifferent before the vices which defiled religion. But here, the resistance was singularly obstinate; one triumphs sometimes more easily over infidels and heterodox than over unworthy children of the Church. In vain did the pious bishop make heard in turn the accents of the sweetest and most tolerant charity, or thunder the bolts of the evangelical word, his voice was completely unrecognised and all his exhortations disdained. So many fruitless efforts brought discouragement into his heart. Moreover, his old attraction for solitude pursued him incessantly in the midst of public life. Finally, his profound humility showed him always as too heavy the burden imposed on his shoulders. Hence the resolution which he formed to abandon a people whom he could not reform. He resumed the cowl and the staff of the hermit, and returned poor and content to the grotto, ancient witness of his austerities and since then the object of all his regrets. This departure consternated his sheep. They might have shown themselves unruly and rebellious, but they had none the less cherished their pastor and venerated his high virtues. They ran after him promising him a new life. The Saint allowed himself to be touched by these sentiments, and sacrificing his love of retreat to the hope of saving souls, he returned to the flock which asked for him again, and in the midst of which his ministry henceforth bore the most abundant fruits. His successes, his talents, his piety and the numerous miracles with which God was pleased to set off the virtues of His servant, placed him at the head of the bishops of Aquitaine. Thus his name presented itself naturally to Theodoric I, king of the Arian Visigoths, when that prince, besieged in Toulouse by Litorius, lieutenant of the celebrated Aetius, sent him in deputation some orthodox prelates of his States to ask peace; but Litorius received the prelates with haughtiness and almost with contempt; and deceived by the vain promises of the haruspices and diviners, who assured him that he would enter Toulouse in triumph and that he would take the chief of the enemies, he rejected all the proposals of accommodation.

While the Roman general fed his pride with the thought of a certain victory, Theodoric, says Salvian, humbled himself before the God of armies, and, covered with a hair-shirt, prostrated himself often in prayers.

He rose at last with confidence to march to battle. Love of glory on one side, necessity on the other, made the action long bloody and doubtful. Perhaps the advantage would have remained with the Romans, if Litorius, throwing himself too far forward in the melee, had not been taken prisoner. This capture, in deciding the success, ended the combat and began the ignominies of the lieutenant of Aetius.

Led to Toulouse, he had to undergo a triumph quite different from that which his presumption promised him, and which his imprudent counsellors had predicted to him. Every outrage with which a victor in delirium can defile himself was lavished on him. Placed backwards on an ass, he was led through all the streets, his hands bound behind his back and his body loaded with heavy chains. He was then confined in a dark dungeon, where for five or six months a black bread was thrown to him destined to irritate his hunger without satisfying it, and after so long and so cruel a malady had rendered him unrecognisable to all eyes, his head was finally made to fall under the axe of the executioner. In so tragic a fate the ancient legends do not fail to see the punishment of the outrage done to Saint Orens and to his venerable colleagues. For the rest, this embassy, the more honourable as our Saint owed it to a heretical prince, crowned his life. As soon as he had returned to Auch, God appeared to him and made him know that his last hour was approaching. Here we shall let one of his ancient biographers speak:[3] "From then, feeling his desired decease approach, he was marvellously rejoiced and consoled in his soul, and although all his life had been a continual preparation for death, he armed himself with the Holy Sacraments to combat anew that infernal dragon, whom so many times he had vanquished. Beseeching Our Lord to receive his soul into His hands and that those who, after his decease, should have recourse to him in their troubles and spiritual vexations, might have the particular grace of driving away the enemy of hell who should cause them this trouble. Forthwith a heavenly voice was heard by two ecclesiastics, witnesses of the vision: 'Orens, I grant thee all that thou askest in favour of those who shall commend themselves to thee, who, invoking thy help in all infirmities, tribulations of spirit, necessities and anguishes, shall be delivered from them and shall never lack temporal goods in their need.'

"Thus this holy prelate, whose memory is in benediction, ended his mortal career like aromatic lamps with a sweet odour, like swans in singing melodiously his own funeral, and like the phoenix in consuming himself in the fire of his charity and breathing forth his beautiful soul by a sigh of love, died in the kiss of the Lord on the first of May, which is the day on which the Church celebrates his feast."

Relics and Cult of Saint Orens

His body was buried, at Auch, in the church of Saint John the Baptist, which was not slow to be called now by its first name and now by the name of the illustrious and holy prelate whose remains had just been entrusted to it, and insensibly the latter prevailed. This change reveals to us the high opinion which his former flock had of his virtues and the confidence which was preserved in his protection with God. The town chose him for its second patron: soon several parishes of the diocese placed themselves under his title. The concourse was great near his sacred remains, and the church which contained them became, each year, more insufficient.

Bernard the Squinting, count of Armagnac, witness of this insufficiency, enlarged it, or rather, on its site, he built the superb basilica with three naves which was admired near the banks of the Gers, and which, closed and mutilated in 1793, was sold shortly after and finished disappearing from 1800 to 1804; for the chapel of the Conception, which still exists and which formerly formed part of it, does not at all belong to the constructions raised by order of Bernard the Squinting, and goes back only to the 14th or 15th century. The devotion of the count did not stop there. Beside the basilica, he built a vast abbey and placed religious in it whom he charged to watch over the ashes of Saint Orens, and to pray near his tomb, and whom he endowed generously.

The archbishop of Auch wished to associate himself with these liberalities. He divided the parish of the town, which his predecessors had until then administered alone, with the help of the clergy placed under their

immediate discipline, and attributed a portion of it to the new church, constituting it a proper and distinct parish. The abbey was not slow to change masters; it passed to the Benedictines of Cluny under the episcopate of Saint Austindus, and was reduced to a priory. Bernard of Sédirac or of Sérillac, the third prior who governed the house, raised the body of Saint Orens and placed it in a more apparent and more honourable place. This translation took place on 6 August. The ancient martyrologies of the diocese mention the day, but do not designate the year, which must be placed between 1075, the epoch when the predecessor of Bernard of Sérillac was still living, and 1080, the epoch when Bernard had become archbishop of Toledo, in Spain.

The name and virtues of Saint Orens remained no less popular in the Bigorre than in the diocese of Auch. Two monasteries were built there in his honour: one, a few steps from his ancient retreat and almost on the theatre of his austerities, and the other, in the viscounty of Montaner and the neighbourhood of the town of Maubourguet; to distinguish them, the latter was surnamed of the Rule or of La Réole, and was called the abbey of Saint-Orens of the Rule or of La Réole, or simply La Réole.

There was kept in the first, besides some relics of the Saint still preserved in our days, a part of the chain with which he girt himself when he recited the psalter, and numerous were the miracles wrought by the aid and virtue of this chain.

The rest of this chain was sent to Toulouse to the convent of Sainte-Croix. Besides this chain, the religious of this convent obtained, from the prior and the monks of Auch, some relics which they received on 12 July 1354, and which they had enshrined in a head and an arm of silver. “One cannot,” adds the writer[4] from whom we borrow these details, “say enough of the devotion of the Toulousans and the neighbouring peoples toward this Saint; for their children have hardly received holy baptism than they go to the church of Saint-Orens to place them under the protection of this great Saint to enrol them in his confraternity, established in the said convent, one of the finest and oldest of the town, enriched with indulgences by Our Holy Father Pope Paul V.” The noise of the miracles wrought near the tomb of Saint Orens, or his venerated remains, crossed the Pyrenees and spread on the frontiers of Spain. The town of Huesca honoured itself, with reason, in having given him birth. The bishop of the place and its magistrates invoked this title to obtain, they too, some of his relics. They addressed themselves first to Rome and to Paris, and, after having obtained, not without long supplications, the authorisation of the Pope and the assent of the king of France, they sent to Auch a deputation composed of the scholasticus of the cathedral and three notables to whom was joined Dom Manuel Lopez, a Spanish noble refugee at Coarraze, in Béarn. Mgr Leonard Destrappes,[5] a prelate himself worthy of the public honours of holiness, which Rome, we hope, will one day decree to him, occupied then the metropolitan see. He welcomed the deputies with joy, and willingly granted their request.

Since this translation, some further borrowings were made from the shrine of Saint Orens to enrich with his relics some sanctuaries of the diocese of Auch or of the neighbouring dioceses, as the parish church of Miradoux which has taken the Saint for patron, or the chapel of the college of Auch, directed then by the Jesuits. But the rest of the body remained in the basilica where it had first been buried, and unfortunately, alas! it shared only too much its fate. The head was enclosed in a magnificent silver bust, a work of the Middle Ages, for which John I, count of Armagnac, bequeathed a hundred pounds by his will of the year 1373. The bones were kept in the gilded wooden chest garnished with iron of which we spoke lately. Near them, a community of Benedictines secularised in 1721, and transformed into a Chapter, celebrated every day the public offices of the Church. Everything in this enclosure announced that under these vaults reposed the second Patron of the town of Auch. To-day everything has disappeared: the Proper of the diocese alone keeps the memory of the poet bishop of the 5th century.

Cf. *History of Gascony*, by Monlezun.

Saint Sigismund, King of Burgundy

— Pope: Saint John I. — King of France: Childebert I.

Nothing more sublime than a king who, his hands stretched out over the people, adores the common Sovereign of kings and peoples. — Sidonius Ap., *Epist. ad Serranum.*

One of the most beautiful works of Christianity is the conversion of those barbarian peoples who invaded the West in the fifth century, and whom religion tore, by so many efforts, from sanguinary manners, to make them understand and practise the evangelical virtues. It was difficult for this work of regeneration to be accomplished in a complete manner in those fierce souls. So, in spite of the influence of religion, the barbarous nature sometimes regained the upper hand. Hence comes that mixture of virtues and vices, of cruelty and gentleness, which is found in the characters of that epoch, in which evil shows itself often in what it has most odious, and good in what it has most sublime. Nevertheless, faith almost always ended by prevailing over the instincts of barbarism, and if souls let themselves go to some crime, repentance soon came to ask and to obtain its expiation, as we see in the life of Saint Sigismund. Sigismund was son of Gondebaud, king of Burgundy,[1] who had made himself entirely master of it by putting to death his brother Chilperic, father of Saint Clotilda of France. Gregory of Tours has praised the piety of Caretena, his mother. It is this princess who had built at Lyons the church of Saint-Michel, where she was buried (506). She had taken the greatest care to bring up her son Sigismund in the Catholic religion. But her zeal did not obtain all the success she had sought. King Gondebaud was an Arian, and the example of the father was fatal to the faith of the son, who also embraced Arianism.

However, a holy prelate, who was then the oracle of the Churches of Gaul, Avitus, bishop of Vienne, laboured with ardour to bring Gondebaud back into the bosom of the Church. If his efforts were not crowned with success, they had at least for result to enlighten Sigismund, who, more faithful to grace and more docile to the voice of Avitus, abjured error and returned to the true faith. This conversion took place long before the death of Gondebaud, who does not appear to have opposed it; for he esteemed Avitus, and even recognised several times in secret the truth of the Catholic dogma, without daring to profess it in public.

The example of Sigismund was followed by his children, who had been brought up, like him, in the bosom of Arianism. His daughter, named Suavegotha, and his son Sigeric, were converted at the voice of Avitus. This holy bishop thus had the joy of seeing error disappear almost entirely from that powerful family, which then weighed with so great a weight on the destinies of Gaul. He pronounced, on this occasion, a homily of which only the title remains to us and which was, says Agobard, as admirable for the beauty of the thoughts as for the harmony of the expressions.

Sigismund, before being raised to the throne, was named, like his father, patrician of the empire in the Gauls. The Burgundian princes held themselves very honoured by this dignity, which was conferred on them by the emperors of the East, whose mandatories they gloried in being. Sigismund had married, as early as the year 493 or 494, Ostrogotho, daughter of Theodoric, king of Italy. His father, in making him contract this union, had wished to secure in Theodoric a powerful ally against the enterprises of Clovis, king of the Franks, whose neighbourhood disquieted him. In 513, Gondebaud associated his son with the throne, and had him crowned at Geneva. From that day, Sigismund had to govern specially that part of the States of Burgundy which comprised western Helvetia and Sequania, with Geneva for capital. Sigismund, raised to the royal dignity and enlightened by the light of faith, applied himself to repairing by his good works the wrong he had done to religion by his errors. It is with this view that he began, from the year 515, to rebuild and enlarge the celebrated monastery of Agaunum.[2] This monastery had been founded, at an earlier epoch, by the religious of Condat. But it had since fallen into decay, and, at that moment, priests and laymen dwelt there in confusion. Then, tells us a chronicler of the time, Saint Maximus, bishop of Geneva, exhorted King Sigismund to restore to honour this place, sanctified formerly by the martyrdom of the Theban legion, and to remove from it that crowd of people of every sex and condition who had established their dwelling there. It was just that a place made illustrious by the courage of generous athletes of the faith should be inhabited only

by men consecrated to prayer, and whose vows would call down upon the prince the blessings of Heaven. The king therefore assembled a council on this subject. It was decided there that all the women and seculars established at Agaunum should be excluded from it, and that a community of monks should be established there occupied in celebrating night and day the praises of God.

Thanks to the munificence of the prince, the monastery and the church were rebuilt in vast proportions. Saint Avitus, bishop of Vienne, Saint Maximus, of Geneva, and Saint Viventiolus, of Lyons, had at heart to raise monastic life in those places, and were the principal movers in this enterprise. In the meantime King Gondebaud died (516), and Sigismund, raised to the throne of his father, broke the fetters which still weighed on the Churches of Gaul, and gave back to the bishops all the liberty they needed to assemble councils and accomplish great works. The buildings of the monastery of Agaunum being finished, the king convoked there, on 1 May 516, an assembly of bishops and lords. The ancient rule was replaced by a new constitution, according to which the religious would be exempt from manual labour and bound to sing in choir without interruption, beside the venerated relics of the Theban martyrs. This is what was called the *laus perennis* or perpetual psalmody.

To fulfil this office, the number of the religious had to be considerable. Some were brought from Lérins, from Grigny, from the Île-Barbe and from Condat, and Saint Hymnemodus was given them for abbot. Sigismund provided for their subsistence with a truly royal liberality. He had an authentic act drawn up of the donations which he made to the monks of Agaunum.

The year which followed this donation (517), twenty-four bishops, who belonged to the eight ecclesiastical provinces of Burgundy, assembled, on 6 September, in national council at Epaone, to agree on the reforms to introduce into the Churches of Gaul. It was after this council that took place the dedication of the basilica of Agaunum, on 22 September, the day of the feast of the Theban martyrs, and Saint Avitus pronounced on this occasion a discourse of which only the title remains to us.

The Church of the Gauls flourished again, thanks to the enlightened zeal of its bishops and the liberty which Sigismund had given back to them. This prince, since his conversion, applied himself to making heresy disappear from his States, and to putting in honour in them the cult of the true God. Such is the testimony rendered to him by Saint Avitus, in the letters which he often wrote to him. However, this happy harmony which reigned between King Sigismund and the bishops of the Gauls was for an instant troubled. A council held at Lyons in 518, having struck with anathema a lord of the court, who had contracted an incestuous marriage, Sigismund, deceived by perfidious counsellors, took the defence of this courtier and exiled the courageous bishops to Sardinia. But he soon understood that the part of persecutor is always odious, and, full of admiration for the constancy of the holy prelates, who had preferred to please God rather than men, he recalled them to their dioceses.

Sigismund governed his people with justice, and everything seemed to announce the prosperity of his reign, when a tragic event came to cast on him shame and misfortune. Here we let Gregory of Tours speak: “Sigismund,” he says, “having lost his first wife, Ostrogotho, daughter of Theodoric, king of Italy, by whom he had a son named Sigeric, married a second. But she, according to the custom of stepmothers, began to maltreat her husband’s son and to stir up quarrels against him. Now, one day of feast, the young man, recognising on her the garments of his mother, said to her, his heart full of wrath: ‘Thou wert not worthy to carry on thy shoulders these garments, which are known to have belonged to thy mistress, that is to say to my mother.’ Transported with fury, she then excites Sigismund by insidious words: ‘This perverse son,’ she says, ‘aspires to seize thy kingdom, and proposes, after having made thee perish, to extend his States as far as Italy, by making himself master of the kingdom which his grandfather Theodoric possessed in that country. He knows well that so long as thou livest, he cannot accomplish his design, and that he will rise only by thy ruin.’ Sigismund, excited by these perfidious accusations and letting himself go to the counsels of his wicked wife, became a cruel parricide. One day, toward afternoon, as his son was heavy with wine, he orders him to

go to sleep, and, during his sleep, a handkerchief knotted under the chin is passed around his neck; then two servants, each pulling one end of this handkerchief, strangle him (522). As soon as this was done, the father, repenting, but too late, threw himself upon the corpse of his son, and began to weep bitterly. It is reported that an old man then said to him: 'It is over thyself that thou must weep now, thou who, by reason of a perfidious counsel, hast become a cruel parricide; he whom thou hast made perish innocent has no need to be wept.' However the king betook himself to the monastery of Saint-Maurice, and passed there a great number of days in tears and in fasts to implore his pardon."

The crime of Sigismund was great doubtless. But what seems to diminish the horror of it is that this prince, persuaded that his son was guilty, thought himself obliged to put reason of State above the sentiments of nature. For the rest, the remorse by which he was torn, the tears he shed, the penance to which he condemned himself, obtained for him grace before heaven. For if God punished his crime by the revolt of his subjects, He glorified his repentance by making his tomb illustrious with miracles, and religion honoured him later with the title of saint, as it had honoured penitent David and repentant Magdalene.

Sigismund humbled himself at Agaunum, under ashes and hair-shirt, conjuring heaven to take vengeance in this world for the evil he had done, and not to reserve the punishment of it after this life. God heard the penitent king, and sent him disgraces to save him eternally. The Frankish princes, less touched by his repentance than struck by his parricide, thought the occasion favourable to seize his States. They hoped that the great men of the kingdom of Burgundy, irritated against their king, would not take his defence, and that Theodoric, seized with horror on learning the death of his grandson, would abandon Sigismund to the vengeance of the princes and the justice of God. Queen Clotilda herself excited her children to avenge on the Burgundians the death of her father Chilperic, whom Gondebaud had put to death. Sigismund, awakened by these noises of war, comes out of his retreat and comes to Lyons. To interest in his cause the most powerful of the sons of Clovis, Theodoric, king of Austrasia, he had given him in marriage his daughter Suavegotha. In consequence, Theodoric remained neutral in this war. But the sons of Clotilda, Clodomir, Clotaire and Childebert, were already in the field with a powerful army. They offered battle to Sigismund and his brother Gondemar. These two princes, too weak to sustain the attack of the Franks, were at once routed. Gondemar succeeded in saving himself. But Sigismund, having tried to flee toward Agaunum to seek an asylum there, was pursued by his own subjects, who joined the Franks. Discovered in a place named Versallis,[3] where he had clothed himself in a monk's habit, he was taken and delivered to Clodomir, who had this unfortunate king led to Orleans, with his wife and his two young sons (523).

However, the greater part of the Burgundian soldiers had remained faithful to the cause of their prince. Gondemar rallies them, and wishes once more to try fortune at the head of this army. He attacks the Franks, drives them back on their lands, retakes from them their conquest and has himself proclaimed king of Burgundy. But this victory was as little durable as it had been rapid. "Clodomir," says Gregory of Tours, "disposing himself to march again against the Burgundians, resolved to put Sigismund to death. The blessed Avitus, abbot of Saint-Mesmin of Micy, about two leagues from Orleans, a priest famous in that time, said to him on this occasion: 'If, turning thy regards toward God, thou changest thy design, and if thou sufferest not that these people be killed, God will be with thee, and thou shalt obtain the victory; but if thou makest them die, thou shalt thyself be delivered into the hands of thy enemies, and shalt undergo their fate: there shall happen to thee, to thy wife and to thy sons what thou shalt have done to Sigismund, to his wife and to his children.' But Clodomir, despising this advice, answered Avitus: 'It would be a great folly to leave an enemy in my house when I march against another: for the one would attack me from behind, and the other in front, and I should find myself thrown between two armies. The victory will be surer and easier if I separate them from one another. The first once dead, it will be easy also to rid myself of the second.'" He therefore put Sigismund to the sword, with his wife and his two sons, and had them thrown into a well, near Coulmiers, a village of the territory of Orleans (524).

Such was the tragic end of this prince, whose death was soon followed by the definitive ruin of his kingdom. In effect, Clodomir, after the murder of Sigismund, directed himself against the Burgundians, whom he attacked near the village of Vézeronce, between Vienne and Belley. He was killed in the melee. But this misfortune, far from dejecting the Franks, exasperated their courage, and, according to Gregory of Tours, they put Gondemar to flight, crushed the Burgundians, and subjected the whole country to their power.

Cult and Relics of Saint Sigismund

The violent death of Sigismund appeared a sufficient expiation of his faults, and the peoples whom his fall had revolted thought no more than of the penance he had done for them. Perhaps, says a historian, if all his reign had been without stain, he would have served the Lord neither with enough humility nor with enough fear. He was given, according to the custom of that time, the title of Martyr, which was attributed to saints immolated for any cause whatever. His body, those of his wife and of his children, remained three years in the well of Couturiers, and during that time, say his Acts, a lamp was often seen there miraculously lit. The peoples ran to this place to venerate the holy king; and it pleased God to work miracles there by the intercession of Saint Sigismund. A chapel was built there afterwards, and the houses which rose little by little around this sanctuary formed a village which, from the time of Charles the Bald, was called the Well of Saint Sigismund, or simply Saint-Sigismond. A priory of the Order of Saint Benedict was likewise built there, the collation of which belonged to the abbot of Saint-Mesmin. But it is above all at Agaunum that the cult of Saint Sigismund was in honour. Ambrose, abbot of that monastery, with the aid of Ansemundus, a Burgundian lord, who had always been faithful to the king, obtained from King Theodoric the permission to withdraw his body from the well of Coulmiers. He had it transported to Agaunum, where it was honourably buried in the church of Saint-John-the-Evangelist. It is there that the faithful came to implore the protection of the penitent king, and the graces which are obtained there, wrote Gregory of Tours, are a proof that he is placed in the number of the Saints. A special mass was celebrated there in his honour, and he was invoked particularly to be delivered from the attacks of fever. The cult of Saint Sigismund is very widespread in Savoy, which had formed part of his kingdom of Burgundy. Saint-Sigismond-sur-Aime, Saint-Sigismond, near Albertville (diocese of Tarentaise), Saint-Sigismond near Aix-les-Bains (Chambéry), Saint-Sigismond, near Cluses (Annecy), pass for being contemporary with the Burgundian epoch; a fairly great quantity of Roman antiquities is found there.

Some relics of Saint Sigismund were successively transported to Notre-Dame des Ermites, in Switzerland, and to Prague, in Bohemia, where his feast was celebrated on 11 May, under the rite double of the second class. It was the emperor Charles IV who, in the year 1366, had the head of Saint Sigismund transported to Prague. At Agaunum, they were preserved in a silver shrine, with those of the sons of the holy king, Giscald and Gondebaud. One of his relics is at the Carmel of Amiens. The name of Sigismund is inscribed in the most ancient Martyrologies, and in particular in the Roman Martyrology. His feast, celebrated in a great number of churches of Bohemia, Germany, Italy (Cremona), Spain, Switzerland, etc., is also so, for a long time, in the diocese of Besançon, under the rite double (30 April). — The attributes of Saint Sigismund in the arts are a church which he carries on his hand, and the figure of a well. His manner of death explains this last symbol, and the foundation of the abbey of Saint-Maurice, the first. See the epitaph of the mother of Saint Sigismund, in Duchesne, vol. 1; consult besides, on the various events which relate to the life of Saint Sigismund: Gregory of Tours, *De miraculis S. Juliani*, ch. 7 and 8; *History of the Franks*, bk. 3, ch. 5; *De gloria Martyr.*, bk. 1, ch. 75; *Epitome*, ch. 34; the works of Saint Agobard, of Lyons, and of Saint Avitus, of Vienne; Flodoard, *History of Reims*, bk. 2; Dom Plancher, *History of Burgundy*, *passim*; the *Chronicle* of Sigebert and the *History of France* of Aimoin; Ch. de Saussaye, *Annals of the church of Orleans*; the *Gallican Sacramentary*, edited by Mabillon, which gives the proper Mass of Saint Sigismund; the *Missal of Prague* of the 5th century, where is found a beautiful prose in his honour; the Bollandists at 22 September, and finally the *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*, Besançon, 1856.

Saint Marculf, First Abbot of Nanteuil, in the Diocese of Coutances

— Pope: Pelagius I. — King of France: Clotaire I.

Saint Marculf, called also Marcou or Marcoul, was born at Bayeux, of parents considerable for their nobility, but still more illustrious by their piety. As soon as he saw himself in a state to dispose of his goods, he made so good a share of them to the poor and the orphans that, practising to the letter the counsel of the Gospel, he reserved to himself nothing but Providence. He even left the country of his birth to go and study virtue in the school of Saint Possessor, bishop of Coutances.

He laboured at perfection under so good a master, until the age of thirty years, in imitation of Our Lord, who led as long a hidden life before preaching. But when he had attained that age, Saint Possessor ordained him priest and established him missionary of his diocese. Marcoul acquitted himself of it with so much zeal and edification that he was regarded as an angel descended from heaven, to teach the science of the Saints. He authorised his doctrine by the holiness of his life, which was but a continual fast, for he ate only barley bread with raw herbs. His garment was a rough hair-shirt covered with sheepskins. He might have been taken for a new Saint John the Baptist: so he withdrew, after his example, into the deserts, where he passed whole forties of days with two other servants of God, named Domard and Griou, whom he had associated with himself: they made themselves such perfect imitators of his virtues that they deserved to enter heaven on the same day as their master.

While the Saint lived thus in his solitude, God sent him an angel who told him to go to Childebert I, king of France and son of the great Clovis, to ask of him a little place called Nanteuil, near the town of Coutances, on the shore of the sea, in order to build a monastery there for those who should wish to lead a more perfect life, and consecrate themselves to the service of God the rest of their days. Saint Marcoul, obeying this voice, betook himself at once to Paris; he arrived there when the king was hearing mass in his chapel, with Queen Ultrogotha, his wife. Not daring to appear with his poor garments before the royal majesty, he withdrew into a corner of the chapel, waiting till it should please God to disclose his coming; which was done by a miracle: some demoniacs were present at the mass; the demons who possessed them cried out frightfully: “Marcoul, servant of Jesus Christ, have pity on us, because thy presence torments us.” These cries extremely surprised the whole court: the king had search made among all the assistants for him who was called Marcoul. The Saint, thus discovered, gave Childebert an account of his journey, and told him the subject of it. The king approved it and promised him aid and protection; but he begged him also to drive the demons from the bodies of these possessed. Then the Saint, trusting in the goodness of God, and not doubting that He would assist him in an occasion in which His glory was concerned, prostrated himself on the ground and, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, implored aloud His mercy for these poor afflicted. Then, making the sign of the cross over them, he commanded the evil spirits to go out of them; they went out at once, leaving them half dead. But, a little time after this happy deliverance, they rose up in perfect health.

This marvel ravished the whole court; each admired the power of God and the merits of His servant. The king, very content to have made so happy a meeting in his kingdom, and to have found, among his subjects, so holy a personage, had delivered to him the patent of the donation which he made him of the land of Nanteuil; he even besought him to come often to the court, and to ask of him boldly all that he should need for the establishment of his house, and for the subsistence of his religious. Finally, he had him conducted by an illustrious lord, called Leontius, to whom he gave the superintendence of the buildings of this new monastery.

Marcoul contented himself with first building an oratory with some cells. He shut himself in at once with his disciples, whose number increased from day to day. He taught them to possess nothing but in common, each attributing to himself as his own only his faults and his sins; to flee idleness, to occupy themselves without relaxation in prayer, in reading, in the work of the hands. He applied himself above all to making revive in

them the spirit of the first Christians, so closely united that they had but one heart and one soul. As for himself, the common austerities were not enough: he went to pass Lent in an island near Nanteuil; he had for dwelling a sort of hut which he had built himself. He remained several days without eating; he slept on the bare earth; a stone was his pillow.

He permitted the most fervent of his disciples to imitate him; they passed into the island of Jersey to lead the anchoritic life there: Marcoul came to join them there. While he sojourned in this island, Anglo-Saxon pirates made a descent on it to ravage it. The inhabitants, who were but thirty, despairing of resisting this invasion, came to throw themselves at the feet of the man of God, and begged him to defend them. He promised them the help of God, restored their courage and exhorted them to run in arms upon the enemies. They obey, attack the pirates, break them and exterminate them all to the last. In recognition of this service, the lord of the island gave half of it to Marcoul, who founded a monastery there. He made yet other similar establishments, with the help of King Childebert and Queen Ultrogotha: God aided him still more by miracles. We shall not give the detail of them: we shall content ourselves with relating two. A lord, named Genesius, came to find him at Nanteuil with one of his children who had been bitten by a rabid wolf; he was torn over all his body, and one waited only for the hour of his death. The Saint, touched by the grief of the father and the wounds of the son, cured him perfectly by the sign of the cross. Making a second journey to the court, to obtain the confirmation of the donations made to his monasteries, he rested on the bank of the Oise: a hare, pressed by the dogs, took refuge under his habit; but the hunters having obliged the Saint to let it go, this poor animal saved itself, while the dogs and the horses remained immovable. One of these horsemen wished to push his on by dint of spurs; but he was thrown to the ground and dangerously wounded. Marcoul, in spite of the injuries he had received from him, approached him, and, making the sign of the cross on his wounds, cured him at once entirely. The king, then at Compiègne, knowing, by the noise of this miracle which had spread at court, that the Saint was coming, went to meet him to receive him, had him lodged in his palace, confirmed by new letters patent the donations he had made him at his first journey; and, after having commended to his prayers his person, his wife, Queen Ultrogotha, and the princesses, his daughters, and all his States, he received his blessing, and at last permitted him to return to his abbey of Nanteuil. The Saint had no sooner arrived there than, finding himself in an extreme weakness, he was constrained to take to his bed. He was visited by all the considerable persons of the province, and particularly by Saint Lô, bishop of Coutances, who always regretted the loss which his diocese was about to make by the death of so holy a man, from whom he received so much help; he administered to him the last sacraments and assisted him until his last hour, which arrived on 1 May, toward the middle of the 6th century.

Saint Domard and Saint Criou, his two faithful companions, died also the same day and at the same hour as he. And, as they had all three perfectly loved one another during their life, they were put in the same tomb, at Nanteuil, so that they should not be separated after their death. Some years after, Saint Ouen, archbishop of Rouen, making the visitation of the suffragan dioceses of his metropolis, was begged by Hervinus, abbot of Nanteuil, to transfer the body of Saint Marcoul to a more honourable place, on account of the quantity of miracles which were wrought by his intercession. As the holy archbishop wished by devotion to take some relics of him, a voice from heaven was heard distinctly in the church saying: “Take from all the parts of the body of the blessed Marcoul that which thou wilt, but beware of touching his head.”

It is to this Saint that our most Christian kings acknowledged themselves indebted for the power they had of healing the scrofula; hence it comes that after having been anointed at Reims, they went to make a novena at Corbeny, in the diocese of Laon, in the church dedicated to him, and where a part of his relics is still preserved. The head was stolen about 1637.

Particles of the relics of Saint Marcoul had also been transported during the wars of the Normans from the abbey of Nanteuil to the town of Mantes, in the diocese of Chartres, with the bodies of Saint Domard and Saint Criou, and deposited in the principal church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, where miracles continued

to be wrought more particularly for the cure of scrofula: which may be seen in his life which Simon Faroul, dean and official of Mantes, composed.

Saint Marcoul is represented: 1° touching the chin or the neck of a suppliant kneeling before him, to indicate that he is invoked against scrofula; 2° blessing a loaf and giving it to a poor woman; now, as this poor woman was the devil disguised under the features of a woman, the blessing of the holy man put the tempter to flight; 3° confirming to Louis XIV the power of healing the scrofulous: this prince touched them on the days when he had communicated; 4° at Paris, on the place Maubert (Master Albert), Saint Marcoul was formerly invoked jointly with Saint Cloud, against diseases of the skin in general, tetters, scrofula, etc. This is why these two Saints are found sometimes united in old prints.

The plantain which is recommended for the dressing of scrofulous sores is commonly named Herb of Saint Marcoul.

The martyrology of Usuard and that of the Saints of France by Du Saussay mark his feast on 1 May.

Pilgrimage of Saint-Marcoul, at Corbeny (Aisne)

The pilgrimage of Saint-Marcoul, at Corbeny, was one of the glories of the diocese of Laon, now united to the diocese of Soissons (Aisne).

This pilgrimage has for object the cult of Saint Marcoul, abbot of Nanteuil, in the diocese of Coutances: he had lived in the course of the 6th century, and his holiness and his credit with God had won him the veneration of Childebert I. The perpetual incursions of the Normans, who often infested ancient Neustria, before the perpetual cession which was made to them of that province, had obliged the monks of Nanteuil to seek a safer asylum for themselves and for the relics of the holy abbot, which they carried with them as their most precious treasure. They were welcomed in the royal house of Corbeny by Charles the Simple, and they settled there with their precious treasure.

Ten years after, the new foundation, enriched by the gifts of Frederuna, wife of Charles the Simple, was united to the abbey of Saint-Remi of Reims, to which it belonged as a priory until the French Revolution.

The multiplied miracles obtained by the intercession of Saint Marcoul attracted to Corbeny the concourse of peoples. One of the circumstances in which the confidence of the faithful toward Saint Marcoul shone most was the transport of the holy relics into the principal towns of the country, in the year 1102. Corbeny having been pillaged and reduced to great misery by the vexations of the famous Thomas de Marle, the monks took, according to the usage of that century, the resolution to carry from town to town the body of their holy Patron, and to gather alms which should enable them to rebuild the monastery and to procure for themselves the necessary subsistence. After having been received with great eagerness at Reims and at Châlons, they went to Soissons passing by Braine. Their stay at Péronne was marked by numerous graces granted to the piety of the faithful. “We cannot,” says the contemporary author to whom we owe the account of this journey, “enumerate all the cures of the Saint. A cross was placed, outside the town, in a place where the monks of Corbeny had stopped, and at present still the Lord grants there multiplied favours to the sick who have recourse to the intercession of His servant.” They returned by Vermand, Ribemont, Franqueville (*Francorum Curtis*), Vaux-sous-Laon, etc. This narrative, inserted by Mabillon in the *Acts of the Saints of the Order of Saint Benedict*, sect. iv, part 4, has been followed by the authors of the *Gallia christiana*, vol. ix, p. 242.

But what rendered this place above all famous was the singular grace attributed to the kings of France of healing the scrofula, by a virtue which it is more generally believed was communicated to them by the power of the holy abbot. For, although some authors have wished to attribute this gift to the virtue of the holy chrism, with which the kings were anointed in the ceremony of their coronation, numerous proofs, and the conduct of the kings themselves, lead to attributing it to the intercession of Saint Marcoul. The learned Pope

Benedict XIV, after having shown that there are miraculous graces which are not granted by reason of the holiness of him who is the instrument of them, gives as example the privilege which the kings of France have of healing the scrofula, not by "a virtue which is innate in them, but by a grace which has been given them gratuitously (that is to say independently of their virtues), whether when Clovis embraced the faith, or when Saint Marcoul obtained it from God for all the kings of France." (Benedict XIV, *De Canoniz. sanct.*, bk. iv, ch. 3, no. 21.) In these circumstances therefore, it is rather the faith, the confidence and the humility of the sick person that is heard by God, than the desire of him who is the instrument of His mercy. However that may be, it is demonstrated, by the very registers of the Chamber of Accounts, that all the kings of France, at least from Saint Louis to Louis XIII inclusively, made this pilgrimage before touching the sick, and everything leads one to think that Saint Louis did in that only follow the example of his predecessors. Thus, according to the ancient custom, after the king had been anointed at Reims, he betook himself in pilgrimage to Corbeny; the monks went to meet him, and put into his hands the head of Saint Marcoul, which the prince carried himself to the church and replaced on the altar. The next day, the king, after having heard mass and prayed, touched the faces of the sick, making over them the sign of the cross and pronouncing these words: "The king touches thee, God heals thee." The sick had to make a novena, during which they had to fast. "It is the truth," says a very ancient author who gives these details, "that it is in this manner that innumerable sick have been healed by the kings of France." We believe we should add here some testimonies, chosen among a great number of others, which will show how this ancient belief has been preserved through the ages. Guibert, abbot of Nogent, who died in 1124, speaks thus, in a book which he composed on the *Pledges of the Saints*: "We see our lord King Louis (the Fat) work the accustomed prodigy. Yes, being myself beside the king, I saw those who suffered from scrofula in the neck, or in other parts of the body, run in crowds (*catervatim*), that he might touch them or make over them the sign of the cross, which the prince did with humility and goodness. His father, Philip, had obtained the glory of the same miracle, but he had lost it through I know not what faults." Philip had mounted the throne in 1060.

Not only is it known, by the registers of the Chamber of Accounts, that Saint Louis accomplished the pilgrimage of Corbeny; but William of Nangis, contemporary author of his Life, adds "that the pious king was accustomed, when he touched the scrofulous sick, for whose cure God has granted the kings of France a singular grace, to add to the usual words the sign of the cross, which several of his predecessors had omitted, because he desired that the cure should be attributed to this salutary sign."

"Philip the Fair, approaching death, had Louis the Hutin, his eldest son, called, taught him the manner of touching the sick, showing him that, according to Scripture, God does not hear the vicious…" (Du Tillet, *Collection of the kings of France*.) "Louis XII, that devout king without hypocrisy, who reconciled himself to God by confession seven or eight times a year, used, on these occasions, the grace of healing the scrofula." (*History of Louis XII*, by Cl. de Seyssel.) Here is what an ordinance given by Francis I, in 1542, bears: "On the return from our coronation at Reims, going to the church of My Lord Saint-Marcoul of Corbeny, whither we and our predecessors are accustomed to go to make our oblations, and revere the precious body of the said Saint Marcoul, for the most excellent privilege of the healing of the scrofula, which it has pleased the Creator miraculously to impart to us and our predecessors by the touch and the victorious sign of the cross, by means of which the said healing comes, etc."

Andrew Laurent, physician and counsellor of the king, in a book on this prerogative of our kings, which he published in 1609, in the lifetime of Henry IV, assures that this prince touched and healed more than fifteen hundred sick a year.

Louis XIV was the first, since Saint Louis, who did not make the journey to Corbeny. War desolated Picardy in 1654, the year of his coronation, and it was feared to expose the person of the monarch. The relics of Saint Marcoul were brought to the abbey of Saint-Remi of Reims; the novena was begun, and, after having communicated, the young king touched the sick, gathered to the number of more than two thousand in the

garden of the abbey. The thing passed in the same way at the coronation of Louis XV. Here is how Louis XVI expressed himself in 1772: “Dear and well-beloved, we had hoped to betake ourselves to Saint-Marcoul, after the ceremony of our coronation, and to fulfil, in this pilgrimage, after the example of our predecessors, the works of Christian piety; but the intendant of the province of Champagne came to us, to represent to us that the roads were impracticable and the passage of the rivers little sure (by the lake of Berry). We have wished to yield to the remonstrances of the province on the inconveniences of this journey. Nevertheless, not wishing to fail in any of the devotions which are observed on such an occasion, we order that the shrine of Saint Marcoul be brought into the church of Saint-Remi; giving you notice that we shall betake ourselves there on the 14th of this month, to fulfil all the practices of piety and charity practised by the kings our predecessors, etc.”

When Charles X was crowned, in 1825, the relics were again brought and deposited at the hospice of Saint-Marcoul, at Reims; the novena was made there, and the king touched the sick who were presented to him. The respectable abbé Desgenettes, who died curé of Notre-Dame des Victoires, at Paris, gave himself out as witness of the cures then wrought under his eyes. It will not astonish, doubtless, that, after so many proofs of their confidence in Saint Marcoul, the kings of France loaded with gifts and privileges the country and the priory of Corbeny, as well as the confraternities of which it was the centre.

For the rest, it is not only for the cure of scrofula that the pilgrimage of Corbeny has been frequented at all times, but also for that of other diseases, “a cure which, according to the testimony of the authors of the *Gallia christiana*, the suffrages of Saint Marcoul often obtain, especially when the prayer is accompanied by a lively faith and by the sincere confession of a penitent heart.” — *Religious Antiquities of the diocese of Soissons and Laon*, by M. Lequeux, canon of Paris, former superior of the seminary and vicar-general, vol. i, p. 183 and following. See the *Acts of Saint Marcoul*, with the notes of Father Papebroch; Mabillon, *Sæc. 4, Ben. part. 2*; the *Gallia christ. nova*, vol. ix, p. 919; and Trigan, *Ecclesiastical History of Normandy*, p. 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 123, 263. — See also *History of the Pilgrimage of Corbeny*, by M. l’abbé Blatt.

Displaced note to the pilgrimage of Saint-Marcoul at Corbeny

Note to the sentence “the novena was made there, and the king touched the sick who were presented to him” (Charles X, 1825, hospice of Saint-Marcoul at Reims):[1]

Saint Brieuc, Bishop in Brittany

6th or 7th century.

Saint Brieuc was a native of Great Britain, in the country then named *Regio Coritiniana*, and which is, according to Doctor John Lingard, the same as that which we call to-day Cardigan. He was born like a rose among thorns, of parents who were not yet Christians. But an angel appeared to them, as formerly to the father and mother of Samson, and warned them to leave the worship of false gods, in order to be the worthy parents of the son whom the true God wished to give them. He told them also that they were to call him Brieuc; a name which, according to the roots of the Hebrew tongue, signifies blessed of God. As they saw in him great inclinations to good, knowing that Saint Germanus, abbot of Saint-Symphorien, outside the gates of Autun, in France, had assembled a fine school, where he instructed children with a marvellous success, they sent him to him, according to the order they received of it from heaven, by the ministry of the same angel.

This child, being in so good a school, appeared among his companions like a sun in the midst of the stars, as much by the lustre of his virtues as by the great miracles which God wrought by his means. Hardly ten years old, he met lepers while going to fetch water at a fountain; having nothing with which to give them alms, he gave them his pitcher; but having been reproved for it, as for a thing contrary to obedience, he had recourse to prayer; God sent him miraculously another vessel, much more beautiful than that which he had given.

Thus his holy Abbot was confirmed in the thought he already had that this young child would one day be a great servant of God; besides, when he had been presented to him for the first time, he had perceived a dove, white as snow, which came to rest on his head, to mark the purity and holiness of his soul. He did yet other marvels at this age; it is reported that he delivered, by his prayer, a man possessed by the demon.

Saint Germanus being invited by King Childebert I to come to Paris, brought with him this illustrious disciple, whose virtues were perfectly known to him. And, afterwards, being bishop of Paris, he ordained him priest and made him his almoner.[1]

This zealous servant of God, always meditating higher designs, and not wishing to put bounds to his virtues, had the thought of returning to the country of his birth, in order to enlighten there those who still wallowed in the shadows of death, and to give the life of the soul to those from whom he had received that of the body. He communicated this resolution to Saint Germanus, who approved it and gave him other religious to accompany and assist him in so fair an enterprise. He set out therefore from Paris, after having received his episcopal blessing, and went to raise the cross of Jesus Christ and the monastic state in Great Britain, and particularly in the province of Coritania, where he arrived happily, after having undergone a furious tempest, which he calmed by the force of his prayers. He preached there the doctrine of the Gospel and baptised his parents and the greater part of his countrymen. Our Lord confirmed still his word by an infinity of miracles; for he delivered the country from famine and plague, cured several desperate sick, preserved from rabies a person who, bitten by a rabid dog, was beginning to feel the attacks of that evil; set a broken thigh, rejoined the thumb to a carpenter who had cut it off, restored sight to a blind man and wrought a crowd of other marvels. He planted also crosses throughout the province, built churches, erected monasteries and peopled them with religious, to whom he gave the rule which he had practised in France under Saint Germanus; in short, he omitted nothing of what he judged necessary for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

The affairs of religion being well established in England, the Saint, inspired by God, recrossed the sea and came into Lower Brittany, otherwise called Armorica. He preached first in the country of Tréguier, of which he converted the count named Conan; with the help of this prince, he built the monastery of Landebaëron. Later, leaving the government of this house to one of his disciples, he came by sea, with eighty religious, following the coast from west to east, to the port which the mouth of the river Gouet forms: having been well received by Count Rigual, he established himself in the valley which, because of him, has since been named Saint-Brieuc-des-Vaux, because there are several valleys. The church of the monastery which he founded there was soon erected into a cathedral, and our Saint was named bishop of that place. As he had a singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he had an oratory raised, on the edge of a fountain, rather near his cathedral, in her honour, which he called, for this reason, Notre-Dame-de-la-Fontaine, and where he often went to make his prayers.

At last, God wishing to crown his life with a precious death, revealed to him that the time of it was near. The Saint gave notice of it to his religious eight days before; he provided himself with all the spiritual arms and above all the last Sacraments; after which he expired peacefully in their presence, uttering the holy name of Jesus. He was aged more than ninety years. There is no agreement on the epoch of his death: some place it in 502, others in 614. The room where he expired was filled with a delicious odour; one of his religious, named Marcan, saw his soul fly to heaven, in the form of a dove; another, named Siviau, or Sieu, saw also the holy Bishop ascend to heaven on a ladder shining with light and with a cortege of angels.

His body was buried in his cathedral: but, at the invasion of the Normans, to save it, it was put in a bag of stag's leather, and Erispoë, duke of Brittany, transported it to the abbey of Saint-Serge of Angers, where there was yet a celebrated translation in 1166. Afterwards, in the year 1210, Peter, bishop of Saint-Brieuc, went himself to Angers to obtain something of these holy relics. Two ribs, an arm and a vertebra of the neck were given him, which he transported himself in great pomp. These holy bones, when they entered the cathedral which was so dear to them, trembled with joy: it was remarked that they stirred of themselves.

They happily escaped the profanations of 1793; they rest in a beautiful reliquary of gilded bronze, given in 1820 by Mgr Hyacinthe de Quélen, then coadjutor of the bishop of Saint-Brieuc, and afterwards archbishop of Paris. The church of Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire possesses also a small fragment of the relics of Saint Brieuc, but those which were at Angers, as well as those of Paris, have disappeared. Since 1804, the feast of Saint Brieuc is fixed on the second Sunday after Easter.

The attribute of Saint Brieuc is a purse or almoner's bag. He was formerly the patron of the purse-makers or makers of alms-bags, probably because this industry formerly flourished in the town of Saint-Brieuc. See the *Lives of the Saints of Brittany*, by Dom Lobineau, and the Life of the Saint by Canon La Devision, Saint-Brieuc, 1627, 12mo.

Saint Gombert and Saint Berthe, his Wife, Martyrs

7th century.

Saint Gombert was of a very illustrious birth, since his house had the honour of being allied to that of the kings of France and descended, through the women, from Chilperic or Clotaire II. He was brought up, from his youth, with his brother Saint Nivard, afterwards archbishop of Reims, in all the delights of the court. But God took possession early of his heart and took it before the world exercised its empire and tyranny over it. Although he lived in the midst of the court, his dearest delights were to read Holy Scripture and to meditate in it day and night on the law of his God, to make himself capable of receiving His spirit and the abundance of His graces.

When his parents saw him of an age to marry, they made him take a wife, named Berthe, equally illustrious by her birth and by her virtues. The young prince had at first hesitated; but he heard a voice from heaven which said to him: "Gombert, fear not to consent to your marriage with Berthe, because God wishes to draw from it a considerable good." In effect, Berthe was the illustrious companion of his piety. As they had both resolved to live in perpetual virginity, they dwelt together as brother and sister: although in the exterior, and as regards the household and the regulation of their family, they rendered one another reciprocally all the duties of two faithful spouses.

Our Saint had a dispute with Saint Rieul, the successor of his brother in the archbishopric of Reims. Nivard had bequeathed all his goods to his cathedral and to the abbeys of Haut-Villiers and Verzy; these goods consisted in his share of the patrimony, which had not yet been divided between him and Gombert. But, after some conferences, the affair was happily terminated, the goods in question having been divided between Saint Gombert, who had half of them, and the legatee churches which had the other half; and it was not necessary to re-establish good understanding between these two servants of God, because their suit had been without bitterness and without any alteration of charity.

Saint Gombert and Saint Berthe being thus peaceful possessors of their patrimonies, resolved to employ them entirely in the service of Jesus Christ and made of them on all sides great alms. But their fervour increasing more and more, they separated from one another, so that, having no more commerce with creatures, they might give themselves entirely to God. The Saint first had built at Reims, near the gate Basée, formerly Basilicaire, a celebrated monastery in honour of the great apostle Saint Peter, and endowed it with great revenues to maintain there a good number of holy maidens, who have long served God there with much edification.[1] But, as he burned with zeal for the glory of his Master, he thought he had done nothing if, with his goods, he did not give his blood and his life for the name of Jesus Christ. He joined therefore some religious who were going to Ireland and visited there the celebrated monasteries of that island, from which came forth so many preachers of the Gospel; he himself built one there to teach the practice of the Rule of Saint Benedict, which had not yet replaced that of Saint Patrick and Saint Columban. He did not go there empty-handed; he carried there much silver, and he soon had built a fine church and a magnificent

monastery, to which he gave almost all the goods which he had inherited from his mother. So that in a short time there was seen in this country, where until then only worshippers of the demon had been seen, a very flourishing community of servants of God, who, in spite of the powers of hell, planted there the cross of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion. The pagan priests, irritated to see these strangers abolish the cult of their gods, revived the zeal of their partisans, and went, at the head of a troop of furious men, to attack the new monastery. Saint Gombert, after having exhorted his religious and the faithful to give their life generously for Jesus Christ, withdrew into the church, and there, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, he thanked God for the martyrdom which awaited him. The idolaters enter full of rage, seize Gombert, load him with chains and drag him to the place of punishment: there, having stripped him, they strike him with blows of rope, of stick and of whip. At last one of them cuts off his head. It was on 29 April, toward the end of the 7th century.

Let us return now to Berthe, wife of the holy Martyr. She desired, she too, to found some pious monastery in a solitude. As she knew not what site to choose, an Angel of light appeared to her and showed her, at the foot of a hill and at the entrance of a wood, a pleasant plain which seemed to be made expressly for her design; he even drew the plan of the monastery and marked all the widths and heights of this edifice. The Saint, consoled by this vision, went to this place, named Val-d'Or, near Avenay, and she built an abbey there, according to the plan which the Angel had given her, and assigned it a considerable revenue for the maintenance of the religious whom she brought there from Reims; she put herself in the number, and undertook the conduct of it by a heavenly order: the most holy Virgin commanded her to acquiesce in the desire of her daughters who had chosen her, in spite of herself, for their abbess. Her election was approved by miracles which she wrought almost every moment: her history says that she gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb; and that often, by her prayers, she made death and hell tremble. Here is what the abbé Flodoard reports with particular details: "The town of Avenay, being extremely incommoded by a want of water, the religious of the abbey of Val-d'Or begged their holy Mother to provide for this necessity by the virtue of her prayers; and as she was in prayer for this effect, Saint Peter, patron of this monastery, appeared to her under the form of a venerable old man, who held two golden keys in his hands, warning her to buy, at a little league from the abbey, a piece of land where there was a fountain, which she could easily have conducted into the town for the need of the inhabitants. The Saint feeling herself strengthened by this vision, bought this land for a pound of silver, which would now amount to the price of fifty-five to sixty francs; but the difficulty was to conduct this water into Avenay and to change the ordinary bed of its stream, which took another course. Nevertheless, the Saint, trusting in the goodness of God, traced on the earth with a rod, like a little canal, by which the waters began to flow toward the town of Avenay, thus opening a passage and a new bed which they have never left since. She gave thenceforth to this little river the name of Livre, because she had bought its source for a pound of silver."

The holy abbess lived there with her daughters like angels on earth and like those virgins of the Gospel, who awaited with impatience the arrival of the Bridegroom; she, in particular, was the most humble of the whole abbey; her hands commanded rather than her mouth, and she established the laws of her monastery only by the example of her actions. Nothing more was wanting to her than the occasion of martyrdom, to fulfil the desires of her heart. At last, Our Lord, who prevents the desires of His elect, granted her this favour by an accident which seems very tragic. Some nephews of her husband, vexed that she employed all her patrimony in works of charity, conspired with Moncia, their sister or their cousin, to make her die. Having entered her monastery in a time of silence, when all the religious were retired, and having slipped secretly into the cell of Berthe, they massacred her cruelly there without anyone of the house perceiving it. Thus she had the accomplishment of her wishes, and she was truly a martyr; for she was killed in hatred of virtue and because she gave all her goods to God.

God did not leave this crime unpunished. Those who had been its authors were possessed by the demon, and perished miserably. It was not so with poor Moncia: God treating her with more mercy, permitted Saint Berthe to appear to her some days after. Rendering her good for evil, she warned her that, to obtain the remission of her crime, she must take care that the body of Saint Gombert, her husband, be transported into his native province, and deposited near her own in the monastery of Val-d'Or of Avenay. She accepted this commission with much zeal, in the desire that her sin might be pardoned her. When the body of Saint Gombert was near that of Saint Berthe, this murderess cast a quantity of blood by the mouth and by the nose; but that did not surprise her, because the Saint had warned her of it in the vision she had had, and had given her this accident for a sign of the entire remission of her faults, in reward of the honour she would render to her husband and to her, after having committed so great an attempt against them. Several miracles have been wrought at the tomb of these two holy Spouses: possessed, desperate, sick and all sorts of afflicted persons, who have come to visit it, have received there the relief they desired. A hundred years after their death, their sepulchre was opened again, and the body of Saint Berthe was found as beautiful and as entire, and her wounds as fresh, as on the day of her martyrdom. Blood even came out of it, when that of Saint Gombert was brought near it.

D. Morlot, *History of the diocese of Reims*; local notes.

Saint Walburga, Abbess

— Pope: Adrian I.

This illustrious Virgin was English by nation, daughter of a holy king named Richard, and of Unne, or Unnoheide, sister of Saint Boniface, bishop of Mainz and apostle of Germany. She conceived, from her youth, so great a contempt for all the things of the earth that, without regard either to the nobility of her birth, or to her age, or even to the quality of her sex, she resolved to leave her country, to follow her two brothers, Willibald and Winebald, who had crossed the sea, and to betake herself with them to their holy uncle, to labour, under his guidance, for the glory of Jesus Christ. To succeed the better in so generous an enterprise, she joined five religious sent by the abbess Tetta to this holy prelate, who had asked them of her; for the peoples were more attracted to the Catholic faith and to the practice of virtue by the exemplary life of religious men and women than by anything else. These companions were Cunigild, aunt of Saint Lull; Beragita, daughter of the preceding; Cunitrude, Saint Thecla and Saint Lioba, illustrious virgins whom Germany has always regarded as the principal foundresses of the monasteries of nuns.

God made known by a miracle that He approved this admirable resolution: a horrible tempest having come upon them as soon as they had embarked on the Ocean, Walburga made it cease all at once by her prayers, when each thought himself lost; so that this apostolic troop arrived happily in Germany. One cannot express the joy of Saint Boniface when he saw so many illustrious persons come to consecrate themselves to the service of the Saviour of the world, in a country where the mysteries of the faith were almost unknown. Our Saint had no sooner arrived there than she withdrew into Thuringia, to her brother Winebald, superior of seven monasteries of religious. This Saint, delighted to have near him so excellent a labourer, had a religious house built, where she shut herself in with other maidens, who wished to have part in so great a good, and began to give brilliant marks of her virtue, and more particularly of her fervour and of her detachment from all the things of the earth. But, some time after, Saint Winebald, not being able to bear the honours that were rendered to him in Thuringia, on account of his eminent holiness, resolved to withdraw elsewhere, where he might live more hidden. He went therefore into Bavaria, to consult his brother Willibald, bishop of Eichstätt; and, by the counsel of this holy prelate, and the liberalities of Prince Utilo, he founded, at Heidenheim, two celebrated monasteries: the one for men and the other for maidens; he had Saint Walburga come to the latter, to be its superior.

It was then that her holiness appeared in its fairest lustre: obliged to make herself a model of perfection in the eyes of her religious, she made admired, in all her conduct, an ardent charity, a consummate wisdom, a profound humility, an extreme gentleness, a continual prayer, a mortification without relaxation and a true zeal for the glory of God and for religion. Thus it is that, after having holily governed this house, it pleased the Spouse of virgins to call her to His glory on 25 February 778, according to the most probable opinion. She is honoured on 1 May, on account of a translation of her relics.

Her body was buried, by her brother Willibald, in the same monastery of Heidenheim; it was transferred, nearly a hundred years after, to Eichstätt, by the piety of Otgar, bishop of the same town, who had had her canonised, a little before, by Pope Adrian II. But, in the course of time, her holy relics were transported to Furnes, with those of the holy Willibald and Winebald, by the care of Gertrude, countess of Flanders; there are nevertheless some parts of them in several other churches, which have been enriched with them by the piety of princes and by the devotion of the faithful. Some miracles are related which the Saint wrought during her life. She cured the daughter of a lord, almost dying; all the religious perceived a heavenly light, which God had formed to serve her as a torch when she returned from the church to her convent. She had the power to prevent furious dogs not only from approaching her, but even from barking after her; which has given occasion to invoke her against the rabies of these animals. As to the numerous miracles wrought after her death, they may be seen in the Bollandists: there is one which continues to-day and which is all the more remarkable: from her tomb at Eichstätt there flows a balsamic liquor which is gathered with respect and which serves for cures. This fact is expressed in her images by a phial which is put in her hand or near her; at her feet is a crown which indicates her royal origin. Daughter of a saint, sister of two other saints, she is often associated with them in the old prints.[1]

The memory of Saint Walburga is very celebrated in France, in Germany, in England and in Flanders, as one may judge by the churches, the monasteries and the other public places which in all those countries are consecrated to her honour. But she must not be confounded with Saint Werburga, daughter of a king of the Mercians, of whom the Martyrology of England speaks on the 3rd of this month, nor with other Saints Walburga, who were of the number of the eleven thousand virgins, companions of Saint Ursula.

Acta Sanctorum; *Characteristics of the Saints*.

Saint Theodard or Saint Audard, Bishop of Narbonne and Patron of Montauban

— Pope: Formosus. — King of France: Odo.

Will you teach by your words and by your examples the people for whom you are about to be ordained the things which you know to be contained in the Scriptures? — I will. — Roman Pontifical, consecration of bishops.

Saint Theodard is the first and the fairest illustration of the town of Montauban.[1] He appeared in those days of troubles, of storms, of civil wars and of invasions of the Saracens, which followed the reign of the immortal Charlemagne, that Christian hero rightly surnamed the modern Trismegistus, and who contributed so powerfully to the propagation of the true faith, to the temporal independence of the Holy See and to the progress of civilisation in all Europe.[2]

The fatherland of Saint Theodard was the little town of Montauriol. It was built on a smiling and fertile hillside which rises on the confines of the Toulousain and of Quercy, and at the foot of which winds the Tescou, at the very moment when it is about to fall into the Tarn. Its site was therefore quite contiguous to that which the new town of Montauban occupies to-day. The various authors who have spoken of Saint Theodard appear not to have been able to discover the precise year of his birth; but it seems to us hardly possible to place it later than 840, that is to say at the epoch of the death of the emperor Louis the Debonair.

History keeps silence on the names and titles of the parents of our Saint; but it teaches us that they were rich, powerful, and as distinguished by their piety as by the nobility and antiquity of their race. They had consecrated a part of their fortune to founding, jointly with the king of Aquitaine, Pepin I, a magnificent abbey very near the enclosure of Montauriol, and in a truly ravishing position.

At Toulouse, where he had been placed to finish his studies, Theodard hastened to enrol himself in the clerical state. All his tastes carried him toward the service of the altars. Sigebodus, archbishop of Narbonne and primate of Aquitaine, having come to Toulouse to settle important ecclesiastical affairs,[3] soon remarked the young Theodard. Touched by the piety and knowledge of the fervent levite, the zealous prelate resolved to attach him to his person and to his Church. Thus Providence disposed everything to make shine, on a greater theatre, the virtues of the worthy descendant of the lords of Montauriol.

The Council ended, Sigebodus took again the road to his diocese; but he took great care to join to his suite the levite who had so strongly fixed his attention. Theodard found himself therefore transported to Narbonne and established in the archiepiscopal palace. In the meantime, the archdeacon of Narbonne having died, the clergy and the faithful hastened to designate Theodard to fill the vacant place. Sigebodus acquiesced with happiness in this desire, and as Theodard was still only a subdeacon, he hastened to lay hands on him and confer on him the diaconate. Clothed with his new dignity, the holy young man fully justified the choice that had been made of him. He surpassed even what the people, the pontiff and the clergy expected of his prudence, of his zeal and of his devotedness. He multiplied himself and knew how to make himself all to all, in the rigour of the expression. Everyone blessed his goodness, and found in him a support, a defender, a friend. “He was,” says the legend of the breviary, “the eye of the blind, the foot of the lame, the father of the destitute and the consoler of the afflicted.”[4] Applied to prayer, to orison and to holy vigils, he passed the greater part of his nights without sleeping, and, in imitation of the royal prophet, he never failed to praise the Lord seven times a day, by reciting separately each of the canonical hours of the divine office.

In 878, Sigebodus finding himself detained at Narbonne by a grave illness, Theodard was deputed, in his quality of archdeacon, to go to Nîmes to assist at the search for the relics of Saint Baudilus.[5] It was probably on the return from this important mission that Theodard, already consummate in virtue, was ordained priest, in spite of his fears, his resistances and his protestations. He regarded himself as altogether unworthy to exercise the sublime functions of the priesthood, and it required the formal and reiterated order of his bishop for him to accept the new burden which the Church was going to impose on him. However, the hour chosen by Providence was about to strike. Sigebodus, after having governed his Church for fifteen years, with the greatest zeal and the greatest vigour,[6] found himself at the term of his labours and at the day of reward. Immediately after his death, the bishops of Carcassonne and of Béziers betook themselves to Narbonne to celebrate his funeral, draw up the inventory of the books, ornaments and sacred vessels of this metropolis, and above all to preside at the election of a new archbishop. They hastened therefore to convoke the faithful and the clergy in the church of the holy martyrs, Justus and Pastor. The clerics, the abbots, the nobles and the people had but one and the same voice to proclaim the name of Theodard. Thus Theodard was elected archbishop of the fair and powerful town of Narbonne.[7]

Like all the elect of God, like all the great Saints, Theodard had the tenderest devotion to the August Virgin, whom he called his mother, and to whom he had recourse at every instant. He wished therefore to give his people a striking proof of his zeal for the cult of Mary, and to show that he put his whole episcopate under the powerful protection of the Queen of heaven. He chose, for the place of his consecration, a church dedicated to the Mother of God, and he wished this ceremony to take place on the very day of the beautiful solemnity of the Assumption (15 August 885).

Theodard, who had constantly in mind these words of the Saviour: “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,” was attached to the apostolic Holy See from the depths of his bowels. It was toward this luminous point that his eyes were constantly fixed; it was at this source that he drew all his rules of conduct.

For him, the Pope and the Church were but one and the same thing.[8] So his first thought, as soon as he had been consecrated bishop, was to make the journey to Rome, to the holy city, to the mother and mistress of all the other Churches, and to go and lay at the feet of the vicar of Jesus Christ the homage of his submission, of his unalterable attachment and of the most complete devotedness. He who then occupied the chair of Saint Peter was Stephen V, one of the greatest popes of the Middle Ages.[9] Stephen V, who watched with so much solicitude over the interests of the Catholic Church, was happy to listen to the account which Theodard gave him of the state of religion in his diocese, in his province, in Gaul and in the Spains. He kept him near him as long as he could, and, before letting him take again the road to Narbonne, he conferred on him the pallium, confirmed anew all his powers and rights as metropolitan, and gave him an ample apostolic blessing for himself, his clergy, his nobility, his people and all the faithful of Septimania.

This same year (886), Saint Theodard had the consolation of re-establishing a bishopric which had been vacant and abandoned since the beginning of the 8th century. It is that of Ausona, in the Spanish March. The Saracens having seized this country, had devastated it and had oppressed the Catholic religion there.

Saint Theodard assisted, in 887, at the solemn translation which was made at Pamiers of the relics of Saint Antoninus, priest and martyr in Gaul, in the territory of Cahors, according to the expressions of the martyrology of Saint-Riquier.[10] Nothing could weary the zeal of Theodard, and he knew how to extend it to everything. No detail of the temporal and spiritual administration escaped his vigilant solicitude. When he took in hand the reins of the diocese of Narbonne, he found his cathedral church in the saddest state. Since the fatal epoch when, under the ferocious domination of the Saracens, it had been devastated within and even without, the resources necessary to repair it suitably had not been able to be gathered. The length and difficulty of the enterprise were not capable of frightening the pious pontiff. From the first days of his episcopate, he set himself resolutely to the work. He directed himself all the works, encouraged the workmen and paid them generously from his own funds. He deprived himself gladly of a crowd of very useful things for his house to restore and embellish that of the Lord. After more than four years of continual care, of multiplied efforts and of great sacrifices, he had at last the consolation of seeing his wishes accomplished. The ancient church had risen from its ruins, every trace of profanation had disappeared from its enclosure, and it shone with a new youth. The charity of Theodard toward the unfortunate was inexhaustible. He was really their providence on earth. The Saracens, those declared enemies of the Christian name and of civilisation, began to exercise frequent acts of piracy during the episcopate of Saint Theodard. Often they landed in force in the environs of Narbonne, and there they committed all the atrocities imaginable. All that he had at home was each day distributed to the unfortunate victims of the brigandage of the Infidels, and he applied himself above all to withdrawing from their hands the captives reduced to servitude and exposed to the danger of losing their faith. He employed in this work of mercy all the money he could procure. To crown the trials, a frightful famine of three consecutive years came to desolate the diocese, after the incursions of the Saracens. The moment came when the holy pontiff saw, with unspeakable anguish, that he had absolutely nothing left, and yet the dearth still displayed a part of its horrors. To what expedient to have recourse?… He knew now only one, very extreme and very painful. But it concerned the suffering members of Jesus Christ; he believed therefore he ought not to hesitate to make the last sacrifice. He employed the revenues of his metropolitan church, and he even alienated the goods which it possessed, to supply the most pressing necessities of the moment. He did more; he sold the sacred vessels and the other precious things of the treasury of his cathedral, in order to be able to continue his immense alms. He wished to reserve only what was indispensable for the celebration of the holy mysteries and the preservation of the divine Eucharist. Wishing to indemnify his church, he gave it a great and beautiful cross garnished with gold and silver, and containing a notable particle of the true cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He made it also a present of two very well carved shrines which contained notable relics. So many cares, fatigues, labours, voluntary mortifications, pains of every kind, were bound to alter the most robust temperament and destroy the most flourishing health. Theodard, though not far advanced in age, had grown old before his time. His physical

strength diminished sensibly, and soon sad symptoms came to alarm all his diocesans, all his children. A continual fever, which became from day to day more ardent, had seized the pious pontiff, prevented him from tasting sleep, and devoured him before the eyes. Nevertheless, he would at first change nothing in his regimen, his penances and his work. The reading and study of Holy Scripture had for him an irresistible attraction. He continued therefore to turn over and to meditate on them both day and night; and he affirmed that it was at this source that he had drawn all his science and all his love of perfection. He persevered also in his fasts, his long orisons, his visits to the poor and his apostolic journeys. In 891, he went once more, on the invitation of the archbishop of Sens, to a council which King Odo had caused to be convoked, and which was held in the little town of Mehun-sur-Loire. Such is the last known act of the episcopal ministry of Saint Theodard. From then his life was but sufferings, languors and bitterness. The physicians and all the persons who approached him, not ceasing to repeat to him that he must take care of himself and consent to take the medicines required by his state, he answered with calm and firmness: "Let the will of the Lord be done. It is He who is the sovereign arbiter of health and sickness, of life and death; nothing happens but by His order or His permission… All the remedies that I wish to employ will be reduced to one: I am going to return to my native land, to the Toulousan region, to the country of my fathers and of my childhood, to those places which I left to come here, whither the divine vocation called me… There I shall be able at ease to breathe the sweetness of the native air, to nourish myself with the wholesome food of that fertile country, to rejoice my eyes by the sight of its charming sites, and to make delicious walks in its beautiful fields."[11]

Having put order in his domestic affairs and provided for the administration of his diocese, the pious pontiff came to Toulouse, where he had finished the course of his studies and where he counted many devoted friends.[12] But he soon understood, whether by the aggravation of his illness, or by a warning from heaven, that his end was approaching, that he was touching the term of his mortal career. On the spot his resolution is taken; he declares to those who surround him that he wishes to be conducted without delay to Montauriol, to the place where he received birth, to that monastery which his ancestors dedicated to Saint Martin of Tours, and where he learned the first elements of sacred and profane sciences. His liveliest desire is to give up the last breath in the very place where the water of holy baptism made him a child of God and of the Church. The good monks of Montauriol welcomed the venerable bishop as a benefactor, as a father and as a Saint. Happy to possess such a guest, they surrounded him with the most assiduous, the most intelligent and the most affectionate care. But all human helps had become powerless, and the august sick man knew it better than anyone. So, all his occupation consisted in preparing himself for death by prayers, pious readings and frequent aspirations toward heaven. When he felt that the day of his deliverance was about to appear, he called into his apartment the father abbot and all the religious priests of the monastery. Then he made, heaving deep sighs and shedding many tears, a public accusation of all the sins of his life, sins which he regarded as very considerable, and which really were but very light failings. The divine Eucharist was brought to him, the holy Viaticum. It would be impossible to tell with what fervour, what faith, what hope and what tender love he adored and received the God made man, the body and blood of the spotless Lamb, of Jesus Christ, the Shepherd of shepherds. As soon as he had communicated, he addressed to his divine master this beautiful and touching prayer, which was religiously followed by all the assistants: "Lord, God almighty, Thou whose goodness and mercy are infinite, Thou who, by a single word and by a single act of Thy will, hast drawn the universe from nothing and established the marvellous order which reigns in it; Thou who hast deigned to form man in Thine image, giving him an active, immortal soul, and a body which, after having fallen into dissolution and into dust, will take again, one day, a wholly new youth, have compassion on Thy poor and unworthy servant; turn not away Thy regards from him, and, since he has no confidence but in Thee, deign, O clement Father, to admit him to the heavenly kiss of peace! I know that before Thee no one can boast of being just, and that Thou findest stains even in Thy Saints: I am therefore lost without resource if Thou considerest my faults, my numerous iniquities. But what reassures me is that it is written that Thou art full of sweetness and goodness, and that Thou showest mercy to all who sincerely have recourse to Thee.

I beseech Thee therefore, remove from me the prince of darkness and the odious troop of his satellites; deign to pardon me all my infractions of Thy holy law, all my miseries, all my imperfections, and confound the enemies of my soul and of my salvation. Receive my soul at its going out from this world and place it in the ranks of the just, in the assembly of the holy pontiffs, so that at the general judgment I may find myself at Thy right hand, that I may hear the sentence of blessing, and that I may accompany Thee in the splendours of the eternal kingdom." In finishing these last words, the blessed prelate raised his eyes and hands toward heaven, and his face became radiant with hope and love. Soon after, he appeared to enter into a sweet sleep…, and his soul, breaking its mortal bonds, flew away into the society of the angels.

Cult and Relics of Saint Theodard

Saint Theodard left this earth on the first day of May of the year 893, under the reign of King Odo. His death plunged into mourning his diocese, the monks and the inhabitants of Montauriol, whom he had loaded with his benefits, and the whole province of Septimania, of which he was the support, the glory and the ornament. So, an immense multitude of the faithful ran from all sides to contemplate once more his venerated features, and to assist at his funeral, which was celebrated by several bishops, surrounded by a great number of priests and by all the religious of the monastery of Saint-Martin.

"The continual miracles," says Dom Vaissette, "which God wrought at his tomb, contributed not a little to hasten his canonisation; and he was already recognised for a Saint in the middle of the 10th century. The monastery of Saint-Martin, where he was buried, had already taken his name or that of Saint-Audard, which is the same[13]

John of Auriole, who occupied the episcopal see of Montauban from 13 April 1492 to 21 October 1519, was a prelate very zealous for divine worship and for the embellishment of his cathedral. He gave two bells of extraordinary size, closed all the chapels with grilles of copper or wrought iron, and had the choir splendidly adorned. But one of his most remarkable gifts was the magnificent shrine in which he placed the precious relics of Saint Theodard. It was of silver gilt, of the weight of thirty marks, and above it was the statue of the holy Patron holding in his hand the pastoral staff. This superb reliquary was exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the day of the feast of Saint Theodard; and it was carefully preserved in the treasury of the sacristy of the cathedral, according to the recommendation of the donor. It was there like a holy and tutelary ark, until the for ever regrettable epoch of the Protestant domination at Montauban.

The Calvinists, already powerful and formidable in several towns of France, succeeded, half by ruse and half by force, in seizing the Montalbanese city, and in commanding there as masters. Their yoke was hard and heavy. They employed threats, violence, prison, exile and vexations of every kind to draw the Catholics into apostasy; and, in order to destroy every vestige of the true cult, they recoiled before no excess.[14]

Let us listen to the estimable authors of the *History of Languedoc*: "The disorders which the religionaries committed at Montauban and at Castres, at the end of the year 1561, were as extreme as those which they exercised at

Montpellier and at Nîmes. The Huguenots of Montauban, after having seized, from the month of July, the churches of the Cordeliers and of Saint-Louis, made themselves entirely masters of this town, whence they drove all the Catholics on 21 October. They pillaged their houses and ravaged all the churches, except that of the Moustier or of the cathedral, which was situated in the suburb, because it was extremely strong. They forced it nevertheless on 20 December, pillaged it and burned it.

"They maltreated above all the religious of Saint Clare, after having taken, pillaged and burned their convent. They carried them off, and, having exposed them half naked to the jeers of the people, they proposed to them to marry. On their refusal, they were made to carry the hod, like labourers, to serve for the fortifications of the town; at last they were driven away. The canons of the cathedral removed to Villemur, and those of the

collegiate church to Montech, in the month of March following."[15] This church of the Moustier, which was devastated and burned in 1561 by the Protestants, was a great and beautiful basilica, worthy of the piety and wealth of its founders, and above all of the holiness of the pontiff who had chosen his sepulchre within its enclosure. Le Bret represents it to us as one of the most magnificent cathedrals of the kingdom, and in effect the description which he gives of it, and the plan which has been found in the archives of the town of Montauban, show us how remarkable this ancient edifice was for its happy situation, its imposing mass, its slender tower, the beauty of its portal, the majesty of its vast nave, the finish of its architecture, its numerous chapels and its interior decorations.

It was the patient, religious and artistic work of eight centuries; it was the cradle of the new city, its first title of glory, all the great and the beautiful of its history; there were grouped the most striking memories; there the ancestors of the Montalbanese had been consecrated to God and instructed in their duties; there they had prayed, and sung the canticles of the Lord; there reposed their venerated ashes; there were the relics of a great Saint, of an apostle, of a benefactor of the whole province, of a prelate whose name was dear to the Church, and who had done everything for his country… This marvellous past has been misunderstood, forgotten, counted for nothing!… The fury of the new iconoclasts rose to its height, and, like a devastating waterspout, it carried everything away, annihilated everything!…

One church only, to-day, glories in having the remains of Saint Theodard: it is that of Villebrumier, chief place of the canton, situated at a short distance from Montauban. The unanimous and unshakable belief of the faithful of this parish has for its basis a venerable tradition, which goes back, without interruption, to more than two hundred years. It results from the information taken lately by M. Guyard, vicar-general of Montauban, at Narbonne, that the churches Saint-Just and Saint-Paul no longer possess any relic of Saint Theodard. The cathedral of Montauban preserves one; but it comes from Villebrumier. It was Mgr Dubourg who had it taken from the shrine in 1833.

The town of Montech, which was for many years the residence of the bishop and of the chapter expelled by the Huguenots, must certainly have had formerly some relics of Saint Theodard. Unfortunately they have disappeared; only there was found, some thirty years ago, in the sacristy of the church of Montech, an ancient reliquary containing a portion of bone rather considerable, but without authentic. It is to be presumed that this fragment comes from the shrine of Saint Theodard. The reliquary, the work of which is remarkable, belongs to-day to Madame the marquise de Pérignon, who has deposited it, with the relic, in the chapel of her château of Finhan.

The inhabitants of Villebrumier have always been happy and proud to possess the remains of Saint Theodard. They regard them with reason as their most precious possession and as a safeguard for the country. In troubles, sufferings, inveterate maladies, above all in pernicious fevers and public or private calamities, they turn their eyes toward Saint Theodard, they claim his assistance, they hasten to go and pray before the shrine which contains his blessed bones, and always they feel the effects of his powerful protection. A crowd of facts prove the entire confidence of the faithful in their holy Patron, and show the numerous graces obtained by those who invoke him with faith and perseverance.

In imitation of what was formerly practised in the ancient cathedral of Montauban, the relics of the great archbishop of Narbonne are exposed each year to public veneration, on 1 May, the day on which the Church celebrates his feast. Moreover, they are carried in triumph in a general procession which takes place with much pomp, during this same solemnity. All the parishioners make it an honour and a duty to assist at this ceremony; none would dare dispense himself from it; those most indifferent to religion then come out of their apathy and hasten to join the multitude, which sings the praises of the illustrious and generous protector of the country. In 1652, Mgr Peter de Berthier, whose virtues shone with so lively a brightness on the episcopal see of Montauban, betook himself to Villebrumier to visit the relics of Saint Theodard.[16] Here is the copy of the act of verification which he drew up himself with quite particular care: *Inventory of the bones, which are*

believed to be of Saint Theodard, found in the church of Villebrumier, and which I have put in this chest, in the visit that I made of it on 30 December 1652.

“A packet covered with white taffeta, closed and sealed with my arms, on which is written: Femur, no. 1;

“Another packet, as above, where is written: Femur, no. 2;

“Another packet where is written: The two bones of the legs, with five summits or apophyses, no. 3;

“Another packet, as above, where is written: The *fociles* in several pieces, no. 4;

“Another packet, as above, where is written: Twelve vertebrae with their fragments, no. 5;

“Another packet, where is written: Great number of fragments of the ribs, no. 6;

“Another, where is written: The fragments of the shoulder-blades and the sternum bone, no. 7;

“Another, where is written: The astragali or joints of the feet and of the hands, in great number, no. 8;

“Another, as above, where is written: A stump of the ischium and another fragment of the sacrum bone, no. 9;

“Another, where is written: Pieces of unknown bones, no. 10.

“Done at Villebrumier, this 30 December 1652.

“Peter,”Bishop of Montauban.”

The relics of Saint Theodard remained, until 1833, in the chest where Mgr de Berthier placed them. Then the ancient shrine falling with old age, the curé and the inhabitants of Villebrumier had another worked, and the remains of the Saint were solemnly deposited in it. The ten packets inventoried by Mgr de Berthier and sealed with the seal of his arms, are still to-day in the state in which he described them: only one of the silk sachets is found partly torn, but it is in consequence of the opening which had to be made in it when Mgr Dubourg wished to have for his cathedral a relic of Saint Theodard.

We have abridged the life of Saint Theodard by M. J.-A. Guyard, vicar-general of Montauban, 12mo, Paris and Montauban, 1856. The author drew himself from the *Gallia christiana* and from two Lives of the Saint which are possessed: the one given by the Bollandists, the other which had been extracted from the archives of Saint-Étienne, at Toulouse, and which was preserved in the *Memoirs of the History of Languedoc*, by Catel.

Saint Thorette, Shepherdess in the Bourbonnais

12th century.

Servants, the Holy Books tell us, obey in the Lord, surround your masters with honours and respects. Be submissive not only to those who are good and modest, but also to those who are full of faults.

It is in a farm of the ancient diocese of Bourges, called Nouzillers, at the foot of the ancient collegiate church of Montcenoux, formerly served by thirteen canons of Saint-Ursin, of Bourges, a few steps from the beautiful church of Villefranche, that Saint Thorette made shine the most touching examples of gentleness and piety, of obedience and mortification, of angelic purity and of patience proof against everything.

Everything proves that the farm where Saint Thorette lived was formerly a more important village. One counts there to-day only five dilapidated cottages. The most conspicuous, opposite Montcenoux, shows on the lintel of its window religious ornaments: a chalice, a host and a prie-Dieu. A shield is seen at one of the neighbouring doors.

God, who disdains the lustre of rank and the vain distinctions after which one runs so eagerly to-day, has wished to leave us ignorant of all that concerns the origin and the first years of Saint Thorette, the name of her parents, the place and the epoch of her birth. He makes us see her immediately in the full and entire exercise of her domestic and rustic life as shepherdess in the pay of a farmer. Everything leads one to believe, nevertheless, that she existed before the 13th century.

The moments of a servant are not her own, but belong exclusively to the master who employs her. Never did our Saint lose a single minute. The interior spirit, which accompanied all her acts, far from distracting her, sustained her, encouraged her in the midst of her fatigues. One day however, the pious girl had forgotten herself, so to speak, in a colloquy with the object of her pure affections. The hours which she owed to her employment had passed in a sort of rapture, so many charms has prayer for a heart enamoured of its God! Unknown to her therefore, the spindle had escaped from her fingers; the evening came and her task was not done. The Master of heaven would not have the master of earth deprived of the benefit that belonged to him; he would above all not have his religious lover lose the reward which her devotedness merited. During the untimely orison, a heavenly hand had spun the distaff involuntarily abandoned, so that the work was found finished at the very moment when the ecstatic prayer ended. At this sight, Thorette lifts to heaven eyes wet with gratitude. She could not otherwise express the inward joy that dominated her.

Noble and generous girl, ah! be imitated by all those who share your condition. May they never, under pretext of devotion, be seen to neglect their work; God does not will it, He even forbids it.

But heaven did not stop at this marvellous fact, related by all; tradition affirms that, to facilitate to our Saint her love of orison, her good angel, while she prayed, worked in her place, and thus the work of Thorette never remained incomplete. He who annihilates the proud and takes pleasure in exalting the humble granted her many times visible marks of his benevolence. One day when she was far off in the fields, occupied in seeking for her sheep the best herbs, behold a dark and threatening storm appears on the horizon. — Fear not, virtuous child, while a torrential rain overturns the whole country, a calm atmosphere will envelop you; around you and your dear sheep, there will be as it were a day of fair sunshine. New fleece of Gideon, you alone will be respected. Once more, fear not: what tempest could be troublesome to you who trust in the Lord?

Of old God blessed the house of Laban because of his servant Jacob. The wise Thorette brought happiness to the domain she inhabited. The flocks entrusted to her guard prospered always, says tradition, and much better than those of the surrounding farms.

One would have said that these animals understood the merit of their mistress. Did she wish to abandon her soul to one of those meditations which ravished her from the senses, all her sheep, grouped around her, grazed tranquilly on the herbs, without thinking of harming the neighbouring inheritances. On the contrary, carried away by her fervour, did the young virgin desire to go and fulfil some of her devotions at the church, it sufficed that she planted her crook in the midst of the bleating troop, and her docile lambs guarded themselves of themselves, and never, during her absence, did any of those ferocious animals, so common formerly in these wooded regions, take it into its head to attack her faithful sheep. Her virtue was like a charm from which even the most ungrateful and most rebellious natures could not escape. One day, the brook which flows at the foot of Nouzillers was swollen beyond measure, and the shepherdess, placed on the opposite bank, could not bring back her sheep to the fold. In her naïve religion, she recalls that faith has the privilege of transporting mountains, and that if we had of this heavenly faith only as large as a grain of mustard-seed, nature would obey our least wishes; she makes the sign of the cross on the overflowing torrent, strikes its waters with her crook, and suddenly a miraculous way opens before her.

Another time, they were strangers, mason workmen going from the Bourbonnais to the Marche, their country, who found themselves stopped by the same difficulty. In their impatience, these coarse men let

themselves go to murmuring, to blasphemy. The young virgin invites them gently to resignation, urges them to do the holy will of God, then, in the charity which presses her, she boldly asks a miracle. At the touch of her crook, a new Jordan, the brook turns back and lets pass dry-shod these men, who publish aloud the praises and the power of the wonder-worker.

Returned in the evening to the house, more modest still than usual, they would no longer permit her to fulfil the humbling and painful tasks which nevertheless she performed with so much happiness. “No, my daughter, no,” says her old master to her, refusing certain services which she was accustomed to render to him and to his family, “you are a saint. We must all, henceforth, respect you better.”

Her humility could not bear this trial. She leaves abruptly the cottage where, by anticipation, a sort of cult was rendered to her, and goes into solitude to hide the graces which God granted her with so much generosity.

It is in this Field of the Combes, neighbouring the inspiring monastery, that she will retire; she will take care to descend very low in the valley. The cavity of a century-old oak will serve her as asylum. A few herbs, a few wild fruits to appease her hunger, the water of the torrent to quench her thirst, an ardent prayer, interrupted by brief instants given to nature, such will be henceforth her preoccupation, her life. So, of her as of the divine precursor, it may be said that she neither ate nor drank; God alone sufficed for her needs, *Deus meus et omnia*.[1]

Already she was ripe for heaven. Although the austerities had weakened her strength, she none the less continued her pious exercises each day. Like the soldier who is bent on dying with arms in hand, it will be from the midst of this countryside perfumed by her virtues and from the interior of this old tree, witness of her fervour, that her ardent and pure soul will fly away to her God. She has heard the voice of the Beloved who said to her: Come from Lebanon, my dove, my spouse, my all-fair; come, thou shalt be crowned. She could not resist so pressing an invitation, and her bonds were broken at that instant.

At this moment, O prodigy! all the bells of the surrounding churches, at Murat, at Villefranche, at Montcenoux, ring of themselves to announce that a privileged creature had just left the earth. Long the brass resounded, they were unaccustomed vibrations, something triumphal which moved the country far around.

In the twinkling of an eye an immense people ran up; all had instinctively betaken themselves to the venerated solitude.

Above the tree, tomb of the Saint, there was outlined a great luminous cross, a sort of labarum, which signalled afar her victory. In the midst of canticles and songs of joy, this precious treasure is borne in triumph to the place quite naturally designated for her sepulture. It is in the basilica of the good monks, where she had so often prayed, quite near the high altar, where she had so frequently received her God, that this glorious body was deposited.

From that day, the homages of the peoples were spontaneously decreed to her, and, according to the usage of those times, the local diocesan authority regulated, consecrated the manifestation of them. Each year, on 1 May, the public commemoration took place; a pilgrimage, all of faith and piety, attracted to Villefranche and within the enclosure of Montcenoux an extraordinary concourse of persons of all ranks and of all conditions.

Montmarault and Saint-Priest, Chavenon and Murat, Chappes, Cosne, Doyet, Monvicq, etc., sent pious deputations to this renowned tomb. What graces were granted! What benefits came to all these souls firmly devoted to the cult of Saint Thorette!

So many splendours were maintained until 1698,[2] the epoch when the collegiate church of Saint-Ursin, established for centuries on this hillside of the Bourbonnais, was suppressed. By order of Cardinal de Gesvres, hundred and sixth archbishop of Bourges, the relics of Saint Thorette were carried from the church of Montcenoux into that of Villefranche.

Since this translation, save a few days of an ill-omened interruption, these precious bones have always remained there exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

In 1841, by the orders of Mgr de Pons, bishop of Moulins, a minute inquiry was undertaken on the authenticity of the relics and on the legitimacy of the cult of Saint Thorette.

It was recognised that, at the revolution of ’93, this body had been profaned and cast on the flagstones of the temple. Gathered up and preserved by pious hands, all the remains had been successively restored to the church where the general deposit had formerly been.

Every year, the external solemnity is observed on the first Sunday of May. The pilgrimage is less frequented than formerly, it is true; nevertheless, it is always with confidence that one comes to invoke the gentle and pious shepherdess who formerly sanctified herself on these banks.

The devotion to this other Genevieve is not limited to the Bourbonnais; there exists in Berry a locality at once commune and parish, which is designated under the name of Sainte-Thorette.

The foundation of the village goes back to a remote epoch, the church is of the 12th century. Our saint being titular of the monument and patroness of the place, this double circumstance permits us to assign a sort of date to the time in which she lived. Her feast, there, is celebrated on the last Sunday of April. Extract from the *Legend of Saint Thorette*, by M. l’abbé Boudant, curé of Chantelle.

Notre-Dame de Bethlehem at Ferrières

The town of Ferrières is full of the most glorious memories. It possesses titles of high nobility and sacred rights to the veneration of the peoples. Its first sanctuary is that of Notre-Dame de Bethlehem. This place of pilgrimage, one of the most frequented of the diocese of Orleans, is perhaps at the same time the most ancient. Several historians[1] trace its origin back to apostolic times, to the epoch when Saint Savinian and Saint Potentian evangelised the Senonais. Saint Savinian, they say, raised a little oratory to the Mother of God, convoked for its consecration all those whom he had won to the Gospel; and, on this occasion, a signal prodigy came to confirm in the faith these new Christians. It was the night of Christmas, and the holy sacrifice was about to begin, when suddenly a vivid light filled the sanctuary; the Blessed Virgin appears, carrying the child Jesus in her arms, accompanied by Saint Joseph; and the angels, associating themselves with this glorious apparition, intone as of old the *Gloria in excelsis*. Seized with a holy enthusiasm, Savinian cries out: “This is truly Bethlehem.” And since then until our days this name has always remained to the sanctuary.[2] The tradition of this miraculous fact has been preserved through the centuries. It is related by Lupus, abbot of Ferrières, who wrote in 850, and by several other historians. It is formally mentioned in a bull of Gregory XV, and cited in a charter of Clovis which Dom Morin reports. One understands all the resonance that such a prodigy must have had. From all parts of Gaul become Christian, the peoples ran to pray in the sanctuary of Bethlehem. When, about the year 434, Attila penetrated into the country with his barbarous hordes, he delivered this venerated place to the flames, and more than three hundred and sixty persons perished there, either buried under the debris of the edifice, or massacred by the sword. But the piety of the peoples soon raised the religious sanctuary from its ruins, imperfectly at first, because it could do no better, more magnificently afterwards, as soon as it could; and in 481, Notre-Dame de Bethlehem entered into a new era of prosperity. Clovis, although still pagan, hearing so many marvels told of this sanctuary, had the curiosity to visit it. The hermits who were its guardians received him with the greatest honour; and the prince, touched by this good welcome, showed himself benevolent toward them so far as to contribute by his royal munificence to the reconstruction and embellishment of the religious edifice. On the other hand, Clotilda, still young, came there every year on pilgrimage,[3] and the hermits, admiring her faith and her piety, dared to speak to Clovis of the virtuous and beautiful Christian; they made him so great an eulogy of her that the pagan king wished to know her; the glance of the proud Sicambrian soon discovered under the veil of her

modesty the treasure of the sweet virtues which distinguished her. He resolved to marry her, and soon the holiness of Clotilda came to adorn the throne of France. Clotilda vowed to the Blessed Virgin her second son Clodomir, came to pray for him at Notre-Dame de Bethlehem when she saw him dangerously ill; and his cure obtained, she had him baptised there at the foot of the altar with the permission of Clovis, still pagan. The gratitude of the queen and of the king, when he had become Christian, was soon translated into numerous benefactions, and among others by the construction of a vast church quite near the sanctuary of Bethlehem, which, under the title of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, became the church of the religious. It is not doubtless the church which one sees to-day; time and wars have several times ruined it; but religion has as many times raised it again.

Under Clotaire II, Notre-Dame de Bethlehem was not less favoured. The prince came himself on pilgrimage. Adalbert, lord of Étampes, restored the church as well as the monastery of the hermits, damaged on several points by the wars. Finally at that epoch was definitively founded the abbey of Ferrières, that famous abbey which so many virtues and talents illustrated in the following ages, which counted in its schools thousands of pupils, which was long a nursery of bishops, which had no rival but the great school of Tours, which at last, as rich in duration as in illustrations, subsisted until 1793.

Under Dagobert, the same protection was continued to the pious sanctuary. This monarch founded there a mass which was to be said in perpetuity on the altar of Our Lady, and which was called the royal mass. Moreover, at his request, Pope Gregory II granted to the abbey the privilege of bearing the arms of Saint Peter of Rome and several other signal favours, which were afterwards confirmed by Paul I, Eugene II, Alexander III and Urban III.

Charlemagne, who had had for preceptor the celebrated Alcuin, abbot of Ferrières, showed himself equally generous toward Notre-Dame de Bethlehem, and his successors on the throne imitated his example.

At the end of the 12th century, the religious, aided by such powerful protectors, had their church rebuilt as well as the beautiful octagonal spire, a hundred and fifty feet high, which surmounted it, and which fell in 1837. This magnificent monument finished, they invited Alexander III to come himself to consecrate it. This Pope, one of the greatest historic figures of the 12th century, judging that a sanctuary so celebrated in the Christian world was worthy of such an honour, betook himself in person to Ferrières. He performed the ceremony on 29 September 1163, and he drew from this holy asylum an alleviation of the evils with which his pontificate was crossed.

After three centuries of prosperity and glory, Notre-Dame de Bethlehem saw again arrive new days of mourning. Under the reign of Charles VII, the English, masters of all the country, came to ravage Ferrières, burned the church, of which they left standing only the spire. But heaven did not leave this crime unpunished. According to a traditional legend, the English soldier who had set fire to the holy place felt himself suddenly devoured to the bottom of his entrails as by a mysterious fire whose ardours nothing could extinguish; and in the excess of his pain, he went and threw himself into a neighbouring well. In 1607, a prior of the monastery, wishing to verify the fact, had the bottom of this well sounded, and human bones were found there. The church of Notre-Dame de Bethlehem, so many times overthrown and so many times rebuilt, came forth again from its ruins in 1460, thanks to the generous piety of Dom Blanchefort, abbot of Ferrières. This holy religious, whom his eminent virtues and above all his charity for the poor rendered venerable in all the country, loved the Blessed Virgin so much that, when he felt himself near death, he had himself carried to the foot of her altar and there gave up the last breath. He was buried there, and a richly sculptured tomb was raised to him. The stones of this venerated tomb having been preserved, it has been re-established in the principal church of Ferrières, in the middle of the choir, where it is the object of the veneration of the peoples of the country, who regard as a saint this pious servant of Mary. But the church and the tomb were pillaged, profaned by the Protestants in the 16th century; and the revolutionaries of ’93 completed the degradation of it so far as to leave standing only the walls of the church; even those they put in a state of dilapidation which

compromised their solidity.

After the revolution, this church was preserved as an annex of the parish church of Saint-Pierre; but it none the less remained for the faithful the church of predilection; and, when in 1837 its beautiful spire suddenly collapsed on its degraded bases and crushed the church with its enormous weight, the whole town asked with insistence, not the reconstruction of this gigantic and monumental steeple which rose a hundred and fifty feet above the roofs of the church; alas! the resources of the country would not have sufficed for it, but at least the restoration of the sanctuary where so many generations had come to pray. The worthy pastor, M. l'abbé Champion, sharing the religious enthusiasm of his parishioners, opened a voluntary subscription. Prompt to answer this appeal, the rich gave of their money, the farmers offered their horses and their carts for all the necessary carting; the poor man, who had only his arms, gave of his time, and there were seen in a single day as many as seventy workmen, all animated by the same zeal, the same sublime disinterestedness, working with ardour at this work of restoration. In less than a year, Notre-Dame de Bethlehem came forth from its ruins; and the faithful, reunited again within its enclosure, were able to continue there the prayers and the chants of the ancient ages. One admires there, to the left of the high altar, the tomb of Dom Morin, who was the architect of the two lateral chapels, as well as the altarpiece of the high altar and the decorations of the sanctuary, which are attributed to the munificence of Marie de' Medici. But what deserves far more attention and respect is the black Virgin, escaped from the devastations of the English, from the profanations of the Protestants, from the impiety of the revolutionaries, placed now in the lateral chapel, to the left of the sanctuary; secular and miraculous Virgin, at whose feet numerous pilgrims, among others the inhabitants of Montargis, come to pray still to-day with a confidence which the memory of the graces obtained in the succession of the centuries justifies and encourages.

The devotion to this religious sanctuary inspired from the time of the Merovingian kings a pious institution, known under the name of Royal Confraternity of Our Lady, which lasted centuries. However time, which wears everything, undermined it little by little, it fell; and it existed no more but in the state of memory, when Louis XIII, informed by Dom Morin, religious of Ferrières, of the existence of the ancient confraternity, ordered that it should be re-established and had its rules approved by Gregory XV.

It was not only this pious association which attracted the faithful to Notre-Dame de Bethlehem; it was also the numerous indulgences which Gregory XV had granted there, at five principal epochs of the year, namely: on the Sunday before the Ascension, at the feasts of Easter, of Pentecost, of Saint Paul and of Saint Michael. One could not count the pilgrims whom the desire of gaining the indulgences brought on those days to Ferrières. But, alas! of all these pious practices, of all these ancient foundations, there remains no more than the pilgrimage of Whit Monday; then a solemn procession is made; the holy relics escaped from the different devastations of Notre-Dame de Bethlehem and of the church of the abbey of Ferrières are carried in great pomp, and the pilgrims there are numerous. May heaven grant that the town of Ferrières, being no longer to-day, thanks to the railway, more than a few hours from the capital, may soon see a better future, and that these so glorious antiquities, these ruins, happily become the property of Mgr Dupanloup, bishop of Orleans, may be consoled and see shine again some rays of the beauty of their ancient days! *Notre-Dame de France.*

Notre-Dame du Laus,[4] and the Venerable Benoîte Rencurel, Notre-Dame d'Érable, Notre-Dame des Fours, etc.

I asked the Laus of my divine Son for the conversion of sinners and He granted it to me. I have destined this church for the conversion of sinners. — The most holy Virgin to Sister Benoîte in 1664 and 1669.

Notre-Dame du Laus, situated eight kilometres from Gap, was founded two centuries ago by a simple shepherdess named Benoîte Rencurel, and later commonly called Sister Benoîte, because she had associated herself with the Third Order of Saint Dominic.

This chosen soul, having heard a preacher say in the pulpit that the Blessed Virgin is all good and all merciful, conceived a violent desire to see her and asked Mary, with the most ardent prayers, to show herself to her. Mary granted it to her, and appeared to her, not once, but frequently, and that during fifty-six entire years.

It was without any doubt by a secret disposition of Providence that the child who, from the cradle to the tomb, was to be the butt of the worst treatment from the infernal spirits and to resist them so courageously, was born on the day on which the Church celebrates the feast of the noble Archangel, conqueror of Lucifer.

In effect, on 29 September 1647, in the little village of Saint-Étienne, separated from the Laus by a narrow meadow, was born, in a family of poor peasants who remained unknown to the world, a little girl, at whose birth no one took heed. It was not known that in a few years the angels would call her “my sister,” and that she would be the pupil and the cherished daughter of the Queen of angels and of men.[1] In the bosom of a laborious poverty, accepted with piety, the first childhood of Benoîte Rencurel passed under the thatched roof which she was soon to leave to see her hereditary poverty still increase and her humble condition sink lower and lower. All the education and instruction given by Mother Rencurel to her daughter were limited to recommending her to be always good and to pray God well, and, to pray God well, she taught her only the *Pater* and the *Ave Maria*; but with these prayers, fallen from divine and angelic lips, one can recite the Rosary: it was enough to teach the whole science of salvation to our young child; the Rosary soon became her favourite devotion, and often the holy angels came to recite it visibly with her. Benoîte was only seven years old when God called to Himself her father Rencurel, and the next year an unworthy relative despoiled the widow and the three orphans of their thatched roof and of their little fields. Bread was wanting, and Benoîte, at eight years old, entered as shepherdess into the service of two masters at once, for a single one could not have fed her during the famine which then reigned in the country; she therefore kept at the same time, each day, two flocks for a morsel of black bread, which these two masters served her by turns for eight days. On leaving her mother, Benoîte had asked of her for all gift only a chaplet.

The two masters of Benoîte never tired of admiring her piety, her gentleness, her docility, and were much astonished at seeing in her none of those little faults inherent in childhood. Content with the morsel of hard and coarse bread which she received each morning at departure, she never stole anything from her masters; never did her hand extend even to pick in passing along the unfenced orchards an apple or a grape. Her morsel of bread steeped in the water of the torrent made up all her meal. Her young heart was already so inflamed with divine love that material food mattered little to her; but as one cannot love God without loving men, whom He has so loved, she loved them in God and for God. So her only morsel of bread no longer even belonged to her as soon as she met a child who was hungry, and she shared it with him. Soon her charity leads her to give everything, and here is on what occasion: John Rolland, one of her masters, could without difficulty, in spite of the growing dearth, take from his table seven morsels of bread in a fortnight; but it was not the same at the house of her other master, Louis Astier, whose little flock she kept at the same time as that of the rich farmer Rolland. However, as Mrs. Astier loved her gentle shepherdess, she preferred to give her, at the expense of her own appetite, the same quantity of bread as in better days. Benoîte, after having received without a word this so rare bread, distributed it secretly to the six little Astier children, who ate it without understanding that these fragments of bread were as pieces of the life of the pious child. As for herself, Benoîte said to herself to strengthen herself: “Ah! it is quite enough that I eat next week at my other master’s.” She set out therefore fasting to lead her flocks into the mountain; she returned fasting and went to bed likewise, and that for seven times twenty-four consecutive hours! She suffered so much from hunger that blood gushed from her mouth and nostrils: but the angels of the Alps gathered each drop of this so pure blood, to make it fall again later in a torrent of graces on sinners.

With her bread, her heart and her rosaries, Benoîte gave her compassion to all the misfortunes that came to her knowledge. One day, she learns that a woman has just lost consciousness and that her state is grave; at

once she runs toward the church, drawing after her all the little girls she meets on her way, and, in concert with them, recites the rosary with great fervour. Before leaving her flock, she had said to it with that faith which transports mountains: “Thou shalt not touch this meadow, nor this one, nor that one,” and the flock, during her absence, remained grazing peacefully in the place she had designated to it. After the Rosary, the troop of children came to see the sick woman, quite ready to return to the church if there were need. But God had heard her: the sick woman had recovered consciousness and speech, and the first use she made of it was to thank and bless these children and above all Benoîte. To prayers, the young and holy shepherdess knew on occasion how to join exhortations. She spoke with so much eloquence of God, of heaven, of hell, that she found the way to the most hardened hearts. Thus John Rolland, one of the two masters she served at once, a brutal man, angry and blasphemer, vanquished by the eloquence of his gentle shepherdess, gave to the whole country the example of a conversion as unexpected as it was striking. It was therefore by the exercise of the most sublime virtues that Benoîte prepared herself, without knowing it, for the greatest mission to which she was predestined. Benoîte counted seventeen springs; her angelic purity, which rejoiced the gaze of the angels and impressed even the coarse people among whom she lived, had made her particularly dear to the Queen of Virgins.

One fine day of the month of May 1664, she had led her flocks on the mountain of Saint-Maurice, and she had entered the chapel in ruin[2] dedicated to the illustrious chief of the Theban legion, to recite her chaplet there, when this saint appeared to her and urged her to lead her flock henceforth into the valley of Saint-Étienne, because it would be there that, according to her desire, she would see the Blessed Virgin.

The next day, from the dawn, the flock itself took the way to the valley, and Benoîte followed it with a joyous air, without being aware of her thoughts. There was at the bottom of the vale and at the entrance of the wood a little grotto where she was accustomed to withdraw to say her Rosary. Hardly arrived opposite the grotto, Benoîte saw there a lady of incomparable beauty holding in her arms a child of a beauty no less admirable. In spite of the prediction of the Saint, the holy and naïve shepherdess could not believe that the Blessed Virgin had descended from heaven to grant the immense desire she had to contemplate her; she thought therefore that she had before her eyes only a simple mortal, and she offers her ingenuously a morsel of her black bread. The lady smiled at this childlike simplicity and answered her nothing.

The following day and for quite nearly four months, Benoîte contemplated in this place her who makes the joy of the angels and the ornament of heaven. From the first day, the face of the young shepherdess appeared in the eyes of all transfigured like her soul, her beauty had taken a quite heavenly stamp, and her words had acquired an irresistible virtue. She shared her happiness with everyone with a joyous simplicity, and each, seeing the change that had been wrought in her, said to himself: “If it were the Blessed Virgin whom she sees!” As for the humble shepherdess, she did not yet know it and did not even think of asking her who gave her all this joy who she was.

Before making of Benoîte her friend and the dispenser of her graces, the Blessed Virgin deigned to make her her pupil, and when she had closely attached to herself the soul of the young shepherdess by the irresistible attraction of her beauty, she began to speak to her, and it was to instruct, to try, to encourage her. To put herself within reach of the little cultivated intelligence of the child of the mountains, she descended to familiarities which would astonish us, did we not know that the goodness of Mary is without bound. She did not even disdain to teach her to pray, as mothers do, by repeating word by word a prayer to their children; it is thus that she taught her her litanies, still unknown in the country, and enjoining her to teach them in her turn to her companions and to repeat them each evening with them. The young girls of Avançon and of Valserre set themselves promptly like those of Saint-Étienne to recite each evening the litanies of the divine Virgin; all the processions which arrive at the Laus sing them while climbing the mountain; every mass celebrated at the altar of Mary is followed by her litanies, which are said again every Saturday and every Sunday to an air which is heard only at the Laus and which stirs all the fibres of the soul.[3] If almost all the

inhabitants of the valley believed that it was truly the most holy Virgin who appeared to Benoîte, some doubted still; but when two impious men, who had blasphemed publicly against the beautiful lady of Benoîte, had received a rigorous and exemplary chastisement, everyone believed that in effect the Star of the sea had risen over this happy valley. The noise of these things crossed the mountains and arrived at Gap, while M. Grimaud, a capable and upright man, judge of the valley, ordered Benoîte to ask her who appeared to her whether she were not the Mother of God, and whether she did not wish a chapel to be raised to her in that place?

Benoîte therefore addressed to the beautiful lady the question which the pious judge had suggested to her; the Blessed Virgin answered her:

"I am Mary, Mother of Jesus," then she added: "My Son wishes to be honoured in this parish, but not in this place…" The Blessed Virgin, wishing to authorise publicly the belief in the revelation she had just made, commanded Benoîte next to bring the girls of Saint-Étienne in procession to the grotto; she answered this order with her profound ingenuousness: "Perhaps they will not wish to believe: write it." — "That is not necessary," answered the Mother of mercies, disappearing. Not only did the girls of Saint-Étienne betake themselves with eagerness to the procession ordered by Mary, which took place on 30 August; but M. Fraisse, curé of the parish, and the justice of the peace, came there also to observe attentively what would pass, and they drew up a minute of it. The most holy Virgin appeared to Benoîte before all, and as, when everyone had retired, she had remained praying in the vale, Mary appeared to her again and said to her: "You will see me no more in this place."[4] This valley was in fact too little extensive for a church to be raised in it.

For a whole month, Benoîte saw her divine mistress no more; she felt so lively a grief that, a little more time, she could not have survived it. She directed her flock by preference to a pasture whence her eye explored unceasingly the two slopes of the mountain, while she asked, groaning, of the clouds which passed over her head, of the birds which fluttered to the four winds of heaven, whether they would not soon bring her news of her well-beloved.

One blessed day, on the other side of the torrent and half-way up the hill behind which the Laus shelters, she recognises, in spite of the extraordinary brightness which surrounds her, the divine Virgin; she cries out: "Oh! my good mother, why have you so long deprived me of the happiness of seeing you?" then she crosses, with the help of one of her goats, the swollen torrent, and throws herself at the feet of the Queen of heaven.[5]

All that Benoîte revealed of this apparition is that the Blessed Virgin said to her: "You will see me no more except in the chapel of the Laus; seek it, you will recognise it by the sweet odours which will exhale from it from the door."

In the so deep solitude then of the Laus, some pious mountaineers had, in 1640, raised a little chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame de Bon-Rencontre. This humble edifice, covered with thatch, enclosed only a space of a little more than two metres, an altar of masonry which for all ornament had two wooden candlesticks and a holy ciborium of pewter. It was there that the Queen of heaven awaited the young shepherdess, as in the altarpiece of Bethlehem she had received the shepherds of Judea. Benoîte did not know this chapel, she sought it weeping, when attracted by the odour of the announced perfumes, she discovers it at last; she enters, and seeing the radiant Virgin on the altar, she falls on her knees, mute with happiness. The Mother of Jesus makes her hear her heavenly voice, but it is to reproach her gently for the tears she has shed and to exhort her to resignation. Benoîte answers humbly to her Good Mother: it is no longer otherwise than thus that she will speak of Mary, and this appellation, new in the Church, has remained in the whole valley where the most holy Virgin is always invoked under the name of the Good Mother.

Benoîte, rising, sees the altar already so poor in itself, and where the Queen of heaven does not disdain to place her feet all covered with dust; she cries out: "My Good Mother, permit that I unfasten my apron to put it under your feet, it is quite white. — No," answers the Blessed Virgin, "keep it; in a short time, nothing will

be wanting here, neither cloths nor ornaments; I wish to have a church built here in honour of my very dear Son and of myself, where many sinners, men and women, will come to be converted; it will be great as I wish it; and it is there that I shall appear to you often. — Where shall money be got to build this church? asked the young girl, who knew the great misery of the country. — Be without anxiety, money will not fail, and I wish that it be that of the poor."

It was then the end of September 1664; after a long conversation, Mary dismissed the shepherdess that she might be back at her masters' before night. Each day, until the following spring, Benoîte came back to pass long hours at the feet of her heavenly mistress, as far as the snow and her duties permitted.

Mary, who prepared her to enter the Third Order of Saint Dominic, taught her from then to unite the active life to the contemplative life, and always warned her, so that she should leave her in time enough for her duty not to suffer and that she should continue to work and to obey in her humble condition of shepherdess. She wished to teach her to despise the vain adornments of the world and to occupy herself only with the ornament of her soul; she forbade her therefore to wear a fine dress which the governor of Gap, M. du Saix, had sent her. She formed her little by little, with a gentleness and a patience of a mother, for the mission to which she destined her, and she recommended to her unceasingly to pray well for sinners. She made her feel the importance of it so well that already the young shepherdess showed herself animated with the greatest zeal to fulfil her sublime task. She was no longer met but with eyes imprinted with a sweet gravity and her rosary in her hand. In her apparitions, the Blessed Virgin had taught her that no offering was more agreeable to her than that of the mystical crown of the Rosary, that no prayer was more efficacious to tear sinners from the abyss of evil and the suffering souls from the abyss of purgatory: so she took from then the resolution from which she never failed, to recite each day, besides several other prayers, fifteen rosaries and fifteen chaplets to honour doubly the sacred number of the mysteries of the Rosary, and as the day did not suffice for so many prayers, during the sleep of her masters, she quitted the house without noise, and, in spite of the darkness, cold and rain, she went to kneel on the threshold of the village church, where the first rays of day often found her still. Sometimes, as happened to the glorious Saint Dominic, an angel opened to her the door of the church, and since then the angels assisted her in several circumstances of her life. One day of this same autumn 1664, her masters had sent her to cut grass, not far from the church of Valserre; she entered the holy place with the intention of making only a short prayer there; but soon her soul left the earth and rose toward the heavenly regions. When she came back from her ecstasy, the sun had already disappeared behind the mountains, and night was arriving rapidly; she comes out with anxiety from the church and finds, with a joyous surprise, that while she was doing the office of the angels, a heavenly spirit had done hers, cut and bound a large bundle of grass with the rope which she had left at the door of the church.

Meanwhile, the public waited with a religious impatience, foreseeing that great things were preparing in this place, and during the whole winter, the girls of Avançon braved the ice and the snows to go each day to sing at the Laus the litanies and canticles of the divine Mary.

The number of visitors soon became so great that, to hear their confessions and give them communion, confessionals and altars had to be set up in the open country. On 25 March 1665, in particular, less than a year after the first apparition, floods of peoples invaded the chapel, formerly deserted; and on the following 3 May, thirty-five parishes met there at once, each marching under its banner. Mary rewarded so much zeal for her chapel by miraculous cures, unexpected conversions, various prodigies of which the account is recorded in the voluminous manuscripts that are preserved at the Laus. One of the most remarkable was obtained by the judge himself of the place: he had a daughter dumb from birth; he asked her cure in the holy chapel, and it was at once granted him.

On 14 September of the same year, there arrived at the Laus the vicar-general of the diocese, accompanied by several men of great merit; he came to make a juridical inquiry into the facts of which everyone spoke. At the announcement of this inquiry, the humble shepherdess fled frightened into the wood, to pray and consult the

Blessed Virgin, and soon returned reassured by her. Benoîte answered all with much calm and aptness; and to the observation made to her that, if miracles no longer took place, she would be removed from the Laus, and the chapel would be demolished: “After all that I have seen and heard,” she said, “I do not doubt that more will still be wrought in the future than in the past.” The inquiry ended, the vicar-general tried twice to depart; and twice he was prevented by a violent rain, which began at the moment when he mounted his horse. It was not without a design of God. For the very next day, he was witness of a striking miracle which was wrought in the chapel of the Laus. Catherine Vial, deprived of the use of her legs, withered, and so bent backwards that they appeared stuck to her body, was suddenly cured, on the last day of her novena. The vicar-general drew up a minute of the fact; the witnesses signed it, and the cure was so complete that a month after, her parish having come in procession to thank the Blessed Virgin, it was Catherine Vial herself who carried the banner.

Notwithstanding these facts, there were men who accused Benoîte of deceiving the people by her reveries; it was wished to arrest her and put her in prison; and three times the Blessed Virgin snatched her from the pursuit of her persecutors. Even pious persons leagued against her, maintaining that she had no virtue, and tried to have her driven from the Laus by the ecclesiastical superiors. In answer to these accusations, God, about the same time, wrought at the Laus a new miracle. One of the first officers of the court of Savoy, proud and shameless, violent and hot-tempered, enters the chapel with head high, eyes wandering, without giving any mark of respect. Suddenly, he feels himself seized with horror of himself; and motionless for more than an hour, he passes again in his conscience the crimes of his life, conceives a profound sorrow for them, goes to confess and goes out converted, fully reconciled with God.

This chapel where so many prodigies were wrought could hardly contain ten to twelve persons; and the crowd, which pressed all around, had to undergo the inclemencies of the seasons. It was therefore indispensable to replace it by a vaster church. In 1665, Benoîte, without any resource but her confidence in Mary, undertakes the work. She traces its foundations, so as to establish the choir and the high altar of the new church in the very site of the chapel of Bon-Rencontre; then she calls to her aid all the souls that love the Blessed Virgin, and communicates to them her holy ardour. A poor woman, who lived on alms, presents herself first, and offers a gold piece; the inhabitants of the environs bring each his offering, some in kind, others in money; all those who go up to the Laus take one or several stones in the torrent which flows at the bottom of the vale, and bring them on to the height. A year was thus employed in preparing the materials; and when all was ready, they set to work. Benoîte, on her side, presided herself over the works, hastened and directed them. She prepared the meals of the workmen, said the prayer with them, and said to them from time to time words of salvation; at other times she intermingled useful advice to prevent accidents, so that, during the whole duration of the constructions, not a single blasphemy was heard, not a single accident happened. In four years, this church was finished. This great edifice had begun with nothing; the hands of the poor had assembled the materials, the alms of the faithful had dug the foundations, Providence raised the walls, and confidence in God finished it. The portal only remained to be done, but the archbishop of Embrun, ambassador of France in Spain, having fallen gravely ill at Madrid, remembered the prodigies which Notre-Dame du Laus wrought. He invoked her, and made a vow to build the portal if he returned to health. Promptly cured, he promptly executed his vow; and thus nothing was wanting any more to the holy edifice.

Benoîte was in her twentieth year when the first stone was laid of the church which, four years after, was finished and received the name of Notre-Dame du Laus. On 25 December, after the midnight mass, a great number of heavenly spirits celebrated the inauguration of the new church, by making three times the tour of the sacred edifice to the chant of the *Gloria in excelsis*. Sister

Benoîte, who had remained, according to her custom, praying in the holy place, followed the angelic procession. The persons who were outside were so to speak dazzled by the vivid brightness which shone through the windows and intoxicated by the sweet perfumes which exhaled from the church, although its

doors were shut. The first historians of Notre-Dame du Laus are unanimous in speaking of the sweet and heavenly perfumes of the Laus, and they speak of them as of a public fact of which an infinity of persons can bear witness. These perfumes were sometimes so intense that they spread from the chapel into the whole valley. The vicar-general of Gap expresses himself thus on this subject: “The odours of Mary are so sweet, so delicious, and give so great a consolation, that he who smells them believes he already enjoys by foretaste of heaven. In proportion as they strike the sense of smell, they raise the soul and all its powers, and fill the heart with joy; the perfumes of flowers are nothing in comparison with these, because they are emanations of the divinity.”

Sister Benoîte, who breathed these perfumes at their source and all of whose senses were purified by holiness, was wholly penetrated by them. When she returned from being with her Good Mother, her face, like that of Moses descending from Sinai, appeared all luminous, her garments remained long and deeply impregnated with the heavenly odour, and her soul was so intoxicated with consolations that for several days she could neither drink, nor eat, nor sleep. The sweet perfumes were therefore for the crowd, who did not see the holy Mother of God, a sensible proof of her presence, since they were less a particular grace than an attribute of the heavenly nature of Mary.

According to the observations of Benoîte, the angelic hierarchies would be distinguished by perfumes which God pours out in abundance over the whole extent of the heavens as an element of happiness, as well as by brightness, agility and the other more or less known elements of heavenly felicity. Thus the young shepherdess had remarked that, if all the angels exhale sweet perfumes, such an angel embalmed more strongly or differently from such another, but always in a manner very inferior to the Queen of angels and of men. As for the perfumes which exhaled from the sacred and adorable person of Our Lord Jesus Christ, whom she had the happiness to contemplate several times, they surpassed in an infinite manner all that she had experienced in this kind. We cannot be astonished that it should be so with the blessed souls, since our Father Saint Dominic and Sister Benoîte his worthy daughter gave, while still on earth, marks of this privilege, as did several other Saints. Everything that belonged to the holy shepherdess was perfumed; her breath, all that she touched and the air through which she passed. She had not yet spoken when the breath of her lips deliciously forestalled the sense of smell before going to stir the heart, and this perfume was the sweeter and more penetrating the greater the transports of her actual love for God. When her heart had been warmed again at the hearth of love by a fervent communion, an ecstasy, a vision, she then intoxicated with her perfumes all who approached her. The perfumes of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Virgin, of the angels and of our Sister Benoîte, compose what tradition has named the good odours of the Laus: the so pious charm of this word still endures, and from time to time privileged souls perceive the heavenly perfumes of the Laus. At the moment when Benoîte enjoyed the success of her work, unheard-of contradictions arose against her, above all in the ranks of the clergy then infected with the Jansenist venom. Hatred went so far as to fabricate and post, at the doors of the cathedral of Embrun, an interdict against this holy girl, with threat of excommunication against every priest who should celebrate in the chapel of the Laus. Jealousy and interest were set in play, by representing that the new devotion to Notre-Dame du Laus would destroy the ancient devotion to Notre-Dame d’Embrun, which was in possession of receiving numerous pilgrims bringing rich offerings. The former vicar-general, protector of the Laus, was dead; he who replaced him did not know the state of things. But, in this general abandonment, Benoîte did not despair. “The devotion of the Laus,” her good angel said to her, on 18 March 1700, “is the work of God, which neither man nor the demon can destroy, and which will subsist until the end of the world, always flourishing more, and bearing great fruits everywhere.” In effect, the new vicar-general summons Benoîte to Embrun, subjects her to a serious examination, concludes that the devotion to the chapel of the Laus comes from God, and that the virtue of the humble shepherdess is not only incontestable, but eminent. A remarkable thing, during the fourteen days that Benoîte remained at Embrun for this affair, she took no nourishment; and neither her health nor her strength was altered. On the eve of her departure, passing the day in prayer at the metropolitan church, she received

during the high mass a visit from the Blessed Virgin, who exhorted her to patience against the persecutions which might yet come upon her. The next day, at the moment of arriving at the Laus, she saw in vision Jesus crucified, all covered with blood; and this sight tore her heart, so that she lost speech for two days. Mary came to console her, recommending her to pray for sinners, for whom Jesus Christ has suffered so much. The new archbishop of Embrun, Mgr de Genlis, was for her a second consoler. This prelate, come to the Laus, was so moved on entering the church that he exclaimed: *Vere Dominus est in loco isto*; truly God is here. He then interrogated Benoîte; and her answers, which he wrote with his own hand, inspired him with so much veneration for her person that he declared he had never met either more solid virtue or a more simple girl.

Nevertheless, without ceasing to admire Benoîte, Mgr de Genlis let her be persecuted. To the pitiable rivalry of the metropolis, Jansenism, very powerful then, came to lend its concurrence and waged against our heroic shepherdess a long, perfidious and tenebrous war. To the Jansenists is also attributed the design of making her pass for a sorceress and having her condemned as such. There was further question of carrying off, at the same time as Benoîte, the pious hermit of Notre-Dame de l'Érable, neighbour of the Laus, to publish afterwards that they had fled together. Nevertheless the populations, always drawn by the great voice of miracles, continued to flock to the Laus, when a means was found to slacken their zeal by replacing the holy priests who, from the origin, had consecrated themselves to the new pilgrimage, by Jansenist directors who made despair and discouragement penetrate with them into the sanctuary of Mary. The enemy was therefore at the heart of the place; the refuge of sinners was closed, Benoîte herself had no more a confessor! There was then in the impulse of the populations toward the Laus a forced stop which its historians have called: Eclipse of the Laus… But soon to the eclipse a radiant sun was to succeed.

The image of Mary, which was the glory of Embrun, disappeared without being able to be found, and half a century later, not only the Laus, but Embrun, was given to the diocese of Gap, which, from the origin, had shown itself devoted to the new sanctuary of Mary.

Benoîte, for her part, received consolations proportioned to her terrible trials. Besides the frequent apparitions of the angels and of some Saints, our sister enjoyed on six different occasions the vision of the chaste Joseph, the spouse of Mary and the foster-father of the Child Jesus, whom she had the happiness to contemplate several times under the form of a graceful child, in the Holy Eucharist, before, having become still more advanced in the ways of perfection, she contemplated Him in the sufferings of His passion. Of all these apparitions, that which charmed her most was the sweet presence of her Good Mother who loaded her with a thousand favours. One day, some good workmen having offered, by charity, to the poor mother of Benoîte to give her little vineyard the cultivation of which it had need, she charged her daughter to conduct them there and to serve them their modest meal. While waiting, Benoîte enters the church[6] which was quite near the vineyard. Hardly had she entered when the divine Virgin appears to her, and she falls into an ecstasy which lasted the rest of the day and all the following night, so that the workmen had to provide for their needs themselves. Their charity was not offended at it, and the next morning they were seen continuing their work in the little vineyard of the poor widow. Benoîte knew not with what excuse she could approach these worthy people, when the Queen of heaven, before letting her leave the chapel in the morning, filled her apron with fresh roses and of an exquisite perfume that she might distribute them to the workmen, who received them as a precious gift of heaven, for it was only 15 March, and no vegetation yet appeared under the harsh Alpine climate.

Later, in her fifty-second year, Mary granted, on the day of the Assumption 1698, a still more signal grace to our pious sister, by taking her after her to heaven, where soon, without her being able to say, with Saint Paul, whether it was with or without her body, she swam in floods of light, harmony and perfumes, in traversing the various phalanxes of the blessed: "In the highest rank," her divine conductress said to her, "are the martyrs clothed in red; come next the virgins clothed in white, and varied colours distinguish in the lower rank the other blessed." Among these, Benoîte recognised her two directors, dead for several years, and her

pious mother who looked at her with ineffable tenderness. She would have wished to speak to them, but Mary drew her farther, and she saw yet many things so admirable that she could not render them. At the moment when the night touched its term, the same angelic cortege which had carried off the holy shepherdess brought her back to her cell, so intoxicated with consolations that she passed fifteen days without taking any nourishment. It was only by obedience that she confided to her director this so remarkable vision. One evening of All Saints, our sister remained very late at the foot of the cross of Avançon praying for the souls of purgatory, when, according to her expression, she perceived coming out of the valley a cloud of a quarter of a league, and composed of a multitude of souls under human forms, having at their head the Blessed Virgin and two angels. A soul, detaching itself from the immense cohort, came to her and said to her: "We are souls who go out of purgatory. During our life, we came here to pray with confidence the Mother of God, who delivers us on this beautiful day; her merits, as well as your prayers and your sufferings, dear sister, have shortened the time of our expiation. Before introducing us into the heavenly country, the divine Virgin leads us to render thanks to God in His sanctuary." When this multitude had thanked, in the church of the Laus, Jesus and Mary for its deliverance, it mounted to heaven, where Benoîte followed it with her gaze and her desires. The familiarity of the angels and of our pious sister was like that which exists on earth between brothers and sisters well united, so much did her spotless purity bring her near to the angelic spirits. When the demon had deposited her on some inaccessible rock, her angel came to draw her out of it, he opened the passage for her through rocks, ice and brambles laden with snow; he brought her back from unknown places where she found herself lost, he helped her to cross the impetuous torrent which barred her passage, and, in dark nights, he became luminous to light her way. More than twenty times, when she was left by the demon on the roof of the chapel of Notre-Dame de l'Érable,[7] an angel helped her to come down from it, opened to her the door of the chapel and recited the rosary with her there. Doubtless, to sustain her in her cruel trials, the heavenly spirit enumerated to her all the graces which she had obtained, all the evils she had averted, all the sinners she had converted. When the persecutions which the demon made her endure had reached their apogee, the angels, under the new form of little birds which sang, prayed and perfumed the air, came to assist at her sacrifice, not to relieve her, but to venerate her. As they were luminous, she looked at them from time to time: one day, she saw them white; the next day, red; another day, the two colours alternated in the crown which they formed in flying above her head. Nothing in effect was more fitting, around a victim so pure and so tried, than the colour of virginity united to that of martyrdom; and, that she might not forget the mystical relations which her sufferings had with the passion of Christ, the heavenly birds sang most habitually, in accompanying her on her return to her cell, the litanies of the Passion. However once, that she might experience, like her Saviour, the pain of a complete isolation, she remained two days, without any help, on the rock where the eagle nests, where Satan had roughly let her fall.

While the Jansenists were masters at the Laus, an angel offered Benoîte to give her her Well-Beloved; the tabernacle opened of itself, the angel took the ciborium and soon Jesus entered the heart of the holy shepherdess, while another angel assisted at the pious ceremony. The two directors, who had left her to go and receive in heaven the reward of their faith and zeal, came, like the angels, to visit, encourage and console her. One day, at the moment when the vision was departing, Benoîte testified her desire to leave the earth to follow it to heaven: "Not yet," answered the blessed soul of her director, "patience; thou must still suffer."

However, the hostile men who served the pilgrimage were removed, and the diocesan authority substituted for them the priests of Sainte-Garde, true men of God, who made the solitude of the Laus flourish again.[8] Benoîte, seeing thus all things in good state, understood that her mission was finished, and that she had now only to prepare herself for death. An angel came to announce it to her; and it was for her the subject of a great joy. She died in the odour of sanctity, on the day of the Holy Innocents 1718, aged seventy-one years and three months; and, since that moment, her memory is more and more venerated; the public voice asks for her canonisation, and yielding to so many wishes as well as to his personal convictions, Mgr Bernadou, bishop of Gap, is at this moment instructing the process, collecting the informations to transmit them to the Holy See,

to which alone it belongs to pronounce.

Sister Benoîte was buried near the high altar and that communion rail from which so often during her mortal life she had driven away souls unworthy to partake. Although a thick snow had fallen on the preceding days and had made the roads impracticable, the concourse of the people who assisted at her funeral was so considerable that the death-register of our sister thought it should make mention of it. The crowd in tears pressed around the uncovered coffin to see once more the features of her whom they called their mother and benefactress, and to make her body or her garments touch crosses, chaplets, medals, etc.; finally a large stone was sealed upon the sepulchre and hid from the eyes of all this holy body, and the gift of miracles, promised by the Blessed Virgin, continued to make known to the following generations the power with God of the intercession of her servant. This stone is still seen in the church of the Laus, flush with the ground, with its inscription, engraved by an unskilful hand, and thus conceived: *Tomb of Sister Benoîte, dead in the odour of sanctity, on 28 December 1718.* A picture of 1688, which is still seen in the church of the Laus, gives us an idea of the features of our holy shepherdess. She was tall and beautiful, all her limbs were in perfect harmony with her stature. The lines of her face are so pure and so sweet that, in considering them, one is rather struck by the aspect of a soul than by that of a body. Her little mouth seems created exclusively to pray. Her hair is black as well as her eyes, which have something veiled; her pale face is browned and gilded by the sun, although the skin of it has remained fine and a little shining; a mixture of faith, sweet gravity and resignation gives to her whole being an expression of religious melancholy. She is clothed in a coarse serge, spun and woven in the village, and which has taken the form of the habitual costume of the mountains. Since the death of Sister Benoîte, strangers as well as the inhabitants of the country venerated the poor cottage where she was born at Saint-Étienne, as a sacred place; Mgr Depéry had acquired it and had restored it when, on 28 January 1850, a violent fire devoured almost the whole village of Saint-Étienne. The flames, which should have devoured first and entirely the poor cottage, stopped as if repelled by a powerful and invisible hand, when they had entered at the place where was the alcove, cradle of Benoîte. The debris which the fire had respected were gathered as relics, and entered into the new construction. On a plate of black marble, placed on the front of the house, one reads the following inscription:

HERE WAS BORN ON 29 SEPTEMBER 1647, BENOÎTE RENCUREL, FOUNDRESS OF THE LAUS.

THIS HOUSE WAS BOUGHT AND RESTORED BY MGR JEAN-IRENAEUS DEPÉRY, BISHOP OF GAP.

The place where our sister was born, and where the most holy Virgin deigned so often to converse with her, has been converted into a graceful chapel, placed under the title of Notre-Dame de l'Enfance. In this house of Sister Benoîte, Mgr Depéry has founded a school for the little girls of Saint-Étienne; the religious charged with directing it shall always add to her name that of Benoîte; she shall also always have a little garden, a goat and sheep, to resemble the holy shepherdess of the Laus.

The priests of Sainte-Garde continued with great blessings their ministry at Notre-Dame du Laus until 1791. Then they were brutally driven out: their house, their furniture, the church, and what it contained, the pictures, the ex-votos, the rich ornaments of the statue, all was sold at a vile price or given to the flames; which did not prevent the inhabitants of Réallon, a parish at some distance from Embrun, from coming in procession to the Laus to pray for the cessation of the drought which desolated the country. Under the very reign of the Terror, the pilgrims came to pray on their knees before the door of the closed chapel. At the return of order, Mgr Miollis, who, as bishop of Digne, had the Laus under his jurisdiction, in virtue of the concordat, bought back the holy chapel with the presbytery, obtained, some years after, the convent with the property which depended on it, and established there the Oblates of Mary, founded at Marseilles by Mgr de Mazenod. These remained there until 1841, when they yielded the place to the society of the missionaries of the diocese of Gap, who exercise there still and will exercise long their holy ministry.

The pilgrimage, thus provided with good workmen, received from Pius IX, some years after, the greatest honour that the Holy See can grant. The sovereign Pontiff sent, by two apostolic protonotaries, two magnificent crowns, the one destined for the Virgin, the other for the Child Jesus; and on 23 May 1855, there took place, for the ceremony of the coronation, one of the most magnificent feasts that can be seen on earth. The Cardinal of Bordeaux presided at it, surrounded by the archbishops of Aix, of Avignon, of Turin, by the bishops of Digne, of Grenoble, of Gap, by six hundred priests and forty thousand faithful. It was more than was needed to awaken devotion to the pilgrimage and heighten its celebrity. So, since that epoch, the crowd there is prodigious; there are counted each year as many as eighty thousand pilgrims. Some choose, for this pious journey, the day of the Nativity, which is its patronal feast; others, Corpus Christi, Saint John's, Saint Peter's or the Rosary; others 23 May, anniversary of the coronation; but the greatest number come at the feasts of Pentecost. *Dominican Year* and *Notre- Dame de France*.

Saint Jeremiah, Prophet (590 B.C.)

Jeremiah, the second of the four great prophets, came from a priestly family, and was born at Anathoth, a little burgh near Jerusalem, about the year 645 before Jesus Christ. He was sanctified in the womb of his mother, and destined from then to the mission he was soon to fulfil; for he began to prophesy, hardly out of childhood, about the year 629 before Jesus Christ, under the reign of Josiah, king of Judah, and he continued under his successors. The misfortunes which he predicted to the Jews on the part of God, such as the taking of Jerusalem, the captivity of its inhabitants, the plague and the other scourges, set the principal men of the nation against him; but what put the climax to their anger was the holy liberty with which he reproved them for their disorders. When Jerusalem was taken, in the year 606 before Jesus Christ, by Nabazardin, general of the Babylonians, the conqueror left him the liberty of remaining in Judea. Jeremiah profited by it to console and encourage those of his countrymen who had escaped death and captivity. But, as he continued to predict calamities to them, in punishment of their crimes, they threw him into a pit full of mud, and he would have perished there but for a minister of King Zedekiah, who had him drawn out in time. When the Babylonians came again to besiege Jerusalem, in the year 598 before Jesus Christ, the holy Prophet was plunged in a dungeon, and the taking of the city restored him to liberty. It was against his will, and by trampling under foot his prophetic threats, that the Jews, to withdraw themselves from the tyranny of Nebuchadnezzar, emigrated into Egypt, and he was constrained to accompany them there with Baruch, his disciple and his secretary. As he did not cease to announce to them on the part of God the evils which were about to fall upon them, they resolved to rid themselves of a man who made them only sinister predictions, and they stoned him at Taphne or Tanis, in the year 590 before Jesus Christ. "The Christians," says Saint Epiphanius, "were accustomed to go and pray at his tomb, and the dust which they detached from it served them as an antidote against the bite of asps." He is honoured by the Greeks and by the Latins; among the latter, his feast is celebrated nowhere with more pomp than at Venice, which glories in possessing a portion of his bones. His Prophecies, in fifty-two chapters, are followed by his Lamentations. "Jeremiah," says Saint Jerome, "has a less elevated diction than Isaiah and other prophets, but his simplicity is sometimes sublime. In his typical language, one meets with expressions full of energy. Nothing more touching and which exhales a deeper and better felt grief than his Lamentations." In the arts, Jeremiah is characterised by some text or other of his prophecies, traced on his scroll, and by stones — instrument of his death — which he holds in the folds of his robe. See the works of Michelangelo, of Martin de Vos, of Jean Leclerc, etc.

Saint Germaine and Saint Honorée, of Bar-sur-Aube (451)

The mountain which dominates the graceful town of Bar-sur-Aube has not always been deserted and solitary as we see it to-day. In the 5th century, a burgh of the name of Florentia covered its steep summit. It is there that lived a young girl called Germaine, of an exquisite beauty, but of a faith and a virtue still greater. Alone with her old father, a widower for a long time, the young child had never known maternal tenderness, but she

sought the compensation for it in the chaste embraces of the Saviour. The detail of most of her actions has not come down to us. It is known, however, that, when her usual occupations left her the leisure, she went to visit, in the environs of the town, one of her kinswomen, a virgin like her, and her emulator in the practice of the precepts and counsels of the Gospel. This was Saint Honorée, whose relics were preserved until the Revolution in the church of the hospital Saint-Nicolas.

"Each morning also," say her Acts, "Germaine took pleasure in going to draw at the fountain, which has since received her name, a pure water for the use of the altars; and when, later, public piety raised on the mountain a basilica to Saint Stephen, the first martyr, Germaine contributed to it according to her feeble strength, by supplying the workmen, as far as she could, with the water which was necessary to them."

In spite of her zeal and her virtue, the young virgin was not sheltered from malevolence. Some of those men, for whom the simplicity of the just is an object of derision,[1] casting a look of contempt on the humble functions to which she devoted herself, saw in her only a vile person with whom they could sport with impunity. Bold against gentleness and piety, because they are defenceless, they made a pastime of breaking in her hands the fragile vessel she carried, and, throwing her an old sieve, urged her, with a mocking laugh, to continue her noble service. Germaine, without uttering a word, but full of faith in the omnipotence of her God, takes up the sieve, goes, without hesitating, to fill it at the fountain, and brings it to the workmen, without a single drop of water having escaped from it. It is in memory of this miracle, as also of the constant care with which Germaine provided for the needs of the altars, that she is never represented without placing in her hands or laying at her feet the two vessels, emblem of the function she had imposed on herself.

That is not all: it is pretended, even to-day, to recognise the path which Germaine followed along the hill to come to the fountain which flows at the foot: the inhabitants of Bar-sur-Aube never fail to show it to travellers or to point it out, when the conversation falls on Saint Germaine. The grass, it is said, grows greener and livelier there; the wheat, more vigorous. But the voice of the Spouse, calling her to the eternal banquet, was not to be long in making itself heard. Attila had crossed the Rhine. Soon his fierce soldiers are under the walls of Bar. Germaine, without mistrust, had come down from the mountain, according to her custom, to go and draw at the fountain. She is perceived by the soldiers; they run to her, arrest her and bring her to their general. The barbarian sees her: she attracts his attention and captivates his gaze. He pretends to make her his companion, but Germaine resists. Promises, threats, all is employed to seduce or conquer her: all is useless.

The virgin teaches him that she is a Christian: that is enough. Furious against the God whose irresistible force he feels in spite of himself, the tyrant delivers Germaine to the executioner, and orders her head to be cut off. The worthy satellites of this fierce master drag along the young heroine; but she praises and blesses the Lord, who not only preserves to her the flower of her innocence, but deigns also to make her triumph over a barbarous tyrant. At last the sword is drawn; the head of Germaine falls, and her soul takes its flight toward the heavens.

At the news of this glorious death, the faithful of the mountain, all in tears, ran to the precious body of their dear fellow-citizen; they gathered it with love and buried it religiously in the basilica of Saint-Étienne, in the very places sanctified by the virtues, the zeal and the prayers of the humble virgin.

In the evil days of 1793, the body of Saint Germaine was no more spared than that of a great number of other servants of God. Some bones escaped the fury of the patriots, and are to-day venerated in the two churches of Bar-sur-Aube and in the humble oratory raised in 1076, since destroyed, rebuilt later on the summit of the mountain, on the ruins of the ancient basilica.

At some distance from the chapel is the place where Germaine received the crown of martyrdom. An iron cross was set there in 1840, and on its stone base a commemorative inscription. Often in the year, but above all on the anniversary day of her triumph (19 January) and during the month that the faith of our fathers has

consecrated to her (the month of May), one sees pilgrims climb the mountain which bears the name of the virgin-martyr or visit the altars dedicated under her title in the two churches of Bar-sur-Aube, and which preserve some of her precious relics. The pious virgin Honorée is not forgotten by the faithful of Bar-sur-Aube. After having venerated the relics of Saint Germaine in the chapel of the mountain, they go and kneel before those of her glorious kinswoman, and address their prayers to her with the greatest confidence. Formerly, the body of this Saint rested, in great part, in the church of the priory Saint-Nicolas (to-day the hospital), and her feast was celebrated on Whit Monday. The memory of it was perpetuated until these last times in the church of the hospital. Some twenty years ago, there was celebrated there, on this same day, in honour of Saint Honorée, a high mass, solemn vespers, followed by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Finally, lately still, there existed at Bar-sur-Aube a confraternity under her title.

Life of Saint Germaine, by M. l'abbé Blampignon and M. Defer.

Saint Gertrude of Vaux-en-Dieulet (end of the 5th century)

The parish of Vaux-en-Dieulet, commonly Dieulet,[1] is so named because it is situated in the principal valley of a little country, anciently called the Dieulet, between Beaumont, on the north, and Buzancy, on the south; at three mean leagues, or fifteen kilometres from Mouzon, formerly province of Champagne, and diocese of Reims, now department of the Ardennes. The Saint, revered at Vaux-Dieulet, was a native of the diocese of Châlons-sur-Marne, and lived there at the same time as Saint Houe, Saint Ménehould, Saint Manne, Saint Ame, Saint Susanne, etc. The martyrdom of Saint Gertrude is related to the time when the Franks, still pagan, were establishing their monarchy in the Gauls, before the conversion of King Clovis to Christianity, that is to say, before the year 480. Although born of a father obstinately attached to the errors of paganism, she had the happiness of believing in Jesus Christ and of being born again spiritually in the waters of baptism. Arrived at the age of choosing a state, she preferred that of virginity. She followed the advice of Saint Paul, in refusing to ally herself by marriage to a spouse who, not being a Christian, would have hindered her in the exercises of her religion, or would not have permitted her to bring up her children as Christians. Her firmness in this holy resolution drew on her ill-treatment on the part of her barbarous father; her own brothers were her persecutors.

Gertrude, to withdraw from the inhuman treatment and from the danger of losing the faith, went away from her family: God led her into the Dieulet, eighteen leagues from Châlons, in the diocese of Reims. She withdrew first into a valley, called of the Vuamelle, where the abbey of Belval was founded about the year 1130 by the disciples of Saint Norbert. She passed afterwards to the other extremity of the Dieulet, toward the west, into another vale (which the ancient titles name the Bos or the wood of Noah), called to-day the end of Noah; where flows a spring of water, which has always been called the holy fountain, or the fountain of Saint Gertrude. It is claimed that, on arriving in this vale of the Argonne which is now cultivated and which ends the territory of Vaux toward that of Saint-Pierremont, the Saint found herself very thirsty and that there was no water to quench her thirst. At her prayer, an abundant spring gushed forth, which, still to-day, perpetuates the name and the benefits of Saint Gertrude.

Her two brothers, who had followed her in her flight, having discovered the place of her retreat, pursued her, as she was still fleeing before them, as far as the summit of the hillside, between the village of Vaux-Dieulet and that of Sommauthe, and there they pierced her with the arrows with which they were armed. She crowned thus her pure life by a holy and glorious death. Her body was buried in the same place on the mountain; the faithful ran to her tomb, healings were wrought there; her bones were, afterwards, gathered and transported with solemnity into the parish church which was dedicated under her invocation; and the name of Saint Gertrude was inserted since in the litanies which are sung at the blessing of the baptismal fonts, in the whole diocese of Reims.

The translation of the relics of Saint Gertrude was made on the day of the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and the feast of this Saint was fixed from then on the following Friday. The epoch is referred to the time of Charles Martel. This is founded on an extract from the manuscript of the abbey of Belval, of which the historian of Reims makes mention: and, in effect, the old church, built then, the site of which is seen outside the village, and which subsisted until 1774, was in the form and taste of those of the country built in the century of Charlemagne.

The great concourse of the faithful, which has renewed itself each year, has given occasion to a fair, which continues to be held at Vaux-Dieulet, on the very day of the Ascension. The curé and the parishioners of Vaux displayed the most praiseworthy zeal to withdraw the relics of Saint Gertrude from the devastation of their church, in 1794. They took care to take them out of the shrine, and kept them hidden for five years and a half in the interior of the wall of the church, and withdrew them from it only in 1799, to expose them anew to the veneration of the faithful. The head of Saint Gertrude is enclosed in a globe of copper, separately from the rest of the relics. The other bones are contained in an iron chest, very ancient and all rusty, which is closed by two locks, the keys of which were doubtless carried to Reims; this chest is enclosed in a very ancient shrine, of oak wood, adorned with sculptures and paintings, which recall the principal circumstances of the martyrdom of Saint Gertrude. In the first picture, Gertrude touches with her staff the source of the holy fountain. In the second, her two brothers have their bows bent, to pierce her with their arrows. In the third, the two assassins appear before a judge seated on his tribunal. In the fourth, Saint Gertrude has the crown of martyrdom on her head, and the palm in hand; and beside her are pilgrims on their knees, and the curé of the parish, in a very ancient costume of a Premonstratensian canon regular. These paintings were renewed, in 1671, and in 1783, by passing the painter's brush over them again, without changing anything in the figures.

The pilgrims who go to venerate Saint Gertrude at Vaux-en-Dieulet are accustomed to make three stations in the church, one before the high altar, another at the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, the third at the chapel of Saint Gertrude. Some go to make a fourth station at the Holy Fountain, and a fifth at the tomb of Saint Gertrude, on the mountain. Those of the pilgrims who do not go to the holy fountain and to the tomb make their procession in the church, or around it, in the cemetery.

The tradition of the country on the life and martyrdom of our Saint Gertrude is supported on certain monuments, proper to perpetuate the memory of it until the end of the ages. The vale which gave retreat to this holy girl, the fountain which bears her name, her tomb on the mountain, the possession of her relics, the old church dedicated (as well as the new) under her invocation, her feast solemnised on a fixed day, her name invoked in the litanies of the diocese, the very ancient paintings on the shrine of her relics, the manuscript of the abbey of Belval, cited in the history of the church of Reims, the minute of the insertion of a particle of her relics in the altar of Sommauthe (1649); finally the annual and always numerous concourse of the faithful of the country, on the day of her feast, are the justifying proofs of her history and of her cult. Notice on Saint Gertrude, virgin and martyr, patroness of the parish of Vaux-en-Dieulet, in the department of the Ardennes, diocese of Reims, communicated to us by M. l'abbé Titeux, curé of Vaux-en-Dieulet. — Cf. Dom Calmet, *History of Lorraine*, bk. v, and Dom Marlot, *History of the diocese of Reims*.

Saint Theodulf or Thiou, Third Abbot of Mont-d'Hor or of Saint-Thierry, near Reims (590)

Saint Theodulf, commonly called Saint Thiou, was of an illustrious family of the second Aquitaine. He left the world in the flower of his age, and withdrew to Mont-d'Hor, to live there among the disciples of the holy abbot Thierry. He was employed there twenty-two years at the most painful labours of the field. After the death of the successor of Saint Thierry, the archbishop of Reims established him abbot, at the prayer of the monks, and raised him also to the priesthood.

The Saint walked in the footsteps of his blessed father. He practised great austerities, led his religious with a firmness mixed with gentleness, bore patiently the vexations he had to endure, and built the church of Saint-Hilary within the enclosure of his abbey, in order to double his office and his labours. He died at a very advanced age, about the year 590, and was buried in his monastery. His relics were preserved precious in the abbey of Saint-Thierry. At the suppression of this abbey, in 1776, they were transferred to the abbey of Saint-Remi at Reims, with the exception of the head, richly enshrined, which the inhabitants of Saint-Thierry obtained, a parish on the territory of which the abbey of Mont-d'Hor was situated. This head is still preserved in the church of this parish. As for the rest of the body, carried to Saint-Remi, it was profaned and lost during the Revolution.

See Flodoard, *Hist. eccl. Rem.*, bk. i, ch. 25; Mabillon, *Act. sanct. Ben.*, vol. i, p. 346; the Bollandists, under 1 May, vol. i, p. 94, and the *Gallia christ. nova*, vol. ix, p. 183; Godescard, Lille edition.

Saint Ache and Saint Acheul (epoch unknown)

The deacon Saint Ache and the subdeacon Saint Acheul, both natives of the Amiénois, received one day of 1 May the palm of martyrdom. In the midst of torments, they limited themselves to saying to their persecutors: "If God is for us, who shall be against us?" That is all that tradition teaches us concerning these glorious martyrs.

Saint Ache and Saint Acheul were buried in a place then named Abdalène, where was later to rise a church which would take their name after having quitted that of Notre-Dame and of Saint-Firmin. It is thence that their bodies were transferred by Saint Salvius, bishop of Amiens at the beginning of the 7th century, into the new church erected by this Bishop within the enclosure of the town, under the title of the Princes of the Apostles, and which, later, took the name of Saint-Firmin the confessor.

A part of the relics of the two Saints is at present preserved at Notre-Dame, in the shrine of Saint Honoratus. The head of Saint Acheul is found at the house of the Jesuits of Saint-Acheul; the reliquary is placed under the altar of the domestic chapel. As far as one can judge, the bones are nearly reduced to dust. A pious family had saved the skull of Saint Acheul during the Revolution and made a gift of it to the Jesuits in 1827. Saint Firmin the confessor had a church erected at Abdalène on the tombs where reposed the venerated bodies of Saint Firmin the martyr, of Saint Ache and of Saint Acheul, beside the ruins of a Roman temple. This sanctuary was at first dedicated to Notre-Dame and to Saint Firmin, martyr. In the course of the Middle Ages, it was designated simultaneously now under the name of Saint-Ache and Saint-Acheul, now under the name of Notre-Dame-des-Martyrs. For a long time it has hardly been known but under that of Saint-Acheul.

A priory of regular clerics was instituted in this church in 1055. This priory embraced the Rule of Saint Augustine in 1109, and was erected into an abbey in 1145. In 1291, Pope Nicholas IV granted a year and forty days of indulgences to the persons who should visit the church of Saint-Acheul on the day of the feast of this holy Martyr.

In the last century, the abbey of Saint-Acheul was possessed by canons regular of the Congregation of Sainte-Geneviève: it still existed at the moment of the Revolution of 1793. Saint-Acheul-lez-Amiens is to-day a little village, the same as the ancient Abdalène. This last name was that of an inheritance belonging to the famous Faustinus, and in which this pious personage had had buried honourably the body of Saint Firmin, apostle of the country.[1] The buildings of the abbey of Saint-Acheul were not destroyed during the Revolution. The Jesuits had formed there, in 1814, a vast establishment justly celebrated, where nearly two thousand young men received the benefit of a Christian education: the educational establishment was suppressed in 1828, and this celebrated house is to-day only a novitiate of the Order. The church of Saint-Acheul is the first and the most ancient church of Amiens: it served as cathedral until the 7th century, epoch at which Saint Salvius transferred the episcopal see and the metropolis to the interior of Amiens itself.

It appears that this church is to-day in a state of dilapidation from which suffer greatly the friends of Christian antiquity and of the sound traditions of religious architecture. They make vows to render Notre-Dame of Saint-Acheul worthy to protect and to preserve the most ancient and holiest memories of the faith in Picardy. A rib of Saint Acheul is preserved at the cathedral of Amiens, in a little reliquary. The names of Saint Ache and of Saint Acheul are inscribed in Litanies of Amiens which date from the 13th century, in the martyrology attributed to Saint Jerome and in all those of the church of France. The second of these martyrs is patron of Saint-Acheul, in the canton of Bernaville, and of Écouen (Seine-et-Oise). The present street of Amiens to Noyon bore in the 13th century the name of Saint-Acheul. The feast, which falls on 1 May, is put off to the 11th, on account of the occurrence of Saint Philip and Saint James. It has always figured in the Amiens Breviaries under the simple or semi-double rite.

Consult the *Hagiography of Amiens*, by M. Corblet, whose learned work we have analysed.

Saint Blandinus (7th century)

Blandinus, husband of Saint Salaberga and father of Saint Baldwin, as well as of Saint Austrude, was worthy to be the head of such a family. He consented that his wife should enter religion, and himself thought no more than of labouring at his own sanctification. He died after the middle of the 7th century. There was preserved, in the monastery which Saint Salaberga had founded at Laon, a part of his relics with those of his holy family. Saint Blandinus is above all honoured in a village of the diocese of Meaux which bears his name.[1]

Saint Evermarus, Martyr (about 700)

Evermarus was born in Friesland of one of the most noble families of that country, and flourished in the time of Pepin, son of Ansegisus and of Saint Begga. From his tenderest youth he was a model of all the virtues. He desired ardently to raise himself to true perfection, and to offer even to the Lord the sacrifice of his blood. It is reported that he made first a pilgrimage to Saint James in Galicia, and that he returned afterwards into Gallia Belgica, where he visited the tombs of some Saints dead a short time before and celebrated for their miracles, such as Saint Foillan, Saint Ultan, Saint Fursey, Saint Remaclus, Saint Gertrude of Nivelles and Saint Trou.

Evermarus, having satisfied his vows at the tombs of these Saints, went to Maastricht to visit that of Saint Servatius. Arrived at the entrance of a forest, named Ruthe, he did not traverse it, for fear of straying in the darkness of the night which began to fall. He stopped in the village of Herstapel, situated in the neighbourhood. This village was then occupied by a certain Hacco and his band who despoiled and assassinated all those who passed through the woods and on the public ways. So that no one should escape him, Hacco had built, on the bank of the Meuse, a house, which, after him, was named Hactelet. Evermarus, who knew nothing of all that, went straight to this house to pass the night. The wife of Hacco, who feared God and who loved to serve strangers, received our Saint and his companions with much friendship, and, after having treated them well, counselled them to depart the next day before the rising of dawn, in order to escape the hands of her husband. They followed the counsel of this pious woman, and, having departed the next morning early, they entered the forest of Ruthe. Meanwhile Hacco, having learned that strangers had passed the night in his house, became furious at it, for he thought that he would pass for a coward, if these strangers traversed the country without obstacle. He ran to the wood with his troop to seek them, and arrived unexpectedly at a place where he found them asleep. Hacco throws himself upon them and accuses them of trickery, for having come into his domains without paying the right of passage: and since now they save themselves like thieves, he decrees against them the penalty of death. At these words, he falls on Evermarus and takes his life; after that he makes his companions undergo the same fate. The assassins, after having despoiled the bodies, left them without sepulture. They were found by some persons of the suite of Pepin,

who was giving himself up on that side to the pleasure of the chase. These persons buried them, and, having remarked in the body of Evermarus a brightness and a beauty which distinguished it from the others, they gave him a more honourable sepulture. The wood having been cleared afterwards, there arose at this place a village called Ruthe or Rotthem, to-day Rûsson, and a church under the invocation of Saint Martin, served by a priest named Ruzelin, who led a very holy life. This priest discovered in an extraordinary manner the sepulture of Evermarus, and made his report of it to îairacle, bishop of Liège, who ordered the body to be dug up, which he transferred into the church of Saint Martin at Rûsson, where many miracles were wrought which confirmed the holiness of Evermarus. The ceremony of this translation was made about the year 968. Another translation of these relics took place under the episcopate of Theoduin, who governed the church of Liège from 1048 until 1075.

The Bollandists have published (vol. i of May) the life of Saint Evermarus and the history of his translations and of his miracles. See *AA. SS. Belgii selecta*, vol. v, p. 275–287.

Saint Aldebrand, Bishop and Patron of Fossombrone (12th century)

Saint Aldebrand, having had his cathedral built, one understands to a certain point that it chose him for Patron, and that in his images a belfry is placed to recall this fact. But the beautiful miracles which are attributed to him were doubtless all-powerful to render him popular: three are related which paint the Saint in colours that could not be more picturesque, that could not be more graceful.

He had abstained from meat all his life: now, behold that in his old days it was bethought to serve him a roast partridge, to restore a little his dilapidated stomach. Without saying anything, he blessed the bird and ordered it to take again its flight in the air; which the bird hastened to do. Another time when he was preaching, the chatter of the swallows covered his voice: he ordered them to be silent, and they were silent. Finally, after his death, the inhabitants of Fano having conquered those of Fossombrone in a civil struggle, they carried off two bells from the campanile of the cathedral. Saint Aldebrand, who had had them placed there for the service of his people, and not for that of their enemies, made them mute. Stupefied by this miracle, the inhabitants of Fano hastened to return the bells, which, from their arrival on the bridge of the Metauro, near Fossombrone, began to ring of themselves.

Acta Sanctorum, vol. i of May, p. 162 and 163, new edition.

Saint Isidora of Tabennisi (epoch uncertain)

There was in a monastery of women, at Tabennisi, in Egypt, relates Saint Basil, a sister who passed herself off as mad and possessed by the demon: the other sisters believed it so well that none of them would even eat at her side. She acted thus so that she should never be removed from the kitchen, the humble functions of which had appeared to her so proper to sanctify her. While the other religious covered their head with a cowl, she wrapped hers in a sort of turban made of the meanest pieces of stuff: whence it appears well enough that uniformity of costume was not required at that epoch in the monasteries. None of the four hundred religious of whom that one was composed ever saw her eat; never did she take place at table: she made her meal in washing the dishes, and even this meal was composed of the scraps left on the tables. Never was she seen to begin a morsel of bread. Maltreated by everyone, never a murmur came from her mouth: she spoke only from necessity and most often not at all.

Now, at some distance from there, lived a holy man named Pyotère. An angel from heaven appeared to him and said to him: “Go to the monastery of the women of Tabennisi: there thou shalt find one of the religious having a sort of crown around her head; thou shalt learn that she is worth more than thou. In spite of the tribulations of day and night that visit her, never has her heart turned aside from God. She struggles against a whole multitude and is never troubled, while thou, who livest alone here, in the corner of the desert, thou

promenadest thy thought through a thousand distractions." Pyotère set out at once for this monastery: having arrived there, he begged the masters of the Brothers to introduce him into the dwelling of the women. He was a Saint and moreover an old man; permission was therefore easily granted him. He asked then to see all the sisters: now, the one only whom he wished to see was not found in the ranks of the community. "My sisters," he said to them, "you are not all here!" — "My father," they said to him, "there remains a mad woman in the kitchen; it is thus that we call those possessed by the demon." — "Permit me to see her." — They went therefore to fetch the pretended mad woman. Now, she refused this exhibition. But when Saint Pyotère had been named to her, she yielded.

The Saint, having recognised her by her turban, threw himself at her knees and cried: "Bless me." In her turn she prostrated herself on the ground and said: "May your hand be stretched out over me." One can imagine the amazement of all the sisters, who all together began to say: "My father, do not humble yourself to this point, you have to do with a mad woman." "You all are mad," replied Saint Pyotère: "This one is your Amma (your mother) and mine. I pray God to be found as meritorious as she, on the day of judgment." At these words, the religious fell at the feet of the humble washer of dishes as if struck by an electric shock, and each made her the confession of her wrongs toward her. Saint Pyotère reconciled them with God and their sister, then withdrew. Some days after, the humble kitchen-helper, not being able to bear having been thus glorified, blushing besides at the excuses which the religious had made to her, left the convent secretly and went to end her life in the most complete obscurity.

"If any among you think himself wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be truly wise." — Rosweide, *Lives of the Fathers*.

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[1] Saint Asaph was a disciple of Saint Kentigern, bishop of Glasgow. This prelate, driven from his see, founded a monastery in the north of Wales, on the bank of the Elwy. When Saint Kentigern was recalled to Glasgow, Saint Asaph was placed at the head of the monastery and of the episcopal see which was attached to this monastery. The see of Elwy took the name of Saint-Asaph.

[2] See a notice on his life on 30 April.

[3] See that day.

[4] See his life on 16 August.

[5] His memory is found in the martyrologies of the Low Countries under 1 May, the day of his death, which occurred in 686 or thereabouts. His relics still existed toward the end of the last century in the church of Fosse, a small town situated three leagues from Namur. It was Notger, bishop of Liège, who made a town of it which he surrounded with walls in 974, and about the same time changed the monastery, devastated during the irruptions of the Normans, into a chapter of canons. Saint Norbert remained some time among the canons of Fosse, who ceded to him, in 1125, their oratory of Hœux, built at the same place where Saint Foillan had suffered martyrdom. It is this oratory which gave birth to the abbey of Saint-Foillan or Feuillan-aux-Hœux, whose religious paid every year to the Chapter of Fosse a gold piece or twelve silver pence, and had to present their abbot to it after his blessing, in order to take there the abbatial crozier on the altar of Saint Foillan. These canons were among the first, in the year 1246, to celebrate the Fête-Dieu, at the request of Robert, bishop of Liège. (Mgr de Ram.)

[6] We are going to retrace in a few words the origin of the royal foundation of Moncel: they will recall an edifying example of faith and piety given to his subjects by a grandson of Saint Louis. "Despite his sad quarrels with the sovereign pontiff Boniface VIII," says the historian of the diocese of Beauvais, "Philip the Fair held to religion, and professed a great esteem for the persons who fulfilled its duties faithfully, and followed the road which it traces to arrive at perfection." Animated by these religious sentiments, he decreed in these terms, during a stay which he made at Pont-Sainte-Maxence, the foundation of a monastery of the Order of Saint Clare: "We have deliberated, in honour of the Almighty, of the blessed Virgin Mary, of the Apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, of all the heavenly court, and also for the celebrated and special memory of Saint Francis and of Saint Clare, to found a convent of religious women in the place called Le Moncel, near our royal house… There, sisters of the said Order will offer to God, author of all good, prayers and saving hosts for us, our successors, the state of our kingdom, and at the same time for the relief of the souls of our very dear and beloved spouse, and of our parents…" This prince laid himself the foundations of this abbey, but it could be delivered to its holy destination only under the reign of Philip of Valois. On 17 July 1336, Queen Joanna of Burgundy put there twelve religious drawn from the convents of Saint-Marcel of Paris, of Longchamp and of Sainte-Catherine of Provins. The monastery of Moncel saw its riches rapidly increase. It received as a gift, or acquired for money, the lordship of Pontpoint, several important farms, the tithes of Villeneuve, etc. During the captivity of King John, the religious sold, to ransom him, the precious stones and the vessels of gold and silver which Philip of Valois had given them. Louis XIV made them a present of the château of Pont, also called château of Fécamp… The church of this abbey was destroyed in 1793… The claustral buildings have passed into private ownership. (Graves, *Annuaire de l'Oise*, statistics of the canton of Pont-Sainte-Maxence, 56– 60.)

[7] See that day.

[8] This brochure, become almost impossible to find, was communicated to us by M. Maison, curé of Saint-Cerneuf of Billom, in August 1871. We take this occasion to express to him all our gratitude.

[9] *Notre-Dame de France*, by M. Hamon.

[10] *Descriptio utriusque Britanniae*, lib. ix, cap. 56.

[11] Pierre Le Baud, *History of Brittany*, ch. 14.

[12] *Memoirs on the state of the bishoprics, chapters, clergy and monasteries of the province*, by a Carmelite who wrote prior to the general history of Brittany, edition of 1675.

[13] In Brittany, the patronal feast of a church or chapel is called a pardon, because the sinners who dispose themselves piously for it obtain there not only the pardon of their faults, but often also a plenary indulgence, which is the remission or pardon of the temporal penalties due to the very sins of which one has been absolved. As these great ceremonies of the pardon recur often in the history of Brittany, we believe we ought to describe them here: The great pardons last at least three days, and the neighbouring parishes assemble there with an eagerness in which religion and love of pleasure have perhaps equal part. The eve, the altars are overloaded with ornaments; the Saints are clothed in the costume of the country, and there are laid at their feet the offerings which it is wished to make them and which are brought on a litter surrounded with ribbons and flowers, preceded by the tambourine of the village, to the noise of bells rung at full peal, and the songs of joy of the multitude. All heads are uncovered at the passage of these offerings, which are, now butter or eggs, now birds, especially white hens. At the close of Vespers, the procession goes out of the church with its banners, its crosses and its relics, which are borne on litters, after having bought the right to do so, by men in white caps, in shirts of the same colour, girt with a ribbon of bright colour, and escorted by guards in costume. After the relics come the bearers of coloured staves, surmounted by various Saints carved more or less artistically, then a multitude of children with little bells which they shake with all their might. When the procession has arrived at the cross of the cemetery, the most venerable old man of the canton pronounces, at the foot of the cross, the prayer for the dead and the renewal of the baptismal promises. After this procession, poor people who have run to the feast make, for a price bargained for, the round of the church on foot or on their knees, reciting the rosary… (*Journey in Finistère*, by Émile Souvestre.)

[14] *Nostra Domina de Fago.*

[15] It is above all in the ceremony of the staves of the Blessed Virgin that the great devotion of the diocese of Évreux toward her is manifested. To understand this, it must be recalled that in the Middle Ages the staff was the symbol of royalty or at least of authority; so that the alderman, head of a town, as well as the head of the advocates or of any corporation, carried a staff as sign of his dignity. For this reason, the statue of the Virgin, in almost all the parishes, is placed above the staff, under a kind of canopy surmounted by a crown and enriched with gilding. At the principal feasts of the Virgin, this staff is covered with ribbons, flowers, laces; and, amid detonations of firearms, it is borne to the church in great pomp, escorted by numerous young girls, all dressed and veiled in white; great rejoicings are then made and a solemn family meal. Every young girl holds it a great honour to be the queen of the staff at least once in her life; and she attaches to it the idea of a quite special protection of the Blessed Virgin for her happy settlement; an idea doubtless irreproachable, save the abuses or the superstition which may sometimes mingle with it, since marriage being the most important act of life, there is nothing more Christian than to place it under the protection of the Blessed Virgin.

[16] Aubervilliers was formerly only the country house of a certain Albert — *Alberti villa*.

[17] *Ursi vallis*, or valley of the Bears; *Orci vallis*, valley of Hell: it is in fact very narrow.

[18] The body of Saint Victorinus, a young child of about twelve years, was found in the catacombs, near the Tiburtine Way, on 27 March 1842. In his tomb were a phial stained with blood and this inscription: DEP. BITORINI. IN P., that is to say, *Depositio S. Victorini in pace.* His bones were set in a composition of wax representing a human body, clothed in precious garments of silk and gold. Thus, having arrived at Amiens in 1846, he was presented with the authentic document which accompanied him, on 23 April 1846, to Mgr Mioland, who recognised the relic and permitted it to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful, as appears from his visa affixed to the authentic. The day of the translation was fixed, by the bishop of Amiens, at 14 May 1846. He wished to preside himself at this ceremony. The parish of Rubempré, for which this notable relic was destined, a precious gift of the Rev. Father Lartigue, of the Society of Jesus, who had obtained it from His Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, vicar general of Our Holy Father Pope Gregory XVI, prepared to receive it by a retreat of ten days. The day of the translation having arrived, the Prelate, preceded by a numerous clergy and by more than fifteen thousand faithful, betook himself in procession to the parish church of Pierregot, to take there the holy body which had been deposited there. It was transported from there to the church of Rubempré and deposited on a magnificent platform surmounted by a rich baldachin, to remain there, for a Triduum, exposed to the veneration of the faithful and afterwards placed under the high altar, restored anew, brought up to date and closed with glass.

From the day of the translation, and every day of the octave, the Pope had granted a plenary stational indulgence. He also gave permission to keep, every year in perpetuity, the feast of Saint Victorinus, which was fixed by Mgr Mioland, bishop of Amiens, on the Sunday in the octave of the Ascension, with an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines in perpetuity. Since the translation of the relics of Saint Victorinus, in 1846, until to-day (1874), the feast of this holy Martyr is celebrated every year with the greatest pomp. A great concourse of people from the surrounding countries flocks to Rubempré. The holy body is carried by the young men through all the streets of this borough. Finally, this Saint has become so popular that the country has adopted him for its second patron. — *Hagiography of the diocese of Amiens*, by the abbé Corblet.

[19] The fact of the coming of Saint Philip into the part of the Gauls bordered by the Ocean is certain, according to Saint Isidore of Seville, in his book *On the Birth, Life and Death of the Saints*; according to the ancient Breviary of Toledo; according to Freculphus,

bk. ii, ch. 4; according to Saint Julian, bishop of Toledo, in the 7th century, *in comment. in proph. Nahum*; "*Philippus Galliam* (J.-C. *pertulit*)" in the Bollandists, 25 July, p. 86; according to Saint Beatus, priest, in the 8th century, ibid., p. 89; according to the Chronicle of Lucius Dexter, friend of Saint Jerome, who says, *ad ann.* 34 J.-C.: "*Philippo* (*contigit*) *Scythia et Gallia*"; according to Bede, *in Collectaneis*; and Florus, *in Martyrologio*; according to the book which treats *de festis Apostolorum* and which is found in the ancient martyrology MS. of Saint Jerome; according to William of Malmesbury, in his book *de antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiae*, inserted in the collection published by Gale: *Historiae Anglicanae Scriptores quindecim*, Oxford, 1691, in-fol., vol. i, p. 292. Up to the present, the adversaries of this tradition have given only negative proofs, which prove nothing.

[20] This account is found also in the Acts of Saint Philip, edited in Latin by Papebroch, 1 May, and in Nicetas, *orat. in Philippum*, edited by Combefis, vol. i, *Auctar.*; in the Menaea, in Jacobus, archbishop of Genoa; Ribadeneira, etc. It is known that before the coming of Jesus Christ the demons very often had themselves adored under the form of the serpent or dragon, or under the image of some famous man. The temples of the pagans were called by Strabo, bk. xiv, *Draconia*, because the demons were adored there under forms of dragons and serpents. Bollandus speaks with esteem of the Acts of Saint Philip, in which these facts are reported (1 May, p. 12; Tillemont, *Mém.*, n. 3). Stilting proves that among the pagans a serpent was quite commonly adored. The Epidaurians, the Romans themselves, and several other nations, have adored a dragon.

[21] *Strom.*, bk. iii, p. 428.

[22] *Hist.*, bk. vi, ch. 32.

[23] Bk. vii, ch. 27.

[24] Bk. iii, ch. 39.

[25] Acts of the Apostles, xiii, 2.

[26] All the Acts, all the martyrologies, all the liturgies are agreed on this point.

[27] Acts and ancient office of the Saint.

[28] The memory of the mission of Saint Andeolus and of the relations of filiation which it had established between the church of Viviers and the church of Smyrna, has been perpetuated from century to century in the bosom of that illustrious metropolis of Asia Minor.

In our days, the last successor of Saint Polycarp, Mgr Mussabini, wishing to render still closer that union cemented by the blood of the blessed Martyr, who was the glorious child of the church of Smyrna before being the apostle of the Helvia, wrote lately to Mgr Guibert, then bishop of Viviers, the following letter, a monument too interesting for our history, too precious to piety and to the Catholic faith, not to be preserved:

"Archbishopric of Smyrna. — Smyrna, 26 May 1852. — Monseigneur, I come to beg Your Lordship to be so good as to procure for us a copy of the particular office of Saint Andeolus, which is customarily recited in the Vivarais, where he shed his blood for the faith. Having lately obtained from the Holy See the Indult for my clergy to keep the feast of this holy Martyr, who was our fellow-countryman, subdeacon of the church of Smyrna and disciple of my predecessor, Saint Polycarp, by whom he was sent to France to preach the Gospel, as is said in the Roman martyrology and attested by Saint Jerome, Eusebius, etc., we should willingly adopt, Monseigneur, the particular office which you recite on the day of his feast, for we should thus have the happiness of uniting on that day our prayers to yours, and of tightening thus the bonds of charity between the church of Smyrna, one of the seven of the Apocalypse, and the respectable church of Viviers. — Be pleased to accept, Monseigneur, the assurance, etc. — † Astoise, archbishop of Smyrna." — Extract from the *History of the Vivarais*, vol. i, p. 179.

[29] Acts of Saint Andeolus.

[30] Bollandists, 1 May, p. 36, note H.

[31] Acts of Saint Andeolus.

[32] Tillemont, vol. ii, p. 336; Pagi, an. 169.

[33] Viennese Breviary and Proper of the diocese of Viviers.

[34] The mountains which look toward Valence and which long depended on that diocese; there are the parishes of Saint-Félix, of Saint-Fortunat.

[35] The Helvii had for capital Alba-Augusta (to-day Aps).

[36] Bolland., *Act. S. Andéol*, May, i, 38.

[37] Bolland., *Act. S. Andéol*, May, i, 39.

[38] Extract from the archives of Mazan.

[39] Saint Amator of Auxerre is quite generally confounded with Saint Amator of Troyes. Because Troyes honoured a Saint of the same name as that of the celebrated bishop of Auxerre, that is no reason for making of the two a single personage. It will be easy to convince oneself that Amator or Amatre of Auxerre and Amator or Amadour of Troyes are distinct, if one considers that the bishop of Troyes occupied the episcopal see from the year 340 to 346, while he of Auxerre governed that church from 385 to 418. Moreover, the Acts of Saint Amator of Auxerre are perfectly known, while those of Saint Amator of Troyes are absolutely ignored.

[40] See on 16 June, life of Saint Cyricus.

[41] Some authors say he was brother of the holy deacons Laurence and Vincent: others refuse him the honour of having had for father another Saint Orens, and for mother Saint Patience.

[42] The tone of the poet is always noble and elevated; his style is full of unction and simplicity; the neatness of the expression already lets one glimpse that Latin tongue of the Middle Ages which the Saint Bernards and the Saint Thomas Aquinases knew how to render so clear, and which, under their pen, seems to us so well suited to the expression of the truths of Christianity. There are few works which are as worthy as this poem of being put in the hands of youth, as much on account of its literary merit as on account of the counsels which it contains. The *Commonitorium* was published in its entirety only in 1717. On this subject we cannot help remarking that without the Benedictines and the other religious Orders, many Christian poets would perhaps be lost to-day. The philologists, carried away by the bad spirit of the Renaissance, have completely neglected these poets, while they have inundated us with a deluge of notes and commentaries on the profane poets.

[43] *The Life of the glorious Saint Orens, bishop of Auch, composed on the memoirs drawn from the ancient legends and from the most faithful historians*, at Toulouse, at Arnaud Colomiez's, undated.

[44] The author of his Life, published at Toulouse, at Arnaud Colomiez's, invoked above. This great devotion of the Toulousans toward Saint Orens, which various other monuments attest, would it not tend to confirm the part which Saint Orens took in the deliverance of the town under Theodoric I? Nevertheless, as this deliverance goes back to a date so remote, we should not dare to affirm anything on this subject.

[45] We should write Destrappes and not de Trappes: this is the spelling borne by his birth extract, of 3 October 1558. — *Semaine religieuse de Nevers*, 30 March 1872.

[46] The Burgundians or Burgundes were one of the principal tribes of the Vandals, according to Pliny and Zosimus. This point of history has been very well cleared up by Mille.

The Burgundians first established themselves along the Vistula, in Prussia. In 407, they passed the Rhine, and entered the Gauls. In 413, Gundicarius, their first king, conquered the country situated between the Upper Rhine, the Rhône and the Saône. Soon after, he extended his domination; and the State which he formed comprised what was afterwards called the duchy of Burgundy, Franche-Comté, Provence, the Lyonnais, Dauphiné, Savoy, etc. He reigned until 463, as is seen by his letter to Pope Hilary, and by the answer of this Pope, who calls him his son, etc.

Chilperic, his son and successor, was a zealous Catholic. After a reign of twenty-eight years, he was assassinated with his wife, his sons and his brother Godomar, by Gondebaud, his other brother, who had embraced Arianism. The latter died in 516, and left two sons, Sigismund and Godomar. He reformed the code of the Burgundian laws, called after his name the Gombette law. He had come to Geneva, where his court was, the two daughters of his brother Chilperic. Chrona, the elder, took the veil; Clotilda, the younger, married Clovis, king of the Franks. The latter declared war on Gondebaud, to avenge the death of Chilperic; but he afterwards made peace with him. Clodomir, king of Orleans, and his brothers, attacked Saint Sigismund, who was made prisoner and put to death in 524. Ten years after, the kings of France divided among themselves the kingdom of Burgundy. Gontran, son of Clotaire I, took the title of king of Burgundy, and reigned at Chalon-sur-Saône, although Sigebert, his brother, possessed a great part of this country. Childebert, son of Sigebert, and Theodoric II, son of Childebert, took the same title. It was extinguished in 613; but Charles, the last of the sons of the emperor Lothaire, made it live again with that of king of Provence, then of king of Arles. Upper Burgundy was called Franche-Comté, because it owed only military service. We see the Burgundians Christian and Catholic, a short time after they had passed the Rhine and had established themselves in France. Sozomen places their conversion about the year 317. It is therefore not true that they fell into Arianism almost immediately after having embraced Christianity. According to Socrates, Nicephorus, Orosius, etc., they were zealous Catholics until the end of the 5th century; they persisted in Arianism only during the reign of Gondebaud, who was the third of their kings. (See Mille, *Chronological Abridgment of the ecclesiastical, civil and literary History of Burgundy*, year 1771.)

[47] Now Saint-Maurice-en-Valais.

[48] The Bollandists thought that Versallis, the place where Saint Sigismund took refuge, was in the neighbourhood of Lyons. But, according to a manuscript history of the abbey of Agaunum, this place is situated above the rock which covered this monastery, and is still called Verossa. It is there that Sigismund withdrew after his defeat. He lived there some time as a hermit, had his hair cut and took the religious habit. Some Burgundians came to find him there, and, feigning to be touched by his misfortune, counselled him to withdraw to the monastery. Sigismund listened to their counsel; but when he arrived at the gates of Agaunum, he was surrounded by his enemies and led to Clodomir, who already held the queen of Burgundy and her two sons prisoners at Orleans.

The hermitage of Verossa continues to be inhabited, even in our days, by a solitary: there is not a pilgrim nor a tourist who does not make the ascent of the rock. Near the hermitage is a very trim chapel where one feels oneself raised between heaven and earth and where it is good to pray.

[49] One will find in the *Ami de la religion*, vol. xiv, the summary of what passed at the hospice of Saint-Marcoul, and the minutes relating to the cure of several sick persons.

[50] The chronology of Saint Brieuc is very contestable; there is also a division of opinions concerning the Saint Germanus to whom Saint Brieuc was entrusted in his youth. According to some, it was Saint Germanus of Auxerre, who passed into Great Britain, in 429; according to others, it was Saint Germanus, bishop of Paris. We cannot enter into these interminable discussions, which have not yet led to a unanimously accepted result.

[51] Here are, on the monasteries of Saint Peter, some particulars which will rectify what we have said that was inexact on this subject in the sixth edition:

There were formerly, at Reims, two monasteries of women placed under the invocation of Saint Peter, which drew their name from their topographical situation: the one Saint-Pierre le Haut or Saint-Pierre les Dames, and the other Saint-Pierre le Bas: the first founded by Saint Baudry and Saint Bova, the second founded by Saint Gombert:

1° Saint-Pierre le Bas, which acknowledged for its founder Saint Gombert, was situated near the gate Basée, so named either because it led to the basilicas of the suburb Saint-Remi, or, more probably, because it had been erected at the triumphal entry of Caesar into Reims, for the way which led to this gate being called rue César, the gate could be called, by the same consideration, gate Basilicaire or Royal. The monastery of Saint-Pierre le Bas was destroyed early. In the 10th century, it was still occupied by religious; but it was not long in being destroyed, and on its site rose the church Saint-Patrice.

2° Saint-Pierre le Haut or Saint-Pierre les Dames, which still exists in part to-day, traces its origin to Saint Bova and to Saint Baudry, her brother. It was outside the town; but the wars which desolated France obliged the religious to withdraw to the interior: they established themselves in a place where, it is said, there had existed, from the time of Saint Remigius, a community of women. The holy bodies which it contained were transported from the old convent to the new. The abbey of Saint-Pierre les Dames is situated near the ramparts, on the north. Of the ancient buildings there remain only the gardens, two wings of the abbess's lodging. The church, a true monument, is destroyed.

The remains are occupied by the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, of the rule of Saint Augustine, but revised by the Blessed Peter Fourier. If it is true that there existed religious there from the time of Saint Remigius, one sees that it is a truly blessed land. — Cerf, honorary canon

[52] This group is also expressed in a hymn of the Middle Ages of Catholic Germany: …

Præsens festum dum dévote debemus persolvere, Quod dicavit sacer suo Willebaldus transitu.

Duxit una fratrem suum Winebaldum dominum Nec non patrem ac sororem Waldburgam sanctis-[simam, etc.]

("While we ought devoutly to celebrate the present feast, which holy Willibald hallowed by his passing … he led with him his brother, the lord Winebald, and also his father and his sister, the most holy Walburga, etc.") — Mone, *Hymni latini medii aevi*, vol. iii, 561, cited by Father Cahier, vol. i, p. 403.

[53] The present town of Montauban is of rather recent origin. It was founded in 1144, by Alphonsus Jordan, count of Toulouse. It owes its existence to the ancient burgh of Montauriol, and to the celebrated abbey of Saint-Martin or of Saint-Theodard, established, according to the most probable opinion, from the beginning of the 9th century. The work of the count of Toulouse was in reality only the prolongation, or to say better the displacement of the old town and its re-establishment in a more advantageous position. But the execution of this enterprise gravely compromised the security of the monks of Saint-Martin and their incontestable rights over the district of Montauriol.

[54] Charlemagne, in his testament, bequeathed to his sons the tutelage of the Roman Church. — Du Pape.

[55] *Vita S. Theodardi*, ch. 6; *General History of Languedoc*, vol. ii, p. 31. "The author of his life reports that the Jews having presented themselves to King Carloman, to beseech him to shelter them from some insults which the bishop of Toulouse, named Bernard, with the clergy and the people of that town, did them every year, this prince ordered Sigebodus, archbishop of Narbonne, to assemble on this subject a council at Toulouse to listen to their complaints and do them justice. He adds that Theodard, having presented himself to the assembly, fully justified the Toulousans, and confounded the Jews on all their pretended grievances."

[56] *Oculus fuit caeco, et pes claudo; pater pauperum, et maerentium consolator merito conclamatus.* (Proper of the Saints of the diocese of Montauban, 1 May.)

[57] See the life of Saint Baudilus on 20 May.

[58] *History of Languedoc*, vol. ii, *Preuves*, p. 2.

[59] Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, bishop of Clermont, and who lived in the 5th century, composed the following verses in praise of the ancient capital of Gallia Narbonensis: *Hail Narbonne, whose climate is so healthy; city in which are united all the goods of the town and of the fields. With thee all is remarkable: thy walls, thy inhabitants, thy vast enclosure, thy houses, thy porticoes, thy forum, thy theatre, thy temples, thy capitols, thy mints, thy baths, thy triumphal arches, thy granaries, thy shambles, thy lawns, thy fountains, thy islands, thy salt-works, thy pools, thy river, thy commerce, thy bridge, thy sea… — Carminé ssin*, to Consentius of Narbonne. — *Gallia christiana*, vol. vi, p. 2.

[60] "The Pope and the Church, it is all one," said Saint Francis de Sales in his inimitable language. — Moreover, this celebrated saying is only the faithful echo of Catholic tradition from the time of the Apostles to our days.

[61] Dom Vaissette and the Benedictine Fathers, authors of the *New Gallia christiana*, say that the reigning Pontiff was Stephen VI; but it is evidently an error, for Stephen VI, to whom the detractors of the Holy See attribute the pretended sentence against Formosus, was elected Pope only in 896, that is to say three years after the death of Saint Theodard. (See Rohrbacher, *History of the Church*, vol., p. 457 ff.)

[62] See the life of Saint Antoninus on 2 September.

[63] *Vita S. Theodardi*, ch. 6.

[64] See Baillet and the Bollandists.

[65] *General History of Languedoc*, vol. ii, p. 31. — One remarks in the testament of Raymond, first of the name, count of Rouergue, etc., the following dispositions, written in 961, in favour of the monastery of Saint-Theodard:

"*… Illa quarta parte de illa ecclesia Sancti-Cirlct, et illo alode quod ego acquisivi in Deumpentala, Sancti-Audardi remaneat. Illo alode de mongio Sancti-Audardi remaneat. Illa ecclesia Ricario filio Isarno remaneat ad alode; post suum discessum Sancti-Audardi remaneat cum alio alode.*" (*Hist. du Languedoc*, vol. ii, *Preuves*, p. 109.)

In the archives of Montauban are found the titles of several donations made to the monastery of Saint-Theodard, under the dates of September 949, January 951 and February 955.

[66] "We defy," says the learned Bergier, "the calumniators of the clergy to cite a single country, a single town, where the Calvinists, become masters, have suffered the exercise of the Catholic religion. In Switzerland, in Holland, in Sweden, in England, they have proscribed it, often against the faith of treaties. Did they ever permit it in France in their towns of surety?… A sacred maxim of our adversaries is that the intolerant must not be tolerated: now, never was a religion more intolerant than Calvinism; twenty authors, even Protestants, have been forced to agree to it." (*Dictionary of Theology*, art. *Calvinists*.)

[67] *General History of Languedoc*, vol. v, p. 212; *Gallia christiana vetus*, vol. ii, p. 766.

[68] Mgr de Berthier was very zealous for the spiritual and material interests of the Montalbanese city. He applied himself with all his might to consolidating his diocesans in the faith, to guarding them against the seductions of error, and to repairing as far as possible the ravages of heresy. He had the grand seminary built, the direction of which he confided to his venerable friend Vincent de Paul and to the Congregation founded by him. He obtained that the court of aids should be transferred from Cahors to Montauban; that there should be a bureau of finances, and that all the consuls should be chosen from among the Catholics. The government granted him rather large sums for the restoration of the place Royale, for the embellishment of the place which the church Saint-Martin had occupied, and for the construction of an episcopal palace on the site of the château of the counts of Toulouse.

Immediately after the death of Saint Vincent de Paul, Mgr de Berthier wrote the following lines, which will be read with interest: "God had given me so much respect and affection for M. Vincent, that I believe in truth that none of his children felt better than I the grief of his death; but, as I think that it was necessary in order that he should receive the crowns which the grace of Jesus Christ had prepared for his merits, I submit to the will of the Master of life and of death; and I hope that M. Vincent, in heaven, will provide no less for the needs with which he was charged on earth; and that the glorious consummation of his charity will aid in a stronger manner the perfection of so many Christian works which he had begun among us…" (Collet, *Life of Saint Vincent de Paul*, vol. ii, p. 89, Nancy, 1748.)

[69] Maxim of Saint Francis of Assisi.

[70] *Hagiographical Dictionary*, art. Saint Thorette.

[71] Dom Morin, *History of the Gâtinais*; Dom Ranessant, prior of Ferrières, 1635; *Gallia christiana*, vol.

[72] *Quod nomen ad nostra usque tempora locus ille retinet* ("which name that place retains even to our times"); Breviary of Ferrières, feast of Christmas, 6th lesson.

[73] Dom Morin, p. 766.

[74] A lake dried up for centuries occupied the bottom of the valley and left it its name: Laus; this word, pronounced according to the idiom of the mountains (*Laous*), means a lake. An ancient author has wished to see in Laus the Latin word which signifies praise, and he applies it to the desire which Mary had to be honoured in this place.

[75] His father was named William Rencurel, and his mother Catherine Matheron.

[76] This chapel has since been restored.

[77] The litanies taught by the most holy Virgin to Sister Benoîte are those known in the whole Church under the name of Litanies of Loreto. They have nothing local but the air to which they are sung at the Laus.

[78] On the site of the grotto where Mary showed herself so often to Benoîte, a little chapel has been raised under the title of Notre-Dame des Fours.

[79] A little monument commemorating this apparition has been raised on the road from Saint-Étienne to the Laus; this place is named Pindreau.

[80] The ancient church of Valserre is still standing in the midst of the vines.

[81] Mgr Depéry, who recoiled before no sacrifice to save some memory of Benoîte, has bought the chapel of l'Érable, has enlarged and adorned it.

[82] The Congregation of the priests of Sainte-Garde was founded, in 1699, by M. Berthet, priest of Avignon, for the work of missions and retreats and for the education of ecclesiastical youth.

[83] *Deridetur justi simplicitas.* (Saint Gregory, pope.)

[84] *Parochia vallium in dio Ixto*, valley under a smiling sky.

[85] See his life.

[86] See the life of Saint Salaberga, on 22 September; that of Saint Baldwin, her son, on 18 October, and that of Saint Austrude, her daughter, on 17 October.

2 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Alexandria, the blessed decease of Saint Athanasius, bishop of the same city, very celebrated for his holiness and his doctrine. The whole universe almost seemed to have conspired to persecute him. Nevertheless, he defended courageously the Catholic faith, from Constantine to Valens, against the emperors, the governors of provinces and the numerous bishops partisans of Arius; he endured, on the part of his enemies, perfidies without number; he was pursued from exile to exile through the whole earth, to the point that there remained to him almost no safe place to hide. Returned, at last, to his church, after many combats and as many victories due to his constancy, he rendered his soul to the Lord, in the forty-sixth year of his episcopate, at the time of the emperors Valentinian and Valens. 373. — At Rome, the holy martyrs Saturninus, Neopolus, Germanus and Celestinus, who were first variously tormented, then cast into prison, where they fell asleep in Our Lord. — Further, the martyrs Exuperus and Zoe, his wife, Cyriacus and Theodulus, their children, who suffered under the emperor Hadrian.[1] — At Seville, Saint Felix, deacon and martyr. — The same day, Saint Vindemialis, bishop and martyr, who combated the Arians by his doctrine and by his miracles, with the bishops Eugenius and Longinus, and was, for that, beheaded by the command of King Hunneric.[2] 489. — At Avila, in Spain, Saint Secundus, bishop, of whom mention is again made with others, on the 15th of this month. 1st century. — At Florence, Saint Antoninus, bishop, of the Order of Friars Preachers, illustrious by his holiness and by his doctrine. His feast is celebrated on the 10th of May. 1459.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saint-Pierre of Brantôme, in Périgord, Saint Sicarius, child martyr, who is held to be one of the holy innocents massacred by Herod, on account of Jesus Christ.[3] — In the diocese of Amiens, Saint Germanus, bishop and martyr, who, after having preached with an incomparable zeal in France, in Spain, in England and in the Low Countries, and converted numerous idolaters, had his head struck off by a blow of the sword, by the tyrant Hubault, on the confines of Normandy and Picardy. 5th century. — In Auvergne, Saint Flaminia, virgin and martyr, executed at Nicomedia, under the emperors Diocletian and Maximian; her relics were brought to this province, to a place named Davajac, and she was honoured at Clermont, in the church of Saint-Allyre. She is invoked for the evil of the eyes and one often receives great helps from her. 5th century. — In the Vosges, Saint Walbert or Gaubert, successor of Saint Eustasius and third abbot of Luxeuil. 665. — At Saint-Omer, Saint Vaubert or Walbert, count of Arc and religious of the monastery of Saint-Bertin. — In the diocese of Angers, the celebrated translation of the body of Saint Florentius, priest and confessor, into an abbey of his name, at Saumur.[4] — At Beauvais, Saint Petronilla,[5] virgin. — At Châlons-sur-Marne, the translation of Saint Alpinus, bishop of that town. — At Sens, Saint Amator or Amatre, bishop of Auxerre. (Named yesterday in the Roman martyrology.) — At Tours, the translation of the relics of Saint Gratian. — At Tarbes, the feast of the apparition of Saint Bertrand, bishop of Comminges, to a lord of Bigorre, named Sancho of Pâma, whom he delivered miraculously from the irons of the Saracens. In memory of this event, Pope Clement V, who had been bishop of Comminges, granted, for 2 May, an indulgence in the form of a jubilee, every time that the feast of the Invention of the Cross should fall on a Friday. — At Saint-Riquier, in the diocese of Amiens, Saint Elevara and Saint Sponsara, virgins and martyrs, 3rd century. — At Paris, Saint Avoye, virgin and martyr, who has been confounded wrongly with Saint Aurea. Epoch unknown.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Melitene, in Armenia, the saints Helpidius, Hermogenes, Eupolitus and Lupus, martyrs, indicated in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — And elsewhere, the holy martyrs Germanus, Celestinus,[6] Felix, Cétinns, Urban, Bellicus and Privata. — At Alexandria of Egypt, another Saint Germanus, and another Saint Celestinus with Saint Santina, martyrs. — In Corsica, Saint Vindemialis, different from the one mentioned in the Roman, and Saint Florentius, both African bishops. Exiled to Corsica by the Arian king, Hunneric, and condemned to cut wood there for the vessels, they perished of misery. Their bodies were transported to Treviso, in Italy. — In Catalonia, the saints Simplicius and Ambrose, martyrs. — At Genoa, Saint Valentine, fifth bishop of that city. 325. His body was found again in 985. — At Daphnusa, in the Archipelago, Saint

Sabas, bishop. — At Saint-Gall, in Switzerland, Saint Wiborada or Vivrède, virgin and martyr, and the blessed Rachilda, recluse virgins. 925. — At Unterwald, in Switzerland, the blessed Conrad, martyr, founder of the monastery of Mont-des-Anges, of the Order of Saint Benedict. 1125. — In Portugal, the blessed Mafalda, daughter of Sancho I and wife of Henry I, king of Castile. Repudiated by her husband, she withdrew into the monastery of the Cistercian nuns of Arouca where she made herself illustrious by her spirit of prayer, her love of silence, her mortifications and the miracles which, after her death, were wrought at her tomb. She had a singular devotion toward the Doctor of the Church, Saint Jerome, whose name recalled to her the dreadful trumpet which, on the last day, is to call all men to the judgment of God. 1252.

Saint Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria and Doctor of the Church

373. — Popes: Saint Marcellinus; Saint Damasus. — Emperors: Diocletian; Valens.

"In praising Saint Athanasius, it is virtue itself that I praise. Is it not indeed praising virtue to make the eulogy of him who united all the virtues in his person? Athanasius was the pillar of the Church. He became, by his conduct, the model of bishops. One was orthodox only so far as one professed the same doctrine as he."

Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, panegyric of the Saint.

A perpetual struggle is the inevitable condition of good in fallen humanity. God made the Church see it, when, after having so gloriously vanquished persecution, she had to repel the attacks no less formidable of heresy. The latter, it is true, from the appearance of Christianity, had sought to trouble the conquests of the faith; but, before the sword of tyrants and the glory of the martyrs, it had made little noise and obtained little success.

The reader, in order to understand the life of Athanasius, has need to know the Meletian schism and the Arian heresy. Saint Peter, predecessor of Achillas in the see of Alexandria, by his indulgence toward the Christians who had offered incense to idols to avoid death, and who repented of it, had displeased Meletius, bishop of Lycopolis; the latter separated from the communion of Peter and formed a schism; his partisans took the name of Meletians. Arius, who from the sands of Libya had come to seek fortune in the capital of Egypt, joined these schismatics.

Nevertheless, he managed to gain, by a false repentance, the good graces of Achillas, patriarch of Alexandria, who raised him to the priesthood and entrusted to him the government of one of the parishes, named Baucolis.

That was not enough for his ambition: he aspired to the patriarchate; but Saint Alexander was justly preferred to him, for his piety, his charity toward the poor, his sacred learning and his eloquence. Wounded in his pride and wishing at all costs to play a part in the world, he made himself the head of a new doctrine, which was soon declared heretical. He taught that Jesus Christ is not God, but a simple creature, more perfect in truth than the others, and formed before them, not however from all eternity. Now, if Jesus Christ is not God, what becomes of the hopes of Christians? He neglected nothing to spread these errors among the people; he put them into songs for the workmen, the millers, the sailors, the travellers. Alexander, not having been able to bring back this heresiarch by ways of gentleness, had him condemned by a council held at Alexandria, and wrote to the bishops who had not been able to be present at it, to make known to them its decisions.

Never, perhaps, did any head of a heresy possess in a higher degree than Arius the qualities proper to this accursed and fatal part. Instructed in the letters and in the philosophy of the Greeks, endowed with a rare suppleness of dialectic and of language, he excelled in giving to error the features and the charm of truth. His exterior aided the seduction. Of an age already advanced, he joined to the advantage of a tall stature the dignity of the old man. His pride hid itself under a simple garment, under a modest, recollected, mortified

countenance, which gave him a false air of holiness, and with which he knew how to unite a gracious approach, a soft and insinuating tone.

Banished from the sanctuary, he leaves Alexandria, where he has already made numerous partisans, and goes to ask asylum of Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea, metropolis of Palestine. The latter was one of the most learned men of his century, and author of excellent works, for which posterity has shared the admiration of his contemporaries. Arius knew how to make him relish his doctrine and to interest him in his cause with several other bishops. Among them distinguished himself a second Eusebius, a relative, it is said, of the imperial family, who, by his own authority, had dared to abandon the disdained see of Berytus, in Judea, for that of Nicomedia, ordinary residence of the emperors of the East. His birth, his position, his talents, his exterior qualities gave him a credit and an ascendancy of which his sentiments made him unworthy. He had apostatised in the persecution. A fellow-student of Arius, he has been suspected of having been his secret counsellor, before making himself his declared protector. However that may be, braving once again the rules of discipline and of hierarchical order, he took openly the part of the sectary against the worthy patriarch, whose reputation and rank offended his pride. Having had Arius come to Nicomedia, he concerted with him, and wrote in his favour to the bishops to obtain his re-establishment. Alexander was unshaken in his decision, as he was in his faith.

This scandalous scission agitated and troubled the Church of the East. Constantine was sensibly afflicted by it. But the courtier bishop of Nicomedia made him understand that it was a question between Alexander and Arius only of a vain dispute about words, of which the fault was to be attributed above all to the bitter and inflexible zeal of the former. It was with these prejudices that the emperor wrote to both, by Hosius, bishop of Cordova, whom he deputed to Egypt to settle this difference. Hosius was the most venerated prelate of that epoch. He had suffered courageously for the faith, had initiated Constantine into the knowledge of the truths of Christianity, and it is believed that he had come then to the East on the part of the bishop of Rome, to treat with the emperor of the affairs of the Church. The letter of the prince ended with touching exhortations, which attest his sincere zeal for the faith as well as the goodness of his heart: “Give me back serene days and tranquil nights. If your divisions continue, I shall be reduced to groaning, to shedding tears; there will be no more rest for me. Where should I find any, if those who serve with me the true God tear one another so obstinately? I wished to go and visit you, my heart was already with you; your discords have closed to me the way of the East. Unite to reopen it to me, give me the joy of seeing you happy, like all the peoples of my empire.”

These accents of a father were not heard. The disorder increased from day to day. Heresy, as everywhere and always, showed itself violent and rebellious. There were riots. Constantine pronounced, on this occasion, a justly celebrated saying. In a town, the Arians had carried themselves so far as to throw stones in the face of one of his statues. As his ministers urged him to take vengeance for this affront, he, putting his hand to his face, answered them smiling: “I do not feel myself wounded.”

The mission of the bishop of Cordova was not however without result. He understood, on the one hand, all the gravity of the controversy; on the other, the error and the bad faith of Arius; and, in making them known to the emperor, he inspired him with a great thought: that of convoking the bishops of all Christendom, to give to the attacked truth the authority of an irrecusable decision. Had not the Apostles acted thus to end the contestation on the Mosaic observances?

For the rest, it was the first time, since the extension of the Gospel, that circumstances permitted recourse to this extraordinary means. It was at the end of 324, the very year of the defeat and of the death of Licinius, unworthy brother-in-law of Constantine, the last of the survivors of that fatal league of upstart shepherds, of debauched and cruel monsters, who, for nearly half a century, intoxicated themselves in rivalry with Christian blood and devoured the substance of the peoples. Now, under the mild and glorious sceptre of Constantine, the empire rejoiced in an unaccustomed liberty and prosperity, and was astonished to see

assembled around this prince the ambassadors of all the nations of the universe, who admired his virtues and dreaded his arms, to which victory was never unfaithful. In one of those moments too rare and too short for the happiness of humanity, the whole world was at peace.

From the spring of the year 325, on the invitation and with the aid of the powerful emperor, who had concerted with the head of the Church, the bishops of all parts of the world betook themselves to Asia, to the town of Nicaea, neighbouring Nicomedia. The faithful people, moved by the novelty and the importance of the debate which they were about to end, and by the reputation of their virtues, ran at their passage, prostrated themselves before them and accompanied them with their wishes and their hopes. Constantine, who had preceded them at Nicaea, welcomed them there with the dignity which characterised him, and, at the same time, with the most touching testimonies of faith, deference and affection. How well they merited this eagerness, these homages of the populations and of the first Christian emperor, men most of whom, besides their sacred character, commanded respect and admiration by their age, their courageous fidelity in persecution, their learning and their holiness! This one, a former solitary, had been torn in spite of himself from the desert, of which he preserved, in dignities, the simple and austere habits; that one was celebrated for his miracles; several bore still on their limbs or on their face the stigmata of martyrdom. What worthier interpreters of the great mystery of the Holy Trinity!

These prelates, not counting the priests, the deacons and the enlightened laymen who assisted them, found themselves assembled to the number of three hundred and eighteen, among whom were counted only seventeen infected with Arianism. During two months, from 19 June to 25 August, they held, on different questions of dogma and discipline, numerous and long conferences. Arius expounded his doctrine. On hearing him utter these impious novelties, the Fathers of the council stopped their ears. It required a great effort of reason and prudence for them to consent to examine them. At last, the question was thoroughly gone into and discussed on both sides with all the science and all the skill that each could desire. The decision was put off to a solemn session, which took place, in the presence of the emperor, in the largest hall of his palace. The bishops were arranged on seats disposed around this enclosure. A throne rose in the middle: the book of the Gospels was placed on it. Hosius presided over the assembly in the name of the Pope, whom his age, his infirmities and the exigencies of his rank had kept at Rome. At the back of the hall, an empty seat, less elevated than the others, but all resplendent with gold, was destined for the emperor. At nine o'clock in the morning, he presents himself without arms, without soldiers, accompanied only by some dignitaries who professed Christianity. At his sight, the Fathers of the council, who awaited him in silence, rise and stand. Everything, in the bearing, the air and the stature of Constantine, showed the man superior to other men by the happy gifts of nature, as he was by the eminence of his dignity. At fifty, he had still the brightness and graces of youth. The frankness of his character and the purity of his morals shone on his serene brow. He advances into the midst of this assembly, the holiest and most august that had ever been seen under heaven, with a magnificence of dress which announces the master of the empire, with a respect and a modesty which reveal the Christian. Arrived before his seat, he waited, to take place on it, to be invited by the bishops, who sat down after him. Then there began among the Fathers of the council a discussion from which came the thunderbolt which struck down heresy. The blasphemies of Arius held no longer before the term *consubstantial*, expression as concise as energetic of the unity of nature in the three divine persons. The universe repeated with transport the symbol of Nicaea, magnificent development of the symbol of the Apostles, sublime hymn of faith, of love and of gratitude. The Arian bishops subscribed it, after more or less resistance, with more or less good faith, with the exception of two, who were deposed by the council, and, with Arius, condemned, by the emperor, to banishment: punishment due to the rash violators of the laws of the highest society that has appeared on earth.

In this solemn debate, in the midst of these venerable and learned prelates, of these glorious athletes of the faith, there was seen to rise, by their counsel and to their great joy, a young levite, who struggled body to

body with Arius. By the superiority of his reason, by the thorough knowledge and understanding of the holy books, by the lucidity and force of argumentation, by the warmth of a simple, true and natural eloquence, he repelled the audacious attacks of this redoubtable adversary, foiled all his ruses, pursued him in all his windings, and confounded him, by lighting with the most vivid light his darkest entrenchments. He charmed the council no less by his modesty, by the sincerity of his faith and of his devotedness than by the brilliance of his victory; for this young man loved the Church more than the tenderest son loves his mother, more than ever Greek or Roman loved his country: we have named Athanasius.

Child of a distinguished and Christian family of Alexandria, he had attached himself early to Saint Alexander, who had brought him up and cherished him as a son.

The first meeting of Saint Athanasius with Saint Alexander had a quite providential character. In the first times of his pontificate, says Rufinus, the holy patriarch Alexander had invited all the clerics of his church, one Sunday evening, to a meal which he wished to give them in his house, situated on the seashore. After the solemnities of the day, Alexander, while awaiting his guests, had his eyes fixed on the shore, when he perceived a group of children who gave themselves up to the games of their age. They had elected a bishop; they made him sit in their midst and listened gravely to his words; then they bowed under his blessing hand, and the child-pontiff imitated on some of his companions all the ceremonies of baptism. At this sight, Alexander feared a profanation; he sent his deacon, with order to bring him the children. In the presence of the true bishop, these were afraid and answered only stammering to all his interrogations. At last, reassured by the air of gentleness and goodness which was painted on his face, they told him that they had elected one of themselves, Athanasius, for bishop; that he had catechumens instructed by his care, to whom he had just conferred baptism. The child who answered to the name of Athanasius then appeared, but with a confusion easy to guess. The patriarch asked him whether he had really administered baptism according to the rites of the Church and with the intention of conferring a sacrament. The answer of Athanasius was affirmative; he repeated before the patriarch the formulas he had employed. Saint Alexander gave order to his priests to supply to the neophytes thus baptised the other ceremonies of the Church, but without renewing the baptism, “because it had been validly conferred.”[1] From that day, Athanasius and those of his companions who fulfilled near him the functions of priests and deacon were brought up, with the consent of their parents, in the ecclesiastical school of Alexandria. Athanasius made rapid progress there.

Athanasius applied himself early to writing well. He accorded only a little time to profane letters, enough however not to remain wholly a stranger to them, and for it not to be possible to attribute to ignorance the subordinate rank to which they were relegated in his esteem. This noble and manly genius shrank from consuming his efforts in vain studies.

The studies which related to religion employed the greatest part of his time. The sequel of his life and the reading of his writings will show to what point he excelled in them. He cites the holy books so often and so aptly that one would think he knew them by heart: at least it will be agreed that meditation had rendered them very familiar to him. It was there that he had drawn that rare piety and that profound understanding of the mysteries of the faith. As to the true sense of the divine oracles, he sought it in the tradition of the Church, and he teaches us himself[2] that he read with care the commentaries of the ancient Fathers. He says in another place[3] that he learned the tradition of the holy inspired masters and of the martyrs of the divinity of Jesus Christ. As he had much zeal for the discipline of the Church, he acquired also a great knowledge of canon law. One sees again by his works that he knew civil law, and it is this which has caused Sulpicius Severus to give him the title of jurisconsult.

For nourishment of his thought, he chose the Old and the New Testament. To these habits of contemplation were joined treasures of virtue, each day increased. Science and morals shining in Athanasius with a like brilliance and strengthening one another mutually, formed that golden chain of which so few men succeeded in weaving the double and precious thread. The practice of good initiated him into contemplation, and

contemplation in its turn guided him in the practice of good.

When he had finished his literary studies, the desire to advance in the ways of perfection led him to the feet of the famous solitary Saint Anthony. He remained some years under his direction, and returned to the patriarch Alexander, who raised him to the diaconate and employed him as secretary. It is thus, adds Rufinus, that Athanasius, a new Samuel, was attached to the person of the high priest, until he was later called to the honour of clothing himself with the pontifical ephod.

Athanasius was still only a deacon when the patriarch brought him with him to the council of Nicaea. But, immediately after, he was ordained priest, and, the next year, the august old man, feeling himself near death, designated him for his successor. Athanasius hid himself, to escape, young as he was, such a dignity. “Thou fleest,” said the saint before expiring, “thou fleest, Athanasius, but thou wilt not escape.” These words were an oracle. The people asked insistently and obtained from the assembled bishops that the young priest should be named bishop of Alexandria. He was hardly thirty; but, in the circumstances in which this church found itself, genius, science and holiness had no need of the number of years. This choice made heresy shudder, which, though vanquished, had not renounced its hopes. The day is not far when, by cautious steps, by artful professions of faith, it will know how to gain the favour of the prince: and, once armed with public authority, how far will not its audacity and its excesses go? Athanasius, what combats, what trials await you!

Athanasius signalised the beginnings of his episcopate by his attention to providing for the spiritual needs of the Ethiopians. He consecrated Frumentius bishop, and sent him to them, that he might finish the work of their conversion, which he had so happily begun; and when he had established good order in the interior of the town, he undertook the general visitation of the churches of his dependence.

The Meletians gave much exercise to his zeal. They continued, after the death of Meletius, their chief, to hold assemblies and to ordain bishops by their own authority. Everywhere they blew the fire of discord, and by that they maintained the people in the spirit of revolt. Athanasius tried every possible means to bring them back to unity; but there was none that succeeded with him. Austere in their morality, they had made themselves a great number of partisans, above all among simple people, on whom they had imposed. The Arians resolved to profit by the dispositions in which they saw them: they hastened therefore to seek their friendship. The Meletians had at first erred in no article of the faith; they had even been among the first and the most ardent to combat the doctrine of Arius; but soon after they united with the partisans of this heresiarch to calumniate and persecute Athanasius. A solemn league was formed between them, in order that the blows which they would strike him might be more efficacious. Saint Athanasius makes the observation on this subject that, as Herod and Pilate forgot the hatred they bore one another to unite against the Saviour, so the Meletians and the Arians dissimulated their reciprocal animosity in order to form a sort of confederation against the truth. For the rest, such is the spirit of all sectaries; they cease their divisions when it is a question of tearing the bosom of the Church and declaring war on those who hold for the Catholic doctrine.

Constantine soon gave new proofs of his attachment to the faith of Nicaea. Three months after the conclusion of the council, he exiled with indignation Eusebius of Nicomedia, who dared to attack its decisions and communicated openly with those who showed themselves rebellious to them.

But what sombre clouds have veiled all at once the glory till then so pure and so brilliant of the great Constantine! What! of a prince ordinarily so mild and so prudent, history relates thoughtless and barbarous acts, domestic murders! And then, under this same prince, who, to his last breath, did not cease to have horror of heresy, the heretics are honoured, triumphant, and the Catholics repulsed, persecuted! What then is the sad condition of fallen humanity? What impure alloy has come suddenly to soil in him the pure gold of Christian charity? To crown the misfortune, he lost his mother, the glorious Saint Helena, when, on the eve of the most crafty machinations of error, the counsels and the influence of that mother, more enlightened than

he in the faith, would have been so necessary and would doubtless have prevented new faults! When Saint Helena was no more, all the family tenderness and the confidence of the emperor were concentrated on his sister Constantia, widow of Licinius. She, besides, a woman of merit and virtue, had long since let herself be infatuated with Arianism by Eusebius of

Nicomedia, who had been the partisan of Licinius, and by a priest whose name history has disdained. Near to rendering the last breath, about a year after the death of Saint Helena, she pointed out to Constantine this obscure priest as the most fit to direct him in the affairs of religion. “Follow his advice,” she said, “I die, no interest attaches me any more to earth, but I fear for you the wrath of God, I fear that He may punish you for the exile to which you have condemned just and virtuous men.” These counsels of a cherished and dying sister were but too well heard. Arius is recalled with the bishops exiled for his cause, by means of some equivocal or lying profession of faith. Re-established in his see of Nicomedia, and in all his credit, Eusebius will be satisfied only so far as Arius shall have reappeared and resumed his functions in the church of Alexandria. To obtain it, he employs uselessly with Athanasius both solicitations and threats. Uselessly he has the emperor write to him. The patriarch is then the butt of all calumnies. Summoned to the court, he justifies himself with such evidence that Constantine, in dismissing him, gives him a letter addressed to the people of Alexandria, in which, after having deplored the malice of those who trouble and divide the Church to satisfy their jealousy and their ambition, he adds that the wicked have been able to do nothing against their bishop, whose innocence and holiness he has recognised.

It was therefore necessary to be silent and to dissimulate for some time. But soon the calumnies recommence with a shameless acharnement. The cabal which Eusebius directs is at the same time the most deceitful and the most audacious that ever was. Protesting its adhesion to the Catholic faith, it is no longer the doctrine, but the character and the conduct of Athanasius that it attacks; it is with crimes that it accuses him. And what crimes? Murders, magical operations, impure violences.

Athanasius has good cause to justify himself again before the emperor, who, after informations taken from the magistrates of Egypt, grows angry at these odious inventions, and threatens, if they are renewed, to seek out their authors. The intriguer Eusebius obtains the convocation of a particular council at Caesarea, residence of the second Eusebius, under pretext of putting an end to divisions, but at bottom to have the patriarch of Alexandria condemned there, and he takes care to have his partisans called there in majority. So Athanasius refuses for three years to appear before judges who are his enemies; but in 344, on the formal orders of the emperor, to whom he has been depicted as a haughty man and a rebel subject, he is obliged to betake himself to Tyre, whither the synod has been transferred.

Among the imputations already destroyed, they dared, as Athanasius had foreseen, to reproduce those very ones whose improbability alone should have shown the falsity.

A woman was heard, who declared that she had consecrated herself to God by a vow of virginity; but that, having lodged in her house the bishop Athanasius, he had not blushed to outrage the sacred rights of hospitality and the still holier rights of modesty. Athanasius, innocent, was also too skilful to let himself be confounded by this easy and banal accusation. Having heard it, he remained immovable in his place, while Timothy, one of his priests, and his confidant, rises, and, advancing toward the impudent woman: “What,” says he to her, “it is I who committed such a crime? — Yes, it is you,” she cries with force, “agitating herself, all in tears, and her hair dishevelled, it is yourself, I recognise you.” And she indicated with assurance all the circumstances of the imagined attempt. This flagrant imposture was received with a general laugh, and the wretched woman ignominiously dismissed, in spite of the entreaties of Athanasius that she should be detained, to make her reveal the authors of this unlucky plot.

But here is another pretended crime.

Arsenius, bishop of a town of the Thebaid and one of the followers of Meletius, that schismatic bishop whose party Arius had embraced before making himself head of a heresy, had suddenly disappeared. The Meletians, whom the Arians had known how to gain to their cause, accused Athanasius of having had him put to death. As proof, they carried and showed from town to town a man's right hand, pretending that it was that of Arsenius, of which the patriarch had wished to make use for magical operations. At the sight of this withered hand, the members of the council were seized, some with horror, true or feigned, for the attempt, others with indignation against the machinators of the frightful calumny. Athanasius, who had prepared himself to give it a striking denial, alone was not moved. At once, he sends to take a man who waited at the door, and who enters, covered with a mantle. It was Arsenius himself, whose retreat Athanasius had succeeded in discovering at the bottom of some desert, and whom he had had brought secretly to Tyre. Several of the assistants knew Arsenius perfectly: his presence was a thunderclap. Athanasius, having approached him and raising little by little his mantle, uncovers first the left hand, then the right. "Behold," says he, "Arsenius with his two hands, the Creator has given us no more. Let my adversary show where the third was taken." It was too much confusion for the accusers of Athanasius; this time, they pardoned him neither their trickery and their folly, nor his skill and his innocence. This confusion changes suddenly into blind transports of anger, and the deliberation into a frightful tumult. If this hand is not the hand of Arsenius, if Arsenius is living, it is the effect of some sorcery, it is a new stroke of magic, a new grievance against Athanasius. Their fury is such that they would have carried themselves against him to the last violences, but for the governor of Palestine who snatched him from their hands, and, to put him in safety, engaged him to embark the following night. Athanasius sets sail for Constantinople and goes to ask justice of the emperor. The other heads of accusation were no better established. What matter? the decision was such as might be expected of an assembly deliberating under the pressure of the Eusebians and the Meletians united, and of the armed force which the emperor had put at their disposal. Troops were stationed around the sacred enclosure: it was no longer deacons, but soldiers or gaolers who opened its doors. Athanasius was condemned and deposed by judges ill-intentioned, intimidated or deceived. For fear that the emperor might not wish to believe the crimes imputed to him, care was taken to give as last motive of this condemnation that Athanasius, by his pride and the inflexibility of his character, was a cause of division and of troubles in the church of Alexandria. Nevertheless, numerous and courageous voices avenged Athanasius for the injustice of which he was victim. The council was composed of a hundred and nine bishops; forty-nine rendered testimony to his innocence and virtues, and protested against the iniquity of this judgment.

From the opening of the council, the virtuous Potamon, bishop of Heraclea on the Nile, seeing Athanasius standing before the other bishops seated, in the attitude of an accused before his judges, could not restrain his tears and his indignation: "What, Eusebius," said he to the bishop of Caesarea, "you are seated, you, to judge Athanasius who is innocent! Tell me, were we not both in prison during the persecution? I lost an eye there, here you are with all your limbs: how did you get out of it?" Thus this Eusebius, as well as the first, had apostatised during the last trials. The illustrious confessor, Saint Paphnutius, former disciple of Saint Anthony and then bishop in Upper Thebaid, he to whom Constantine rendered so many honours at the council of Nicaea, taking by the hand Saint Maximus of Jerusalem, his companion in martyrdom, drew him out of the council saying to him that, after having suffered together for Jesus Christ, they ought not to sit in the assembly of the wicked. He then instructed him of all the conspiracy which had been dissimulated from him and attached him for ever to the cause of Athanasius.

It remained to lift the anathema with which the ecumenical council had struck Arius and to re-establish him in the church of Alexandria. But an order of the emperor having suddenly called the bishops to Jerusalem for the dedication of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had just been finished, they resumed in that town the sequel of their deliberations. Arius presented a profession of faith accompanied by letters of recommendation from the emperor, to whom this profession had appeared orthodox. The council hastened to approve it and to pronounce the reunion to the Church of Arius and of all those who had followed his party.

Meanwhile Athanasius, taken refuge at Constantinople, could not reach the emperor. The Eusebians closed to him equally the avenues of the palace and the heart of the prince. But Athanasius, by a bold step, foiled the opposition of his enemies. The emperor was entering the city one day on horseback. Athanasius approaches him, and as the emperor, already prejudiced by the decisions of the council of Tyre, had difficulty in listening to him: “Prince,” said he to him, “God will judge between you and me, since, taking part for my calumniators, you refuse to hear me. I solicit no favour. Let me only be confronted before you with those who have condemned me.” This request was too conformable to the principles of equity and moderation of the emperor not to be received. The invitation to betake themselves at once to Constantinople to set forth there the motives of the condemnation of the patriarch of Alexandria consternated the bishops who had pronounced it and who were still assembled at Jerusalem. But the chiefs of the party were skilful enough to engage them to return to their churches after having had themselves delegated to represent their colleagues before the emperor. There, did the knaves have the front to repeat the accusations to which Athanasius had already given such thundering denials? No; they improvised a new one the success of which was infallible. Athanasius, they said to the emperor, has threatened to stop in Egypt the wheat destined for the provisioning of Constantinople. This was to attack Constantine at the most sensitive spot, he whom nothing preoccupied, at this moment, like the prosperity of the city of which he had laid the foundations, in 328, on the enchanted banks of the Bosphorus, and of which he wished to make the first city of the world. In spite of the formal denials of Athanasius, the emperor, who knew the ascendancy of the patriarch in all Egypt, believed a calumny which Eusebius accompanied with oaths and exiled him to Trier, then the capital of the Gauls. Unjustly accused, Athanasius had defended himself without fear; unjustly condemned, he obeyed without a murmur.

The land of exile was mild and hospitable. The veneration of the peoples, the affection of Saint Maximinus, bishop of that town, the benevolence and the regards of the young Constantine, who commanded for his father in the West, consoled the glorious athlete of truth for the disgrace of the prince and the acharnement of his enemies.

The news of the condemnation and of the banishment of Athanasius spread among the ardent and faithful population of Alexandria an irritation which could hardly contain itself. The towns and the countrysides of Egypt, the very solitudes of the Thebaid were moved by it. A thousand voices rose on all sides, and among these voices, the most venerated of that time, that of Saint Anthony, to ask the recall of the illustrious patriarch; but nothing could make Constantine come back from a measure which, justified by the authority of a council, was moreover inspired in him by his aversion for divisions among Christians. He hoped that the momentary absence of Athanasius would calm minds and would end by bringing back union and peace in the church of the East. For the rest, Athanasius himself was pleased to recognise on this point the rectitude of intention of Constantine. This prince refused besides to replace him by a bishop of the choice of the Eusebians with a resolution and threats which made them renounce their enterprise.

The decisions of the council of Jerusalem were not long to bring happiness to the haughty Arius: Alexandria repulsed him with horror. Recalled by the emperor to Constantinople, the Eusebians flattered themselves with giving more brilliance to his triumph by having him re-established in the very church of the imperial residence. But there was found there, to oppose his intrusion, another Alexander who honoured his name by the same virtues, the same purity and the same firmness of faith as the patriarch of Egypt, who first banished from the Church the indocile priest. Neither prayers nor threats could determine the bishop of Constantinople to open to the heresiarch the doors of the sanctuary. Necessity was then upon the sectaries to have recourse to the authority of the emperor, who, before intervening, wished to assure himself of the true sentiments of Arius. The latter renews before the prince his equivocal professions of faith. “Swear,” said Constantine to him, “that your belief is conformable to the decrees of Nicaea.” Arius swore. “If it is so,” resumed the emperor, “go in all assurance; but if your faith betrays your oath, may God judge you.” He has Saint

Alexander called at once, communicates to him the protestations of orthodoxy which Arius has just reiterated under the faith of oath, and adds that a hand must be held out to a man who asks to be saved. The bishop represents that the heresiarch, having retracted none of his errors, to receive him into the Church would be to introduce heresy itself there. The emperor grows angry, the Saint keeps a silence at once dignified and respectful, and withdraws, abandoning more and more his cause to God in his heart.

Already, for seven days, by his counsel and that of the illustrious bishop of Nisibis, Saint James, endowed with the gift of prophecy and of miracles, who was at this moment at Constantinople, the Catholics implored, in fasting and in tears, the protection of heaven against the audacious enterprise of error. Gone out of the imperial palace in a profound affliction, the bishop goes and throws himself at the foot of the altars and asks insistently of God to spare His Church such a scandal. It was a Saturday. Eusebius, at the head of his partisans, wished to prelude by a public ovation the solemn installation of the intruder, fixed for the next day. The multitude of the Arians swelled from street to street, while Arius excited their enthusiasm by vain and insolent speeches. Arrived at the entrance of the square of Constantine, whence one perceived the temple where his triumph was to be consummated, he turns pale suddenly, and seized with violent pains of the bowels, he is obliged to withdraw from the crowd. He is soon found expiring in the secret place where he had retired: worthy end of a life of pride and of sacrilegious hypocrisy. The justice and the patience of God do not always wait for eternity to punish. Several Arians were converted; Constantine saw in this tragic event the chastisement of perjury and attached himself more and more to the faith of Nicaea. The next day, the Catholics celebrated in peace and full of joy the divine mysteries and their miraculous deliverance. The banishment of Saint Athanasius was the last fault of Constantine; and the order to recall him, which he gave a year after, the last act of his life.

He left three sons: Constantine, Constantius and Constans. To the first fell Great Britain, the Gauls and Spain; to the second, Asia and Egypt; to the third Illyria, Greece, Italy and Africa. Constantine the Younger hastened to fulfil the intentions of his father, and to give back liberty to Saint Athanasius, who mounted again on his see, in the year 338, to the acclamations of the people of Alexandria and of all Egypt.

The re-establishment of Athanasius mortified the Arians sensibly; so they set new springs playing to ruin him. They gained to their interests Constantius, who had had the East for portion, and represented Athanasius to him as a restless and turbulent mind who since his return had excited seditions and committed violences and murders. They accused him further of having sold for his profit the grain destined for the nourishment of widows and ecclesiastics who dwelt in the countries where no wheat came. They made the same accusations to Constantine and to Constans; but their deputies, far from succeeding in persuading these two princes, were sent back with contempt. As for Constantius, he let himself be seduced and gave credit to the last head of accusation. It was not difficult for the patriarch to demonstrate its falsity, and he had nothing else to do for that than to produce the attestations of the bishops of Libya, where it was marked that they had received the ordinary quantity of wheat. The calumny discovered did not dissipate the prejudices of Constantius. This unhappy prince was governed by Eusebius of Nicomedia and by other Arians, who inspired him with their own sentiments, and who brought him to the point of permitting them to elect a new patriarch of Alexandria.

The permission being granted, the heretics assembled at Antioch without delay; they deposed Athanasius, and elected in his place an Egyptian priest of their sect, named Piste. This evil priest, as well as the bishop who consecrated him, had been previously condemned by Saint Alexander and by the council of Nicaea. Pope Julius refused to communicate with this intruder, and all the Catholic churches said anathema to him; so he could never take possession of a dignity which he had usurped.

Athanasius, for his part, held at Alexandria a council where a hundred bishops were present. The defence of the faith was undertaken there, and the innocence of the patriarch was recognised there. The Fathers wrote then a circular letter to all the bishops, and sent it nominally to Pope Julius. The Saint went himself to Rome in 341; but the long sojourn which circumstances obliged him to make in that town gave the Arians the time

to overturn everything in the East. In the same year 341, there was a synod at Antioch, on the occasion of the dedication of the great church. Twenty-five canons of discipline were made in this synod, composed of orthodox and heretical bishops; but the orthodox prelates were no sooner gone than the heretics added to them a twenty-sixth, which evidently regarded Saint Athanasius. It stated that if a bishop deposed justly or unjustly in a council returned to his church without having been rehabilitated by a council more numerous than that which had pronounced the deposition, he could no longer hope to be re-established nor even to be admitted to justify himself. They then elected a certain Gregory, come out of Cappadocia, who filled up the measure of his unworthiness by his monstrous ingratitude for the benefits of Athanasius.

The pretended patriarch, escorted by soldiers commanded by Philagrius, governor of Egypt, makes his entry into Alexandria as into a town taken by assault. The people protested against this nomination and these violences, so contrary to the traditions and the discipline of the Church. The governor gave these just complaints the reception which might be expected from an apostate decried for the disorder of his morals and the hardness of his character. He calls to his aid the Jews, the pagans, the vilest populace, which he joins to his cohorts. This hideous troop rushes on the faithful assembled in the churches and gives itself up there to the most indecent and most cruel excesses. Blood was shed, women were outraged, the pagans offered to their divinities sacrifices on the holy table. It is thus that the most opposite errors tolerate one another and associate to combat truth.

The Holy See, for its part, was moved with tenderness and admiration at the arrival of so devoted a son, of so glorious a defender of the faith and of apostolic traditions. The Eusebians, while Constantius was occupied in the war against the Persians, had accused Athanasius before the head of the Church, whose supremacy they thus themselves proclaimed; and Athanasius, to answer their calumnies, had addressed to him in writing a complete justification of his conduct, confirmed by the suffrages of the bishops of Egypt, eye-witnesses of the facts. Julius I welcomed therefore Athanasius with the regards, the affection and the honour due to his innocence, to his zeal, to his genius and to his misfortunes. The patriarch took rank in the council convoked by the Pope, to instruct fully this great process which divided the East. His presence, the merited benevolence of which he was the object, disconcerted his accusers. They dared not face him before a purely ecclesiastical tribunal, where the absence of armed force and of the orders of the prince would leave truth and innocence to produce themselves in all liberty, and they refused to appear at the council, in order to escape the judgment which they had been the first to provoke. This judgment took place in spite of their abstention, and Saint Julius proclaimed it, in a letter addressed to the Eusebians, with that tone of calm authority and affectionate firmness which characterises the supreme guardian of the faith, the common father of the faithful. The condemnations pronounced against Athanasius in the councils of Tyre and of Antioch, the nomination and installation of Gregory were recognised as tainted with passion and violence, irregular in form, unjust at bottom. There was invoked at the same time the irrefragable authority of the ecumenical council of Nicaea, the anathema fulminated by this council against Arius and his partisans, and finally the prerogatives of the Church of Rome, her traditional and incontestable right to intervene in all the major affairs which interest dogma and discipline.

The proud sectaries do not yield to these decrees, and, under the aegis of Constantius, they continue to exclude the orthodox bishops from the principal sees, until, in 347, at the request of the Pope and of the illustrious bishops of Trier and of Cordova, Constans obtains from his brother the consent to a meeting of the bishops of the East and of the West, in the town of Sardica, situated in Illyria, on the confines of the two empires. In this council, to which the Pope sent his legates, over which the great Hosius presided, the Church, independent and united to her head, pronounced the same oracles as at Rome, and took, from the first day, for principle and for rule of her deliberations the symbol of Nicaea. The right of appeal and of recourse to the Holy See against the decisions of particular councils was proclaimed anew, Athanasius declared sole legitimate bishop of Alexandria, and the intruder Gregory excluded from the communion of the

Church. Two Eusebian bishops, abandoning their party, came to unveil all its bad faith and its guilty plots. Here again, the enemies of Athanasius, not daring to face discussion, persisted in taking no part in it, renewed their protests, and, returned to the East, troubled it by their ever-growing audacity. In the town of Adrianople, ten Catholics, who had refused to communicate with them, were put to death by order of the magistrates. Everywhere the Catholic bishops were banished, ill-treated, odiously calumniated. The powerful emperor of the West, informed and indignant at these excesses, wrote of them to his brother in a tone which announced that it would be dangerous to resist him. The transports of the Eusebians opened besides for an instant the eyes of Constantius, and he himself felt seized suddenly with admiration for the great bishop of Alexandria.

He wrote to him with his own hand several times, not only to invite him to return to his church, but also to express how happy he would be to see him, and to press, to conjure him to come to the court. Athanasius distrusted at first a benevolence so unforeseen and so sudden, but he had to yield to these reiterated entreaties, which were accompanied besides by the most decisive measures. Persecution had ceased in all the provinces; the priests of Alexandria, banished for their fidelity to their bishop, were recalled. Having taken leave, at Milan, of the emperor Constans, and, at Rome, of Pope Julius, Athanasius takes again the road of the East and sees Constantius in Antioch. This emperor welcomed him with goodness, surrounded him, during his sojourn, with consideration and respect, and at his departure, promised him with oath no longer to open his ear to calumnies, no longer to suffer him to be troubled in his ministry.

Alexandria received him with the same transports of joy which had burst forth at his first return; the memory of the cruelties of the intruder doubled its liveliness. His presence had more important effects. It drove back around him the evil passions, excited the passion for good and for all the evangelical virtues. The works of mercy multiplied and extended to all the unfortunate. How many young men, how many young girls, under the influence of his examples, embraced a life of sacrifices and of heroic devotedness!

Unhappily, the benevolent dispositions of Constantius were not of long duration. The principal support of the Catholics, the unfortunate Constans, lost his throne and his life, in 330, at the age of twenty-seven years, victim of a conspiracy woven by Magnentius, one of his generals. Delivered from the fear of the Persians by their rout under the walls of Nisibis, which he owed less to his arms than to the counsels and miracles of Saint James, illustrious bishop of that town, Constantius soon avenged the death of his brother. The victory which he won over the usurper, in the fields of Pannonia, put the world at his feet. Prosperity is fatal to vain and weak souls. He blushed at having yielded to the remonstrances of his brother in favour of Athanasius. He forgot his oaths. The orthodox are the butt, on all points of the empire, of a violent persecution which, under the son of Constantine, recalls the bloody era of the martyrs.

In the capital of Egypt, a military chief at the head of five thousand soldiers, invades, by night, the church where Athanasius was praying with a considerable multitude of people. The sword is drawn, arrows are shot against this kneeling crowd. At this sudden and fierce attack, the people press around their bishop, whom it is wished to snatch from them, or rather to immolate at the foot of the altars. In this frightful tumult, the patriarch raises his voice always obeyed, he orders the faithful to withdraw and to put themselves in safety themselves. As for him, he went out only among the last, enveloped, carried off by a devoted group, which succeeded in screening him from the darts of the murderous troop.

Proscribed and fugitive, Athanasius cannot believe that Constantius commanded these sacrilegious violences; he counts besides still on his former protestations and on his good faith. To enlighten him, he addresses to him a great apology in which he refutes one by one all the grievances of the Arians. Let us hear him answer the accusation of a pretended correspondence with the usurper Magnentius: “The reproach of having wished to irritate against you your brother, of happy memory, had at least some pretext in the eyes of the calumniators. In effect, I had the privilege of seeing him freely, and he defended me against you. Present, he honoured me, absent, he often called me. But that infernal Magnentius, God is my witness that I do not

know him. What familiarity could therefore be established from an unknown to an unknown? Where could I begin a letter to him? Was it thus: Thou hast done well to kill him who loaded me with honours and whose friendship I shall never forget? I love thee for having slaughtered those who, at Rome, welcomed me with so much favour?" This justification, sparkling with eloquence and with truth, had no hold on the prejudiced soul of Constantius. He became only the more obstinate, and his fanaticism the more violent. A new intruder of the name of George, formerly charged with furnishing pork to the army, and worse than Gregory, dishonoured, made shudder with indignation by his coarseness, by his ignorance, by his avarice and his cruelty, the illustrious see of Alexandria which the noble qualities, the genius and the virtues of Athanasius had lately rejoiced. Constantius assembles councils upon councils, on which he imposes, with astute formulas of faith, more or less favourable to heresy, the inevitable condition of the condemnation of the patriarch. So it was at Sirmich in Hungary, at Rimini in Italy, at Arles in France. The bishops who refuse to subscribe them are sent to distant and rigorous exiles.

Athanasius himself wandered from desert to desert, ever sought and often closely pursued by the soldiers and spies of the Roman governors. Sometimes, to escape them, he re-entered the populous cities of Egypt, where the crowd hid him no less than solitude. But his preferred retreat was in the monasteries and hermitages of the Thebaid, of which he loved to share the studies, the silence and the austerities. There a numerous and ardent militia, ready to die for him, knew how to screen him from searches, fulfilled his messages, copied and propagated his writings in the Christian societies of the East. "It is thence," says M. Villemain, "that Athanasius encouraged the bishops of Egypt zealous for his cause; that he addressed apostolic letters to his church of Alexandria; that he answered learnedly the heretics; that he hurled anathemas against his persecutors. From the bottom of his cell, he was the invisible patriarch of Egypt." He was not permitted to enjoy long the company of the solitaries. His enemies put his head at a price. Soldiers were charged to make searches everywhere to discover him. It was in vain to maltreat the monks, they were firm and gave to understand that they would suffer death rather than betray the place where Athanasius was hidden. However agreeable to the patriarch the company of these holy hosts was, he resolved to quit them, so as not to expose them to harder sufferings. He withdrew therefore into a cistern, where he could hardly breathe. The only person he saw was a faithful who brought him his letters and the things he needed to subsist; even this faithful ran great dangers, so obstinate were the searches of the Arians.

The death of Constantius alone suspended the persecution. This prince was carried off by a sudden illness, when from the extremities of the East he was hastening into the Gauls, to repress the revolt of the Caesar Julian, whom the troops had just proclaimed Augustus, and who succeeded him.

About the same time, the intruder of Alexandria became odious to all parties, to the pagans themselves, whom the accession of Julian the Apostate emboldened. These killed him in a popular sedition; then loading his body on a camel, they dragged it through the whole town, burned it with this animal which seemed to them unclean for having touched the corpse of this sacrilegious man, and finally threw his ashes into the sea. On the other side, the philosopher prince, by ostentation of tolerance, recalled at first the bishops exiled by the Arian faction. The return of Athanasius, whose absence had been regretted more than ever, excited in Egypt a thrill of joy and popular enthusiasm of which history offers few examples. It was, for Alexandria above all, a feast such as the Roman empire no longer knew since the abolition of the ancient triumphs. Nothing was wanting to this one but the spectacle of the vanquished in chains and the pride of the conqueror. The populations of Egypt had run up to join their transports to those of the inhabitants and strangers of all nations, who flocked to this port, centre of the commerce of the world. The Catholics revered in him a Saint, the most illustrious defender of their faith; all, a great man, a benefactor, a father. At the first rumour of his arrival, an immense people rushed outside the walls. The banks of the Nile were covered with spectators. One was content to see him only from afar, to hear the sound of his voice. Happier those who could touch his robe, or at least meet his shadow. In the triumphal pomp, the people were grouped by rank of age, of sex, of

class, of nation. The applause, the acclamations, the joyous songs, which succeed or mingle, resound on all sides. The evening come, a thousand torches flood the town with waves of light, while the sea is lit afar by the resplendent fires of the high towers of the Museum. Feasts and innocent pleasures prolong into the heart of night the noise and movement of the day. Afterwards, when one wished to say that a governor had been well received in the capital of Egypt, one said, by way of proverb, that he had been done as much honour as the great Athanasius. Heresy was vanquished in Alexandria. The Catholics re-entered all the churches, the Arians were reduced to holding their assemblies in private houses.

Some time after, Athanasius saw himself exposed to new trials on the part of Julian. This prince had at last lifted the mask, and no longer disguised his sentiments with regard to paganism. The priests of the idols of Alexandria complained to him of the efficacy of the means which the patriarch employed against their superstitions, and they added that if he remained longer in the town, the gods would soon be seen without any worshipper. Their complaints were listened to favourably. The emperor answered that, in permitting the Christians, whom he called Galileans, by derision, to return to their country, he had not granted them the right to re-enter their churches; that Athanasius in particular should not have carried temerity so far as the others, he who had been exiled by several emperors. He had him therefore notified to go out of the town as soon as the order was received, and that under pain of being severely punished. He even decreed his death, and one of his officers was charged with the execution of this decree.

When the orders of the prince had arrived at Alexandria, grief and consternation seized all the faithful. Athanasius consoled them and told them to put their confidence in God, assuring them that the storm would soon pass. Having then commended his flock to his friends, he embarked on the Nile to go to the Thebaid.

The officer who had order to put him to death was no sooner informed of his flight than he pursued him with ardour. The Saint was warned in time of the danger. Those who accompanied him counselled him to plunge into the deserts; but he would not do it at all; he even ordered that he should be taken back toward Alexandria, saying: “Let us show that he who protects us is more powerful than he who persecutes us.” The officer, having joined them without knowing them, asked them whether they had not seen Athanasius. “You are precisely on his tracks; it wants nothing for you to lay your hand on him.” The officer continued his way, while Athanasius betook himself to Alexandria, where he remained some time hidden.

Julian having given new orders that he should be put to death, he withdrew into the deserts of the Thebaid. He saw himself often obliged there to change dwelling to escape the searches of his enemies. He was at Antinoë when Saint Theodore of Thabenne and Saint Pamraon, both solitary abbots, came to visit him. They consoled him by assuring him that his pains were about to end. They then related to him how God had revealed to them the death of Julian. They added further that they had learned by the same way that Julian would have for successor a religious prince, but that his reign would be very short.

This prince was Jovian. He refused to accept the empire that was offered him, until the army had declared for the Christian religion. Hardly had he been placed on the imperial throne when he revoked the sentence of banishment pronounced against Athanasius. He wrote him at the same time a letter, in which, after having given just praises to his firmness and his other virtues, he begged him urgently to come and take up again the government of his church. Athanasius had not waited for the orders of the emperor to quit his retreat: he had come out of it immediately after the death of Julian, and had returned to Alexandria. His unforeseen arrival had caused as much joy as surprise. His first care, when he saw himself restored to his flock, was to resume his ordinary functions. The emperor, knowing him for one of the most zealous defenders of orthodoxy, wrote him a second letter, in which he begged him to send him an exposition of the true faith, and to trace for him the plan of conduct which he should follow with regard to the affairs of the Church. Athanasius would answer only after having conferred with learned bishops whom he had assembled for that purpose. His answer bore that one must attach oneself to the faith of Nicaea, which was that of the Apostles, which had been preached in the following centuries, and which was still the faith of the whole Christian world, “with

the exception of a small number of persons who had embraced the sentiments of Arius."

The Arians made useless efforts to blacken Athanasius in the mind of the emperor: they drew from it only the confusion of their calumnies. Jovian had a wish to see the holy patriarch, of whom he had conceived a high idea; he summoned him therefore to Antioch, where the court then was, and he gave him a thousand marks of esteem and friendship. Athanasius, having satisfied the desire and the consultations of the prince, departed from Antioch and hastened to return to Alexandria.

Jovian having died on 17 February 364, after a reign of eight months, Valentinian succeeded to the empire. As he wished to make his residence in the West, he divided his states with his brother Valens and gave him the East to govern. The latter, who had always had a bent for Arianism, was not long in manifesting his sentiments. Having received baptism in 367, from the hands of Eudoxius, bishop of the Arians of Constantinople, he published an edict by which he banished all the bishops whom Constantius had deprived of their sees.

At the news of the edict, the people of Alexandria assembled in tumult to ask the governor of the province that its bishop should be left to it. The governor promised to write of it to Valens, and minds were calmed. Athanasius, seeing the sedition appeased, fled secretly from the town to retire into the country, and he hid there during four months in the vault where his father had been buried. The following night, the governor and the general of the troops seized the church where he ordinarily performed his functions. They sought him there uselessly, his retreat had screened him from their pursuit. It was the fifth time that he was obliged to quit his see. As soon as the people knew the departure of the holy patriarch, they testified their grief by their cries and by their tears. All addressed themselves to the governor and begged him to manage the return of their bishop. Valens, informed of all that passed, feared that some sedition might arise; he took therefore the part of granting the inhabitants of Alexandria what they asked of him with so much warmth. In consequence, he ordered that Athanasius might remain in peace at Alexandria and that he should not be troubled in the possession of the churches.

One is surprised and frightened at all the horrible scenes which the history of Arianism presents. The impiety, the hypocrisy, the dissimulation, the malice, the perfidy of the Arians would appear incredible, if they were not supported on the testimony of all the historians of the time, and of Saint Athanasius himself. The facts in question were notorious; they passed in the face of the whole universe; they were recorded in the synods of the Arians; so Saint Athanasius inserted them in his apology, made to become public, with all the odious circumstances which accompanied them, without fearing that anyone should declare them false against all that he advanced. But one would know little the holy patriarch of Alexandria, were one to stop at these striking traits which have made of him one of the principal heroes of Christianity. His private life must also fix our admiration. "He was," says Saint Gregory of Nazianzus,[4] "of so profound a humility that none carried this virtue farther than he. Mild and affable, there was no one who had not an easy access to him. He joined to an unalterable goodness a tender compassion for the unfortunate. His discourses had I know not what amiable which captivated all hearts; but they made still less impression than his manner of life. His reprimands were without bitterness, and his praises served as lesson; he knew so well how to measure the one and the other that he reproved with the tenderness of a father and praised with the gravity of a master. He was at once indulgent without weakness and firm without hardness. All read their duty in his conduct; and when he spoke, his discourses had so much efficacy that he was almost never obliged to have recourse to ways of rigour. Persons of every state found in him wherewith to admire and wherewith to imitate. He was fervent and assiduous in prayer, austere in fasts, indefatigable in vigils and in the chant of psalms, full of charity for the poor, condescending to the little, intrepid when it was a question of opposing the injustices of the great." He had, according to the same author, the talent of persuading those who were of a sentiment contrary to his, unless they were hardened in evil; and then those who did not let themselves be won felt a secret veneration for his person. As for his persecutors, they found in him a soul inflexible and superior to all

human considerations. Like a rock, nothing was capable of making him bend in favour of injustice.

Athanasius, after having sustained rude combats and won glorious victories over the enemies of the faith, passed to a better life on 18 January 373.[5] He died in his bed, says the legend of the Roman Breviary. He found at last in death a repose which he had long asked vainly of the caves of the mountains and of the depths of the deserts. He had governed forty-six years the church of Alexandria.[6]

This is how his death is described by Saint Gregory of Nazianzus: “He ended his life at a very advanced age, to go and rejoin his fathers, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, after the example of whom he had generously combated for the truth. I shall say, to enclose his epitaph in few words, that he went out of this mortal life with much more honour and glory than he had received at Alexandria, when, after his different exiles, he re-entered it in the most triumphant manner. Who does not know indeed that all good people wept bitterly his death, and that the memory of his name has remained deeply engraved in their hearts?… May he from the height of heaven cast his regards upon me, favour me, assist me in the government of my flock, preserve in my church the deposit of the true faith! And if, for the sins of the world, we are to experience the ravages of heresy, may he deliver us from these evils, and obtain for us, by his intercession, the grace of enjoying with him the sight of God!”

Saint Athanasius may be represented in a boat going up the Nile and fleeing; seated, holding a pen and writing. He is invoked against headaches, probably in his quality of man of wit.

Relics and Writings of Saint Athanasius

Relics and Writings of Saint Athanasius

The body of Saint Athanasius, deposited on a 2nd of May, one does not know in what year, in the church of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, was transferred, in 1454, to Venice. The head, however, is missing. The Spaniards have pretended that it was at the monastery of Valvanera, in the diocese of Calahorra; but this pretension is by no means founded. Father Papebroch, speaking, on 2 May, in the *Acta Sanctorum*, of the tradition of the monks of Valvanera, says: “They cannot prove it. Therefore I range myself more willingly to the opinion of Antonio Yepes, who affirms that this head is none other than that of a religious named Athanasius who was cook in this convent and died there in the odour of sanctity. That is what gave birth to the fable of Athanasius the Great taking refuge at Valvanera. Tamayo Salazar, in his martyrology of Spain, shares the opinion of Yepes….” The opinion of these two authors is of the greater weight because they have the mania of naturalising as Spaniards a great number of saints and relics which never belonged to the Iberian peninsula. The head of Saint Athanasius is therefore not in Spain: it is in France, at Semblançay, in the diocese of Tours, where it is still venerated today. We read what follows in a pastoral letter which Mgr Guibert, archbishop of Tours, gave, on 13 December 1861, on the occasion of the translation of the head of Saint Athanasius the Great: “The ancient parish of Serrain possessed, before the Revolution, the head of Saint Athanasius the Great. This is what a respectable tradition recorded in our liturgical books teaches us.” (*Breviary of Tours of 1685.*) “But whence came this precious relic? We have no written document which can enlighten us on its provenance. If ever some written titles existed, it must be believed that in the midst of all the vicissitudes of time, in the wars of religion, during the Revolution, these titles disappeared, like so many others. We are therefore obliged to have recourse to tradition.

“At all times it has been believed and said that the head of Saint Athanasius the Great had been brought from the crusades by a count of Semblançay. It is certain, in effect, that several of these lords visited the Holy Land.

“We cite these facts solely to show that the popular tradition is not devoid of foundation. Assuredly we could not establish, on these simple conjectures, the origin of the relic of Serrain. For the moment, it suffices us to mention the tradition and to attest that its likelihood is historically proved.

“If we lack positive and certain documents on the epoch of the translation to Serrain of the relic of Saint Athanasius, we are not in the same uncertainty as to what touches the legitimacy and the nature of the worship which was rendered to it.

“In effect, in 1676, on 18 April, Mgr Amelot de Gournay, then archbishop of Tours, addressed to all the faithful of his diocese a mandate which teaches us that this worship was not new, since the prelate deplores with bitterness that, in spite of so precious a relic, the church had been allowed to fall into ruin. Moreover, it authorises us to suppose that Mgr Amelot had positive and certain documents, to recognise and affirm the authenticity of this relic. Mention is made there of plenary indulgences granted, *intuitu capitis sancti Athanasii magni, cujus caput illa (ecclesia) integrum possidet*. For the sovereign Pontiff alone can grant plenary indulgences, and it could not be admitted, without temerity, that he had granted them without sufficient proofs of the authenticity of the relic.

“It is to be remarked, in effect, that the archbishop does not say that these indulgences are granted because of the devotion of the inhabitants of Serrain to Saint Athanasius, but indeed in view of his head, which the church possesses entire. It remains only for us to ascertain the identity of the relic preserved under this name in the church of Semblançay.

“The relic which the church of Semblançay possesses today is certainly the same which was honoured at Serrain before the Revolution. At that epoch of sacrilegious profanations, the head of Saint Athanasius would doubtless have undergone the same fate as so many relics and precious objects which have disappeared, if the parish of Serrain had not counted in its bosom some men of faith. In effect, the relic of Saint Athanasius and the other relics were gathered by three municipal officers, enclosed, sealed and entrusted to one of them, as the following proces-verbal attests: ‘To-day, the sixth day of the first decade of the third month of the second year of the Republic, we, municipal officers, have wrapped and sealed the relics known in the country under the name of head of Saint Athanasius, the arm of Saint Stephen and three bones of Saint John and of Saint Margaret, and have made the present proces-verbal to ascertain the translation and the deposit which has been made at the house of Father Antoine Aubry, inhabitant of this commune.’ This proces-verbal is signed: Durand, mayor; Aubry and Pottier, clerk. The seal of red wax placed on this authentic document of a new kind is still seen very distinctly. Father Aubry kept this precious deposit carefully and with mystery. It was only in 1821, a little before his death, that he decided to hand it to M. Rutault, then parish priest of Semblançay, of which the hamlet of Serrain forms part. Perhaps the old man hoped to see one day the church of Serrain rise from its ruins, and this hope was probably the motive which engaged him to defer the handing over of this sacred deposit. However that may be, the relic was handed to the curé of Semblançay only at that epoch. On 11 January 1821, M. Rutault opened the reliquary in presence of Antoine Aubry, and of Pierre Hutour the elder, churchwarden. He found the proces-verbal cited above, the seals intact, such as they had been affixed at the deposit with Antoine Aubry. The curé made a report to Mgr the archbishop. Mgr du Chilleau delegated M. Desnoux, curé of Luynes, to ascertain officially the identity of the relic. It was ascertained in a proces-verbal which was deposited at the secretariat of the archbishopric. Mgr du Chilleau authorised the curé of Semblançay to expose this notable relic to the veneration of the faithful, and to celebrate, each year, the feast of Saint Athanasius, with the solemn major rite. The head of the holy doctor was then placed in a reliquary, on which the delegated commissioner affixed his seals. A proces-verbal of the translation was drawn up, which took place on 7 May 1822. Eight priests, present at the ceremony, signed it. A few years later, on 17 May 1829, a new ceremony took place to substitute for the old reliquary another more suitable. The proces-verbal of this second translation was drawn up by M. Naveau, curé-dean of Neuillé-Pont-Pierre, who presided over it, and five priests present affixed their signature to it.

“The other relics recorded in the proces-verbal of the municipal officers have always been placed with the head of Saint Athanasius.”

Here is the list of the writings of Saint Athanasius:

1° The *Discourse against the Pagans*, written about the year 318. It is the first work of Saint Athanasius. One remarks in it a great knowledge of profane literature. The holy Doctor shows there the origin, the progress and the extravagance of idolatry; he then uses two ways to lead men to the knowledge of the true God: the one is the nature of our soul, and the other the existence of visible things.

2° The *Discourse on the Incarnation*, written about the same time, is only a sequel to the preceding. Saint Athanasius proves in it: 1° that the world must have been created; 2° that it is only the Son of God who, by his incarnation, could deliver man from the death of which sin had rendered him worthy.

3° The *Exposition of the Faith*. It is an explanation of the mysteries of the Trinity and of the Incarnation against the Arians.

4° The treatise on these words: *All things have been given to me by my Father*. The aim of the holy Doctor is to combat the false interpretations which the Arians gave to these same words.

5° The *Letter to the orthodox bishops*, against the intrusion of Gregory into the see of Alexandria, in 341.

6° The *Apology against the Arians*, composed after the second exile of the Saint, in 351. It is a collection of authentic pieces which annihilated all the accusations of the Arians and convicted them of calumny.

7° The *Treatise on the Decrees of Nicaea* against the Eusebians. One finds in it the history of what passed at the council of Nicaea against the partisans of Arius.

8° The *Apology for the doctrine of Saint Dionysius of Alexandria*, from whom the Arians cited testimonies to authorise their errors.

9° The *Letter to Dracontius*. This Dracontius was abbot of a monastery. Having been elected bishop of Hermopolis, he took flight and hid himself. Saint Athanasius wrote to him, about the year 355, the letter in question, to engage him to return.

10° The *Circular Letter to the bishops of Egypt and of Libya*, in which the evil designs of the Arians are manifested. It was written in 357, when George of Cappadocia was on the point of usurping the see of Alexandria.

11° The *Apology addressed to the emperor Constantius* in 355. It is one of the most finished and most eloquent of all the works of Saint Athanasius. He composed it when he was in the desert. He gave also, the following year, another writing under the title of *Apology for his flight*, to justify his retreat. This piece is hardly less estimable than the preceding.

12° The *Letter to Serapion touching the death of Arius*. One finds in it important things on the history of Arianism. It appears that it was written in 358. The Serapion to whom it was addressed is, it is believed, the celebrated bishop of Thmuis.

13° The *Letter to the solitaries*, written about the same time. There the persecutions of Saint Athanasius are spoken of. Arianism is also refuted in it.

14° The four *Discourses against the Arians*, written still about the same time, when the holy Doctor was hidden among the anchorites. Photius admires, in these discourses, a force and a solidity of reasoning which crush the Arians. It is there, he says, that Saint Gregory of Nazianzus and Saint Basil the Great drew that manly and rapid eloquence with which they so gloriously defended the Catholic faith. Saint Athanasius makes there an admirable use of dialectic to press his adversaries; but he insists principally on the authority of Scripture, from which he draws his most redoubtable arms.

15° The four *Letters to Serapion of Thmuis*, written about the year 360. The divinity of the Holy Spirit is proved in them.

16° The *Treatise on the Synods*, written the preceding year. It contains the history of what passed in the councils of Seleucia and of Rimini.

17° The *Tome*, or *Letter to the Church of Antioch*, in 362. The holy Doctor exhorts there all the Catholics to union, and to receive all converted Arians, provided that they declare that they profess the faith of Nicaea and the divinity of the Holy Spirit. The name of tome which this letter bears was commonly given to synodal letters in the fourth and fifth centuries.

18° The *Letter to the emperor Jovinian*, in 363. We have spoken of it in the life of the Saint.

19° The *Life of Saint Anthony* was written in 365.

20° The two *Letters to Orsisius*, abbot of Tabennisi.

21° The *Book on the Incarnation of the Word, and against the Arians*. It is divided into three parts. The first contains the refutation of what the Anomoeans objected against the divinity of Jesus Christ. The divinity of the Holy Spirit is established in the second. Saint Athanasius employs the third to prove, by Scripture, the consubstantiality of the Word.

22° The *Letter to the bishops of Africa*, about the year 369. We have spoken of it in the life of the Saint.

23° The *Letters to Epictetus, to Adelphius and to Maximus*, against the heretics who attacked the consubstantiality of the Word and the divinity of the Holy Spirit.

24° The two *Books against Apollinaris*, about the year 372.

25° The *Book of the Trinity and of the Holy Spirit*, of which we have no more than a Latin translation.

26° Besides the letters of Saint Athanasius of which we have spoken, he wrote also several others on divers subjects.

27° An unfinished *Commentary on the Psalms*, which shows that the holy Doctor had much talent for this kind of writing. We have also fragments of a *Commentary on Saint Matthew*, which bears the name of Saint Athanasius. Dom de Montfaucon, *in Collect. Patr.*, maintains that they are truly of this Father. Tournély and other learned men put them in the number of the doubtful works of Saint Athanasius.

28° In the same class are put the books on the *Incarnation of the Word of God*, on the *consubstantiality of the three divine Persons*, on *Virginity*, the *Synopsis of Scripture*, etc. These different works are very well written; the *Book on Virginity* is especially esteemed. The *History of that crucifix of Berytus*, from which blood came out when the Jews had pierced it in derision of the Saviour, is unworthy of Saint Athanasius.

29° The creed which bears the name of the holy Doctor is attributed to him only because it contains an explanation of the mystery of the Trinity, on which Saint Athanasius wrote so well and for the defence of which he showed so much zeal. It was drawn up in Latin in the fifth century. Waterland has published a good dissertation on this creed. He has gathered all that had been said of most interesting on the same subject by several able critics.

30° A Syriac version of the *Pastoral Letters* of Saint Athanasius has been found, a short treatise on the *Azymes* [unleavened bread] and a treatise on the *Titles of the Psalms*.

Photius observes, cod. 140, that the style of Saint Athanasius is clear, nervous, full of sense and of vivacity, without anything superfluous. This Father appears worthy to be placed, for merit of eloquence, immediately after Saint Basil, Saint Gregory of Nazianzus and Saint Chrysostom. Erasmus was a great admirer of the style of Saint Athanasius, and he preferred it to that of all the other Fathers. “It is everywhere,” he says, “easy, elegant, ornate, flowery, and admirably adapted to the different subjects which the holy Doctor treats; and if sometimes it has not all the polish that might be desired, it must be laid to the embarrassments of affairs and the persecutions which did not permit Saint Athanasius to put the last hand to all his works.” An

ancient monk, named Cosmas, was accustomed to say, touching the writings of our Saint: “When you find anything of Saint Athanasius, if you have no paper, write it on your clothes.” *Prat. Spirit.*, c. 40.

The best edition of the works of Saint Athanasius is that of the learned Father de Montfaucon, which appeared at Paris in 1698. It is dedicated to Pope Innocent XII, and in three volumes in folio, which make nevertheless only two tomes. The second tome of the *Collection of the Fathers*, which Father de Montfaucon gave at Paris in 1706, is like a supplement to his edition of the works of Saint Athanasius.

The edition given by Father de Montfaucon was reprinted at Padua in 1777, 4 vols. in folio, and although there have been inserted in it the pieces contained in the second tome of the *New Collection of the Fathers*, the Paris one is preferred to it, on account of the beauty of the execution. M. Migne has published a new edition of the works of Saint Athanasius in the *Patrologia Graeca*; it is the most complete. It reproduces, with numerous additions, that of Padua of 1777, but in a more rational order. The first and second volumes (vols. xxv and xxvi of the *Patrologia Graeca*) contain, with the prolegomena, the historical and dogmatic works; the third (vol. xxvii) contains the exegetical, and the fourth (vol. xxviii), the doubtful and supposititious works. Arnauld d’Andilly has given, in French, the life of Saint Anthony. One will find in the *Masterpieces of the Fathers* (vol. iii), with the Latin version opposite, the French translation of the *Apology to Constantius*, the two Books against Apollinaris, etc. See: 1° the general and particular councils held from the year 313 to the year 373, in the *Conciles gén. et part.* of Mgr Guérin, 4 vols. in-8°, Bar-le-Duc, 1869–71; 2° the panegyric of Saint Athanasius by Saint Gregory of Nazianzus; 3° the *History of the Church*; 4° Godescard, from whom we have borrowed the redaction of some biographical details, leaving aside an endless series of secondary discussions which belong to general history, and not to the life of Saint Athanasius; 4° a collection entitled: *The Illustrious Christians of the First Four Centuries of the Church*, by M. Marty, Paris, Albanel, 1868, in-12: this excellent book, full of warmth and conviction, is a Christian *De viris* written in very good French; 5° *AA. SS.*, vol. i of May; Dom Ceillier; 6° Pastoral mandate of Mgr the archbishop of Tours, dated 13 December 1867. This last document was communicated to us by M. the abbé Rolland, curé of the Brothers’ pensionnat at Tours.

Saint Germain of Scotland, Bishop and Martyr

Toward the end of the 5th century.

“Hear us, Lord; be our salvation, since you are our only hope upon the earth and upon the waves.”

Aspiration taken from Ps. lxiv, 6, familiar to Saint Germain.

Among the agreeable fruits which Saint Germain, bishop of Auxerre, gathered in the island of Great Britain, when he was sent there as apostolic legate to exterminate the heresy of Pelagius, one may count with justice another Saint Germain, whose finest actions I am going to relate. This holy prelate, being in that island, made the acquaintance of a Scottish lord, called Audin, who had passed over there with Aquila, his wife. They had a son perfectly beautiful, who charmed all the persons who saw him. Saint Germain was so touched with compassion at seeing them buried in the darkness of idolatry that he asked Our Lord for their conversion as the reward of his labours. His prayer had its effect; for this lord, penetrated by the lights of the Gospel which this holy bishop preached, became a Christian with his wife, his son and all his family. As Saint Germain had a particular tenderness for their son, he wished, at his baptism, to serve him himself as godfather and to give him his name. It was by a providence of heaven that this young neophyte was in effect, by his zeal and his courage, another Saint Germain.

After his baptism, his parents had him brought up with so much care in piety and in the sciences that he was like the prodigy of his century. No one, of whatever condition and quality he might be, approached him without being perfectly satisfied: his words bore a certain unction which ravished everyone; nevertheless, the poor and the unfortunate were the best received there; he could not see them without discovering, under their

miseries, the majesty of his Redeemer, who has hidden Himself in their persons. When he saw himself of an age to make the choice of a manner of life, he renounced generously all the advantages which the right of his birth could make him hope for in the world, to put himself in Holy Orders.

Being a priest, he wished to make a journey into France, to see there his father in the faith, Saint Germain, bishop of Auxerre; wherefore he resolved, like Abraham, to quit his country, his relatives and all his goods, to give himself entirely to the apostolic life and to carry everywhere the glory and the name of Jesus Christ. But, being arrived on the shore of the Channel, where the Ocean separates England from France, he found there no vessel to cross this arm of the sea: not being able to hope for one soon, he addressed himself to the sovereign Master of the waters, and begged Him to give him the wherewithal to make this passage, if the design he had formed came from the Holy Spirit. Astonishing thing! his prayer was no sooner ended than he saw appear on the waters a chariot which came to him, lifted him from the earth and transported him in a moment from the coast of England to that of France, in the environs of Flammenville, near Dieppe. The inhabitants of this region, who still lived in the darkness of paganism, seeing him arrive on this new bark, took him, some for Neptune, god of the waters, others for a magician who made this phantom appear before their eyes. But they changed their sentiment greatly at the tragic death of the judge of the place, who expired in horrible pains for having blasphemed against the doctrine of Saint Germain. His holiness was further recognised by another miracle. A serpent, of prodigious size, ravaged all the country and had lately strangled a child. The Saint first raised this innocent to life; then, having himself conducted to the entrance of the cavern whither this monster retired, he threw his stole on its neck, and, in this state, led it very peaceably to a very deep cistern, cast it in and had the hole afterwards filled up: which so astonished these idolaters that five hundred were converted. History does not say whether our Saint met Saint Germain of Auxerre; but it says that he passed on to Trier, where he found the bishop Saint

Severus, who had accompanied him in his second voyage overseas, and who had also known in his youth the one of whom we speak. This prelate, seeing the talents which God had given him, conferred on him, by virtue of special powers, the episcopal character, but without assigning him a see, that he might give a wider scope to his zeal. Being authorised by this new dignity, he went to preach the Gospel in Friesland, and generally in all the provinces of Lower Germany, confirming his doctrine by many miracles. He was so affable in his conversation, and so charitable in succouring the sick, that the idolaters themselves cherished him and ran after him as after a sovereign physician. Behold, in substance, all that we have been able to gather of the fruits of the preaching of Saint Germain in the Germanies. He went afterwards to Rome to visit the tombs of the blessed apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul; and, praying one night in the church of Saint Peter, he himself received the visit of that Apostle, who, approving his labours for the preaching of the Gospel, exhorted him to continue, with express promise that, for his reward, he should at last receive the crown of martyrdom. Saint Germain, delighted with these good tidings, and strengthened by this voice from heaven, had no more rest in his heart until he had found the occasion of receiving this palm which was made him to hope for. He passed first from Italy into Spain, to see whether, among the idolaters who were still there, or among the Arians who persecuted the Catholics, he would not find wherewith to satisfy his desires. He preached the Gospel everywhere there, baptised several persons, overthrew the temples, caused new churches to be built to the true God; in short, he did there so many miracles that the city of Tolosa has long preserved the memory of it.

But this zealous preacher, seeing that, instead of the persecution which he sought in foreign countries, he found honour and applause, thought that he would be happier in his own country. Wherefore he passed into Scotland, and set himself to preach there without making himself known, in order that his parents and friends might not hinder him from being persecuted. But how could he hide him whom heaven wished to make known to all the world? Divine love so inflamed his heart that it made the brightness of its holy flames shine forth even on his face, so that the very priests of the idols bore him respect. Meanwhile, as he desired nothing

more than the dissolution of his body to live with Jesus Christ, he passed a second time into France, to seek there the accomplishment of the promises of heaven. When he was at sea, the devil, who had not been able to harm him on land, tried to destroy him in the waters: while the Saint slept on the deck, he mounted on the poop, and so weighed down the vessel that the sailors expected nothing more than to be shipwrecked. But the Saint, awaking, soon perceived the author of this disorder, and, making the sign of the cross, sent him himself back into the abysses of hell.

This tempest being thus appeased, the vessel arrived happily at the port of La Hougue, between Barfleur and Carentan, in the Cotentin, a part of Lower Normandy. God made his entry famous; for the daughter of the governor of Montebourg, paralytic and blind from birth, having learned, by revelation, the coming of Saint Germain, had no rest until she had been carried before him; she asked him for baptism and he administered it to her, named her Petronilla, in honour of Saint Peter, and, at the same time, gave her sight and the perfect use of her limbs. A miracle so striking, in a person so considerable in the country, was the cause of the general conversion of the whole province. He advanced then toward the town of Bayeux: and, as he drew near, he had the governor begged to send him some refreshments for his people, who had extreme need of them; but this uncivil man, having refused him this favour, soon received the punishment of his avarice: at the same instant, all his casks were found exhausted to the last drop. The contrary happened to an honourable inhabitant of the town, called Gantius: having done this charity to the servant of God, he received, for his reward, an abundant blessing on all his family. Saint Germain, entering Bayeux, prayed for the deliverance of certain prisoners; but, having met with a refusal, he went out of it at once, and, in a holy anger, striking his foot against the walls of the rampart, he made a notable part of it fall into the ditch: his history says that it is still remembered in the country. Nevertheless, wishing to show this people that his anger was of the nature of those of doves, which have no gall, he raised a dead man whom they were carrying to burial, and whom he met at the gates of the town: this obliged the magistrate to give him the prisoners he had asked for, who were found to be twenty-four in number.

Saint Germain, on leaving Bayeux, preached everywhere the name of Jesus Christ, along the coast as far as Mortemer, a village in the country of Caux, on the river Eaulne. Near Dieppe, he had a revelation that the next day would be the last day of his life, and that he should there receive the crown of martyrdom which he had sought with so much eagerness. He made known these agreeable tidings to his dear companions, whom he woke up on purpose; and, having set out on the way at break of day, he passed near the commune of Les Essarts, and there had his mount refreshed (it was an ass that Gantius had given him for his apostolic journeys). He then baptised neophytes in a pond which bears still today (1871) the name of Mare-Saint-Germain, and resumed his road. He found himself toward evening on the slope of a mountain, called the Vieux-Bouen, between Aumale and Senarpont; there dwelt a tyrant, named Hubault, a great favourer of idols. This barbarian, knowing the arrival of the servant of God, by the noise which his renown made on every side, came before him, armed with rage and fury, and, having found him near a little chapel of Our Lady, on the bank of the Bresle, otherwise called the river of Eu, which separates Normandy from Picardy, discharged a blow of a scimitar on his neck with such violence that he cut off his head. His soul, leaving his body, appeared visibly to fly away to heaven, under the form of a dove whiter than snow. This was the second day of May. The authors do not agree about the year; nevertheless, since he was baptised by Saint Germain of Auxerre, who died about the fifth century, one may conclude that he suffered martyrdom about the year 480.

His body remained in the open country, without anyone daring to give it burial, because the tyrant, extremely dreaded in the country, had forbidden it; but, the next day, a young girl going to make her prayer in this chapel of Our Lady, heard distinctly the voice of the Saint, who commanded her to warn the lord of Senarpont to have the last duties rendered to him, as to one from whom he had received several favours while he was alive.

Senard, warned at once by the young girl, hastened to run with clerics of all the Orders to proceed to the funeral. He no longer found the body in the very place where it had been martyred, but a little farther on, where it had been carried by angels. Senard wrapped it in aromatic spices and buried it in a fine sarcophagus at the spot where he had found it.[1] Later he erected a church on this tomb where divers miracles were accomplished: this was the origin of the village of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle.

Relics and Cult of Saint Germain

The body of Saint Germain remained until the ninth century in its tomb at Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle, under the guard of the Benedictines who had established a priory there. The ravages of the Danes determined them to put this precious treasure in a place of safety. In 850,[2] two religious, charged with these relics, directed themselves toward the Vermandois and arrived on the evening of 13 November at Ribemont,[3] where they saw open suddenly before them the doors of the chapel of Saint Anne, situated in the suburb of Suzencourt, and which was later to take the title of our Saint. They passed the night there; the next day, making vain efforts to lift the body of the Saint, they understood that it was fixed for ever in this asylum by the will of God.[4] A short time after, a count of Ribemont had a collegiate church built in his fortified castle, in honour of the Saint, whose relics were soon transferred thither. In 1650, at the moment of the siege of this town by the army of Turenne, the silver shrine was broken by marauding soldiers who, struck with a sudden fright, dared carry off nothing. A churchwarden transported the relics to La Fère, whence they were, some years later, brought back to Ribemont.[5]

It was in 1659 that Jean Cauchie,[6] curé of Saint-Germain of Amiens, who had managed to learn where the relics of the Patron of his church were preserved, obtained from the curé of Ribemont the gift of some of the relics which were then on deposit at La Fère.[7] These precious remains, which are still today at Saint-Germain of Amiens, were verified by the bishop François Faure, on 3 April 1660.

Besides the important relics of the holy Martyr which are venerated today at Ribemont and at Saint-Germain of Amiens, some fragments are preserved at Senarpont, and, in two reliquaries, at Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle.

The worship of Saint Germain is celebrated today only at Amiens, at Ribemont (Aisne), at Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle, at Senarpont and in the few churches of Normandy and Picardy which are consecrated to him.

The chapel which Senard had built on the tomb of Saint Germain became in the Middle Ages a pilgrimage much frequented by the dwellers on the Bresle. This sanctuary was served by Benedictine religious of the abbey of Saint-Fuscien-au-Bois, soon after the foundation of that monastery. When Enguerrand de Boves, count of Amiens, raised the abbey of Saint-Fuscien from its ruins, he united to it the priory of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle.

In memory of Senard, who rendered to Germain the duties of burial, the clergy of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle goes in procession, with the relics of the Patron, on the Sunday which follows 2 May, to meet the inhabitants of Senarpont, whom it brings back into its church. It is for the same reason that the officiant, at the moment of the offertory, pronounces these words: “If there is here any inhabitant of Senarpont, whatever be his age, his sex and his condition, let him approach first, even if the lord of the place were present.”

At Ribemont, where Saint Germain is invoked against fever, a solemn procession is held every year on the Sunday which follows the feast of the holy Martyr.

Guy, count of Amiens, and his wife Matilda had the more veneration for the worship of Saint Germain because they possessed in domain the land where the Scottish missionary had shed his blood. They wished to propagate their devotion to the Saint in the town of Amiens and erected to him a church not far from the site of the ancient castle. It was at first only a simple chapel. He is the titular Patron of the churches of Saint-Germain of Amiens, of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle, of Argoules (Somme), of a chapel of Ribemont

(Aisne), of Flamanville and of Carteret (diocese of Coutances) and of Mesnil-David (canton of Aumale).

The Breviaries of Amiens, of 1746 and of 1840, make a simple commemoration of Saint Germain, which has been suppressed in the present Proper.

At Ribemont, one celebrates not only the glorious death of the Martyr, but also the translation of his relics to that locality, on 13 November.

Near the cape of La Hougue are found the point and the cove of Saint-Germain. It is probable that it was there that the holy Bishop landed for the second time in the Gauls.

Three streets of Amiens and one of its blocks are known to bear the name of Saint-Germain. The ancient coffin of Saint Germain still subsists under the altar of the church of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle. The lid, ridge-shaped, is pierced laterally with two circular holes, through which the pilgrims pass their arms and take earth which they apply to the bodies of the sick afflicted with fever. Above, a large stone, raised on six pillars, offers the effigy of the holy Pontiff: it is a work of the thirteenth century. Germain is lying on his back, clothed in his episcopal insignia, trampling a dragon under his feet. This tomb, classed among the historic monuments, has been lithographed in the *Voyage pittoresque* of Baron Taylor. This tomb, according to the inspection of the learned abbé Cochet, inspector of the historic monuments of the department of Seine-

Inférieure, would deserve, in view of the excellence of its sculpture, to be enclosed under glass; to preserve it from all mutilation in future, the course has been taken to isolate it from the altar and to shelter it under a vaulted and closed chapel, forming a crypt or confession. The happy idea was had of placing on the top of this crypt a rich stone altar, made at the expense of the fabrique. The retable and the tabernacle, in the form of a fortress, recall the castle of Hubault. This lair of brigandage and tyranny is supposed to have been conquered by civilising Christianity, which has raised on its keep the throne of the true God. The exposition, below the tabernacle, has been cut in a single piece of stone, with its columns and its vault. Saint Germain is ordinarily represented clothed in the episcopal insignia, holding on a leash, with his stole, the hydra with seven heads.

His statue is found at the portal of Saint-Vulfran of Abbeville and of Saint-Germain of Amiens; in the interior of the churches of Saint-Germain of Amiens (work of M. Duthoit) and of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle (fifteenth century).

A stained-glass window of Saint-Germain of Amiens figured the legend of the Patron. Simon Martin wrote in 1649 (*Nouvelles vies des Saints*) that it was valued at a thousand écus. There remains of it only one panel, which is preserved in the museum, and which represents the holy Apostle taming the chimera with seven heads. — Another window, representing the same personage, is seen in a chapel of the convent of Saint-Germain.

See the *Hagiographie d'Amiens*, by M. Corblet.

Saint Walbert, Third Abbot of Luxeuil

— Pope: Vitalian. — King of the Austrasian Franks: Childeric II.

"God wills that by your life you shut the mouth of the ignorant and the foolish." 1 Pet. ii, 15.

Saint Walbert succeeded Saint Eustasius, who himself had succeeded Saint Columban, the founder of the celebrated house of Luxeuil: he had been his companion and his pupil. Born of Sicambrian race, of a noble and very rich family, he had made himself remarked by his good conduct in war before enrolling in the militia of the Irish missionary. But the attraction of the cloister prevailed over the warlike passion of the Frank. When his resolve was taken, he came to Luxeuil, and brought there not only the donation of all his vast domains, but also the military dress, of which he would divest himself only in the monastery itself. He

offered at the same time the arms which had won him so fine a renown and which he hung from the vault of the church, where they were preserved in the course of the centuries, as a monument of the noblest victory that it is given to man to win here below. He had obtained the liberty of living alone in the hollow of a rock, near a spring of living water, in the midst of the woods, three miles from the abbey. It was there that, at the death of Eustasius, first successor of Columban, and on the refusal of Gall, the monks of Luxeuil went to seek Walbert to make him their third abbot. He governed them forty years with lustre and success. His name has remained, in the surrounding countries, the most popular of all those that have honoured the great Sequanian abbey. He maintained there the discipline and the zeal for strong studies, while increasing the domains of the community, by his own donations first, then by those which the good renown of the house drew from all sides.

To the temporal independence thus secured there came to be joined a sort of spiritual independence, eagerly sought by then by all the great monasteries, and which they hastened to solicit either of the Popes or of provincial councils. It was a question of putting them under shelter, by a solemn privilege, from the abuses of authority and the vexations which the diocesan bishop, by favour of his spiritual jurisdiction, could make them undergo, whether by going to lodge with them in spite of them, with a numerous retinue, or by making them pay very dear for the holy Chrism and for the ordination of their brethren, or above all by hampering the liberty of their interior elections. Lérins had obtained this privilege from the council of Arles, in 451, and Agaune from the council of Chalon, in 579. Luxeuil could not fail to assert the same rights and the same needs.

Under the abbacy of Walbert, and on the prayer made in the name of the minor king Clovis II, Pope John IV granted the privilege of exemption from the episcopal authority “to the monastery of Saint Peter, founded,” says the pontifical diploma, “by the venerable Columban, a Scot, come as a stranger, but all fervent with zeal and holiness, into the kingdom of the Franks… If, which God forbid, the monks of the said monastery grow lukewarm in the love of God and the observance of the institutes of their Fathers, let them be corrected by the abbot, that is to say by the Father of the monastery; and if it is he himself who falls into torpor and contempt of the paternal rule, the Holy See will provide for it.”

Six hundred monks formed, under the crosier of Walbert, the permanent garrison of this monastic citadel, whence missionaries went out daily, singly or united in bands, to go and found afar new religious colonies. There came a moment when the multitude of the religious who crowded to enter it seemed to embarrass the abbot Walbert, and when he sought the means of placing them elsewhere and afar. For under him, even more than under his predecessors, the fecundity of Luxeuil became prodigious. “It is above all in his epoch that there was seen,” says a contemporary, “to swarm throughout the Gauls, in the castles and in the towns, in the midst of the countrysides as in the deserts, armies of monks and swarms of religious women who carried everywhere the glory and the laws of Benedict and of Columban.”

It would be a hard task to wish to retrace the faithful picture of this monastic colonisation of Frankish Gaul, of which Luxeuil was the hearth during the whole seventh century.

The administration of Walbert was not less wise within than fruitful without. He counselled study to his religious as the most powerful means of forgetting the world. At Luxeuil, therefore, the work of the intelligence went on abreast with the work of the hands: the religious read there the Greek and Latin Fathers. Care had been taken to provide them a vast library, and, to increase it, these good brothers, encouraged by Saint Walbert, copied assiduously. “The function of copyist,” says Cassiodorus, “gives the secret of preaching with the hand, of speaking with the fingers, of announcing salvation to men while keeping silence; and it is very true that Satan is pierced with as many blows as a copyist transcribes words of the Lord.” We shall not speak here of the school of laymen, which was held outside the monastery without bringing the least disturbance to it; if Saint Walbert was not its founder, it is certain at least that he contributed to its development, either by drawing to it by his merit and his reputation a greater number of pupils, or by

multiplying the objects of teaching: there were learned there the different senses of the Bible, with other branches of ecclesiastical science, chant, music and all that is comprised under the name of liberal arts and humanities.

It is not possible to consider the work of Saint Walbert without recognising in him the man of God, the arm of Providence, the prodigy of his century. So, during the forty years that he governed the monastery of Luxeuil, we see this house surrounded with a universal consideration. In the midst of all the solicitudes within and without, Walbert still knew how to find time for his friends.

The bonds of a pious friendship united him in particular with Saint Miget, bishop of Besançon, and this union was so sweet to both that they wished to prolong it beyond the tomb. With this aim, they agreed between them that the one who should survive would render to his friend the last duties, and it is permitted to think that these terms indicated not only the laying of the dead at the place of his burial, but also that mourning which the Holy Spirit recommends to be made in the bitterness of one's soul, and principally the prayers and sacrifices, which console the deceased on the day of his departure.[1] It was Saint Miget who remained charged with this care, at once so sweet and so full of bitterness. Walbert was nearing the fortieth year of his government: this year was for him the last; sustained by the presence of the bishop, and still more by the remembrance of his own works, he gently rendered the last breath, on the sixth day of May 665. At the news of his death, the surrounding populations ran up from all sides. They came to mingle their tears with those of all the religious of the monastery, and to breathe still, on the tomb of the Saint, the good odour of the virtues of which he had been the model. This tomb, magnificently wrought at the expense of Saint Miget, was deposited in the church of Saint Martin. It was a pledge of love and of protection. In effect, several authors have remarked that, during the number of years that his body rested in this place, the enemies of the faith were powerless to penetrate into the town, and that after the transport of this precious deposit, there was witnessed the scene of desolation caused by the Saracens, under the government of the abbot Mellinus.

Whatever may be of this conjecture, it is certain that numerous miracles were worked afterwards, by the virtue of the relics of Saint Walbert. Adso, who relates them, tells us in general that sight was restored to the blind, the foot to the lame, health to the sick, vigour to the infirm, consolation to afflicted hearts. He then points out several prodigies in particular. Thus, at the invasion of the Normans, in 888, the shrine of the holy Abbot, which already was no longer in the church of Luxeuil, was transported to the village of Herly, of which the Barbarians had taken possession: at once these same Barbarians, drawn away as by a secret force, abandon the country, and a young libertine, who took it into his head to insult the monks, is suddenly struck with idiocy. In another borough, which might well be the town of Provins, there was a rather considerable personage who claimed possession of it to the prejudice of the monastery: the holy relics were likewise transferred thither, and, some days after, this rash man expiated his fault by a mortal fall. In Alsace, where the religious passed laden with their treasure, the cure of two blind men and of two men crippled in all their limbs brought to the confines of the county of Montbéliard an innumerable crowd of curious people, if not of devout people with regard to our Saint. Among the Varasques, two new cures, still more striking, finished attaching to the yoke of the faith those populations newly converted by Saint Eustasius. There was not even any of the objects which Saint Walbert had used to which God did not will to attach a supernatural virtue: and we have acquired the certain proof of it in times nearer to us. A vessel which belonged to him, and which has been transmitted to us by a constant tradition, has been, on several occasions, the means which God has used to reward the piety of the faithful: "This vessel, of simple root," says an historian of the last century,[2] "has been the instrument of an infinity of cures: the feverish still hasten to drink from it, and to imitate in this respect pious antiquity, and, like it, they experience in it the power of the holy abbot of Luxeuil: I have seen effects of it which border on the prodigy; I owe here a solemn testimony of it." It is thus that the friends of God are honoured and glorified. While the bones of the impious man, filled with the vices of his youth, sleep in the tomb, the remains of those who have lived holily thrill, and their lifeless body prophesies still.[3]

The name of Saint Walbert has always been in veneration in Burgundy, in Switzerland, and above all in the diocese of Besançon. None of the Saints who have honoured the monastery of Luxeuil has obtained in Franche-Comté a worship so popular. A great number of parishes invoke him still today as patron, and, for a long time, the populations ran to the church of the abbey to prostrate themselves before his shrine and invoke, near his tomb, him whom they had admired during his life. In the tenth century, a learned monk of Luxeuil, Adso, wrote the account of the numerous miracles which were worked by the intercession of the holy abbot.

In the twelfth century, we see a monastery placed under the title of our Saint. It is the priory of Saint-Walbert-lez-Héricourt, which depended on the abbey of Luxeuil. But a place still more filled with his memory is the hermitage of Saint Walbert, situated a league from Luxeuil, in a valley which a belt of woods and rocks surrounds. It is there that one still sees the grotto, sunk in the ground, where the illustrious solitary lived long alone with God, after having renounced the world and its illusions. There, everything speaks of him: his name inscribed on the walls, the statue where he is represented in the attitude of prayer, and that solitude where, delivered from the tumult of the world, he walked in thought in the midst of the splendours of paradise, enjoying thus in the desert the society of the angels.[4]

In 1570, a chapel in honour of Saint Walbert was raised and consecrated in these places by the care of William, sacristan of the abbey. This oratory, which belongs today to the seminary of Luxeuil, was restored in 1846. A few years ago, a popular feast, which was celebrated on the day after Easter, still drew to the hermitage of Saint Walbert the neighbouring populations. The relics of our Saint were often transported to Alsace, to Champagne, and even into Picardy, to the lands which he had given to his monastery. But they were always brought back to Luxeuil, where they were preserved in a shrine of silver-gilt, with the exception of his head, enclosed in a silver bust. One of his bones is still today deposited in a suitable shrine, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the chapel of the seminary of Luxeuil. His Eminence Cardinal Mathieu, archbishop of Besançon, ascertained its authenticity on 17 February 1852. The seminary of Luxeuil possesses also the bowl which this Saint used in the monastery. It is in this vessel that the sick drank who hoped to obtain their cure through the intercession of the holy abbot. The name of Saint Walbert is inscribed on 2 May in several martyrologies, and in some calendars drawn up as early as the end of the eighth century, in the time of Charlemagne. Trithemius, Bucelin, H. Ménard, du Saussay, Molanus and Châtelain make mention of him likewise. — Cf. Baillet, 2 May; *Moines d'Occident*, vol. ii; *Saints de Franche-Comté*, vol. ii.

Saint Guiborat or Viborada, Virgin, Recluse and Martyr in Switzerland, and her Companion Saint Rachildis

— Pope: John X. — Emperor of Germany: Henry the Fowler.

"Always ask counsel of the wise." Tob. iv, 19.

Viborada, called among us Guiborat,[1] and among the Germans Weib-Ralk, was born of a noble and ancient family in Swabia, in Upper Germany. She was brought up from her tenderest infancy in the sentiments and exercises of

Christian piety: and the desire she had to consecrate herself solely to God, growing ever stronger with her age and her reason, made her prefer inviolably the preservation of the purity of her body and spirit to that even of her health and her life. From the time she left the cradle she had appeared prevented by a particular grace, which had set her above childish weaknesses and affections, which had led her to wean herself voluntarily from all the pleasures and pastimes with which children are accustomed to be amused, and which had inspired her with an air of modesty and gravity, which caused to be remarked in all her conduct a wisdom that was hardly found in the persons most consummate in virtue and experience. She brought to her spiritual occupations so judicious a temper between action and contemplation that it seemed she had united

in herself alone all the merit of the two holy sisters Martha and Mary, who were found worthy to be the hostesses of Jesus Christ. She joined the work of her hands and the most painful practices of penance to the interior mortification of her heart and her passions. From the house of her father where she lived as regularly as in a monastery, she went every morning, most often barefoot, to the church, which was distant from it nearly half a league. On her return she shut herself in to apply herself alone in the presence of God to reading, to work and to prayer, fleeing not only the company of persons from outside, but even the too frequent conversations of her brothers, of her own sisters, and of all those of the house; which did not prevent her from being very exact in rendering to her parents all the submission and deference she owed them, in relieving them in their old age, and in serving them in their sicknesses with an assiduity and a zeal which they themselves could not sufficiently admire. So on their side they had for her all the indulgence she could wish for the repose of her retreat and the liberty of her exercises, since she had obtained of them that they would no longer subject her to the fashions of the age, and that they would no longer press her on marriage, which she had renounced for Jesus Christ.

The joy she had in seeing her brother Hitto enter the ecclesiastical state, and devoted for the rest of his days to the service of God, made her convert the work of her hands to his use, esteeming herself happy to be able to serve the ministers of the altar. She made for him herself his clothes, his linen, his furniture, which she sent him in the abbey of Saint Gall where he had retired to study Holy Scripture and theology. She worked at the same time for the religious of this celebrated monastery, and applied herself principally to making the covers of their books. As soon as her brother was a priest, she withdrew with him, not only to assist him in the cares of his temporal affairs, but also in the hope of finding with him greater facilities for serving God and her neighbour. She was not at all deceived in it, and continuing the exercises of charity which she had formerly performed at the house of her father and mother, she saw herself seconded by this worthy brother, who, not content with abandoning to her all his revenue and his house itself, to make of it a hospital, went further to seek out for her the sick whom he brought her sometimes on his mare, and sometimes on his own shoulders. They shared between them all the cares of it, and Guiborat always took charge of what was most humiliating and most painful. Her assiduity in treating the sick and in feeding the poor who came to her from all sides diminished nothing of her application to prayer, nor of the spirit of retreat which she always preserved in the midst of these apparent distractions. She learned the psalms under her brother, said the office with him, and served him even in choir and at the altar. She made with him the pilgrimage to Rome, to visit out of devotion the tomb of the holy Apostles, and the other places consecrated by the blood of the martyrs. Curiosity had no part in this great journey, which she herself had long before solicited of her brother: she joined to the fatigue of the roads abstinences and voluntary austerities, distributing to the poor what she retrenched from the expense: and all the time she spent in the city was employed in making prayers, and in shedding tears at the feet of the altars and on the tombs of the Saints whose intercession she claimed.

On the return from Rome she represented so vividly to her brother the difficulties there were in working well at his salvation in the world that she persuaded him to abandon it entirely, and to retire to the abbey of Saint Gall. After he had made profession of the religious life there, it seemed that she ought to follow his example, which she could not however do for more than six years. But she lived in the world as a stranger, who followed neither its laws nor its usages. She regarded herself there as in a place of exile, where she could taste no satisfaction but that which the hope of going out of it could procure her. She lived there as if she had always been ready to depart and to go and render account to God. She macerated her body there by vigils and fasts. She ate no meat and drank no wine, although they were always served on the table; which could only contribute to increase her mortification still more. She performed also many other secret austerities, of which she had for witnesses only two girls who served her, to whom she had taught discretion with piety, and who took care to distribute to the poor and the sick what was believed to be prepared for her. She had a very neat bed, and never lay except on the ground, covered with a simple hair-shirt, having only a stone for a pillow. Also she took very little rest there, interrupting her first sleep to rise again, while everyone slept, and to pass

the rest of the night in prayers. An action so holy did not fail to be decried by another of her servants who had not her confidence. God, wishing to prove the fidelity of Guiborat, and to purify her virtue more and more, permitted calumny to attack her by the most sensitive side, which was that of honour. This wretched servant went and published everywhere that her mistress rose every night, but that it was to do anything else rather than to pray to God; that after having lived long in an incestuous commerce with her own brother, she had abandoned herself to the most shameful crimes, which she covered with the veil of night, because the light of day could not suffer them. Those who knew the Saint had only indignation for calumnies so black: but there were only too many people among the others who, following the natural bent which one ordinarily has for slander, judged her capable of having fallen into these excesses, and thought they did her a favour in pitying in her human frailty. Guiborat, without letting herself be cast down under the darts of so cruel a defamation, put all her confidence in the divine protector of her innocence, who was also that of her virginity. She made no difficulty about going to present herself at the tribunal of the bishop of Constance, Solomon, to answer these accusations, and to justify her innocence before him by the perilous ordeals which were called the judgment of God, and which were then in great use. The bishop, who esteemed and honoured the virtue of Guiborat before, was confirmed the more in the high opinion he had of it, when he saw that God declared so visibly in her favour. He sought carefully the occasion of profiting often by her company. One day when he was going to the abbey of Saint Gall which was in his diocese, he proposed to her to make the journey with him, and she consented to it with joy. She found the solitude so much to her liking that, renouncing the place of her former dwelling, under pretext of wishing to yield to the malignity of the slanderers and calumniators, she stopped on a mountain neighbouring the abbey, had a cell built there near the church of Saint George, and remained there nearly forty years continuing her austerities. She passed the days and nights in this church praying, remaining there sometimes three days in succession without eating, and returned to her cell only to grant her body a little rest or nourishment, when she saw it reduced to the last extremities. The peoples around, considering that she had stripped herself of everything for Jesus Christ, and that she had impoverished herself to relieve the poor, brought her alms in rivalry to make her subsist: which put her again in a sort of abundance of which she nevertheless wished to profit only to succour those who were in need. The distribution of these charities, with which she was often occupied during the whole day, and the frequent visits of those who brought her wherewith to supply it or who came to consult her on the affairs of their salvation, made so great a diversion from the silence which she wished to keep in her retreat and from the contemplation in which she desired to be filled with God alone, that she resolved at last to embrace the Institute of the recluses who led the life of anchorites in a perpetual enclosure. The bishop of Constance blessed her a cell near the church of Saint Magnus, at some distance from Saint Gall, and performed the ceremony of enclosing her. The life which she led in this retreat during the space of thirty-four years had much less relation to that of men than to the state of those blessed spirits who subsist without body, and who are employed only in praising God, and in enjoying His presence. She was so hidden there that she would have remained entirely unknown to men, if her miracles and her predictions had not been an obstacle to it.

There was in the neighbourhood a girl of quality named Rachildis, subject to many bodily infirmities which had reduced her to an illness that was judged incurable. Her parents, after having employed human remedies uselessly, were preparing to have her transported to Rome to ask of God her cure through the intercession of the holy Apostles. Guiborat, having learned this resolution, and knowing what God wished to do with this girl, had her brought to her cell. After having embraced her, she adopted her as her spiritual daughter, and declared to her that to obey God she wished to take care of her soul and of her body for the rest of her days. Rachildis found herself much consoled in her misfortunes by the testimonies of so great a goodness; and God, in order not to favour her by halves, restored to her a perfect health, as much by the prayers as by the services of Guiborat. The parents of Rachildis, greatly rejoiced at a cure so little hoped for, consented at first that the Saint should keep their daughter near her. But war having broken out between Henry of Saxony, called the Fowler, newly elected king of Germany, and Burchard, duke of Allemannia, that is to say, of

Swabia, they apprehended seeing her exposed to the insults of the soldiers, or to the miseries of hunger, and wished to bring her back to their house. Guiborat opposed it, and having declared to them the will of God on their daughter, she sent them away in peace, and soon after she enclosed Rachildis, and made her a recluse like herself, notwithstanding the sicknesses which returned at intervals, and of which she was cured in the same way by the prayers and the care of her spiritual mother. Our Saint was often solicited to take still other disciples, whom her humility and her love of retreat made her refuse. She could not however dispense herself from receiving a young lady who believed herself a widow, and who sought to serve God under her direction. This was Wendiigarde, granddaughter of Henry, king of Germany, who had married the count Udalric, taken by the Hungarians in a combat, a short time after his marriage. The persuasion in which people were of the death of her husband made her sought at once for very advantageous matches; but having refused to pass to a second marriage, she came to ask the abbot of Saint Gall[2] that she might be permitted to build herself a cell beside that of Saint Guiborat, whom she had chosen as her director. She easily obtained her request, and having retained only what was necessary for her subsistence, she made great alms of the rest of her property to the poor and to the religious of the abbey, for the repose of the soul of her husband. As she had always been brought up very delicately, she had much to suffer to accustom herself to the abstinences and the other austerities of the life she wished to embrace. She loved the diversity of meats and the sweetness of fruits; and although Guiborat reproved her for it with much severity, and represented to her that this appetite for variety of foods was not a mark of modesty in a woman, she had inconceivable pains in repressing her desires on this subject. One day when she was in the cell of her mistress, she begged her to give her some sweet apples, if she had any. The Saint told her that she had kept some very fine ones for the poor, and gave her one of those wild fruits which are called wood apples. Wendiigarde threw herself upon it with an avidity which seemed to hold something of fury. But hardly had she put her tooth in it than she threw it away, and said to the Saint: “Ah! how sour your apples are, and how hard you are yourself! Would to God there had never been any other in the earthly Paradise. Eve would have taken care not to touch them; and we should not be reduced to so many miseries.” “Since you speak of Eve (answered Guiborat), you ought to know that it is her covetousness for a delicious fruit that caused her fall and our misfortune; and you can judge by this example whether yours can be innocent.” This remonstrance struck home to the heart of Wendilgarde, who withdrew all confused to go and weep her weaknesses in secret. From that moment she worked so strongly to correct herself that, with the grace of God and the counsels of Saint Guiborat, she managed to mortify her appetites entirely, and to practise a perfect abstinence. She then made so much progress in the other virtues that the bishop of Constance, on the advice of his synod, thought he ought to give her the sacred veil which she asked of him. Her zeal went so far that, accustoming herself insensibly to the most austere life of the recluses, she conjured our Saint to grant her the survivorship of Rachildis, whose death was expected from day to day, because her whole body was going to rottenness by the multitude of the ulcers which formed on it. But God disposed otherwise of it. Rachildis was reserved for a long martyrdom, and to leave to Christian posterity a perfect model of the patience which God asks of us in the evils which He sends us. Four years after the retreat of Wendilgarde, the news was brought of the happy return of her husband, the count Udalric, whom she believed dead, and who had remained in captivity during all that time, under the power of the Hungarians or Slavonians. Her husband, who asked for her back, had to be given his wife: and the bishops assembled in their synod judged that the religious profession could not prevent her from being restored to him. Wendilgarde, thus obliged to return to the world, promised to resume her vows if she survived her husband, and vowed from that moment to God, under the protection of Saint Gall, the first child she should have by him. The count Udalric was the faithful executor of this promise: having lost his wife when she was in labour, and saved by the Caesarean incision, the child who was afterwards abbot of Saint Gall. Meanwhile the Hungarians having begun their incursions again, came to fall with fury on Swabia and the neighbouring countries. Everyone took refuge in fortified places to provide for his safety: and the abbot of Saint Gall pressed Saint Guiborat urgently to be willing to take a retreat in a fortress which depended on his abbey, and which was in a state to resist the Barbarians. But the Saint, who had predicted this irruption, and who was

warned inwardly of what was to happen to herself, thanked the abbot, and sent back his deputies who had come to fetch her, declaring that she did not wish to oppose what God had ordained for her. She made escape the ecclesiastics who served the church of Saint Magnus, of whom her brother Hitto was the first, and the other persons who dwelt around her, except her dear daughter Rachildis, who was always on the straw, and for the preservation of whom she assured her parents who had come to carry her off. Meanwhile the Barbarians spread over the country, destroying with iron and fire what they could not plunder. They burned the church of Saint Magnus, and not having been able to do as much to the cell of the Saint, which was well closed, they mounted on the roof, which they uncovered, and found her on her knees, praying in her little oratory. They stripped her of all her clothes, leaving her only her hair-shirt; and irritated at finding no money in her house, they discharged on her head three blows of an axe, from which she fell to the ground. They left her half dead in the midst of her blood, which flowed to the walls of her cell in so great abundance that they appeared soaked with it during several years. She lived thus exhausted until the next morning, when she rendered her soul to her Creator. It was the second day of May, in the year 925. Her brother Hitto having returned a few hours after from the retreat whither she had sent him to hide, wished to bury the body on the spot, because he feared that the Barbarians would burn it on their return. But the blessed Rachildis, whom these furious men had spared, opposed it, and the abbot of Saint Gall came to carry it off with his religious in great ceremony, to keep it on deposit, first, in this fortress dependent on his abbey, which was half a league distant from it, until one should be delivered from the terror of the Barbarians; and from there in his church, where it remained until the death of his dear daughter Saint Rachildis, who survived her twenty-one years, in continual infirmities and languors, which God made serve for her sanctification. Meanwhile God made to shine forth the glory with which He had crowned Saint Guiborat by divers miracles which He worked at her tomb. Her body was transported some years after into the oratory of her cell, and from there into the church of Saint Magnus which had been rebuilt. That of Saint Rachildis was also deposited there, whose memory it was thought proper to honour, with that of Saint Guiborat, on the indications that were had of her holiness. The public honours which were rendered to Saint Guiborat in the abbey of Saint Gall were changed into a religious worship from the day of her anniversary, so that the first celebration of her feast was made on the second day of May of the year 926, as of a holy virgin and martyr. However she was canonically placed in the number of the Saints only in the year 1047, by Pope Clement II. The Martyrologies of Germany, and those of the Order of Saint Benedict make mention of her on this day; but the modern Roman one speaks of her nowhere.

Saint Viborada or Guiborat is represented standing at the grille of her walled-up cell, distributing the bread of good counsels to her visitors; for, without pun, the German name of Saint Viborada, Weib-Rath, signifies counsel of women.

Saint Vaubert or Walbert, Religious of Sithiu, and Saint Bertin, his Son

Some authors have supposed that the noble leud Walbert, of whom mention is made in the life of Saint Bertin, and who had with him such intimate relations as well as his son Bertin, is the same as the personage of that name who was, at that epoch, abbot of the monastery of Luxeuil. It is an error which the Bollandists refute very well in the article which they have added to their work on the holy abbot of Sithiu.

Almost nothing is known of the life of Saint Walbert. It would be difficult to say whether he was already converted when Saint Bertin arrived in the country of the Morini, or whether it was the instructions and examples of this worthy collaborator of Saint Omer that brought him to the faith with all his family. However that may be, he figures among those powerful and religious men who rendered, in that time, great services to religion by their personal virtues and by the support they brought to the holy work of the propagation of the Gospel. His wife Regentrude rivalled him in ardour and piety, and a son whom heaven gave them, and who was baptised by Saint Bertin himself, has been put in the number of the holy Religious whom the abbey of

Sithiu counts. Some authors think that Walbert withdrew also into this community toward the end of his life; but this opinion which nothing confirms must be rejected, it seems, like that which makes him pass afterwards from this monastery into that of Luxeuil. That is all that can be said of this venerable personage. His son, to whom Saint Bertin gave his name, lived holily and died in the abbey of Sithiu. His relics were long preserved, with those of several other Saints, under the high altar of the church of Saint Omer.

Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by M. the abbé Destombes.

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[1] Saint Hesperus (and not Saint Exuperus, as Baronius writes it), Saint Zoe, his wife, and Saint Cyriacus and Saint Theodulus, their children. — This family was originally from Italy: the members who composed it, sold as slaves to a rich inhabitant of the town of Attalia, in Pamphylia, were cast into a burning furnace for having refused to eat meats offered to idols, which their masters presented to them one day that a son was born to them. Saint Zoe has been above all honoured in the East; there was a church of her name at Constantinople. Her virtues, her good examples, her courage in effect marked her out for the admiration of men. They were not tender, in paganism, to the poor: the door of the rich was guarded by enormous mastiffs which had been trained to throw themselves on the beggars when any chanced to pass: the charitable Zoe, whose thoughts Christianity had raised, took most often, when she could, the place of the porter: then she contrived that the dogs should not tear the suffering members of Jesus Christ, and deprived herself of all that was given her of food and clothing to distribute it to them.

[2] Saint Vindemialis was bishop of Capsa, in Africa. See some details concerning him in the Life of Saint Eugenius, on 13 July.

[3] At that time, Charlemagne was founding the abbey of Brantôme. One reads in the fragments of Regino cited by Pithou the following passage, which we borrow from the interesting monograph on the church of Saint-Front, at Périgueux, by M. l'abbé Caries: "In the year of the Lord 769, Charles the Great, coming for the second time to Périgueux, founded on the banks of the Dordogne a basilica in honour of the blessed Peter, prince of the Apostles, in which he had placed, a short time after, one of the Innocents, which had been given to his father by the lord Pope of Rome, and to the merits as well as the protection of which he said he was indebted for a great number of victories; the place where this basilica was founded is called Brantosme." In 1463, the authenticity of the relics of Saint Sicarius was recognised. The ancient Breviary of the abbey of Brantôme related, in a legend, that an angel had revealed to Charlemagne the place where he was to leave the body of this little child. It is not in Périgord only that relics of the holy Innocents were brought. There were some also in Provence. The Sainte-Chapelle of Bourges possessed three of them in the last century.

[4] See on 22 September.

[5] See on 1 May.

[6] The first two are mentioned in the Roman martyrology. The Bollandists think that they are not the same and that they did not suffer at Rome.

[7] Some authors regard this fact as a fable: 1° because it is related only by Rufinus, an historian (they say) little exact; 2° because it does not agree with the chronology of the history of Saint Athanasius, for when this Saint, born in 296 at the latest, was twelve years old, Alexander was not yet patriarch of Alexandria. Alexander succeeded, according to these authors, Achillas, dead in 313. — Let us admit, say the Bollandists, that Rufinus was mistaken, at a distance, on the circumstances of name and time; that is not a sufficient reason to reject the fact itself, which can subsist and subsists in effect in tradition, independently of these circumstances. Besides, Rufinus is not the only one who has reported this fact.

[8] *Orat. contra Gentes*, p. 1?

[9] *L. de Incarn.*, p. 69.

[10] *Or.* 21.

[11] This date is supported on the authority of the Oriental Chronicle of the Copts, as well as on that of Saint Prosper and Saint Jerome. Socrates has therefore been mistaken in putting the death of Saint Athanasius in 37L.

[12] The Greeks honour Saint Athanasius on the 2nd of May, a day on which his relics were deposited in the church of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, at the translation which was made of them from Alexandria to that town. (See their ephemerides in their synaxaria.) They make memory of him again on the 18th of January, which M. Assemani, *in Calend. univ.*, vol. vi, p. 299, proves, against the Bollandists, to have been the day of his death, as the Menaea say expressly. They honour on the same day with him Saint Cyril, because he was bishop of the same town, although he died only in June. Another feast of Saint Athanasius is found marked on 9 June in the Menaea, and on the 27th of the same month in the menology of the emperor Basil. (See the refutation of Bollandus and of Papebroch, in M. Assemani, *ad 2 maii*, vol. vi, p. 301, 302, 303.)

[13] M. Semichon (*Histoire d'Aumale*, vol. i, p. 239) commits therefore a slight inexactitude in saying: "The tyrant Hubault had struck off with his sword the head of the Saint, at the very place where the church of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle rises today."

[14] In 860, or even 882, according to others.

[15] Arrondissement of Saint-Quentin.

[16] A local tradition relates that they resumed their road the next day, but that after having walked all day they found themselves again before the church which they had left in the morning. (Pape, *Op. cit.*, p. 12.)

[17] A part of the relics is said to have been carried to Saint-Quentin. (Tillemont, *Mémoires*, etc., xv, 23.)

[18] Father Daire is mistaken in saying 1650. (*Histoire d'Amiens*, ii, 214.)

[19] They are thus enumerated in the deed of donation: bone of a thigh, a rib, a bone of the vertebrae, a piece of the jaw in which there was a tooth. (Archives of the parish of Saint-Germain of Amiens.)

[20] Eccli. xxxviii, 17, 24.

[21] Dom Grappin, *Mémoire* addressed to the academy of Besançon, in 1770.

[22] Job xx, 2; Eccli. xlix, 18.

[23] *Tu paradisum mente deambula. Quotiescumque illuc cogitatione conscenderis, toties in eremo non eris.* (Saint Jerome, *Epist. ad Heliodor.*) [Walk in paradise in spirit. As often as you ascend thither in thought, so often you will not be in the desert.]

[24] Or again Vmede, Vilborade.

[25] Solomon, who was afterwards bishop of Constance, third of that name.

3 May

Martyrologies

3 May — Roman Martyrology

At Jerusalem, the Finding of the holy Cross of Our Lord, under the emperor Constantine. 326. — At Rome, on the Nomentan Way, the punishment of the holy martyrs Alexander, pope, Evencius and Theodulus, priests. Saint Alexander, after being put in irons, under the emperor Hadrian and the judge Aurelian; after enduring prison, the rack, the iron claws and fire, "was pierced over all his body with an infinity of stabs of the awl,"[1] and expired in this torment; Evencius and Theodulus, after a long imprisonment, underwent the ordeal of fire, and were at last beheaded. About 117. — At Narni, Saint Juvenal, bishop and confessor. 376. — At Constantinople, the saints Alexander, soldier, and Antonine, virgin. The latter, having been condemned, in the persecution of Maximian, under the president Festus, to be prostituted in a place of infamy, was secretly delivered from it by this blessed soldier, who changed clothes with her and remained there in her place. They were afterwards tormented together, had, both of them, their hands cut off, were cast into the fire for Jesus Christ, and, after having sustained a glorious combat, were at last crowned together. 313. — In the Thebaid, Saint Timothy and Saint Maura, his wife, martyrs, whom a prefect named Arien, after several other torments, had fastened to a cross: they remained hanging there alive, during nine whole days, strengthening one another in the faith, and at last consummated their martyrdom. About 286. — At Aphrodisias, in Caria, the holy martyrs Diodorus and Rodopien, who were stoned by their fellow-citizens in the persecution of Diocletian. 4th c.. — On Monte Senario, near Florence, the blessed Sostegno and Uguccione, confessors, who, having received a warning from heaven, quitted this life on the same day and at the same hour, reciting the Angelic Salutation. 13th c..

3 May — Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In several churches of France, the adoration of some parts of the true cross and of the title which was placed above the head of Our Lord. — At Bruges, the memory of the miraculous blood which flowed from the image of Our Lord, in the city of Berytus, in Syria. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Alexander, monk, and Saint Galla, virgin, whom Gregory of Tours praises in chapter 36 of his book *On the Glory of the Confessors*. — At Utrecht, Saint Aufroi, bishop of that see, which he held for fourteen years, founder of the canonesses of Thorn, near Maseich, in the country of Liège, who had been count of Huy and of Louvain, and advocate of Nivelles and of Gembloux. 1008. — Again at Bruges, Saint Isdebauld, abbot of Dunes, whose relics were translated on this day.

At Lectoure, in Gascony, Saint Hyginus or Gène, confessor, apostle and protector of that town, and thirty soldiers, martyrs, whom he had converted by his miracles. 4th c.. — At Auxerre, Saint Eusebius, priest, and Saint Avitus, deacon. — In Touraine, Saint Flovié, honoured as a martyr in the church of his name, near

Châtillon-sur-Indre. — At Celle, between Bingen and Kreuznach, in the Palatinate of the Rhine, Saint Philip of Ostin, priest. 8th c.. — At Thorn, on the Meuse, the blessed Hilsindis and the blessed Benedicta, the one wife, the other daughter of Saint Aufroi, and foundresses of the ancient abbey of Thorn. 11th c.. — In Anjou, the venerable Dido, abbot of Saint-Florent of Mont-Glonne, under whose government Saint Florent was burned a first time by Nominoë, duke of Brittany. 849. — At Foigny, in France, the blessed Alexander, lay brother of the Order of Cîteaux, of the blood of the kings of Scotland. 13th c.. — At Lyon, anniversary of the foundation of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, an admirable work which, with a sou a week, has sustained so many missionaries, caused so many churches to be built, procured for so many souls the benefit of salvation! 1822.

3 May — Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — At Jerusalem, the finding of the holy Cross… *Martyrology of the Servites.* — On Monte Senario, near Florence, the blessed Sostegno and Uguccione, confessors, who, having received a warning from heaven, died on the same day and at the same hour, reciting the Angelic Salutation; Saint Philip Benizi had a vision in which they appeared to him under the figure of two lilies which the angels, after having cut them on earth, presented to the holy Virgin in heaven.

3 May — Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Asia, Saint Hermogenes, martyr. 1st c.. — And elsewhere, Saint Arbo, martyr. — At Verona, Saint Viola or Violetta, virgin and martyr. — At Rome, Saint Severina, Roman lady, the very one who rendered to Pope Saint Alexander I the duties of burial.[2] — At Fossano, in Piedmont, Saint Juvenal, confessor, whose body, preserved in that town, was taken for four centuries for that of Saint Juvenal, bishop of Narni, feasted on the same day. — At Vicenza, in Italy, Saint Ursus, confessor. — At Argos, in the Peloponnese, Saint Peter the Wonder-worker, bishop of that town. 10th c.. — At Ispelli, in Umbria, the blessed Ventura, of the Order of Crutched Friars [Crucifères], who founded, in that town, a convent and a hospital. About the 9th c.. — At Mainz, the venerable Hildebert, archbishop of that see, who was first a monk of Fulda. The bishops of Trier and Cologne ceded to him by common accord, on account of his merits, the honour of consecrating as emperor of Germany Otto, son of Henry the Fowler. 936. — In England, the venerable Henry Garnet, celebrated professor of mathematics, and surnamed the great Jesuit by the Protestants themselves, who was put to death for not having wished to reveal the secret of confession. A drop of his blood having fallen on an ear of corn, the figure of Father Henry Garnet was found painted on it with a perfect likeness. 1606. — At Vercelli, in Piedmont, the blessed Emilia Bicchieri, of the Order of Penance of Saint Dominic, foundress of the monastery of Saint Margaret, outside the walls of that town. 1314. — At Allanquera, in Portugal, the blessed Zacharias, of the Order of Friars Minor, one of the first six religious whom Saint Francis sent to Portugal to devote themselves to the conversion of the Moors. Not having been able to convince one of his penitents of the truth of the real presence, the blessed Zacharias made him assist at his Mass and showed him the host changed into true flesh until the moment of communion, when it resumed the appearances of bread. After the year 1226. — At Nocera, in Umbria, the blessed Alexander Vinciolo, of the Order of Friars Minor and bishop of that town, which he once delivered from the scourge of the plague. He had been penitentiary of John XXII. 1363. — At Casimira, near Cracow, in Poland, the blessed Stanislaus Soltys, canon regular of Lateran and vice-prior of the convent of the Most Holy Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ.[3] One hundred and sixty-three published miracles were worked at his tomb in the single year which followed his death. 1489. — In the East, Saint Sophronius, hermit and solitary, who translated, from Latin into Greek, the book of the *Ecclesiastical Writers* of Saint Jerome and the *Life of Saint Hilarion*, by the same. [no date printed]

The Finding of the Holy Cross

The Finding of the Holy Cross

— Pope: Saint Sylvester I. — Emperor: Constantine.

"The sign of the cross will appear in heaven when the Lord shall come to judge. Then shall be revealed the secrets of hearts."

Roman Breviary, 3 May, 3rd responsory of the 2nd nocturn.

The Church has consecrated 3 May to honouring the Cross of our Saviour, because it is the day on which it was found, after having been hidden for a very long time. Here, in few words, is the history of this *finding* or discovery: The emperor Constantine had seen appear in the sky a cross more brilliant than the sun, and on which these words were written: *By this sign thou shalt conquer*;[1] and, having in effect vanquished the tyrant Maxentius by the virtue of this sign, he conceived so great an esteem for it that he took at once a particular care to make known its greatness and merit throughout the whole extent of his empire. To this end, he had crosses painted on the imperial banners, in place of the eagles which were there before; he had the public coinage of the empire marked with it, and had himself represented holding in his right hand a golden globe, on which was a cross, to give to understand that it was by it that the world had been redeemed. Saint Helena, mother of this emperor, had a devotion still more particular to this mystery of our salvation: by a divine motion, as soon as the council of Nicaea was ended, she resolved to go in person to Jerusalem, to visit the Holy Places there and to seek that saving wood, on which the Redeemer of the world had been fastened.

But she did not find it without difficulty: there was no longer anyone who knew the place where it had been put after this divine crucified one had been detached from it; the whole space of Calvary had been so filled with rubbish that it was difficult to recognise the place of his crucifixion and of his burial. She overcame nevertheless all these obstacles by the help of heaven: she learned, by revelation, that the cross had been buried in one of the vaults of the sepulchre of Our Lord, and the elders of the city, whom she consulted with great care, pointed out to her the place where they believed, according to the tradition of their fathers, that this precious monument was; she had excavation made in this place with so much ardour and diligence that she at last discovered this treasure, which divine Providence had hidden in the bowels of the earth during all the time of the persecutions, so that it might not be burned by the idolaters, and that the world, having become Christian, might render it its adorations. God rewarded this holy empress far more than she would have dared to hope: for, besides the cross, she found also the other instruments of the Passion, namely: the nails with which Our Lord had been fastened, and the title which had been placed above his head. Meanwhile one thing put her in extreme distress: the crosses of the two thieves, crucified with him, were also with his, and the empress had no mark to distinguish the one from the others. But Saint Macarius, then patriarch of Jerusalem, who assisted her in this action, soon removed this new difficulty: having made all the people betake themselves to prayer, and asked of God that it might please Him to discover to His Church which was the true instrument of His Redemption, he recognised it by the following miracle: A woman, about to die, having been brought to the place, the two crosses of the thieves were made to touch her uselessly; but as soon as she approached that of the Saviour of the world, she felt herself entirely cured, although her illness had resisted till then all human remedies, and she was entirely despaired of by the physicians. The same day, Saint Macarius met a dead man whom a great crowd accompanied to the cemetery. He had those who carried him stop and touched the corpse uselessly with two of the crosses; as soon as that of the Saviour was brought near, the dead man rose again.

Saint Helena, delighted at having found the treasure she had so much desired, thanked God for so great a favour, and had a magnificent church built in the same place; she left there a good part of the cross, which she had richly adorned; another part was given to

Constantinople; finally the rest was sent to Rome, for the church which Constantine and his mother had founded in the palace of Sertorius, and which has always since retained the name of Holy-Cross-of-Jerusalem.

The emperor, signalising anew his respect for the sacred instrument of our salvation, in the twentieth year of his reign, forbade to crucify malefactors henceforth, which has always been observed since in Christian countries. Thus, that which had been a mark of ignominy became a title of honour, and was raised upon the crown of kings, and upon the sceptre of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

These marvels make us sufficiently know that God approves the respects we render to the cross, and that the Church was inspired by His spirit when she instituted this feast to honour the *Finding* of it. Nothing can be added to the praises which the holy Doctors have given it. We shall report some of them, for the consolation of devout souls, and to confound the heretics who profane its saving sign. Saint John Chrysostom, in a sermon on the cross, speaks of it in these terms: “The cross is the hope of Christians, the resurrection of the dead, the staff of the blind, the support of the lame, the consolation of the poor, the bridle of the rich, the confusion of the proud, the torment of the wicked, the trophy against hell, the instruction of the young, the rudder of pilots, the harbour of the shipwrecked and the wall of the besieged. It is the mother of orphans, the defence of widows, the counsel of the just, the repose of the afflicted, the guard of the little ones, the light of those who dwell in darkness, the magnificence of kings, the help of those who are in indigence, the wisdom of the simple, the liberty of slaves and the philosophy of emperors. The cross is the prediction of the Prophets, the preaching of the Apostles, the glory of the Martyrs, the abstinence of Religious, the chastity of Virgins and the joy of Priests. It is the foundation of the Church, the destruction of idols, the scandal of the Jews, the ruin of the impious, the strength of the weak, the medicine of the sick, the bread of those who are hungry, the fountain of those who are thirsty and the refuge of those who are stripped.” — “Let us engrave,” says Saint Ephrem, “above our doors, on the forehead, on the mouth, on the breast and on all the other parts of our body the life-giving sign of the cross; let us clothe ourselves with this impenetrable armour of Christians: for the cross is the victory over death, the hope of the faithful, the light of the world, the key of paradise, the sword which exterminates heresies, the help of religious souls, the support of the faith, the defence, the guard and the glory of Catholics. Bear always with thee, O Christian! this arm, by day and by night, in all places and at all hours; undertake never anything without making the sign of the cross. When thou sleepest, when thou watchest, when thou walkest, when thou workest, when thou eatest, when thou drinkest and when thou art at sea, when thou crossest rivers, take this armour of the holy Cross: for, as long as thou art armed with it, the evil spirits will keep far from thee and will not dare to approach. — The cross,” says Saint Damascene, “is our shield, our defence and our trophy against the prince of darkness. It is the sign with which we are marked, that the exterminating angel may not strike us, and for fear that we fall into snares where we should find our ruin. It raises those who have fallen, it sustains those who stand, it strengthens the weak, it governs pastors; it is the guide of those who begin, and the perfection of those who finish; the health of the soul and the safety of the body, the destruction of all evils, the cause and origin of all goods, the death of sin, the tree of life and the source of our felicity.” Tertullian, a very ancient author, and whom Saint Cyprian calls his master, teaches us what was the usage of Christians touching the sign of the cross: “At every step we take,” he says, “in entering, in going out, when we dress, when we rise, when we sit down to table, when we sit, when light is brought us, when we lie down, and generally in all our actions, we make the sign of the cross on the forehead.” This example of the Christians of the first centuries ought to make an impression on our minds, and we ought, in imitation of them, to make continually the sacred sign of the cross, since we learn that there is no remedy more prompt nor more sure against the crosses and temptations of life.

In order that the Gentiles might receive more easily the light of the Gospel, and believe with less pain that God had made Himself man to die on a cross, one of the sibyls (who were prophetesses among the pagans) predicted, several years before, by a particular providence, the marvels of this mystery by these words: *O happy wood, where God shall be suspended!* and the Egyptians, in their hieroglyphs, signified by the cross health and eternal life. Socrates, author of a history of the Church, writes that the Christians, in ruining the temple of Serapis, found crosses engraved on the stones with which it was built, and that several Gentiles

became Christians at the sight of this marvel.

The miracles which Our Lord has done by means of the holy Cross are in so great a number that it would not be possible to relate them all, the more so as none has ever been done which has not drawn its origin from it, and which cannot be attributed to its all-powerful virtue.

The finding of the holy Cross happened in the year 326, or, according to the chronicle of Eusebius, in 328.

The Instruments and Relics of the Passion

The Instruments and Relics of the Passion

The true Cross. — The account of the Finding of the true Cross has been given by Eusebius, Saint Cyril, Saint Ambrose, Theophanes, Rufinus, Paulus, Nicephorus, Callixtus, etc. Nothing, therefore, can be objected against this authenticity, which may be called of the first order. We have the number and the quality of the historians; they were for the most part contemporaries. They are perfectly in agreement; they wrote in different languages and countries. Will it be said that it is impossible that the wood of the true Cross should have been preserved so long under ground and for so many centuries after the finding? We shall answer that at Herculaneum and at Pompeii ancient wood is found very well preserved. M. Rohault de Fleury, in his important memoir on the *Instruments of the Passion*, p. 53, reports that woods, certainly ancient, have been found in the construction of Carthage. A piece of this wood was submitted to the examination of the Academy, and M. Pelligot, in his memoir, declared that it belonged to a portion of an ancient aqueduct where it was embedded in the pisé [rammed earth] and nevertheless of a perfect preservation.

Under the reign of Heraclius, Kosroës II seized the holy city, pillaged the churches and carried off what remained of the Cross of Jesus Christ. After ten years of reverses, Heraclius defeated the king of Persia, delivered the Christians led into captivity and obliged the successor of Kosroës to give back the true Cross, which the emperor brought back to Jerusalem as the finest trophy of his victories. He carried it himself on his shoulders to Calvary, through the streets of Jerusalem, with bare feet, followed by his soldiers and an immense people who shed tears of joy. This was the origin of the feast of the Exaltation of the holy Cross, which the Church celebrates on 14 September. A short time after, the holy Cross was sent to Constantinople to the archbishop Sergius, and was carried back to Jerusalem.

In the year 1099, when the crusaders entered the holy city, one of their first cares was to inquire after the sacred wood. The Christians, shut up in the city, had hidden it from the eyes of the Mussulmans (Cedrenus, bk. i, p. 171); but there was now only a small part of it, since, according to the expression of Albert of Aix, it was only half an ell in length. Its aspect inspired the liveliest transports among the pilgrims. “At this thing,” says an old chronicle cited by Michaud, “the Christians were as joyful as if they had seen the body of Jesus Christ hanging upon it.”

Soon after we see the Christian warriors go out of Jerusalem, having at their head the patriarch Arnould, who carried the holy Cross; it was thus that they marched against the caliph of Cairo, who was advancing toward Ascalon. They carried it afterwards in a great number of battles. At the disastrous day of Hittin, the holy Cross fell into the power of Saladin. It was carried by the bishop of Ptolemais, who, mortally wounded, left it to the bishop of Lydda. The latter was taken, as were the king and all those who defended it. “The great Cross was taken,” says Amad-Eddin, a Mussulman author, “the great Cross was taken before the king, and many impious ones (Christians) let themselves be killed around it. When it was held raised, the infidels bent the knee and bowed the head. They say that it is the true wood on which was fastened the God whom they adore. They had enriched it with fine gold and brilliant stones. They carried it on days of great solemnity; and when their priests and their bishops showed it to the people, all bowed with respect. They regarded it as their first duty to defend it; the capture of this Cross was more painful to them than the captivity of their king; nothing could console them for this loss.” (*Bibliothèque des croisades*, vol. iv, p. 195.)

When the bishop of Salisbury visited the holy city in the name of King Richard, Saladin showed him the wood of the true Cross. The Arab historians relate that the Franks and the Greeks wished to buy back the true Cross, and that Saladin answered them that the king of the Georgians had very uselessly offered two hundred pieces of gold for it… (Rad., *de vita Salad.*, c. 164). It was given back to the Christians only thirty-two years after the capture of Damietta. Already several fragments had been detached from it, and from that moment, it has been divided infinitely, so that particles of it are found today in all the countries of the world.

Independently of the fragment which is at Rome, of which we have already spoken, and of that of Constantine, we see in the history of Norway by Torpheus that King Sigurd asked and obtained, as the price of the service which he rendered to the Crusaders at the siege of Sidon, with his ten thousand Norwegians, a piece of the true Cross, which on his return to his country he deposited in the town of Konghell. Waldemar III, king of Denmark, obtained also a fragment of it from Pope Urban V, on condition that he would march to the deliverance of the Holy Places.

Form of the cross, support and dimension. — M. Rohault (page 66) cites a passage of Saint Justin and another of Saint Augustine, to prove that the form of the cross which has prevailed in Catholic art is truly that which was in use at the moment of the death of Our Lord. Innocent confirms this opinion in saying: *Fuerunt autem in cruce dominica ligna quatuor: stipes ejus, et lignum transversale truncus suppositus et titulus superpositus* [There were in the Lord's cross four pieces of wood: its upright, and the transverse wood, the trunk placed beneath, and the title placed above]. The cross of Jesus Christ was therefore not a simple tau T, nor the Greek cross †, nor the cross of Saint Andrew X, but the *crux immissa* , where the crossbar is found at about two thirds of the height.

The author of the memoir we have just cited relies on Plautus, Saint Justin, Saint Jérémie and Gregory of Tours to establish that the crucified had a footrest, and this opinion is confirmed by the paintings of the eighth century in the underground church of Saint Clement. The same author, after various very judicious considerations, whether on what a vigorous man can carry during a journey of eight or nine hundred metres, or on the state in which Our Lord was, arrived at the conclusion that the cross must have had a hundred and seventy-eight million cubic millimetres and have weighed about ninety kilograms.

According to an ancient tradition reported by Gretser, the Cross was composed of an upright whose height was fifteen feet (four metres eighty centimetres), and of a crossbar of seven or eight feet (two metres thirty centimetres to two metres sixty centimetres). By the inspection of the cross of the good thief, which is still at Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome, one sees that this large piece corresponds to the length of a crossbar of two metres twenty-five centimetres or five cubits. The piece has a hundred and fifty-five millimetres of length, but the thickness could not be determined; it is probable that this piece of wood was square, and that if it is no longer so today, it is because, to multiply this relic, it has been sawn. This piece of the cross of the good thief has precisely a notch in the middle with a hole for the peg, which confirms that this instrument was a cross *in missa*, that is to say that the perpendicular shaft passed beyond the form of the tau.

M. Rohault, after the examination of the essence of the wood of the true Cross, had established that it is a resinous essence. After the examination of the cross of the good thief, Dismas, no doubt can remain; as this piece is more considerable, the verification was easier. It is evident that this wood is a species of fir; even before any examination it should have appeared probable that the cross of Our Lord and that of the two thieves, having been prepared the same day and for the same end, ought to be of the same essence.

According to a tradition recalled by the table which is found in the cloister of Saint John Lateran, Jesus Christ was of a very tall stature (one metre eighty-four centimetres). Simon the Cyrenian must have been smaller, and Saint Luke is rigorously exact when he places him behind Jesus Christ, *post Jesum*; the slope of the sacred wood putting him at the height of his shoulder. The Roman liturgy follows therefore tradition and the most severe reason, in admitting that the weight was shared between Jesus Christ and Simon.

Research on the relics. — We cite entire § V of M. Rohault: “I have tried to ascertain all that is known of existing relics, or of which the memory has been preserved. I have calculated their volume in cubic millimetres. Now, all that I have been able to collect is very far from equalling the tenth of the volume of the true Cross. The nine tenths, which are no longer found, must have sufficed to form myriads of unknown or destroyed relics.” Anseau, by his correspondence with Galon, bishop of Paris, of whom I shall speak again on the occasion of the relics of Notre-Dame of Paris, gives some idea of what the relics of the Passion had become in the seventh century. He relates that after the death of Heraclius, in 636, the church of the Holy Sepulchre was burned in part by the infidels, and that, to save the cross, the Christians decided to divide it into nineteen parts, of which they made crosses which they gave, namely: To Constantinople, 3; to the island of Cyprus, 2; to the island of Crete, 1; to Antioch, 3; to Edessa, 1; to Alexandria, 1; to Ascalon, 1; to Damascus, 1; to Jerusalem, 4; to Georgia, 2. It is rather difficult to know what was the dimension of these relics. Anseau mentions only the measure of one of the four which had been deposited at Jerusalem and which was preserved in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It had a palm and a half in length by an inch in width and as much in thickness; he does not speak of the crossbar, which I shall suppose, as in the true Cross, equal to half of the upright. According to that, the volume of this Cross would be about five hundred thousand cubic millimetres; and considering it as an average, one would find for the nineteen crosses, or rather for the piece of Jerusalem, which was divided, nine and a half million millimetres, which may represent a piece two or three times smaller than the relic of the cross of the good thief of Holy Cross of Jerusalem.

Such was the beginning of the great dispersion of the relics of the true Cross; it increased rapidly in the following centuries. Villani reports a very curious document, at the beginning of the ninth century, indicating the cities where the greatest number of relics were to be found. It is a testament of Charlemagne, who left at his death a third of his rich treasure to all the poor of Christendom, and two thirds to the archbishops and bishops of his empire. In these treasures there were doubtless found a great quantity of relics. Here are some dates which interest the history of the relics of the true Cross.

In 1187, at the day of Tiberias, the victorious Mussulmans took the cross of Saint-Jean-d’Acre, carried by the bishop. (Morand, *Histoire de la sainte chapelle*, p. 9. Paris, 1790.) In 1191, Philip Augustus and Richard, having taken the cross, had this cross handed over to them after the capture of Saint-Jean-d’Acre, and thirty days of siege. In 1204, at the sack of Constantinople by the Latins, abominations were committed, the reliquaries stolen; but pious souls gathered the relics which the spoilers disdained, and from there spread them over the world. The doge of Venice, Dandolo, had a portion of the true Cross, which was said to have been carried by Constantine in war. The emperor Baldwin took the crown of thorns. In 1217, Ralph, patriarch of Jerusalem, set out from Acre, carrying with him a portion of the true Cross. In 1239, Baldwin II, pressed by the Bulgarians, came to France to solicit the piety of Saint Louis, and offered him the crown of thorns as the price of his services.

The centuries came successively to reduce our precious treasure, dissipated to the wind of revolutions and to the breath of impiety. Very little of it remains, and this poverty, rendering each of these relics more precious, I took the liberty of making an appeal to the Catholic world, and the information I received has enabled me to describe those which still exist, and to form of them a table which will be found below.

It results from this table that the total volume of the relics which have come down to us is about five millions of millimetres, including relics perhaps destroyed, such as those of Amiens, of Onawert, Schira, Grammont, Jaucourt, etc.; but taken from descriptions which appeared to me exact. If one thinks of the smallness of the particles which may be found in churches and convents, and with private persons, we shall be far beyond the truth. By trebling, for the unknown, the known volume, one arrives thus at fifteen millions of cubic millimetres, which do not make the tenth of the hundred and eighty millions of millimetres which we find for the volume of the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Table of the known volumes of the true Cross expressed in cubes of one millimetre.

In view of these facts and of the preceding observations, one asks how Calvin could say that fifty men would not carry the wood of the true Cross, which the credulity of the Catholic adores throughout the universe; and Luther, that with the relics of the true Cross, admitted by the same superstition, one could make the framework of an immense building. When in effect there does not remain in the world the tenth part of a single cross, what is to be thought of the millions of dissidents who are left to believe these singular exaggerations, what of the high criticism of our celebrated thinkers who share these prejudices and reproach us with the lightness of our belief? These are the humiliations that one prepares for oneself when one pretends to find Jesus Christ at fault. As for us, after this study, we present the history of the Cross of Jesus Christ as an irrecusable testimony of his passion.

The holy nails. — The first question which presents itself is that of the number of nails. M. Rohault de Fleury cites more than twenty authors and different monuments to prove that Jesus Christ was fastened to the cross with four nails, and that by profane testimonies as by that of the holy Fathers, and of the archaeologists of the catacombs. (See p. 166.) The physicians who have been consulted say that the crucifixion of the two feet by a single nail would hardly be practicable. The nails must have been very large, for Our Lord to invite Saint Thomas to put his finger in them. Now, the nails of the passion which are preserved answer to these conditions. In taking down Our Lord, the nails must have been drawn out before the deposition, for the head of the nails could not have passed through the flesh. The nails were certainly thrown on the ground as the deposition advanced, as were the crown and the title. Now, everything that came from Our Lord was so precious that those who took him down must have gathered these relics easy to carry away, to which they joined later the holy shrouds and the innumerable linens which must have served for the burial of the divine victim. On this point one may rely on the attentive and so loving zeal of the august Mother of God and of the holy women. It is these objects that Saint Helena gathered, whether from pious faithful, who had received them from their fathers, or in the sepulchre.

Calvin counts fourteen or fifteen holy nails, which he pretends that Catholics recognise as true; but he names several of which no one had heard before him; such are: that of the church of Saint Helena at Rome (this church is the same as that of the Holy Cross); those of Siena, of Venice, of the Carmelites of Paris, of the Sainte-Chapelle, of Draguignan, of the village of Tenaille (this village is imaginary).

The true nail which is at Rome, in the church of the Holy Cross, has been filed and has no point today. This filing dust has been enclosed in other nails made in the same manner as the true one, and by this means it has in some sort been multiplied. Another means of multiplying it has also been found: it was to have similar nails touch it, which were then distributed. Saint Charles Borromeo, a very enlightened prelate, and of the most scrupulous exactness in the matter of relics, had several nails made like the one preserved at Milan, and distributed them after they had touched it. He gave one to King Philip II, as a precious relic. There are traces of a like devotion in centuries very remote from our own. Saint Gregory the Great and other ancient Popes gave as a relic a little filings of the chains of Saint Peter; they put some also in other chains made in the same manner. One reads in Father Honoré de Sainte-Marie a fact which confirms still what we have just said. It concerns an authentic miracle worked by means of a heart of taffeta made in the likeness of the heart of Saint Teresa. The author cited was not a man to believe everything indifferently; he occupies a distinguished place among the most judicious critics.

Let us return to the true nails which Saint Helena had found with the cross of the Saviour. This pious princess, being in danger of perishing on the Adriatic Sea, agitated by a violent tempest, threw one of the nails into it, which calmed the waves on the spot, Gregor. Turon., bk. i, *glor. mart.* c. 6. One reads in Saint Ambrose, *de obit. Theod.* n. 47, and in other authors, that Constantine the Great put one in the rich diadem which he wore on the most solemn days, and another in a magnificent bridle of his horse, regarding it as a sure rampart in the perils of war. There were, according to the report of Saint Gregory of Tours, *loc. cit.*, two

nails in the bridle of the emperor's horse. The metropolitan church of Paris possesses two pieces of these nails, the one coming from the treasury of the abbey of Saint-Denis, and the other from the abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. At the moment when the first was given back to him, Mgr de Quélen, archbishop of Paris, remarked a small piece of wood which was adherent. On examining this wood with a magnifying glass, it was recognised that it was of the same nature as that of the great piece of the true Cross, of which we have just spoken and which is now at the church of Notre-Dame.

M. Rohault, in his conclusion, assures us that history has not lost sight of these relics. The iron circle of Mouza, where there was some of the true nail, the nail of Trier completed by that of Toul, appear to him of an incontestable authenticity. (See p. 181.)

The title of the Cross. — With the true Cross, the title of the Cross is one of the most incontestable relics of the passion of Jesus Christ. This title has been preserved to us, at least in a notable part; and it is a great happiness for Christians to be able still to read this inscription, which is like the seal of our sacred history, says M. Rohault de Fleury. One reads in Niquet (chap. 24, p. 152), cited by the memoir from which we draw so happily, that the general opinion is that Saint Helena had sent this title, with the other relics of the passion, to Rome, with a sufficient quantity of earth taken from Calvary to cover the site where Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome is today, and that it is from this that this church took its name.

A century after, Placidius Valentinius III, son of Constantius Caesar, nephew of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, by their sister Galla Placidia, daughter of the great Theodosius, adorned with mosaic the place where Saint Helena had put it. Happily it had been placed under the summit of the arch of this church, where it remained during the invasion of the barbarians without drawing their regard; and even after this tempest, and during several centuries of torment, it was lost sight of. But in 1492, the cardinal of Holy Cross, having this building repaired, the workmen discovered the rich treasure: it was a universal joy, and people came to see it for three days. There are two things in this notable relic, the envelope and the relic itself. The envelope is a square of baked-earth brick of three hundred and twenty millimetres by two hundred and ten millimetres, larger than the title and consequently able to hide well the niche in which was enclosed, for a thousand years, the lead box which contained it. On this brick one reads these words engraved with the chisel: *Titulus crucis*; the ancient letters of fifty millimetres in height are of a fine epoch.

It must be remarked that at Rome one possesses only a fragment of the title which represents the centre of the inscription in three sorts of characters, all going from right to left: the lower line lets one read distinctly in Latin: NAZARINVS RE. The second line in Greek:; finally, the upper line lets one perceive only the lower extremity of the letters of the line superposed, which show Hebrew letters, which can no longer be read. It is now necessary to answer difficulties that have been raised and which demand serious explanations. Father Durand, who lived a short time after Saint Louis, says that he saw at Paris a tablet bearing the whole inscription: *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*. (*Rationale, div. off.*, bk. vi, p. 354.) The monk Antoninus, travelling to Jerusalem before the invasion of the barbarians, says also that he held in his hands, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the title of the Cross. M. Rohault de Fleury answers by an explanation which seems to me to smooth away these difficulties. It is that Saint Helena treated the title as she had treated the Cross; she divided it into several pieces, of which the centre was offered to Rome, and the two extremities had another destination. One of the extremities remained at Jerusalem, the other came to Paris. And it may be added that, to aid the reading of this title, a piece of wood will have been added in harmony with the remaining piece of the true title, and thus it will have been possible to say that the whole title had been read. As for the piece at Rome, it has remained in its incomplete state, such as it was in its first state of division, and the reading of the whole title is found only on a separate plate, of baked earth, and these letters are necessarily ancient, and do not belong to the Middle Ages. This portion of the title of the true inscription which one sees at Rome bears with it a seal of its antiquity; and all that accompanies it tells us that it is a portion of the title which was placed on the cross of Jesus Christ. And let us say with M. Rohault de Fleury: Therefore we possess, in its

primitive integrity, the relic given to Rome by Saint Helena. The objections of detail to which we are going to reply with the same author increase, instead of diminishing, the measure of authenticity and veracity, for they show the invincible difficulties which a forger would have had to surmount.

It was said: At that epoch they did not yet put for in Greek, nor the termination “owç” for “os”; now, Gretser and Montfaucon have shown several examples of them. (See *Mém.*, p. 193.) It was objected that no more boustrophedon writing was found in the Greek and Roman language, that is to say of characters going from right to left, and behold in Pausanias and in several inscriptions of Italy examples of it are found. Who would dare say that a forger would have had the thought of conforming to these exceptions? He would have taken good care not to give himself this appearance of improbability. One sees by that that the writer of the title was led naturally to follow this exceptional mode for the last two lengths [lines], because, having begun by writing the Hebrew, he put the last two lines in harmony with the first, because this system was not unknown. I call that taking sincerity in the act.

There are, from the point of view of grammar, various anomalies in this writing, which lead us equally to conclude that this title is the work of a Roman soldier, who wished for example to make the Latin u pronounced, or in Greek, in *Nazarenous*. From whatever side, then, one considers this title, it is a certain title and an irrecusable witness of the passion of Jesus Christ.

The crown of thorns. — This notable relic, perhaps the most remarkable of those that Christians possess, on account of its relative integrity, comes to us without contest from Saint Louis and is preserved in the treasury of the cathedral of Paris; here we shall only abridge M. Rohault de Fleury a little. (P. 293.) Like the other relics of the passion, it remained hidden during the first three centuries under the pagan emperors, from whose eyes everything that was holy for Christians was concealed. In 409, Saint Paulinus, bishop of Nola, admitted its existence as a notorious fact; Saint Gregory of Tours appears to be the first who spoke of it explicitly; the patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 800, sent to Charlemagne a nail, thorns and a considerable piece of the Cross. Charles the Bald gave these relics to the abbey of Saint-Denis. An inscription of the twelfth century, placed on his tomb, recalls this donation.

At the time of the first crusade, to engage the Latins to seize Constantinople, Alexius Comnenus wrote, in 1100, to Robert, count of Flanders, that many notable relics were preserved at Constantinople; here are the relics to which he alluded: The column to which Our Lord was tied; the scourge with which he was flogged; the purple robe with which he was clothed; the crown of thorns; the reed which was given him for sceptre; the garments of which he was stripped; a considerable part of his cross; the nails which served for his crucifixion; the linens found in his tomb.

In 1228, the emperor of Constantinople, Baldwin II, had borrowed from the Venetians a sum of 13,075 hyperberes corresponding to 156,900 livres of our money. Not being able to free himself, he addressed himself to the king of France, who paid the debt and became possessor of the relics which the emperor had consigned as pledge into the hands of his lenders (1239). Some years after, Saint Louis, having received from the emperor Baldwin a considerable portion of the true Cross with other relics, had built on the site of the ancient chapel of the Palace that which is seen today. This edifice, begun about 1241, and finished in 1248, cost the pious monarch about 40,000 livres of his time, commonly valued at 800,000 livres of our money.

It is at the same time that, by a singular coincidence, the Pisans consecrated a reliquary of the same kind to another portion of the holy crown of thorns. And the Santa Maria della Spina of Pisa is, like the Sainte-Chapelle of Paris, a marvel of architecture; it is there that two parts of the crown were preserved, sufficient to make us know well this horrible instrument of torture of Our Lord, and by another coincidence, which marks well the instability of human things, neither the one nor the other shrine of marble or stone has kept until now its relic; but these two relics are entire, and the restored shrines could still receive them. (Rohault, p. 204.) The shrine of Notre-Dame of Paris recalls the memorable history of the relic with which

Saint Louis had enriched the eldest daughter of the Church. One reads on the first face: “The holy crown of Jesus Christ, won by Baldwin at the capture of Constantinople, in 1204, pledged to the Venetians, in 1228, was received with great piety by Saint Louis at Villeneuve, near Sens, on 10 August 1239.” On the second face: “Transferred from the Sainte-Chapelle to the abbey of Saint-Denis, in France, by order of Louis XVI, in 1791, brought back to Paris, in 1793, stripped at the Hôtel des Monnaies and carried to the Bibliothèque nationale in 1794, it was finally restored to the church of Notre-Dame, by order of the government, on 26 October 1804.” On the third face: “Recognised on 5 October 1805 by P. Dienzé and Ch.-N. Warin-Flot, vicar general of Coutances, charged in 1791 with taking a particle of it for Port-Royal, it was solemnly transported to the church of Notre-Dame, by J.-B., Cardinal de Belloy, archbishop of Paris, on 10 August 1806.” It is enclosed in a ring of crystal bound with gilt bronze and threads of red silk. The crown itself is composed of small rushes united in bundles. The interior diameter of the ring is two hundred and ten millimetres; the section has fifteen millimetres of diameter; the rushes are bound by fifteen or sixteen ties of similar rushes. A thread of gold runs through the middle of the ties to consolidate these pious remains. The diameter of the rushes, which are very fine, varies from one millimetre to a millimetre and a half, some are bent and show that the plant is hollow; their surface, examined with a magnifying glass, is furrowed with small ribs. Here now is a very judicious reflection of M. Rohault de Fleury. Independently of the authenticity which history assures to the relic of Notre-Dame, the kind of improbability that surrounds it at first sight and which soon ceases after attentive examination, proves that it was truly the crown of Our Lord. If one had wished to compose a crown after the quite natural idea one should have of it, and which paintings have followed without reflection, one would not have simulated a ring of rushes instead of thorns, and one would not have made it besides too large for the head.

To understand well the value of this seal of authenticity, the reader must know that, according to the scientifically special observations of M. Rohaut, it is established that the holy crown of Paris is not a crown of thorns, but a circle of rush, *Juncus balticus*, native of hot countries, and this circle, too wide besides to be fitted alone to the head of Our Lord, served in the passion only as a support on which to add and superpose a full crown of thorns which covered the whole head and were attached to this circle. The thorns were a species of *rhamnus*.

After this happy discovery, the exact use of the crown of Notre-Dame is understood; why it is of a nature different from the other branches of thorns which are preserved in various churches and which were the crown properly so called, and the true instrument of the torture; one is no longer astonished to see a crown apparently entire at Paris, and besides, divers small branches and isolated and detached thorns in a hundred and three towns of Christendom; but the most notable part is found at Pisa, at Trier and at Bruges. Those of Trier, which came from Saint Helena, have a great character of authenticity, and resemble perfectly those of Pisa. I add that I was much struck on reading verse 14 of chapter ix of Judges, which says: *Dixerunt omnia ligna ad rhamnum: Veni, et impera super nos* [All the trees said to the bramble: Come, and reign over us]. Is it possible not to see in it the role which this shrub was to play in the great scene of Calvary? The rhamnus becomes the sign and the illustration of the royalty of Jesus Christ; and this royalty, the rhamnus wrote it with divine blood.

The holy robes of Trier and of Argenteuil. — Let us come now to the garments of the Saviour. There is question, in the narrative of the passion, of his robe cast for by lot, and it was the accomplishment of a prophecy. Now, this robe, we possess it still as a piece of evidence; we possess with it several other garments which had the honour of covering the holy humanity of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ must have had, according to the custom of the Jews, a tunic, a sort of seamless shirt, a robe over it, like the cassock of ecclesiastics, and finally a mantle, an outer garment which was easily taken off and was not kept on within dwellings. It is regarded as certain that Jesus Christ, in his passion, had kept only one of his habitual garments, and on two occasions he was clothed with robes of mockery, with the white robe

before Herod, and with the scarlet robe before Pilate and the Jewish people. The towns of Trier and of Argenteuil each possessed a tunic which is said to have belonged to Our Lord, and each formerly believed itself to possess the seamless robe; which put in minds a regrettable confusion. But recent studies have demonstrated that both may be true; it is certain that the long robe, preserved and honoured at Trier, is different from that of Argenteuil. It is the first which arrived first in Europe, because it was Saint Helena herself who sent it to Ayvilius, bishop of Trier. One should not be surprised that the town of Trier cannot show written documents establishing the authenticity, except from the twelfth century. Who does not know the misfortunes of this city during the invasion of the Barbarians, particularly in the fifth century? A hundred times the possession of this city was disputed between the Gauls, the Franks, the Suevi, etc., and always it was the victim, from the vanquished as from the victors. How seek written monuments under these ruins? But the traditions have survived, and all, says M. Rohault, are in agreement on the authenticity of the relics.

Nevertheless the church of Trier has a written monument: it is an ivory diptych, a Roman work of the decadence, which represents the introduction of the relics of Trier into this city and their reception by Saint Helena. In 1196, archbishop John, having work done at the cathedral, found the casket which supported the holy robe. From that moment until 1512, it remained under the high altar without being exposed; and after many vicissitudes, from 1512 to 1810, it came back to Trier whence it had been removed for a century. The chest containing the holy robe was deposited in the chamber of relics and opened.

The high antiquity of the garment is evident. The holy robe is browner within than without, whitish in some places, greyish in the rest. It was thought to find no kind of seam in it; but the back had been covered with gauze, because the tissue was coming undone in many places, and the threads were hanging. The threads are so fine that they are hardly distinguished by the naked eye. The material seems to be filaments of nettles. Length, one metre fifty-five centimetres; sleeve, seventy-three centimetres; width, at the bottom, one metre sixteen centimetres. When this relic was exposed in 1810, more than two hundred thousand pilgrims flocked to it. The titles of authenticity of the robe of Argenteuil are perfectly established and distributed from century to century, so that it is not lost sight of since Gregory of Tours, who gives its history from the origin. He says that this tunic, bought by the faithful, was carried to a town of Galatia, province of Asia Minor, a hundred and fifty miles from Constantinople. The relic was preserved there in a basilica consecrated to the holy archangels, and in a secret vault, in a wooden chest; from there it was transported to Joppa to be sheltered from the attacks of the king of Persia, marching on Armenia and Asia Minor, in 590, where he destroyed all the churches. In the year 594, this robe was solemnly transported to Jerusalem by three patriarchs, Gregory of Antioch, Thomas of Jerusalem and John of Constantinople, and a crowd of people. (Gretser, bk. i, c. 97.) Twenty years after, Chosroes took it and carried it off into Persia. Heraclius retook it in 627, and transported it to Constantinople, then to Jerusalem, to bring it back at last to Constantinople where it was safer. The empress Irene, sending rich presents to Charlemagne, included in them the seamless tunic of Our Lord. Charlemagne had a sister named Gisela, who dwelt for some time in a monastery at Argenteuil, near Paris, and dependent on Saint-Denis. Theodrada, daughter of Charlemagne, consecrated herself to God in the same monastery, and the emperor asked that she should be abbess there. As he loved this princess much, he made, in her favour, the solemn translation into this abbey of the precious relic, on 13 August 800.

The curé of Argenteuil had the unhappy thought of dividing the holy tunic into several parts the better to withdraw it from profanations, so that it is difficult today to restore it to its first form. But the ancient descriptions are there to tell us what it was, that is to say the same form as that of Trier, only a little shorter. According to M. Davin, the tissue is of camel's hair rather loose, and resembles canvas whose threads would be very twisted. The threads are distributed at two millimetres for three threads. It is made with the needle, woven from top to bottom throughout its extent, on the simplest of looms, such as a tablet receiving on both faces the warp and the weft. The arms were covered only to the half, and the garment could descend to the bottom of the knee.

It seems demonstrated, says M. Rohault, that Trier possesses the long outer robe, woven of fine linen, adorned with designs, etc., and Argenteuil, the shorter tunic, seamless, coarsely woven of a single thread of camel's hair. Both were worn by Our Lord; but it is the latter that he had on Calvary. Moscow believes it possesses a robe of Jesus Christ. It might be that it was a part of the mantle, according to what M. Prilejaëf communicated to M. Rohault on this subject. Nothing prevents there being in several other places relics of the garments of Jesus Christ; for, adding the pieces found at Saint Praxedes, at Saint Roch, at Rome, the known wardrobe of Jesus Christ is not very considerable, and assuredly all has not come down to us. At Venice, there is a piece of the white robe of mockery worn before Herod. At Saint Francis of Philipo-Anagni, in Italy, at Saint John Lateran and at Saint Mary Major, pieces of the purple robe with which Our Lord was clothed in the palace of Pilate are shown.

The holy shrouds. — What has not been said that is insulting against the piety of the faithful and against the dignity of the Church on the facility with which she is reproached for letting be exposed to the veneration of Christians a great number of shrouds, robes and veils, as instruments of the passion? Here, as on so many other points of religious belief, more thorough studies will teach the rash scoffers that it is dangerous to condemn the Church. When then will our century be willing to resign itself to pronouncing condemnations only when it has well known the pieces of the process?

What does history tell us on the manner of embalming among the Jews, in the time of Our Lord? One could already have known from Saint John (chap. xx) that, in the embalming of the dead, several wrappings were used; there is mention of *linteamina* in the plural, and of the *sudarium*, another object laid apart in the sepulchre after the resurrection. One must therefore get rid of an idea drawn from modern usages, which represent only a single shroud for a single dead man. In chapter xi, 44, Saint John shows us Lazarus coming out of the tomb; but he had his feet and hands bound with linens and bandages. M. Rohault thinks with Langelé and many other learned men, and that is incontestable, that the manner of burying the dead among the Egyptians was practised also by the Hebrews and was preserved until the time of Our Lord. There were three ways of embalming among the Egyptians. According to Diodorus, one cost a talent, five thousand five hundred francs; another two minae, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three francs; and the third, very little. Without doubt, the Egyptian mummies which have come down to us had been the object of a very careful embalming. The detail of it may be seen in the same historian. (Bk. i, ch. 91.) Herodotus says the same things. Does one wish to know what quantity of linen entered into these sumptuous burials? The Arab Abd al-Latif will tell you. There are some, he says, into which more than a thousand ells of hempen cloth enter. One can understand by that that a considerable expense was still made of it, even in the burials of the second class. In 1867, all Paris was witness, at the exhibition, of the unwrapping of mummies which gave a prodigious quantity of linens. Before going further, let us insist yet, to establish that, on this point, the usages of the two peoples were similar. It may be said that in all that was not forbidden by the law, the Hebrews had borrowed much from the people among whom they had lived several centuries, whose science Moses had known, whose language was still known in the time of Abraham, since he spoke to the king without an interpreter. Here is what Genesis says, and it is an important fact (Genesis, ch. l, v. 2): Joseph commanded his servants and the physicians to embalm the body of his father, and forty days were needed to complete this embalming. It was evidently the Egyptian method, described by the historians of whom we have just spoken. The similarity of usages is therefore well established. The Chevalier de Rossi showed M. Rohault, in the cemetery of Saint Callixtus, an embalmed body wrapped altogether after the Egyptian fashion, and it is known that the burials of the catacombs belong to the first centuries of the Christian era.

Can it be believed now that a rich man, like Joseph of Arimathea, and the holy women did not lavish what they had most precious in their houses, in jewels, in aromatics, in linens, to do honour to the venerated Master?

Notwithstanding the care which the blessed Joseph and the holy women took to staunch the blood, as the burial took place immediately after the death, it is very likely to say that the blood may have passed through several folds of the winding sheets and given rise to the existence of several shrouds bearing imprints, which have been venerated in different towns of Christendom, and it may be affirmed that not all the winding sheets have come down to us. If then there is a thing which ought to cause astonishment, it is not that there have been holy shrouds at Besançon, at Turin, at Cahors, at Cadouin, at Carcassonne and at Rome; but that no more of them have remained, and this proves the sincerity and good faith of the Christians, to whom it is naturally repugnant to employ trickery in a matter so grave. Without doubt the holiness of things does not prevent abuse of them; but there must be a considerable human interest. Here where would it be? Excommunication threatens those who traffic in them.

The Holy Stairs, the reed, the sponge, the lance. — The staircase of the palace of Pilate was transported to Rome by Saint Helena, in 326, and deposited at Saint John Lateran. In 850, Saint Leo IV established the devotion of climbing it on one's knees. As these stairs could be climbed only on one's knees, the steps were so worn that they had to be covered with linings of walnut wood; these linings are hollowed in front, so as to let the relic be seen, which is composed of twenty-eight steps of white marble, whose veins, slightly grey, run in the direction of the length of the steps. There are no mouldings on the front; the first eight are 3 m. 30 c. in length; and the others, 2 m. 50 c.

The dome of Florence possesses a small fragment of the reed of the mocking royalty of Jesus Christ; another more considerable, of a hundred and ten millimetres, is at the convent of Andechs, in Bavaria, and another of a hundred and eighty millimetres at the convent of Watoped, of Mount Athos. Reuniting all these fragments, we scarcely pass three hundred millimetres: the reed must have exceeded this length by much. Here again, as for the greater part of the holy relics, there has been loss, instead of false multiplication.

At the capture of Jerusalem by the Persians, in 614, the holy sponge was carried to Constantinople on 14 September of the same year. Saint Gregory of Tours, some years before, speaks of it as of a relic which was venerated publicly at Jerusalem with the lance and the reed, the crown of thorns and the column, without marking the place where they were kept. The venerable Bede saw it at Jerusalem in the chalice of Our Lord, a silver chalice which was believed to have served at the supper. A fragment of the holy sponge came to France with the relics offered to Saint Louis; Saint-Jacques of Compiègne had a small particle of it. Fragments of it are also seen at Rome in the churches of Saint Sylvester, of Saint John Lateran, of Saint Mary Major, Saint Mary in Trastevere, Saint Mark and Saint Mary in Compitelli. All united would form, in all appearance, only a sponge rather mediocre in size. In the time of the venerable Bede, the holy lance was enclosed in a cross of wood under the portico of the Martyrium, a church built by Constantine. Bishop François-Adolphe saw it likewise. According to Gregory of Tours, it was transported from Jerusalem to Constantinople, in the time of Heraclius. In 1092, the crusaders found it at Antioch; in 1243, Baldwin ceded the point of it to Saint Louis. A part of the lance was sent by Bajazet, in 1492, to Innocent VIII, who placed it at Saint Peter's of Rome, where it is in great veneration. Bajazet had it said that the point was in France. Benedict XIV had the point of the holy lance brought from Paris, in order to bring it near the lance itself, deposited in the basilica of Saint Peter, and he ascertained that the fit was satisfactory.

The stone where the cross was set; the stone of unction. — Mgr Mislin has denounced a deception of the Greeks. The cavity which is at the summit of Calvary is not that in which the cross was planted. In the upheaval which occurred in the fire of 1808, they removed the stone in which the true cross had been fixed, to transport it to Constantinople, and put another stone in its place, and the true one was lost in a shipwreck. But if the jealous zeal of Christians removes the stones, one cannot remove the places.

On descending from Calvary, one finds immediately the stone of unction on which Joseph of Arimathea embalmed the body of Jesus. Eight feet long, two wide, it is today covered with a table of red marble which is only a few inches thick. It is surrounded with great candelabra and ten silver lamps.

The column of the flagellation; the holy blood. — The column to which Jesus Christ was bound during his flagellation was anciently kept at Jerusalem on Mount Sion with other holy relics. This is what we learn from Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, or. i, *in Julian.*, from Saint Paulinus, ep. 34; from Saint Gregory of Tours, bk. i, *de glor. mart.*, c. 7; from the venerable Bede, *de locis sanctis*, c. 3; from Saint Prudentius; from Saint Jerome, etc. This column is seen at present at Rome, through an iron grating, in a small chapel of the church of Saint Praxedes. According to an inscription placed above the chapel, it was brought there, in 1223, by cardinal John Colonna, legate of the Holy See in the East, under pope Honorius III. It is of grey marble, and a foot and a half long. It has, at its base, a foot of diameter and eight inches only at the top. The base of the column is preserved in the rich treasury of Saint Mark, at Venice. One sees there still an iron ring to which criminals were attached. Some think that it is only the upper part of the column of which Saint Jerome speaks: but no mark of fracture is seen on it. The Jews scourged criminals, first on the back, then (at least often) on the belly, then on the two sides. It appears that the same was observed among the Romans.

The blood of Jesus Christ, which is kept in some places, and of which the most famous is that of Mantua, comes from what has sometimes flowed miraculously from crucifixes which Jews or pagans have pierced in hatred of the Saviour. These so touching miracles are related and established in a peremptory manner in very authentic histories. See Saint Thomas, pt. iii, q. 54, a. 2, ad 5; and *Quodlibet* v, a. 5.[1]

The holy headband. — M. Baras, curé of Saint-Céré (Lot), has drawn our attention to the existence of a precious relic of Our Lord Jesus Christ, long forgotten, and which a small country church, in the diocese of Cahors, possesses. This relic is connected with the life of Saint Namphasius, whose tomb is in the church of Caniac.[2] Saint Namphasius was the restorer of the abbey of Marcillac to which was given, by Charlemagne, the precious relic of which we speak. It is the holy headband with which the eyes of Our Lord were covered, in the house of Caiaphas, at the supper described by the Gospel: “They began to veil his face, to buffet him and to ask him who struck him.” The little church of Saint-Julien of Lunegarde has the happiness of possessing this notable relic for several centuries.

This headband is a piece of linen cloth long enough to go round the head, and about ten centimetres wide; it presents numerous stains of blood. The historian Dominicy, in his work *De Sudario capitis Christi*, printed at Cahors in 1640, says: *Asservatur in ecclesia S. Juliani de Lunegarde (cujus praesentatio ad abbatem Marciliocensem pertinet), tenue velum ex lino Aegyptio; idemque illud esse dicunt quo Christi faciem milites obduxere, dum per ludibrium colaphis caederetur. Est et in eadem Ecclesia, frustum arundinis, ei in signum regni affectati, pro sceptro traditae, p. 47… Hanc porro coenobio Marciliacensi, cum velo quo Christus eadem in cena obductus fuit, a Carolo Magno illius monasterii restauratore olim vetus affirmat traditio, eamque postmodum ecclesiae de Lunegarde, ab illius coenobii abbatibus traditam, et locus ille (qui ab hoc monasterio ad hoc pendet), vasta superioris Cadurcinii solitudine et sylva horrenda obsitus, tantorum pignorum gratia, a populis devotionis ergo adeuntibus in posterum frequentaretur… Sacras quamplures reliquias in multis Galliarum ecclesiis (Carolum Magnum) deposuisse nemo potest inficiari, illosque maxime ab oriente quaesitas, p. 50.* [In substance: “There is preserved in the church of Saint Julian of Lunegarde (the presentation to which belongs to the abbot of Marcillac) a thin veil of Egyptian linen; and they say that it is the one with which the soldiers covered the face of Christ, while he was being struck with fists in mockery. There is also in the same church a piece of reed, handed to him as a sceptre in sign of the kingship ascribed to him, p. 47… An old tradition affirms that this [relic] was given to the monastery of Marcillac, together with the veil with which Christ was covered at the same supper, by Charlemagne, restorer of that monastery, and was afterwards handed to the church of Lunegarde by the abbots of that monastery, and that this place (which depends on this monastery), set in the vast solitude and dreadful forest of Upper Quercy, should thereafter be frequented by peoples coming out of devotion, on account of such pledges… That Charlemagne deposited very many sacred relics in many churches of the Gauls no one can deny, and that they were chiefly sought from the East, p. 50.”]

These so precise texts of the historian of Quercy acquire, in our eyes, a new authority from a monument which was communicated to me by M. the abbé Ayrales, retired at Saint-Chignes, parish of Saignes, canton of Saint-Céré. It is a notarial act on parchment in which is reported: 1° the presentation made by the abbot of Marcillac of one Jeanny de Podio de Cardailhac in replacement of a certain Valette, who resigned the cure of Saint-Julien of Lunegarde; 2° the nomination made of this same de Podio (Dupuy probably) to the said cure, for the brother and vicar general of Mgr Antoine d'Alamand, bishop of Cahors. This act is of the year 1468. — This act supposes that the right of presentation, exercised by the abbot of Marcillac, existed before that epoch. May it not be reasonably concluded that the holy headband had already been deposited at Lunegarde at an epoch anterior to the year 1468?

I believe that Dominicy commits an error in speaking of a fragment of the reed. I am convinced, as the inscription attached to the relic bears, that it is of the true cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ which was deposited in the church of Saint-Julien of Lunegarde at the same time as the holy headband.

The authentic title of these relics no longer exists. M. Pons, curé of Lunegarde before 1789, and dead, I believe, in 1834, said to several persons who reported it to me, "that he had had this title in his possession, but that he had lost it at the time of his emigration." This was attested to us by the late Mme Pons de Reilhac, mother of M. Antoine Pons, notary; by the late Mme Claretty, mother of Mme Pégourié du Grand-Domaine, and by M. Laveyfflères, curé of Saint-Martin-le-Désarnat, former curé of Lunegarde, previously vicar of M. Pons.

It is certain that from time immemorial there have been pilgrims going, out of devotion, to Lunegarde. 1° The fountain, where the pilgrims still go to draw water, is a proof of it. Its name Font-Roumive means fountain of the pilgrims, Font des Roumious. In the Middle Ages, there had been given, in the language of the country, the name of Roumious, who goes to Rome, to those who undertook a pilgrimage of any kind, because the pilgrimage to Rome being the most celebrated, those who went to it were called Roumious. There exists, at Rocamadour, a road which is called *lou Comi dey Roumious*. 2° The old men whom I knew at Lunegarde affirmed to me that, from all time, the pilgrimage had been frequented, above all before the great Revolution. People went to it even from Auvergne, as attested a hawker of that country who told me "that he had heard his grandfather, dead a nonagenarian, say, when he himself was a little child, that people went from Auvergne on pilgrimage to Lunegarde." This merchant was called Andrieu and was aged more than sixty years. This testimony is anterior to 1850. I attest, says in conclusion M. the abbé Raras, the truth of the above testimonies.

Cf. *La Bible sans la Bible*, 2 vols. in-8°, 2nd ed., Bar-le-Duc, 1871–72.

Saint Alexander, Pope, Saints Evencius and Theodulus, Priests, Saint Balbina, Saint Quirinus, Saint Theodora, and Saint Hermes, Martyrs

108–117. — Emperors: Trajan; Hadrian.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. — The world shall rejoice while you shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

Common of Martyrs in Paschal time.

Saint Alexander was thirty years old when election raised him to the Holy See to govern the empire of souls. He was born at Rome in the Palatine region, in the quarter called the Bull's Head,[1] so named from a bronze bull erected to perpetuate the memory of the victory of Marius over the Teutons; his father was called, like him, Alexander.

The marvellous conversions which he worked, above all in the higher ranks of society, drew on him the attention of the persecutors; but let us let the Acts speak:

“Alexander, who sat sixth on the chair of the blessed Peter, apostle, was a man of incomparable holiness; young in years, he was old in faith. Divine grace so conciliated to him the affection of the city of Rome that he converted to Jesus Christ a great number of senators. One of his first conquests was the prefect of Rome, Hermes, whom he baptised with his wife, his sister, Saint Theodora, and his sons, and twelve hundred and fifty slaves who belonged to them, on a single Easter day. Before receiving the regenerating water, Hermes gave them all liberty; they continued to serve free him whom they had served as slaves; Hermes distributed to them all his goods. Meanwhile the emperor Trajan had just sent to Rome the head of his militia, Aurelianus, with order to put all the Christians to death. On his arrival, the pagan priests came to denounce the fact to him; Hermes and pope Alexander were cast into a dungeon. On their passage, the crowd, stirred up by the idolatrous pontiffs, uttered cries of death: Let them be burned alive! it said. It is they who make our temples deserted and who have turned millions of men from the worship of the gods! — The prefect of the city, Hermes, was committed to the guard of the tribune Quirinus. How, said this soldier to him, could a patrician such as you, a lieutenant of the emperor, have lost at pleasure an eminent post, to exchange it for chains reserved for the vilest criminals? — Hermes answered him: I have not lost my prefecture, I have only moved it. An earthly dignity is subject to all the vicissitudes of earth; a heavenly dignity is eternal like God himself. — What! cried the tribune, with the wisdom which we admire in you, you could let yourself be seduced by a doctrine so senseless! You believe that something of us remains after this life, when our body is reduced to ashes which a breath suffices to scatter? — I too, said Hermes, some years ago, I laughed at such a hope and esteemed only this mortal life. — But, resumed Quirinus, who then has been able to make you change your sentiment? what proofs have you had to believe? make them known to me; I shall perhaps believe in my turn. — Hermes answered: You have at this moment under your guard the prisoner who convinced me; it is Alexander. — At these words, Quirinus burst into curses against Alexander, and cried: My dear master, illustrious Hermes, I conjure you, return to your rank; come back to yourself; your patrimony, your family, all your house shall be given back to you. Alexander is only an impostor; Aurelianus has charged me to tell you that if you consent to sacrifice to the gods, nothing is lost for you. I asked you what proofs had determined your resolution, and you name to me a wretched magician, a scoundrel whom I have had cast into a deep pit! Is it quite true that you could be seduced by this artisan of crimes? But a peasant would hardly be the sport of such a Samardachus,[2] who will soon be burned alive! If he were so powerful, why does he not deliver himself, and you with him? — The Jews, resumed Hermes, said the same word to Jesus Christ, my master, when he was on the cross: Let him come down, they said, and we will believe in him! Now, if Jesus Christ had not had horror of their perfidy and had not clearly known their bad faith, he would really have come down from the cross in their presence, and would have appeared to them in all his majesty. — Well! said Quirinus, if it is so, I will go to your Alexander, I will say to him: Wilt thou have me believe in thy God? I will have the number of thy chains tripled; find thyself then at the hour of supper in the cell of Hermes. If I see such a miracle, I will believe. — The tribune betook himself to the dungeon of Alexander, made him this proposal, and, after having doubled the guards at his door, left him. Alexander betook himself to prayer: My Lord and my God! thou who hast made me sit on the see of Peter, thy apostle, thou art my witness that I do not wish to withdraw from the passion and death which await me. Grant me only to be conducted this evening to thy servant Hermes, and make me be back tomorrow morning in this dungeon. — Now, at nightfall, a child, holding a lighted torch, appeared to the prisoner, took him by the hand, opened the sealed window and conducted him to the cell of Hermes; the two Martyrs, miraculously reunited, betook themselves to prayer, and Quirinus, bringing the evening meal, found them in this attitude. His stupor, his fright, did not permit him to utter a word; he seemed thunderstruck. Thou wouldst have a miracle to believe, they said to him; thou seest the miracle. Believe then in Jesus Christ, Son of God, who hears his servants, and who has promised to grant them all they ask of him. Quirinus had had time to recover his senses. This is perhaps, he answered, one of the prestiges of your magic? — What! said Hermes, is it then by our will that we could have broken, without leaving traces, the doors of thy dungeon? Thou hast tripled thy guards, and yet here we are together. Believe then at last; there is no other magic than the power of Jesus

Christ, that God who gave sight to the blind, healed the lepers and raised the dead! — The tribune felt moved: I have, he said, Balbina, my daughter, whom I counted on marrying soon. A goitre has come upon her neck; heal her and I will believe in Jesus Christ. — Alexander said to him: Detach this iron chain which binds my neck, make thy daughter touch it, and she will be healed. — Quirinus hesitated, he did not know whether he wished to leave the two captives together. Shut the door of the cell again, in the accustomed manner, the Pontiff said to him; tomorrow morning I shall be in my dungeon. — In effect, the next day, at the first hour of the day, Quirinus opened the door of the dungeon of Alexander. The gaoler was not alone, Balbina, his daughter, miraculously healed, accompanied him; he prostrated himself at the feet of the holy Martyr, and, melting into tears, he said: Lord, I conjure you, intercede for me with the God of whom you are bishop, that he may pardon my past incredulity; here is my daughter, your servant, I did what you told me, she is healed![3]" Quirinus was converted. Alexander asked him: How many captives are there in this prison? — About twenty, answered the tribune. — Inquire if there are any among them who have been imprisoned for the name of Christ. — Quirinus made this inquiry and soon came back to tell the Pontiff: There is an aged priest named Eventius, and another come from the East, named Theodulus. — Go, said Alexander to him, and bring them to me. — The tribune was not content to bring the two priests to Alexander; he assembled around the holy Pontiff all the other prisoners: These, he said, are thieves, adulterers, assassins, all laden with crimes. — It is for sinners, said Alexander, that Jesus Christ, Our Lord, came down from heaven, he calls us all to penance and to pardon. — Beginning then to instruct them, he spoke to them with so much force and efficacy that, touched by his words, they asked for baptism. Alexander charged the priests Eventius and Theodulus to receive them among the catechumens and to continue their instruction. Soon Quirinus, Balbina, his daughter, all the members of his house and all the captives received baptism; the prison was changed into a church. The clerk, *commentariensis*, denounced to Aurelianus all that had just passed. This imperial lieutenant had Quirinus called: I wished you well, he said to him, you have unworthily deceived me; behold you the dupe of this Alexander! — I am a Christian, answered Quirinus. You may scourge me, cut off my head, throw me to the flames, I shall never be anything else! All the prisoners who were under my guard are Christians like me. I besought the pontiff Alexander and the patrician Hermes to leave their dungeon, I opened the doors to them, they refused; they aspire to death like a starving man to a feast; now, do with me what you will. — Insolent! said the Roman magistrate, I shall have your tongue cut out and apply you to torture. — Quirinus had in effect his tongue cut out, and was stretched on the rack; after this torment, his hands and feet were cut off successively; finally Aurelianus gave the order to behead him and had his body thrown to the dogs. During the night, the brethren secretly carried off these precious remains and buried them in the cemetery of Praetextatus, on the Appian Way. Balbina, daughter of Quirinus, consecrated her virginity to the Lord. One day, Alexander saw her kiss respectfully the iron chain which had miraculously healed her: Cease, he said to her, to kiss this chain. Seek rather the fetters which the blessed Peter bore, you will be able to lavish your homage on them. — The virgin did not forget this recommendation of the Martyr. After long and painful researches, she discovered at last the chains of the Apostle and bequeathed them afterwards to the patrician Theodora, sister of Hermes. He had his head cut off by order of Aurelianus. Theodora gathered his remains and buried them in the catacomb of the old Salarian Way,[4] near Rome, on the 5th of the calends of September. Aurelianus had all the prisoners baptised by Alexander seized; they were embarked on a disabled ship, which was sunk in the open sea.[5] Aurelianus had reserved Alexander, and the two priests Eventius and Theodulus, to interrogate them with more care. "I wish," he said to the pontiff, "to learn from thy mouth all the mystery of your sect. Explain to me how, in the name of I know not what Christ, you run to meet chains and death. — What you ask of me, answered Alexander, is the secret of the Saints. And it has been said to us: 'Give not the holy mysteries to dogs.' — I am then a dog! cried Aurelianus. — Alas! resumed Alexander, the dog dies entirely; he has no account to render after life; he has no immortal soul that can be condemned to an eternity of sufferings. But man, formed to the image of God, owes himself to the obligations which such a privilege imposes on him; eternal torments are reserved to his crimes. A dignitary of the empire, you would punish a bold man who had outraged, in one of your statues, the majesty of the public official. Yet, mortal

yourself, the punishments you inflict cannot exceed temporal death. But God is eternal, his sentences have eternity for sanction and duration. — That is not to answer, said Aurelianus. I questioned thee plainly. Speak, or I shall deliver thee to the whips of the lictors. — What! said Alexander, you pretend to wrest from me, by threats, the revelation of our mysteries! It is to me that you hold such language! But, besides my King who is in the heavens, no power can make me tremble. Know that Christians undergo all tortures without uttering a single word which could betray the secret of their faith. They deliver it nevertheless entire to the docility of humble disciples. — Aurelianus thought he ought to bring in the imperial omnipotence, of which he was the representative. Enough of subterfuges! he said. Thou art not before an ordinary judge. I am the delegate of Trajan, the master of the world. — Take care, said Alexander. The omnipotence of which you make your boast will soon be reduced to nothing." The prophecy of the holy Pope was soon to be fulfilled by the unforeseen death of Aurelianus and of the emperor himself; but at that moment it exasperated the official. "Wretch! he cried. I have delayed too long to punish. Thou shalt expire in torments. — What matter! answered Alexander. Is it not known that such is the fate you reserve for innocence? You grant life only to those who abjure the name of Jesus Christ, my God. Now, I shall not have this cowardice. I must therefore perish by your hands. I shall die like Hermes, that patrician whom martyrdom has truly put in the rank of the *clarissimi*. I shall die like Quirinus, that true tribune of Christ, and like those glorious regenerated ones who have just mounted to heaven! — That is precisely what I ask of thee, said Aurelianus. Why do you Christians prefer death to all the offers I can make you? — I have already answered, said Alexander: *Non licet sanctum dare canibus* [It is not lawful to give the holy to dogs]. — That insult again! cried Aurelianus. Enough of vain words! Lictors, do your office! — Alexander was stretched on the rack; his sides were torn with iron claws, and the bleeding wounds were revived with flaming torches. The Martyr smiled, praying. — Madman, said the magistrate to him. Thou art not forty years old! Why lose thy existence at pleasure? — Would to God, said the Martyr, that you did not lose your own immortal soul! — At this moment the wife of Aurelianus sent to say to him: Set Alexander at liberty. He is a Saint. If you persist in torturing him, the divine vengeance will burst on you, and I shall have the misfortune to lose you. — Alexander is young! answered Aurelianus. Ask my wife whether that is not the reason of the tender interest she takes in him." In reality, the wife of Aurelianus was a Christian, and her husband did not know it. "When the Pontiff, exhausted by the loss of his blood, had come down from the rack, Eventius and Theodulus were brought. Aurelianus addressed Alexander: Tell me, he asked him, who are these? — They are two Saints, two priests, answered Alexander. — What is thy name, said the magistrate to Eventius? — My name among men is Eventius, answered the priest. But I am a Christian, and such is my spiritual name. — Since when art thou a Christian? added Aurelianus. — For seventy years. I was baptised at the age of eleven; at twenty I was ordained priest. I am now eighty-one years old. This last year of my life has been the happiest for me, for I have passed it in a dungeon, for the name of my God! — Take pity on thy old age, said Aurelianus. Abjure Christ; I shall honour thy white hairs, thou shalt be the friend of the emperor, and I shall load thee with riches. — Eventius answered: I thought you had some wisdom, but your heart is blinded; it refuses to open to the divine light. Yet there is still time; embrace the true faith; believe in Jesus Christ, son of the living God, and mercy will be shown you. — The magistrate had Eventius removed, without answering him. Theodulus received the order to approach the tribunal. And thou too, he said, wilt thou count for nothing the orders I give thee in the name of the emperor? — Neither you nor your orders can frighten me! cried Theodulus. Who are you, you who torture the Saints of God? What has Alexander, the holy pontiff, done to deserve the torments you have inflicted on him? — Dost thou then hope to escape them thyself? asked Aurelianus. — God forbid, cried Theodulus. Jesus Christ will not refuse me the grace of being associated with his martyrs!" This word gave birth in the soul of Aurelianus to a thought which he believed marvellous. He gave the order to tie Alexander and Eventius back to back, and had them both thrown into a burning furnace. As for Theodulus, he wished him to be held near the blazing furnace, to be witness there of their torment, but without sharing it. Meanwhile the miracle of the companions of Daniel was renewed at that moment. "From the midst of the flames, Alexander cried: Theodulus, my brother, come to us! The angel who appeared to the

three young Hebrews is here at our side, he keeps a place for thee! — At these words, Theodulus, escaping the soldiers, threw himself into the furnace. The three Martyrs were heard, free in the flames, singing the word of the Psalm: 'Lord, thou hast tried us by fire, and no iniquity has been found in us!' — Aurelianus, furious at this prodigy which he attributed to a magical power, had them drawn out of the furnace. Eventius and Theodulus had their heads cut off. Alexander, reserved for a more painful torment, had his whole body slowly pierced by points of steel, until he gave up his soul. Aurelianus was insulting their corpses when he heard a voice from heaven which said to him: These dead, whom thou outragest, are now in a place of eternal delights, but thou, thou shalt go down to hell! — Seized with horror, the magistrate re-entered his palace, trembling in all his limbs. He called Severina, his wife. I thought I saw, he said to her, a young man with a sparkling face; he cast at my feet as it were a flaming sword, and said to me: Aurelianus, thou shalt now receive thy reward! — A nervous trembling has seized me. Fever devours me. What to do? Invoke thy God for me; pray him to have mercy on me. — Severina answered: I shall go myself to bury the holy Martyrs, they will intercede for us. — She went therefore, and in one of her estates, at the seventh milestone from Rome, on the Via Nomentana, she laid with her own hands Eventius and Alexander in the same tomb. Theodulus was buried alone, in a separate sepulchre. The priests of Rome and all the faithful had accompanied the bodies of the Martyrs. They remained assembled, while Severina came back in all haste to her husband. Aurelianus was a prey to the most violent delirium; a burning fever consumed him; incoherent words came from his lips; sometimes however imprecations escaped him against himself; he reproached himself with his crime. — Unfortunate man, said Severina, you have despised my counsels! The hand of God weighs upon you! — Soon Aurelianus expired in atrocious convulsions. Severina clothed herself with a hair-shirt; she came to prostrate herself on the tomb of the Martyrs, and would no longer leave that place. Later, when the pontiff Sixtus had arrived from the East, she obtained that a bishop should celebrate the holy mysteries there every day. That is why a priest has remained attached to this oratory to this day. Now, the martyrdom of the saints Alexander, Eventius and Theodulus took place on the fifth of the nones of May (3 May 117). Glory to God for ever and ever. Amen![6]„

Such are the Acts of Saint Alexander which were found in the eighteenth century in a manuscript of the Vatican library: they are the first of a Pope which have escaped the burning of the Christian archives ordered by Decius and Diocletian. The details they contain are marvellously confirmed by the discovery of the tomb of Saint Alexander and of Saint Evencius, which was made at Rome, on the same Nomentan Way, in 1844, 1860 and 1864.[7]

Saint Alexander I is represented pierced with awls or nails which are driven into his breast.

Let us follow now to the end of their glorious career the other personages whom we have seen figure in the moving drama of the Acts of the holy Pontiff.

Saint Balbina, the spiritual daughter of Alexander, after having passed the rest of her life like an angel, employing her goods to feed poor Christians, gave back her soul to the Spouse of virgins in the year 169, on 31 March, the day on which the Roman Martyrology does her the honour of mentioning her. Her virginal body was buried near the remains of the Martyr, her father, on the Appian Way.

Saint Balbina is represented: taking in hand the chains of Pope Saint Alexander; or else the Pope puts his chains on her neck, beside Saint Quirinus, her father. She is invoked against scrofula, of which Saint Alexander healed her miraculously.

Saint Quirinus is represented with an arm cut off; — he is sometimes given a horse and an armour, doubtless to recall his quality of Roman knight or military tribune; — a falcon refuses to touch his tongue, which is thrown to it as food; and dogs, his limbs, which are given them to devour. An ancient picture which was formerly in the choir of the noble canonesses of Saint Quirinus at Neuss recalled the episode of the tongue offered to the falcon. An author adds even the curious detail that follows: Recourse was had to Saint Quirinus

for the cure of fistulas, scrofulas, called graces of Saint Quirinus. The masters of Saint Quirinus, that is, the infirmarians charged with caring for the sick who came to Neuss to seek their cure, could not eat eggs and poultry as long as the treatment lasted. Another picture represented the martyr dragged to punishment by ten horses: these animals gained by it to be often delivered from glanders by "the blessed saint."

Saint Quirinus is particularly honoured at Cologne where there were relics of him in the church of Saint Pantaleon, in that of Saint Alban and in five others; at Zülpich, at Mainz, at Paris, near Louvain, at Lille, at Tongres, at Floresse, at Brussels, at Neuss, at Correggio and in Lorraine, etc. He is invoked, moreover, against paralysis, diseases of the legs, and in Brabant, against ear-aches.

In an abridgment of the life and martyrdom of Saint Quirinus, published in 1847,[8] one finds on the relics of this blessed one and on those of Saint Balbina, his daughter, interesting details, of which here is a succinct summary. The holy pope Leo IX, Bruno of Dachsburg, previously bishop of Toul, urged strongly by Pepa, his sister or his mother, who had come to visit him at Rome, consented to give her the bodies of Saint Quirinus and of Saint Balbina, with which she wished to enrich the convent of Neuss, not far from Cologne, of which she was abbess. On her return, arrived one evening at some distance from Dachsburg, today Dabo, the mule which carried the shrines stopped and would no longer advance; there was nothing for it but to lay down with all possible decency the venerable burden, which the next day could not be lifted, in spite of vigorous and persevering efforts. Pepa, recognising by such a sign that God had views of mercy for the country where she was, had a chapel raised on the very place of the deposit and left there the bodies of the father and of the daughter, whose heads nevertheless she carried off to Neuss. The pious abbess entrusted the guard of the chapel and of the holy shrines to a person devoted to the upkeep of the new sanctuary. After the death of the faithful guardian, the abbot of Marmoutier, in Alsace, replaced her by one of his religious, then afterwards had the relics transported to his abbey. But the populations of the country, attributing to this removal the calamities which came to afflict them, addressed lively complaints to the count of Dachsburg who, having transmitted them, adding his own, to the abbot of Marmoutier, obtained the restitution of the protecting shrines. For his part, the abbot represented to the count that it would be more fitting to entrust the guard of them to two or three religious who would serve the Lord near these notable relics. The count subscribed to the desire of the abbot; he built the priory of Saint-Quirin where they were honourably placed and around which rose the fine village which bears his name.[9] The numerous and signal graces obtained through the intercession of the two Martyrs have made of this locality the goal of a considerable pilgrimage which has not ceased.

A particle of the relics of Saint Quirinus has been replaced in the primitive chapel, named the High Chapel, in which the pilgrims do not fail to go and pray. There exists another in the rustic church of Saint Hilary, in the canton of Saint-Nicolas-de-Port.[10]

We have already seen Saint Theodora render the duties of Christian burial to her brother, Hermes, the prefect of Rome, a convert. The place where she buried him was called the Street of Salt. Pope Pelagius II had a cemetery opened there later which bore the name of Saint Hermes. There are no authentic details on the rest of the life of Saint Theodora. It is known only that after having been regenerated in the waters of baptism, she renounced pleasures and disposed of all her goods in favour of the poor. She was likewise put to death for the faith, some say in 117, others in 133; but if it is in 133, she cannot have been condemned by the prefect Aurelian, as some authors say, since that executioner of the Christians went to render account to God shortly after having sent to punishment Saint Alexander and the illustrious phalanx of his disciples.

The worship of Saint Theodora is better established than her life. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, the Ursuline religious of Caen, desiring to enrich their chapel with some relics, begged Pope Alexander VII to grant them the body of a martyr and of a virgin martyr. The sacred ashes of Saint Marinus, a young Roman senator, of Saint Theodora and of Saint Hermes, her brother, had just been discovered. His Holiness, condescending to the wishes of the pious daughters of Saint Ursula, sent them the bodies of the

first two: the solemn reception of them was made at Caen, on 10 September 1656. Having escaped the searches of the revolutionaries of ’93, these holy relics still receive in our day the homages of Christians, in the chapel of the Ursuline religious of Caen. This holy deposit could be nowhere better placed than with these spouses of Christ, all of whose efforts tend to sanctify themselves and to sanctify others by forming young girls for God and the family.

The Ursulines of Caen celebrate, by a special permission, the feast of Saint Theodora on the first Sunday not impeded after Easter, and on the first Sunday of September they solemnise the feast of the double translation of the relics of Saint Marinus and of Saint Theodora.

Epistles and Disciplinary Regulations of Saint Alexander

1° Saint Alexander had to combat two sorts of heretics, the Docetae and the Heracleonites. The first denied the reality of the passion of the Saviour: it is against them that his first written regulation is directed, ordering mention of the passion to be made, in the holy sacrifice, by these words: *Qui pridie quam pateretur*, up to the consecration. As he says himself, it was the simple confirmation of a traditional usage, — *a patribus accepimus*, — but for fear that the heretics should argue ignorance, he cut short their innovations by the sword of the written word.

“In the oblation of the Sacraments,” he says, “which is made at the solemnity of the mass, it is fitting to make memory of the passion of the Lord… The oblation of the sacrifice must consist solely of bread and wine mixed with water. The Fathers have taught us that the chalice of the Lord must not be filled with wine alone, nor with water alone, but with the mixture of the one and the other. The reason is easy to understand: it is that from the opened heart of Jesus Christ there escaped at once blood and water…”

2° Heracleon was dogmatising in Sicily. He was, in less than a century, the eighteenth heresiarch who attacked the divine work of Jesus Christ. He taught that baptism conferred an inamissible grace: one sees that quietism dates from afar. The bishops of Sicily referred it to the Pope, who composed a treatise against Heracleon, and sent a holy priest named Sabinianus to bring it to them. Sabinianus had, with the heresiarch, a public conference in which he reduced him to silence. This important historical fact has been brought to light by the unsuspected erudition of a French scholar, Father Sirmond.[11]

3° Decretal relative to holy water, instituting the usage of keeping it in Christian houses. Dissertations without end have been made on the origin of holy water: people have wished to see in it the intention of sanctifying the pagan usage of lustral water: it is useless erudition, for if the letters of Saint Alexander, — his decretals if you will, — had been read in France, it would have been seen that paganism has nothing to do with this question, and that the origin of holy water proceeds directly from the Hebrew ceremonial transformed by the Apostles, adapted to the liturgy of those who believe in spirit and in truth. “I am not come to destroy the law,” said the Master, “but to fulfil it.” His disciples, remembering this precept of Leviticus (ii, 13): “In every oblation to the Lord, thou shalt mix salt,” mixed some with the water. Salt, which was among the Jews the symbol of wisdom, became, for Christians, the symbol of Jesus Christ himself, the uncreated wisdom. Moreover, had not the first Christians learned from Saint Paul to stretch out their hands in the form of a cross, to pray, and to purify them by a preliminary ablution; which we do still today on entering our churches: now, where is there question of lustral water in the epistles of Saint Paul (1 Tim. ii, 8; Tertullian, *de orat.*, cap. 2), and above all the learned *Annals* of Baronius; the *History of the Church*, by M. the abbé Darras, vol. vii; *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. i of May? Father Giry had said, in few words, the same thing as we: proof that the pretended modern criticism had not carried all convictions by attacking, with set purpose, the primitive documents. The decretals of Saint Alexander I are found in vol. v of the *Patrologia Graeca* of M. Migne, *Acta Sanctorum*, 3 May; Darras, *Hist. de l’Église*, vol. vii; local notes.

The Blessed Emilia Bicchieri, of the Third Order of Saint Dominic

— Pope: Clement V. — Duke of Milan: Matthew I, Visconti.

"O charming flower of virginity, who from your tender years have shone in the garden of God like a lily; you whose soul already dwelt in heaven, while your body was still chained to earth, grant me the grace of walking in your holy footsteps."

Life of the Blessed, by Sister Matilda. *Apud Boll.*

Emilia was born on 3 May 1238, at Vercelli, of Peter Bicchieri and Alesia Borromeo, as distinguished by their birth as by their fortune. She was the fourth of seven sisters whom God gave to her parents. All married advantageously: Emilia alone was to follow a way which is, besides, that of exception. From her young years she showed herself endowed with happy qualities which a Christian education developed. She distinguished herself early by a tender devotion toward the holy Virgin, and her mother having died, she begged Mary to serve her as mother. She was seen applying herself from her childhood to the practice of mortification and silence. She spoke little in order to have more time to consecrate with God. To frequent prayers she joined fasting and the practice of renunciation and charity. She loved the poor ardently and put in work, to relieve them, all the means that were in her power. Bicchieri was proud of his daughter, and sought to procure her an advantageous establishment, but that did not enter into the designs of Emilia, who wished to consecrate herself to God. Aged only fourteen, she goes to find her father, throws herself at his feet and conjures him to let her enter religion. The father, surprised, refuses at first his consent, and then, overcome by her solicitations, grants her what she asks.

From that time, regarding herself as separated from the world and consecrated to God, she set about leading in her father's house the life of a true religious. Her choice was not yet fixed. She decided later for the Order of Saint Dominic, and her father having had a monastery built for her, she entered it with several companions who had come to range themselves under her direction. After a year of noviciate, she took the habit of the Third Order of Saint Dominic and ceased all relation with the outside, wishing to receive no one but her father: unhappily she lost him a short time after, and in spite of her deep grief, showed a great resignation to the will of God. Her companions chose her for their superior and had no occasion to repent of it, so much tenderness and affection did she show them. Filled with a profound humility, she shared with her daughters the vilest and most abject labours of the house. She held much to the exact observance of the rule and to respect for ecclesiastical superiors: she regarded her confessor as the interpreter of the wills of God concerning her and her daughters. Knowing each of her sisters thoroughly, she treated them according to the degree of perfection to which they had attained. But there is one thing which she asked of all indiscriminately: purity of intention. She wished also that they should have for aim in all their actions the glory of God. She put all her care into maintaining in them a perfect charity. She had for that purpose established a touching custom in the midst of her community: on the eve of feasts, each religious knelt before her companions, and asked their pardon for the bad examples she had given them and the pains she had caused them.

The constitutions of the monastery of Saint Margaret (such was the name of this new foundation) laid down that on fast days one could not even drink water outside meals, without the permission of the superior. The latter, who was much versed in the knowledge of the spiritual ways, sometimes refused it, sometimes granted it. She never failed to say that a mortification, an abstinence imposed on oneself through pure obedience, is of the greatest profit for eternal life. She taught also to offer this mortification to Jesus Christ, in memory of the thirst which he experienced on the cross. She went so far as to beg her religious to be good enough to reserve this relief for the other world, to deposit it in the hands of their guardian angel, that he might apply it to the refreshment of their souls when they should be in purgatory. An example came to prove the efficacy, the merit, of this excellent practice. Sister Cecilia Margaret Avogadro of Quinto showed herself to Mother Emilia three days after her death. Now, Mother Emilia had sometimes refused this sister permission to drink: however painful this refusal was, according to the instructions of the superior, Sister Cecilia offered her

mortification to Jesus crucified. But hardly was she dead, when her guardian angel, showing himself to her through the flames of purgatory, extinguished them almost entirely by means of the water of which she had deprived herself on earth. She remained only three days in the place of expiation, on account of the too carnal affection she had had for her own mother: this stain effaced, she was at once drawn from it on account of the mortifications she had practised through obedience. Her daughters were not the only object of her charity; she busied herself equally with the poor and the afflicted. But as gentle and charitable as she was toward others, so severe was she toward herself, living only on privations. God rewarded so many virtues by extraordinary favours. One feast day when her charity had kept her near a sick sister, while all her sisters were taking part in the banquet of the Lamb, she was much afflicted at being deprived of communion. Having betaken herself to the church before the office was ended, she prostrated herself before the crucifix and complained lovingly of being thus deprived of the heavenly food which makes virginity germinate and sustains it. At once an angel came down from heaven, gave her communion with his own hands; of which all the sisters were witnesses. Mother Emilia then had the hymn of thanksgiving intoned, persuaded that her religious must be very agreeable to Our Lord, since this good Master made them thus witnesses of his amiable familiarities toward her. How to relate all the favours with which God loaded her, whether for her own profit, or for that of her neighbour? Thus she healed suddenly several of her sisters by giving them her blessing, and stopped a fire by making the sign of the cross on the flames.

But the gift of miracles was not the only special grace which Our Lord granted his servant. She tasted in prayer so many sweetnesses that she would have given herself day and night to this pious exercise, without the obligations of her charge and the duties of common life. She made up at night for what she had not been able to do by day, and often her prayer was a continual ecstasy. Now, it happened, in the time when heaven communicated itself thus to her soul, that the country of Vercelli was desolated by incessant rains. Special prayers had been made, novenas instituted, all without result. One night when the blessed Emilia was beseeching the holy Virgin to come to the help of her fellow-countrymen, this good Mother appeared to her in the midst of a pure and serene sky, consoled her and taught her a formula, a series of prayers to which she attached a certain efficacy for her and for all those who should recite them against storms. We shall give this formula after the life of the blessed Emilia. Another time when she was at prayer in her cell, and was asking with supplication the holy Virgin to teach her the manner of praying, the Queen of angels appeared to her again and said to her: “My beloved daughter, the sweetness of thy words draws me toward thee. Thou wouldst know what would be the prayer most agreeable to my Son. Well! learn that thou wilt please him much if, recalling to thy memory his three long prayers of Gethsemani, thou recitest three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys; if thou givest him thanks for the sufferings he endured, his agony, the sweat of blood, and if thou prayest for those who, struggling against the last embraces of death, are on the point of giving up the soul.” From that moment, she did not miss a single day this practice, and drew from it great consolations.

She wished also to know from Our Lord which of the sorrows of his passion had been the most acute. This good Master assured her that he had endured the most lively of his sufferings during the three hours that he remained hanging on the cross. He promised at the same time to grant the gift of the three theological virtues to the persons who, at three o’clock in the evening, should recite three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys in memory of his crucifixion. Another day when the blessed Emilia was meditating the mystery of the crowning with thorns, she asked Our Lord to make her experience what he himself had endured on that occasion. The Saviour answered her by the mouth of a crucifix that she was heard. When she left prayer, she felt so violent a headache that she was obliged to go to bed and to stay there three days, at the end of which Saint Mary Magdalen and Saint Catherine appeared to her and gave her to drink of a water which dissipated the headache and the burning thirst which accompanied it.

The blessed Emilia fell ill at the age of seventy-six. She understood that her end was approaching, she redoubled her fervour in the practice of all the virtues and showed herself an accomplished model of

Christian resignation. After having received the last Sacraments, after having addressed some words to her sisters, and embraced them all one after the other, she gave her soul to God in 1314. Her body remained eight days exposed to the veneration of the faithful, and several infirm persons who approached it recovered health at once. Clement XIV approved her worship in 1769.

Formula of prayers, taught by the holy Virgin to Mother Emilia, against tempest and too great rains:

1° Make a procession in which the paschal candle will be carried, with the cross and holy water; bless the four corners of the sky and say at each blessing:

Credo in Deum Patrem, etc.

Et verbum caro factum est et habitavit in nobis. [And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.]

Per signum Crucis, de inimicis nostris libera nos Deus noster. ■. *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.* [By the sign of the Cross, deliver us from our enemies, our God. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.]

2° On the return of the procession, recite the litanies of the holy Virgin, and the hymn:

Maria, Mater gratiae, Mater misericordiae, Tu nos ab hoste protege, Et mortis hora suscipe. Amen. [Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, protect us from the enemy, and receive us at the hour of death. Amen.]

Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. iii of May, new edition.

The Blessed Alexander, Cistercian Religious, at Foigny in the Diocese of Laon (13th century)

The blessed Alexander was the son of a king of Scotland, and the youngest of three brothers who had already embraced the religious life. Saint Matilda, their sister, who also was running in the ways of the Lord, held to the young Alexander the following discourse: “What! my brother, while we all have exchanged earth for heaven, will you be the only one of our family to cling to the perishable goods of here below?” — The young man began to weep: the struggle between flesh and spirit was painful. At last, he said to his sister “to do with him what she would.” The pious princess took him by the hand and led him to a farm where she had him learn to milk, to obtain butter and to make cheese. When the apprenticeship was finished, both crossed the sea and came to Foigny, in France. The young man entered among the Cistercians as a shepherd and gave himself out as very expert in the art of making cheese. He was accepted as such, lived and died in this humble function. Saint Matilda, in leaving her brother, had said to him an eternal farewell, remarking to him that their sacrifice would be far more agreeable to God if they never saw each other again on earth.

Now, it happened, after the death of the blessed Alexander, that a religious, afflicted with a disease of the chest, had the thought of going to pray at his tomb. The faith of the consumptive was rewarded: the blessed Alexander appeared to him radiant as a sun, bearing two crowns, one on his head, the other in his hand. As the religious seemed to ask with his look what this double symbol signified, the Blessed said to him: “The crown which I bear in my hand is the earthly crown which I abandoned for the love of Jesus Christ; the other is that of the elect; it is common to me with all the Saints. To give thee confidence in this vision, be healed.” He was healed in effect, but revealed only on his deathbed the apparition with which he had been favoured. It was then remembered that the shepherd of the monastery had once performed a feat of the chase; for one day when an enormous wild boar had thrown itself across his herd of cows, he asked his hunting-knife of the breathless hunter who was pursuing it and, with a skilfully delivered blow, felled the animal. By bringing this fact together with the vision of the religious, one arrived at a near certainty. Saint Matilda, besides, was not far off: she had retired into the neighbourhood to a place named Lapion and from her the whole truth was learned. *Acta Sanctorum*, 3 May.

[1] This torment, employed formerly to cause suffering, was employed since Caius Caligula to give death. Suetonius explains himself thus on this subject (*Life of Caligula*, ch. 30): he did not wish that, in executions, one should proceed otherwise than by small repeated blows, so that the sufferers might feel themselves dying. The same author relates further that Galba himself was assassinated by very small blows. This torment differed therefore from that which was called *Stimuleum*, which served to cause suffering only and not to cause death, and was applied to thieving slaves. Plautus speaks often of this: *Neque nisi supplicium Stimuleum de te datur*. (*Miles gloriosus.*) *Utinam Stimulus in manu mihi sit.* (*Asinaria.*) *At ego te pendentem fodiam Stimulis triginta dies.* (*Menaechmi.*) This torment was frequently employed in the tortures of the Martyrs, as is seen by their Acts.

Iliaque infestis perfodiunt stimulis, says Prudentius, hymn of Saint Hippolytus.

[2] See the Acts of Saint Alexander, below.

[3] This convent of the Body of Our Lord had been founded, in 1347, by Casimir II, king of Poland, on the occasion of the finding of a host which profaners had thrown into the river.

[4] "I cannot resist," wrote us, on 15 February 1870, M. the abbé Crévot, director-chaplain of the sisters of Saint Francis of Assisi at Lyon, "the temptation to make some reflections on what relates, in Giry (3 May), to the miraculous apparition of the standard of Constantine. The two events with which the Lord favoured this first Christian emperor have not been sufficiently distinguished; and I see with pain that most historians are at fault on this circumstance, which is nevertheless one of the most important of the history of the Church. Two great events must be distinguished: the first is the apparition of the standard *In hoc signo vinces*, which took place two days' journey from the Alps, at the moment when Constantine was setting out to go and take possession of the empire; the second is not an apparition, it is a dream in which Our Lord recommends to this emperor to put a cross on the shield of each of his soldiers, an event which happened on the eve of the day on which the great combat with Maxentius was fought, at the crossing of the Tiber. I see with pain that historians either confound these two events, or relate only one, which they do not place in its proper place. Nevertheless facts like these, whether in themselves or in their results, ought to be characterised with care."

[5] See in the martyrology of 1 May, page 46 of this volume, what we say of the precious blood of Billom.

[6] *Caniacum* and not *Camiacum*, as has been printed by error in the legend of the Proper of Cahors.

[7] *Caput Tauri.*

[8] This term of contempt, used in the vulgar speech of that epoch, represents rather well our expression charlatan.

[9] Bolland., *Acta Sanct.*, Alexandri, papae, c. 1–3.

[10] It is known that there were two Salarian Ways, distinguished from one another by the expressions *vetus* and *nova*. (See the learned nomenclature of the catacombs, drawn up according to the order of the Roman ways, by M. Edm. de l'Hervilliers: *A travers les catacombes de Rome*, p. 5–7.)

[11] *Act. S. Alex.*, cap. 3.

[12] *Act. S. Alex.*, cap. 4; Bolland., 3 May.

[13] Cf. Darras, *Histoire de l'Église*, vii.

[14] *Conversion et martyre de saint Quirin et de sainte Balbine, sa fille*, etc., by M. Vagner, in-12 of 60 pages, Nancy, 1847.

[15] Arrondissement of Sarrebourg (Meurthe).

[16] These details on the worship of Saint Quirinus in Lorraine were furnished to us by M. the abbé Guillaume, chaplain of the Ducal Chapel, at Nancy.

[17] Cf. Baluze, *Nov. col. conc.*, vol. i, p. 3, and Mansi, *Conc. collect.*, vol. i.

4 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Ostia, the blessed decease of Saint Monica, mother of Saint Augustine, who has left, in the ninth book of the *Confessions*, the irrefutable testimony of the holiness of her life. 387. — At the mines of Phenno, in Palestine, the birth into heaven of the blessed Silvanus, bishop of Gaza, who received the crown of martyrdom, with several members of his clergy, in the persecution of Diocletian, by order of the Caesar Maximian Galerius. 311. — Besides, thirty-nine blessed Martyrs, condemned to the mines in that same place, who, after having suffered the rigours of hot iron and other torments, were beheaded with him. — At Jerusalem, Saint Cyriacus, bishop, who, having gone to visit the Holy Places, was killed under Julian the Apostate. — In Umbria, Saint Porphyrius, martyr.[1] Reign of Decius. — At Nicomedia, the feast of Saint Antonia, martyr, who suffered an excessively hard question, and, among other torments, was hung by one

arm for three hours, then detained in a dungeon for the space of two years; and finally, by order of the governor Priscillian, was consumed by flames for her perseverance in confessing the Lord. — At Lorck, in Austria, Saint Florian, martyr, who, under Diocletian, and by order of the governor Aquilinus, was cast into the Ens, with a stone at his neck. — At Tarsus, Saint Pelagia, virgin, who was shut up in a burning brazen bull, and thus accomplished her martyrdom. 4th c. — At Cologne, Saint Paulinus, martyr.[2] — At Milan, Saint Venerius, bishop, whose virtues Saint John Chrysostom made known in a letter which he wrote to him. 408. — In Périgord, Saint Sacerdos or Serdon, bishop of Limoges. — At Hildesheim, in Saxony, Saint Godard or Gothard, bishop and confessor, placed among the Saints by Innocent II. 1038. — At Auxerre, Saint Curcodemus, deacon.[3] 3rd c.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Turin, the feast of the adoration of the holy Shroud. — At Bordeaux, feast of Saint Macarius, regionary bishop, disciple and friend of Saint Martin of Tours, sent by him into Aquitaine to preach Jesus Christ. His relics are preserved in the cathedral of Bordeaux.[4] He had at first been buried in the church of Saint-Laurent at Langon, whence Count William the Good later had him transferred to Bordeaux: the legend relates that, during this translation, the candles remained lit in spite of the winds and the rain.[5] — In the whole Order of Minims, the canonisation of Saint Francis of Paola, made by Pope Leo X, on the first day of May, in the year of grace 1519, and the twelfth after his death. — In Palestine, several French Religious, massacred on Mount Tabor. 1113. — At Verdun, the holy bishops Pulchronius, Possessor and Firminus. Today is the day of their translation.[6] — At Auxerre, Saint Marsus, Saint Alexander, Saint Jovinian, and other clerics, companions of Saint Curcodemus, of whom mention is made in the life of Saint Peregrinus. — At Tours, Saint Antony, abbot and confessor, who, after having spent several years in the monastery of Saint-Julian of Tours, went to live as a recluse in a place afterwards named from him Saint-Antoine-du-Rocher. 6th c. — At Senlis, Saint Malulf or Malou, bishop of that city, who gave a fine example of the forgiveness of injuries by going to bury with his own hands King Chilperic, assassinated at Chelles and abandoned by everyone, although that prince had, in his lifetime, refused a simple audience to the holy bishop. End of the 6th c. — In the same place, Saint Candidus, successor of the preceding and formerly honoured on the same day as he. — In the abbey of Foigny, in the diocese of Laon, Saint Alexander, prince of Scotland and lay brother of the Order of Cîteaux. — At Carcassonne, Saint Lupinus, canon and confessor, whose body is seen in the cathedral dedicated under the name of Saint-Nazaire. His feast is kept on the day before the eve of the Ascension. 9th c. — At the Park, monastery near Louvain, Saint Catherine, virgin, who, having been converted from Judaism to the Christian faith, by a particular assistance of the Mother of God, lived most holily in this retreat, and became illustrious there by many miracles. — At Troyes, Saint Helena, virgin, whose relics were brought to Constantinople in 1209. — At Liessies, the blessed Guntrand, first abbot of the celebrated abbey of that name. It had been founded for him by his own parents. After the year 764. — In the same place, Saint Hiltrude, sister of the preceding, who renounced the world on her side and retired into a cell where, after the example of Saint Benedict visiting Saint Scholastica, her brother went sometimes to converse with her of the things of heaven. 8th c. — At Saint-Wandrille, arrondissement of Yvetot, Saint Gervold, fifteenth abbot of Fontenelle; he caused a great number of churches to be built in the valley where the abbey was. End of the 8th c. — At the monastery of the Arivoir founded by Saint Bernard, near the same city, Saint Joan, recluse, whose relics were brought there in 1246. — At Avignon, the translation of the relics of Saint Anne. — At Angers, Saint Godebert and Saint Agilbert, bishops, whose feast was kept, in the church of Saint-Serge, until the Revolution. End of the 7th c.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Palermo, the translation of the relics of Saint John Theristes, of the Order of Saint Basil, whose memory is honoured in our Order on 25 June.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Ostia, Saint Monica.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Ostia, Saint Monica, who was twice the mother of Saint Augustine, since she brought him forth to the world and to heaven…

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Feast of the Child Jesus found in the temple. — Feast of the crown of thorns of Our Lord Jesus Christ. — At Bologna, Saint Trifiné, martyr, whose body was transported there from Rome in 1650. — In the same place, the feast of the holy martyrs Paulinus, Fulgentius, Innocent, Fortunatus, Erasmus, Valentine, Pacificus, whose relics were brought there from Rome in 1662. — At Foligno, in Umbria, the holy martyrs Heraclea, Justus and Maurus, soldiers and martyrs, who were converted by the bishop of that city, Saint Felician, under the reign of the emperor Decius. — At Aenea, in Caria, Saint Ulpian, bishop of that city, who had his body pierced with spits reddened in the fire. — At Scythopolis, ancient city of Palestine, the saints Aphrodisius, Melde, Macrobius, Valerian, Leontius, Antoninus and sixty of their companions, martyrs. — At Lucca, Saint Synesius, martyr, whose relics are deposited in a coffer of cypress wood with those of Saint Avertanus and Saint Romeo. The Acts of Saint Synesius are completely unknown. — At Bergamo, Saint James, deacon and martyr. The Arians attacked him one day when he was preaching from the pulpit of truth, wounded him in the head with an arrow, then casting him down, finished him with blows of a staff: these frenzied men had already immolated forty members of the clergy of Bergamo, when they resolved to destroy our Saint, whom his great virtues had for a moment protected. 380. — At Isernia, in Italy, Saint Benedict, bishop of that city, "who was," it is said, "assisted on his deathbed by Saint Paulinus of Nola, his contemporary and his friend." Although the Acts of his episcopate are unknown, the worship rendered him attests his high holiness and his credit with God. A lamp burns constantly before his relics preserved under an altar of the great church. — At Forlì, in Italy, Saint Valerian, put to death by the Arians whom he had keenly combated. The Catholics owed it to his intercession to retake possession of the city; so they chose him for one of their patrons and raised a church in his honour. 5th c. — At Lodi, Saint Titian, bishop. 477. — In England, Saint Ethelred, king of the Mercians, who, after a reign of thirty years, went and shut himself in a monastery and lived there holily thirteen years more. 726. — At Senigallia, in Italy, Saint Paulinus, bishop and patron of that city. Epoch unknown. — In Bithynia, Saint Nicephorus Hegumen, of a monastery founded by him near Brusa and who, having been thrown into prison for the defence of the holy images, gave up his soul to God there. 814. — At Padua, Saint Crescens, priest, who built the churches of Saint Cecilia and Saint Lucy and who was formerly honoured among the nuns of Saint Agatha. 1090. — At Verucchio, in the duchy of Urbino, the blessed Gregory, of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine, whom greedy relatives drove from the convent raised through his mother's care and who died among the Franciscans of Rieti at the age of one hundred and eighteen years. 1343. — At Sulmona, in Italy, the blessed Philip of Aquila, of the Order of the Observance of the Regulars of Saint Francis, who, having consulted Saint John of Capistrano on the means of remedying an almost irresistible inclination to sleep and on the measures to take to be delivered from the imaginations which pursued him in it, received for answer: "Be patient and be a man: every affliction is made to increase our merits." 1456. — At Cracow, in Poland, the blessed Michael Gedroc, of the Order of Canons Regular of Our Lady of Metro, who, born deformed, deprived of an eye and a leg, with a stature below the average, lived among the other religious by the labour of his hands, like the apostle Saint Paul, and who, arrived at the moment of his holy death, foretold to his brethren great temporal and spiritual misfortunes on account of their unedifying conduct. 1485. — At Warsaw, the blessed Ladislas Gielnow, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance.[7] 1505. — In England, John Houghton, a man of blessed memory, prior of the Great Charterhouse of London, who, for having refused to recognise the supremacy of Henry VIII in spiritual things, was cruelly put to death with eighteen others of his religious. After having been dragged by fiery horses, for the space of several miles, he was hung on the gibbet. There the executioner mutilated him, tore out his heart and entrails, which he threw into the fire. — With him suffered Robert Laurence, prior of

Bellevaux; Augustine Webster, prior of the Visitation of Holy Mary; and Reginald, of the Order of Saint Bridget: in all twenty-two victims whose bloody limbs were carried about in various places. 1535.

Saint Monica, Widow

332–387. — Popes: Saint Sylvester; Saint Siricius. — Emperors: Constantine II; Theodosius the Great.

Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent.

Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy. Ps. cxxv,

The pope Saint Sylvester had held the helm of the bark of Saint Peter for eighteen years, and it was twenty years since the emperor Constantine had seated the Christian religion on the throne, when, in 332, at Tagaste, a mere village which the Arabs now call Souk-Arras,[1] there appeared, in the bosom of a Christian family, in a home of peace, of honour and of ancient virtues, a child who received at birth the name of Monica, a name of which she was to make so touching a symbol of consolation and hope. Her father and mother, who were Christians and even very pious, strove to temper vigorously the soul of their child. Her childhood was entrusted to an old servant. Zealous, prudent, austere, a little hard and scolding, but devoted to her young mistress, she surrounded with her most active vigilance this cradle which held such holy and glorious destinies.

Thus preserved from all peril, cultivated with so much care, never was plant seen sooner crowned with flowers and fruits than our holy child. She was still quite small when already, watching for the moment when she was not seen, she went off alone to the church, and there, standing, hands joined, eyes modestly lowered, she found such charm in conversing with God that she forgot the moment of returning to the house. Sometimes also, when playing with her companions, she suddenly disappeared, and she was found motionless, recollected, at the foot of a tree, having forgotten the game in prayer. Often even she rose in the night in secret, knelt on the ground, and recited, with a precocious recollection and fervour, the prayers which her good mother had taught her. She thus familiarised herself, from her infancy, with that divine art of prayer of which she was later to make so marvellous a use; she exercised herself early in handling that powerful weapon with which she was to strike such great blows. Another attraction awoke at the same time in the heart of Saint Monica: the love of the poor. Often, when she was at table, she hid in her bosom a part of the bread that was served her, and when she was not seen, she stood on the threshold of the door, looking for a poor man to whom she might give it. To these gifts which came from on high were joined other virtues which the active and austere supervision of her nurse made her acquire, who, to preserve her from all peril in the future, accustomed her to sobriety, to penance, to strength of soul and to the spirit of sacrifice, without which there is neither Christian woman, nor wife, nor mother, nor saint.

In the midst of this sweet brightness of budding virtue, there was seen nevertheless to appear in Saint Monica one of those light shadows which God sometimes permits to make his Saints more vigilant and more humble. She had been charged to go each day to the cellar to make the provision of wine. Now, it sometimes happened that after lowering the vessel to fill it, she brought it to her lips, not from love of wine, for it inspired her even with a certain repugnance, but from that playfulness and gaiety of youth which delights in forbidden things. But, as in despising small things one falls little by little into greater, it came about that the quantity of wine she took increased every day, and that her aversion for this liquor diminished in proportion. God, however, watched over Monica, and made use, to correct her, of a servant who was the daily and complacent witness of her fault. One day when she was quarrelling with her young mistress, she reproached her with this defect and called her: “Drinker of neat wine.” Pierced by this shaft, Monica blushed, and recognising the ugliness of her sin, she condemned herself severely and corrected herself of it for ever. This fault had for the pious young girl the happiest results: it put a first tear of repentance in her eyes, inspired her with the taste for mortification, made her humble and distrustful of herself.

With the supernatural gifts the natural gifts developed in Saint Monica. Her mind was just, lofty, penetrating; she had an insatiable thirst to learn. To these gifts of the intelligence were added better still: an inexhaustible gentleness with a rare firmness; a peace that nothing ever altered, with infinite fire in the soul and decision in the will. Her character was at once constant and bold; her heart, of extreme sensibility, was inclined to tenderness, and yet full of energy in love and in action.

As for outward gifts, Monica increased their charm still more by the most amiable modesty. As she already knew the price of simplicity, and the difficulty of keeping under garments of luxury a mortified heart ready for sacrifice, she refused with a gentle firmness the precious and perfumed stuffs in which they would have wished to see her clothed.

Thus passed the first childhood of Saint Monica, like a fair dawn that announces a fairer day. She was already coming out of adolescence, and entering into youth, when she was asked in marriage. Her parents granted her, and, by an incomprehensible design of God, this young virgin, this holy and amiable child who, at least, seemed predestined to a happy wedding, was given to a man who appeared very little worthy to aspire to the honour of such an alliance. Patricius was of Tagaste where he exercised the office of curial. He was a pagan in religion, indifferent, without principles; he was violent, choleric and of light morals. Patricius, however, had a heart greater than his fortune, and we shall see little by little these qualities develop under the delicate hand of the angel whom God gave him for a companion.

Faith and the love of God sustained Saint Monica. Until then she had dwelt only in the peace of a Christian home. She did not suspect what those family interiors are where God does not preside and where the passions, unchained, make life a storm. Her mother-in-law was still living; pagan like Patricius, she resembled him also in humour and character: she was an imperious, violent, shrewish and jealous woman. The servants were worthy of the one and the other: they gave themselves up to calumny against their young mistress.

Each day revealed to Monica the abysses which separated her from Patricius. He understood nothing of the life of his holy companion. Her prayers wearied him; her alms seemed to him excessive. He found it odd that she should wish to visit the poor, the sick, that she should love the slaves. This was for Saint Monica her life, or rather her suffering of each day. She would have resigned herself to it, if at least the purity of her heart had met with no peril. From the first days, so young still, so innocent above all, she glimpsed with astonishment all that there is of weaknesses in a man’s heart which the grace of Jesus Christ has not touched. But this sight did not make her courage fail. Instead of being cast down as so many Christian women are, and above all instead of withdrawing from the conjugal roof, raising her heart higher, Monica understood that God had not sent her this poor soul that she might abandon it; but that on the contrary he had entrusted it to her that she might try to heal it, to convert it and to enlighten it. To win her husband to God, she employed neither speech, nor discussion, nor reproaches. Instead of preaching virtue, she practised it. She strove to be gentle, humble, patient, modest, devoted; sure that if, instead of putting truth on her lips, she succeeded in putting it in her life, there would come a day when Patricius would not resist it and would yield to a light so sweet, so discreet and so true. She saw plainly the weaknesses and the infidelities of her husband; but never did she say a single word of them to him. She suffered in silence. She wept when he was absent; she solicited ardently for him faith and divine love, alone capable of making men chaste.

She observed the same silence of gentleness, of humility, of discretion, of true love when he fell into his outbursts. She waited till this fury was past; and then, profiting by the return of reason, and by those moments of tenderness when men, violent but affectionate as Patricius was, seek to make those who have suffered from their outbursts forget them; she said to him confidentially, with great delicacy, and when she was alone with him, a few words of explanation and even of tender reproach, which almost always were well received.

This method of gentleness, this secret of silence and self-denial, she counselled to all her friends; and when these, bruised in the face and dishonoured by the violence of their young husbands, came to complain to her: “Blame your tongue,” she would say to them pleasantly. And one felt well that she was right; for although her husband was more violent than anyone, never did he strike her. She was able to see him sometimes leap with anger and threaten; he never went further; with her gentle look she always restrained him. This gentleness, this delicacy, this devotion dug in the soul of Patricius, unknown to himself, a furrow of which he knew the depth only later. His love, for even in the midst of his outbursts and his weaknesses he loved Monica, was transformed insensibly. He acquired elevation and nobility, and a sentiment of respect of which he had never had the idea.

No doubt there was a long way from that to a change of morals, to a complete conversion. But Monica learned every day, in prayer, how souls are redeemed; she had an absolute confidence in God, an indomitable hope in his help, with such a certainty of obtaining it that nothing was ever capable of discouraging her.

It is in the midst of these sad, these first and still very vague and distant hopes, that, to console Monica, to attach her to Patricius in spite of his infidelities, and to render supportable and even dear this hearth where she had so much to suffer, God made her taste for the first time the greatest happiness that perhaps exists here below, after that of consecrating oneself wholly to him: she became a mother, and, still in the flower of her age, she saw successively three little children hang on her neck and begin to smile at her tears.

The first she received from the hands of God was that son for ever famous under the name of Saint Augustine. It is said that, while she bore him, she had the revelation of the marvels of which he would one day be the instrument, if she knew how to make him faithful to God.

The second was named Navigius. A gentle and pious child, he was to the end, and above all during the sad wanderings of Augustine, the tender consoler and the faithful guardian of his mother. She had also a daughter, to whom it is believed that she gave the name of one of the most popular Saints of Africa, Saint Perpetua, the celebrated martyr of Carthage.[2]

Monica would have been, if not happy, at least consoled in receiving from God this little family, if a sorrow more bitter than all she had yet known had not come to mingle with her joys and completed the poisoning of her life. Patricius was more and more dominated by his sad weaknesses. Neither the beauty of mind and heart of his holy wife, nor the tenderness and strength of the affection she had vowed to him, nor the successive birth of three little children, had been able to chain that light soul, and, in spite of the supplications and tears of Monica, he began to display his disorders. How to paint what a Christian woman, a wife, a mother then suffers? It is that martyrdom of the soul of which Saint Ambrose has spoken, which, though accomplished in the secrecy of the domestic hearth, is neither less frightful nor less rending than the martyrdom of the body.

Abandoned in the flower of her age, betrayed by the father of her children, Monica, who saw, after four or five years of marriage, vanish the hopes with which she had lulled herself from the first days, redoubled her fervour and her confidence in God, and, without changing anything of her habits of silence, of discretion, of gentle and patient waiting with regard to her husband, perfecting them even, she turned wholly toward her children. But, however tender the cares given by Saint Monica to her children, this was only the prelude of the great work with which she felt herself charged by God. What was needed before all and as quickly as possible, was to form the conscience of Augustine. The hour was soon to come when, from the lessons of his mother, he would pass to the examples of his father; when, from the heart and bosom of Monica, he was to fall into a society profoundly corrupt and skilfully corrupting. So, to form this conscience, Monica put unceasingly before the eyes of her child the great principles of the faith, the vivid and pure lights of the Gospel. And among these vivid and pure lights, there is one which she loved to transmit to him as a treasure she had received from her ancestors: it was contempt for the earth, disgust for what is finite, limited, perishable. She spoke to him unceasingly of the love of God, of the crib where he had come down, and where

he had made himself poor and a slave for us; of the cross to which he had mounted all bloody, to give us the measure of his love. To put the last touch to the conscience of her son, Monica strove to inspire him with horror of evil, hatred of all that soils the heart and degrades it. And, with that self-denial of mothers who fear not to humble themselves to preserve their children, she confessed to him even her own faults.

This is how she formed little by little the soul of Augustine, how she put into it depth, tenderness, delicacy, uprightness; how she made for him at last that conscience of which he could never rid himself.

Augustine was still only a catechumen when an illness suddenly brought him to the edge of the grave. His mother ran about in anxiety, rushing hither and thither, asking with loud cries baptism for her child, who, pressed by horrible sufferings, thought nevertheless only of God, of his soul, of his eternity. Patricius let Saint Monica do as she would, because he was too much a man of honour and at the same time too generous to hamper, on the edge of the grave, the liberty of conscience of his child, and to add, in the heart of Monica, to the bitter grief of losing her Augustine, the grief, a thousand times more bitter, of seeing his eternity exposed and his salvation compromised. But as soon as the danger had ceased, the indifferent man and the pagan reappeared in Patricius, and he signified his will that the baptism should be put off to a later time.

Monica did not insist; for with Patricius, she knew it only too well, there was no use in insisting. Only she felt that she contracted an obligation still stricter than in the past to watch over the soul of her son. Warned by the danger he had just run, she resolved not to lose sight of him for an instant, and, sacrificing more and more the sad pleasures of the world, she made herself his guardian angel and his visible providence. That nothing might come to thwart her in this important work, she applied herself with more zeal than ever to employing toward her husband, her mother-in-law, her relatives, her domestics even, that method of gentleness and patience of which we have already spoken, with which she hoped well to disarm them all. In effect, peace soon radiated around her, and her house resembled those sanctuaries whose silence guards the entrances, and which fill with their calm all who bring there their agitations and their sorrows. But it is above all with regard to her husband that she displayed the industries of her fair soul and the riches of her admirable method. He was a pagan, she wished to bring him back to God; he was a father, she wished, unknown to him, to associate him in her work; she wished at least to obtain that he should not thwart her. Monica, who knew that later perhaps the passions would come and would carry off the young man the more rapidly as he would have for excuse the example of his father; Monica, we say, who knew how propitious these first times are for forming the heart of a child, lost not a single day. As one casts in spring fair seeds in a garden, she cast each morning some truth into the soul of her son. She succeeded so well that all the objections and all the resistances of Patricius fell powerless before this gentle empire which she had taken over her son and which grew each day. Free thus, finding no more obstacles, or finding each day lesser ones, she hastened to complete the conscience of Augustine. Her life was summed up more and more in two words: God and her child.

Anxiety was soon to mingle with these first joys of a mother. Augustine was hardly out of childhood, and already it was necessary to think of beginning his studies. Saint Monica, who feared that in wishing to form his mind one might deform his conscience or his heart, did not hasten to send him away. She entrusted him to masters who lived at Tagaste. But Augustine showed an insurmountable laziness, a disgust for study which nothing could overcome.

Alarmed at this first appearance of evil in the soul of her child, and feeling that this noble nature needed another spur than fear, Monica led her son to “servants of God,” to “men of prayer,” that they might help him to overcome his aversion for study by higher motives. To this defect Augustine joined a pride, a disordered passion for success and praise, and a singular love of play and pleasure.

It was in the midst of these anxieties that our Saint saw herself obliged to separate from her son. Augustine was beginning to grow, and Tagaste did not offer resources enough for the education of a young man. It was

resolved to send him to Madaura, the native place of Apuleius. Monica conducted him there and left her son there, after having poured into his heart all the counsels with all the tears that a mother pours in such a circumstance.

In the meantime, God reserved a consolation for Monica: Patricius took toward religion and the Church a first step. Truth had prevailed, and Patricius had just declared to his pious wife that he was resolved to abjure paganism. With what joy Monica had received this news! Trembling with happiness, she accompanied him to the church to abjure paganism publicly there and make profession of the Christian faith. Augustine, returned to Tagaste, followed them.

But at the moment when Saint Monica was beginning to win her husband, her son was finishing escaping her. She therefore came to find Augustine, and began to show him, by her emotion and by her tears, what she thought of the sad state of his soul. Often she took him apart, and, walking with him, she said something to him of God, of the faith of his childhood, of the peace and the honour of pure hearts, of the ugliness of evil, and of the horror it ought to inspire in us. But Augustine no longer understood this language.

Monica, filled with anxiety, was again to be obliged to separate from her son. The holidays being over, she conducted him to Carthage to continue his studies there. In a city so profoundly corrupt, Augustine was not long in falling into the greatest excesses. When Monica learned the disorders of her son, her grief was so profound that it was feared she would succumb to it. Her tears flowed day and night. She no longer even knew how to restrain them in public. There were days when, as she returned from the holy sacrifice, the place she had occupied was all bathed with them.

The Church has instituted, on 4 May, in honour of Saint Monica, a feast which one might call the feast of the tears of a Christian mother. Here is in what tone and in what manner:

Ant. 1. — She wept and prayed assiduously, this mother, in order to obtain the conversion of her Augustine.

Ant. 2. — O blessed mother, who were one day to be heard according to the immensity of your desires! Meanwhile, she wept day and night, this afflicted mother, and she prayed ardently for her son.

Ant. 3. — Behold her, this widow who knows how to weep; she who shed such constant and such bitter tears for her son.

Ant. 4. — They have lifted up their voices, O Lord; they have lifted up their voices, these rivers of tears which fell from the eyes of this holy mother.

Ant. 5. — She wept without measure, this inconsolable mother.

The whole office continues in this tone, and reveals to us in this admirable mother a grief such as there is not a second example of in the history of the Church.

One thing however sustained our Saint here; it was that she no longer wept alone. Patricius, in associating himself with her faith, was beginning to associate himself with her tears. Soon he fell ill, asked for and received baptism with great fervour. After which he fell asleep Christianly and in peace, assisted by the angel whom God had given him for a wife, and who, by force of gentleness, of patience, of tender devotion, of courageous sacrifices, had brought him back from so far and given him again to God.

After the death of Patricius, the fair aspirations of the soul of Saint Monica, hampered and compressed during her marriage, no longer finding obstacles, she was seen rapidly to rise to what virtue has of the most heroic. By a sentiment of touching fidelity to the memory of her husband, she swore in her heart that she would have no other mortal spouse. To the mourning of Patricius, which she wore all her life, was joined the mourning of the mother who sees the soul of her son perish and who, to save it, can only pray and immolate herself for him. That her tears might become more powerful and her prayers equal to the need Augustine had of them, she shut herself up in solitude and devoted herself more entirely than ever to silence, to the hidden

life, to devotion, to all miseries, and before all to the pure and generous love of God. From then on her fasts were frequent and rigorous. Her time was consecrated to the service of the poor, whom she fed and dressed with her hands. She visited the hospitals, passed long hours at the bedside of the infirm and buried the dead. She took the place of mother to little orphans, brought them up like her own children, sometimes received them in her own house and fed them at her table.

But the fairest of all her works, that to which she gave all her heart, was to console widows and married women. So she employed in these difficult works all her gentleness, her exquisite delicacy, her deep and luminous mind. It was at the ever-living and inexhaustible source of love and sacrifice, at Our Lord Jesus Christ present on the holy altar, that she came unceasingly to refresh and retemper herself. Each morning she assisted at holy mass, and, whether at the holy table or in her prayers, God loaded her with the most privileged graces. She had the gift of tears. During this time, with virtue, faith itself had sunk in the soul of Augustine. Monica followed with dread all the progress of the evil, but without being discouraged. She had faith in God. Yet Augustine, seduced by the Manichaeans, had just made himself the apostle of their errors. Who could paint the astonishment and the grief of Saint Monica at this unforeseen news? The holidays were approaching and Augustine was about to return to Tagaste. Saint Monica resolved to await him.

When Augustine entered the paternal house, at the first word he let escape of his heresy, Saint Monica drew herself up indignant. She felt herself struck in what there was in her of the most delicate and the most profound. The love she had for God, her attachment to the holy Church, her tenderness for a son gone astray, the fear of seeing him lost for ever, the horror of evil, uniting at once in her soul, inspired her with one of the finest acts of Christian energy of which the history of the Saints has kept the memory. She drove Augustine from her house, declared to him that she would suffer him no more either at her table or under her roof; and, detesting the blasphemies of which he made profession, full of that august anger which invests a mother with so irresistible an authority, she ordered him to go out of her house and not to enter it again. Augustine bowed his head and went out. After his departure, Monica, finding herself a mother again, fell on her knees, let her tears flow, and called God to her aid.

God heard her, for she had a dream which restored to her a little calm by restoring hope. “It seemed to her,” says Saint Augustine, “that she was standing on a rule of wood, sad and overwhelmed, when she saw coming toward her a young man radiant with light, gay of face and smiling at her grief. Accosting her, he questioned her on the cause of her tears; but one saw by his air that he knew it, and that he questioned her only to console her. Monica had answered that she wept the loss of her son: — ‘Oh!’ replied the young man, ‘be not disquieted so.’ And, pointing with his finger to the rule of wood on which she was, he added: ‘See thy child. He is there where thou art.’ — She looked then more attentively, and she perceived me in effect, near her, standing on the same rule.”

Greatly moved, Monica ran to find her son, and told him the dream she had just had. Augustine tried to interpret it to his advantage. “No, no,” replied the Saint, “he did not say: Where he is, thou shalt be; but: He shall be where thou art.” Full of hope, Monica permitted her son to take again his place in the house and at the paternal table.

Saint Monica avoided with her son all discussion, but sought everywhere for men who had enough authority and talent to make themselves heard by him. One day she learned the arrival at Tagaste of a venerable and learned bishop. Monica runs there trembling with hope, firmly persuaded that her vision was about to be realised. But the holy bishop said to her, shaking his head, that the moment had not yet come. “Leave him,” he added; “only pray much.” As Saint Monica, melting into tears, pressed him to see her son: “Go, go,” said the bishop, moved, “it is impossible that the son of so many tears should perish.” This word pierced to the quick the heart of Saint Monica. It seemed to her that it came down from heaven. Monica returned home meditating on it; for this simple word of an old man, joined to the vision she had had, began to appease her a little, by restoring hope.

This calm was not of long duration: in the meantime, she received a letter from Augustine which announced to her that he had just decided to leave Carthage to go and settle at Rome. At this news, Saint Monica felt a frightful wrenching of the heart; for to see him leave for Rome with an extinguished faith, a mind floating at every wind of doctrine, a soul consumed by the passions, was as if she had seen him throw himself into the abysses. Taking her resolution at once, she decided that Augustine should not leave for Rome, or that she would leave with him, and that, in the peril in which his soul was, she would not abandon him. She betook herself at once to Carthage, threw herself on the neck of her son, clasped him violently in her arms, and conjured him with floods of tears not to leave, or at least to take her with him. From then on she did not wish to quit him; but while, overcome with fatigue and emotion, she was passing the night in tears, withdrawn into a little chapel dedicated to Saint Cyprian, the illustrious bishop of Carthage, Augustine went up on board a ship and moved away from the shore, in spite of the promise made to his mother. When, the morning come, going out of the chapel, she found the shore deserted and the ship vanished, she became “mad with grief.” She wandered on the sea-shore, and filled it with her cries. She accused her son. She complained to God. At last, exhausted with tears, cast down, at the end of her strength, after having a thousand times accused her son of cruelty and falsehood, having no means of following him over the waves, she returned to Tagaste.

Saint Monica, unable to bear it longer, resolved to go and join her son. She arrives at Rome; but she no longer finds him there. He had already left for Milan. She set out again therefore at once, full of the same ardour, and sustained, through the fatigues of this second journey, by that same indomitable faith that she should see her son again and that she should convert him.

Hardly arrived at Milan, she went to find Saint Ambrose, who received her with tender joy. He could not tire of contemplating this mother, on whose face the love of God and the tenderness for a son gone astray had dug such venerable furrows.

Their relations were frequent and intimate. Monica, who had learned from Saint Ambrose not to enter into discussion with her son, and who was resolved to leave to so wise a man the care of saving him, continued to pray, to be silent, and to pour out at the foot of the holy altars her all-powerful tears.

At last Monica saw come the moment for which she had so long sighed. Augustine, after seventeen years of resistance, surrendered. Saint Monica no longer contained her joy; she covered her son with her happy look; she bathed him with her tears. O happy moment, when a mother finds again her child whom she believed dead, or whom she saw dying! But, O moment happier still, when a Christian mother sees reborn in the soul of her son faith, purity, courage, virtue; and when, a Christian afflicted by the sorrows of the Church, she foresees that this degenerate son is going to become its light, its glory and its avenger! As soon as the holidays were opened, Saint Monica brought Augustine into the country. It was there that both came to hide their joy and to prepare their souls for the great day of holy baptism. Some friends had joined them. Saint Monica was the apostle of this little cenacle. All her mind, all her genius, all her heart, all her faith, all the ardours of her zeal, all the industries of her charity, she employed to second in them the action of God. Saint Monica assisted at all the conferences of her son with his young friends; she sometimes took part in them, and as God gives to purity and to love a singular gift of light, she let fall, in the midst of the conversations, words which Augustine had at once written down on his tablets, and which we are going to gather in our turn, to finish knowing by them the mother of the Christian Plato.

“The soul has only one food, it is to know and to love truth.” — “He who desires the good and possesses it is happy. But if he wills evil, even though he should obtain it, how unhappy he is!” — “He who loves and possesses perishable things can never be happy: were he even sure never to lose them, I should still esteem him unhappy, because all that is passing has no relation to the soul of man. And the more he seeks it, the more miserable and needy he will be; for all the things of the earth would never make a soul happy.”[3]

After six months passed in this intimate and delightful life of Cassiacum,[4] Saint Monica and her son returned to Milan. The moment of baptism having come, Augustine betook himself to the church of Saint John the Baptist, accompanied by his mother and his friends. Monica, clothed in the white robe bordered with purple of widows, wrapped in long veils, strove in vain to hide from all eyes the joy which flooded her soul. A ray of peace, of wholly divine security, appeared on her brow and completed giving her countenance something heavenly.

What had grown most in Saint Monica was love, for her love for Jesus Christ and her love for Augustine were but one. They had grown together. She had already had some ecstasies in prayer; but since the baptism they became more frequent. Sometimes she was so intoxicated with her happiness that she remained a whole day absorbed, without speech, without concern for what surrounded her, enjoying inwardly and alone with God. At other times, she lost even the use of her senses. Since the conversion of her son, she thought only of heaven, and it was easy to glimpse that she would not be held long here below. One day she seemed to rise from the earth, and, ravished out of herself, she began to cry: “Let us fly to heaven, let us fly to heaven.” Her face shone with a wholly divine joy. From then on, this idea of heaven never left her. Now that she saw her son converted, pious, having no more need of being covered by the protection of his mother, the idea of heaven constantly regained the upper hand.

As Augustine and his friends thought only of returning to Africa, Saint Monica set out with them. They came to Civita-Vecchia, then to Rome and at last to Ostia, where they hoped to find a ship which would carry them all to Africa; but it was necessary to wait some days. In the meantime, she said to her son: “Nothing now holds me on earth. I no longer know what I have to do there, nor why I am still there, since I have realised all my hopes.” Five days after this conversation, she was seized with a fit of fever which obliged her to take to bed. She understood that the Spouse was calling her, and she thought no more than to prepare herself for his coming. Being in bed, recollected and praying, she had a rapture, one of those sweet and strong ecstasies which carry the soul out of itself, leaving the body motionless and fainted. She was believed dead. They hastened around her. They bustled and sought remedies to recall her to life, when she gently opened her eyes. “Where was I?” she said astonished; and to reveal in one word from what lofty regions she was descending, and what she had learned there: “You will bury your mother here!” she said.

At this word, Augustine felt the tears rise in floods from his heart; but he had the strength to hold them back. “You will bury my body where you will,” she went on. “Trouble not yourself about it. It matters little to me. All I ask of you is to remember me at the altar of the Lord, and in whatever place you may be.”

From that moment, Monica was silent, solely occupied in recollecting her soul to prepare it for the coming of the Spouse. She suffered cruel pains; but pain is no obstacle to the transfiguration of souls. Augustine assisted in silence at this transfiguration of his mother. He did not leave her for an instant; by turns ravished and broken, he followed with his eyes, he aided even by his prayer, by the lively impulse of his heart, this marvellous and hard labour which was to disengage Saint Monica from her earthly envelope. She encouraged him with her look: suffering much, but feeling that she was arriving at last, that only one more effort was needed, she thanked him for the support he lent her. Nine days passed thus, at the end of which at last struck the hour of deliverance. She prayed in silence, full of faith, detached from everything, happy, feeling that she was going first to a place where Augustine would come to join her, and leaving on her face a reflection of light, of joy and of peace.

It is said that at the last moment, as she asked with more urgent instance for the holy Eucharist, which it was believed must still be refused her on account of her cruel sufferings of the stomach, there was seen to enter her chamber a little child who approached her bed, kissed her on the breast, and at once, as if he had called her, she inclined her head and gave up the last breath. It was in the year 387, the ninth day of her illness, the fifty-sixth year of her age.

As soon as Monica had expired, Augustine could hold out no longer. Feeling heaped up in his soul the floods of an immense grief, arresting by force of energy streams of tears ready to overflow, he rises, approaches the bed, looks long a last time at the face of his mother, and after having closed with a grateful finger those eyes which had wept so much over him, he flees in haste; for he would not sadden by his groans a scene in which his Christian heart told him that all should breathe gladness. “I felt,” he says, “an immense grief flow into my heart, ready to overflow in torrents of tears; but my eyes, at the imperious command of my soul, swallowed back their current until they remained dry, and this struggle rent me.” — The body of Saint Monica was carried to the church, where the sacrifice was offered for her before lowering her into the tomb, as was practised among the faithful.

In the church of Saint Augustine, at Rome, the chapel dedicated to Saint Monica is adorned with fresco paintings which represent her life, or rather all her hopes and all her joys. She is seen first with eyes wet with tears, with a ray of happiness on her brow, listening to an old bishop who announces to her the future conversion of the son of so many tears. Farther on, the same figure is seen again, drowned in the same grief; but the ray of joy is brighter: she listens to an angel who says to her: *Ubi tu et ille*, “where thou art he will come,” and who shows her in the distance the two united and happy shadows of the mother and the son. Farther still, the tears are seen to stop altogether on the face of the Saint, and a sweet and pure joy to shine in her eyes: it is the moment when Saint Augustine announces his conversion to her. Then Saint Monica appears on her deathbed, radiant, surrounded by her children, pressing the hand of Augustine converted, and expiring with eyes to heaven, the smile on her lips. — She is sometimes represented: 1° bearing a tablet marked with the name of Jesus, to express that it was she who had inspired or merited for her son the love of Our Lord; — 2° having near her or in her hand a scarf or girdle; an allusion to a custom of the Hermits of Saint Augustine who distribute blessed girdles under the invocation of Saint Monica.

Cult and Relics of Saint Monica

Saint Monica remained for long centuries in the stone sarcophagus which she owed to the piety of her son. Her name was venerated at Ostia, where her body rested, and, after the publication of the *Confessions*, it was so in the whole world. But it is not seen that any worship was rendered her. Her feast is marked neither in the universal martyrologies of Usuard, of Ado, of the Venerable Bede, nor in the special calendars of the church of Africa.

Toward the 6th or 7th century, her body was carried without noise, without ceremony, into the church of Saint Aurea, at Ostia, and finally under the altar, at the bottom of a vault of which the priests of that church alone had the secret. From the 12th and the 13th century, Saint Monica began to come out of the shadow. Her feast was established in several places at once, and everywhere it was placed on 4 May. Altars were raised in her honour in the old cathedrals of the Middle Ages; hymns were composed in her praise; and, on the frescoes and the stained glass of the churches, her fair figure began to be seen to shine. Benozzo Gozzoli had already painted some of the finest scenes of her life, and, in particular, her death, in the choir of the church of San Gimignano. Pope Martin V charged Peter Assalbizi, a religious of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine, to seek the relics of Saint Monica, and to bring them to Rome. He betook himself in all haste to Ostia, accompanied by the blessed Augustine Favorini, prior general of the same Order, and by a great number of priests and religious. The sarcophagus, which contained the venerable remains of our Saint, was opened and the bones it contained were put into a wooden shrine. When the relics arrived at Rome, a considerable people made a cortege to the humble car which bore them. Everyone wished to see the shrine, to touch it, to kiss it, and the apostolic commissaries, the religious and the priests of Ostia, who surrounded the car and made it an escort of honour, could no longer advance. A miracle came to increase the enthusiasm, which then knew no bounds. A woman, approaching the car, applied her sick child against the shrine, with a look in which all her faith was painted. And suddenly an immense thrill ran through the crowd: the child was healed.

The next day, they returned to Ostia and brought back, in triumph, the sarcophagus in which her body had rested. Several miracles, still more striking, accompanied this translation, which took place in the midst of a crowd that had increased and which nothing could contain. Martin V proceeded to the translation of the precious remains of Saint Monica into a tomb of white marble, adorned with sculptures of great price, due to the piety of Matteo Veggio of Lodi. The head of the Saint was enclosed in a reliquary of gold set with crystal. As the church of Saint Trophonius was too small to contain the great number of pilgrims who came to implore the Saint, Matteo Veggio of Lodi had a chapel built in which he had her holy body transported. Pope Eugenius IV instituted a confraternity of Christian Mothers under the patronage of Saint Monica.

Cardinal d'Estouteville, archbishop of Rouen, had built at Rome a church which he dedicated to Saint Augustine. The body of Saint Monica was placed in a chapel to the left of the high altar, with this inscription:

HIC IACET CORPVS S. MATRIS MONICAE. [Here lies the body of S. Monica the mother.]

At the foot of the tomb is read the following inscription:

SEPVLTVRVM VBI B. MONICAE CORPVS APVD OSTIA TIBERINA ANNIS M. XLI IACVIT, OB IN EO EDITA IN EIVS TRANSLATIONE MIRACVLA, EX OBSCVRO LOCO IN ILLVSTRIOREM TRANSPONENDVM FILII PIENTISS. CVRARVNT ANNO SALVTIS MDLXVI.

In the 16th century the devotion to Saint Monica ceased not to grow; her name was then inscribed in all the Martyrologies. Her feast began to be celebrated everywhere, and her office was inserted in the Roman breviary. In 1576, Pope Gregory XIII sent a fragment of her head to Bologna. A particle was granted to the confraternity of Saint Monica, at Rome. A rib was sent to Pavia, and some bones to the Jesuit Fathers of Münster and to the Hermits of Saint Augustine of Trier. In the 19th century, the worship of Saint Monica blossomed. On 1 May 1850, there was seen to be born at Paris, in the chapel of Notre-Dame de Sion, a pious association called that of Christian Mothers, who unite their prayers for the conversion of their sons or their husbands gone astray. In 1854, it was established at Lille, at Amiens, at Nantes, at Versailles, at Cambrai, at Valenciennes, then at Belley, at Fréjus, at Toulon, at Bordeaux, at Tours, at Coutances, at Rouen, at Bayeux, at Lyons, at Orleans, at London, at Dublin, at Liverpool, at Stockholm, at Saint Petersburg, at Odessa, at Vienna, at Stuttgart, at Freiburg, at The Hague, at Bologna, at Turin, at Madrid, at Chambéry, at Florence, etc. In 1855, it extended its branches to Constantinople, to Jerusalem, to Pondicherry, to Mauritius, in Africa, to Martinique, to Sydney, into Oceania, to Algiers, to Geneva, to Santiago, to Buenos Aires and into the Indies.

This association of Christian Mothers was raised to the dignity of an archconfraternity by an apostolic brief dated 11 March 1856.

Mgr de Las Cases, bishop of Constantine, hardly seated on the restored see of Saint Augustine, opened to the Christian Mothers two new sanctuaries, the one at Tagaste and the other at Hippo.

On 1 May 1872 took place, at Notre-Dame d'Afrique, the solemn translation of a relic of Saint Monica, which Mgr Lavigerie, archbishop of Algiers, had recently obtained from Rome: it was the bone of the Saint's arm. This notable relic and another of Saint Augustine were placed in two great golden reliquaries; after having been exposed to the veneration of all on two kinds of thrones, sparkling with light, they were carried triumphantly, then brought back each to its altar. That of Saint Monica is on the right under the great dome.

This Life has been entirely remade from the fine *History of Saint Monica*, by M. the abbé Bougaud, vicar general of Orleans. — Cf. *Confessions* of Saint Augustine, Bollandists, and *Breviary of the Canons Regular of the Order of Saint Augustine*.

Saint Sacerdos, Bishop of Limoges, Patron of the City and Diocese of Sarlat, and Saint Mondane, His Mother

720. — Pope: Saint Gregory II. — King of France: Chilperic II.

He was great according to the name he bore, and very great for saving the elect of God.

Office of Saint Sacerdos.

Saint Sacerdos was born in the year 670, on the banks of the Dordogne, in a place called Calviac, and designated under the name of Calabre in the ancient chronicles, only a few leagues from the city of Sarlat. Laban, his father, and Mondane, his mother, were natives of Bordeaux and held a distinguished rank among the most eminent families of that city. At that time, Aquitaine had for duke or governor Anticius or Anicius. He had great possessions in the province of the Petrocorii; he wished to visit them; Laban and Mondane accompanied him. Having therefore ascended the course of the Dordogne, Anicius stopped with his illustrious friends in the village of Calabre, on the frontiers of the Petrocorii and the Cadurci. God had resolved to honour this country by the birth of a great saint. In effect, a short time after, Mondane brought into the world her first-born. The happy Laban, betaking himself to the governor, said to him: “My lord, if it were agreeable to you to honour your servant with a signal favour, I would dare to beg you to take from the sacred font of baptism the son whom God has just granted me.” And Anicius, happy to associate himself with the happiness of a family he loved, said to Laban: “If you present your son to me, I will do what you ask.” And Laban was not long in presenting his son to Anicius, and he said to him: “My lord, behold the son whom God has given me and whom you promised to take from the sacred font of baptism.” And the son of Laban and of Mondane was baptised, and he received the name of Sacerdos, in foresight, says the legend-writer, of what he would one day be in the Church, an eminent priest and a holy bishop.[1] Anicius showed himself generous toward the child of whom he had become the spiritual father. He gave him in property the village of Calabre, with the lands that depended on it, that he might enjoy them, govern them and transmit them to his successors.

Meanwhile the young Sacerdos had grown; it was necessary to think of giving him a master who should perfect the work of his education, begun under the paternal roof. Laban and Mondane thought they had found the master they desired, in the person of Saint Capuan, who then occupied the episcopal see of Cahors. The holy bishop was not long in understanding that God had made choice of his disciple to raise him to the dignity of the priesthood. He was confirmed in his judgment by an angel who appeared to him and ordered him, on the part of God, to confer on the young Sacerdos the order of deacon. After his ordination, Sacerdos had to separate from Capuan, his master, and return to the village of Calabre, which Laban and Mondane had always inhabited since the birth of their son. God had his designs; we shall see their accomplishment. He destined the young levite to the fulness of the priesthood, to the glory of the episcopate; he wished to prepare him for it by the recollection of solitude. There was in the village of Calabre a monastery which might have been founded in that place, in the 6th century, by Canalis, abbot of the monastery of Genouillac,[2] or by some one of his three illustrious disciples, Sour, Amand and Cyprian. Before being a monk of the monastery of Calabre, Sacerdos was its benefactor. The church and the dwelling of the monks were falling into ruins; Sacerdos had them rebuilt with his own money, and, wishing that the preoccupations of temporal necessities should never be able to harm the fervour of the service of God, he gave the monks the village of Calabre with all its dependencies, such as he had received them himself from the generosity of Anicius. After having thus stripped himself of all that he possessed, he could freely follow the Lord and give himself up to all his attraction for solitude. He soon took the monastic habit and passed seven years, before being promoted to the priesthood, in the austerities of penance, making himself remarkable above all by acts of the most perfect humility.

The so austere life of Sacerdos, so many acts of virtue, which he strove to hide, but from which the too-full vessel overflowed on all sides, soon won him the affection, the esteem, the veneration of the religious. So, the abbot having come to die, all, with one voice, acclaimed Sacerdos to succeed him.

God wished to honour his faithful servant and manifest by the gift of miracles his great holiness. There was, at that time, in the village of Calabre, a man who had been a leper for several years and separated from the society of his brethren. And an angel appeared to Saint Sacerdos, and said to him: “Go and visit the unhappy leper, wash your hands carefully and touch all the parts of the body where you shall find traces of the disease.” And Saint Sacerdos hastened to obey the command of the angel: he went to visit the leper, and, addressing to God a fervent prayer, he washed his hands and touched the body of the leper; and the leprosy disappeared at once, and the unfortunate man was healed. And the inhabitants of the place and those of all the country, learning this miracle, gave glory to God in transports of gratitude, and exalted the virtues and merits of the Saint.

Mondane had resolved to walk in the footsteps of her son, but the ties which united her to Laban could not be broken. As faithful a wife as a Christian mother, her happiness would have been imperfect if, in engaging in the way of perfection, in the way of heaven, she had left behind her her husband, engaged in the way of the world. One day therefore Mondane, having thrown herself at the knees of Laban, with hands joined and eyes bathed in tears, said to him: “I conjure you, let us both seek to buy heaven by the sacrifice of earthly goods,” and Laban, whose heart grace had keenly penetrated, acquiesced in the desires of Mondane. Soon they stripped themselves of all their goods, of which they made two parts, the one for the Church of Jesus Christ and the other for the poor and strangers. It is probable that Laban retired to the same monastery of Calviac, with Sacerdos his son. As for Mondane, she retired to the left bank of the Dordogne, opposite the monastery, and fixed her dwelling in a grotto.

God reserved for his servant Sacerdos a trial fitted at once to increase his merits and to put his virtue more in evidence. Laban had completed the years of his life, he had arrived at the term of his pilgrimage, and God owed him the reward promised to those who have left all to follow him. One day when the Saint was at prayer with his religious, at the second hour of the day, they came to tell him that his father was dying. But he was so profoundly ravished in God that he did not see the messenger nor hear what he said to him. It was necessary to wait till he had come back from his ecstasy. He then ran, in all haste, to his father, who already, for some moments, had given up the last breath. Sacerdos felt a keen sorrow at it, which was increased when he learned that the illness had made such rapid progress that the dying man had not been able to receive the viaticum for the passage from the present life to the future, from time to eternity. But, if his grief was great, his faith was lively enough to move mountains. In the presence of the religious and of the inhabitants of the place, who had hastened up at the first news of the death of Laban, he prostrates himself, face against the ground, and remains there a long time in prayer. At last, he rises full of confidence and his face as if radiant with a heavenly light. Then he approaches the dear departed and, taking his hand, he calls him twice by his name. And, at the voice of his son, old Laban lifts his head and appears as if coming out of a deep sleep: and, casting his astonished looks over the bystanders who surround him, he says to them: “I had quitted this world at the second hour of this day, but I owe it to the merits of my son that I have been restored to life.” And all the bystanders, astonished and seized with a holy enthusiasm at the sight of this miracle, send up cries of joy to heaven, and give thanks to God. And the Saint hastens to give the viaticum to his father; then, prostrating himself, after the example of the patriarch Jacob, “My father,” he says, “give me your blessing.” And old Laban blesses his son, and again gives up his soul to God. Touching example of the priestly zeal that should surround the Christian at his last hour! Touching example also of the price formerly attached to the paternal blessing! It was understood that “the father’s blessing establishes the house of the children.”[3] One seems to have forgotten it today.

In the meantime, the city of Limoges sees itself deprived of its first pastor by the death of Aggericus, and, such is the reputation of Sacerdos, such the ascendancy of his virtues, that, by common accord, the clergy and the people designate him to occupy the vacant see. We do not know the acts of his episcopate, which must have been fruitful in good works. Our Saint had nobly fulfilled the task which God had imposed on him

and filled up the measure of his merits. Exhausted by the austerities of penance and the fatigues of a laborious episcopate more than by years, he foresaw that his end was near. Raised upon the episcopal chair, he had not forgotten, in the midst of the splendours of his dignity, the dear solitude of Calviac, and he had well promised himself to return to that fortunate asylum, to give up the last breath in the place where he had taken birth to the monastic life: his death having to be there sweeter, more agreeable to God. He makes all his dispositions, settles all his affairs, makes his farewells to his clergy and his people, and goes to lay his pastoral staff on the tomb of Saint Martial. Then he takes the pilgrim's staff and goes out of his episcopal city, leaving after him the keenest regrets. It was a very touching spectacle that this venerable and holy bishop offered, setting out toward the place where he was to consummate his course, after having well fought the battles of the Lord; bringing himself his mortal remains to the places where his cradle was, and going to confide the guard of them to those monks who had been his brothers, whom he had so long edified, with whom he had walked with so much unanimity in the house of God! Angels of heaven, guardians of travellers, watch over the holy bishop and direct his tottering march in his long way! The Saint had arrived at a small borough of Lower Limousin, placed on the bank of the Dordogne, today the little town of Argentat. And it is there that God had fixed the term of the pilgrimage of his servant. He was soon attacked there by a violent fever whose renewed accesses made him understand that his end was approaching. He asked that the Viaticum of the elect be given him and that his body be anointed with the holy oil of the dying, and, recommending to those who accompanied him to carry his body to the monastery of Calviac, he gently gave up his soul to God, on the 5th of the month of May of the year 720 of Our Lord. The memory of this death has been preserved in the little town of Argentat, and the place is still shown where the holy bishop retired and where he gave up the last breath. A pious and naive legend accompanies the account of this illness and this death. We cannot refuse it a benevolent hospitality in these pages. We relate it as all the historians of the life of the holy bishop relate it. "Overcome by the acrid heat of the fever and exhausted in strength, the Saint asked for eggs to refresh and relieve himself. His disciples, having run through the whole village, found not a single one, because kites and other birds of prey were so common in that place and in the neighbourhood that they devoured all the hens that people tried to rear there. Having learned this, the holy bishop wished to be, before dying, the benefactor of the village which gave him hospitality at the end of his course, and he pronounced this decree: that in future no bird of prey should dare to molest the hens of this village and of the neighbourhood. And, adds the legend-writer, this decree has been inviolable to this day."

As soon as Saint Sacerdos had given up the last breath, his disciples prepared to execute the last will of their master. After having honourably buried his body, they placed it in a boat to conduct it over the waters of the Dordogne to the monastery of Calviac, where, the news of his death having already reached it, they were preparing to make worthy funerals for the holy bishop. Mondane, the mother of the blessed Sacerdos, was still living, always retired in the grotto which she had chosen for her dwelling. For some years, God, who delights to try the saints, had permitted her to become blind. Learning that the body of her son was approaching the shore, Mondane had herself conducted there, desolate, but confident in God. There her trial was to end, God wishing to glorify at this moment the body of his faithful servant, by restoring sight to his faithful handmaid. On earth, the Saint had obtained the resurrection of his father; in heaven, he obtains that sight be restored to his mother. Happy the father, happy the mother of such a son! Meanwhile the monks of Calviac had come down with a great concourse of the faithful on the bank of the river, to receive the body of him who had been their brother and their father, and who had gone away from them only to return to them, seven years later, with the aureole of holy pontiffs. They drew the holy relic from the boat, put it on their shoulders and thus carried it to their church. The humble Mondane had again retired into her grotto, where she meditated on the eternal years, in silence and recollection. Her consolation was to go and pray on the tomb of her son. God reserved for Mondane the fairest crown: that of martyrdom. Two years after the death of Saint Sacerdos, Aquitaine was ravaged by the army of the barbarians, known under the name of Saracens, who had come from the depths of Spain under the leadership of Zama, their chief. Before besieging

Toulouse, where they were beaten by Eudes, count of Aquitaine, they spread through Périgord, ravaging and pillaging all they found in their passage. They arrived on the banks of the Dordogne, and it was then that Mondane, who reproached them for their barbarous excesses and their impieties, was massacred on the tomb of her son, in confessing the faith of Jesus Christ. After the departure of these barbarians, the faithful gathered the body of the Saint and gave it burial near the tomb of Saint Sacerdos; and God deigned to glorify the tomb of the mother as he had glorified the tomb of the son. Several miracles were wrought there in favour of the unfortunate who came to recommend themselves there to the illustrious servant of the Lord. The memory of the Saint has remained precious in this pious country. A church was dedicated to her toward the end of the 13th century, not far from the grotto which served her as asylum during the time of her widowhood and of her penance. There is still shown in this grotto, which the pilgrim delights to visit, the heap of pebbles taken from the bed of the Dordogne, on which the Saint rested her body weakened by fasts and macerations; and, at the foot of the rock, there still flows the spring where she went to quench her thirst, whose living waters, sanctified by the contact of her hand and her lips, were long loved by the sick, by those above all who were afflicted with violent headaches. Happy land of ancient Calabre, truly loved by God and privileged among all. Happy those who dwell in thy dwellings! Traveller, who follow the majestic course of the Dordogne, stop here; you are on the land of the Saints. On your right, you have Calviac with some traces of its monastery; Calviac where were the cradle and the tomb of Saint Sacerdos; on your left, the church, the grotto and the fountain of Saint Mondane, which recall such pious memories. And, up there, on the mountain, salute the ancient castle, well placed in the neighbourhood of the Saints. It bears a name sweet to pronounce in our language, the name of Fénelon, and recalls one of the most amiable geniuses of which France glories, and which Périgord is proud to call its child.[4]

The kites, sparrow-hawks and other birds of prey, driven from Argentat by Saint Sacerdos, may serve him as a characteristic attribute in the arts.

Cult and Relics of Saint Sacerdos

The worship of Saint Sacerdos began on the day of his funeral, at his tomb, which became the goal of the pious pilgrimages of all the inhabitants of the country. These pilgrimages became more frequent and more numerous from the day that the body of Saint Mondane rested beside the body of her son: holy relics, which the monks of Calviac preserved as a precious treasure, on which rested the virtue of God, until the day when their monastery having become a solitude, the religious of Saint-Sauveur of Sarlat appropriated them and carried them into their church.

This took place under the reign of Charlemagne, that is, before the year 814. The church of Sarlat celebrated the feast of this translation on the 3rd of the month of July. From that moment, Saint Sacerdos was the Patron of the abbey and of the city of Sarlat, and when, in 1317, this Abbey was erected into a bishopric by Pope John XXII, Saint Sacerdos was the Patron of the new diocese. We cannot adopt the opinion of Canon Tarde, who fixes at the year 1140 the translation of the body of Saint Sacerdos; for the monastery of Calviac was destroyed by the Normans, about the year 848, and it never rose again from its ruins.

The body of Saint Sacerdos was preserved intact in the church of the monastery of Sarlat until 1574. But, at that epoch of disastrous memory, mourning fell on these holy relics; they were profaned, like all those that the church of Sarlat possessed. On 22 February of that year 1574, the Protestants seized the city, led by Captain Vivans. “They pillaged the churches,” says Canon Tarde; “the relics with which Charlemagne had honoured the cathedral church of this city, and which had been religiously preserved there since that emperor, were burned and cast to the wind, as was the body of the great and venerable Saint Sacerdos.” However God did not permit the body of Saint Sacerdos to become wholly the prey of the flames. The faithful were able to preserve some parts of it (the tibia among others), of which mention is made in documents of the years 1695 and 1719.

At the disastrous epoch of our Revolution of 1793, the relic of Saint Sacerdos was saved by M. Gamat, curé of Sarlat, and entrusted to a Madame Faujanet, who, unhappily, after the return of calm, denied the deposit she had received.

It was only after her death that the family handed it over to M. de Larouverade, curé of Sarlat.

But it was necessary to establish that these relics handed over by the Faujanet family were indeed the same as those which were found before 1793 in the shrine of Saint Sacerdos, and were attributed to this Saint and honoured as such. This is what M. the curé of Sarlat did, after having received the official commission from Monseigneur the bishop of Angoulême, who had under his jurisdiction the dioceses of Périgueux and Sarlat. The verification took place at Sarlat on 10 September 1819.

A particle of this relic is honoured in the cathedral of Périgueux. It was deposited there in 1826 by Monseigneur de Lostanges, after having assured himself of its authenticity by the examination he made of the *procès-verbal* of inquiry, approved by Monseigneur the bishop of Angoulême. This is all that remains of the body of Saint Sacerdos.

The abbey of Sarlat, whose celebrity the relics of Saint Sacerdos made, was, as we have said, erected into a bishopric on 13 January 1317. This see, suppressed in 1790 by the civil constitution of the clergy, was not re-established by the concordat of 1801. And the church, abbatial at first, then cathedral, was no more than the church of a parish of the first class, governed by a curé having the title of archpriest.

In 1854, the church of Sarlat recovered its title of Cathedral Church. His Holiness Pius IX recognised the canonical existence of the diocese of Sarlat, under the jurisdiction and authority of the bishops of Périgueux, and authorised Mgr George and his successors to add to the title of bishop of Périgueux that of Bishop of Sarlat.

Cf. *Life of Saint Sacerdos, bishop of Limoges and patron of the ancient diocese of Sarlat,* dedicated to Mgr N.-J. Dabert, bishop of Périgueux and Sarlat, by A.-B. Pergot, curé of Terrasson. Périgueux, Lenteigne, bookseller; Bounet, bookseller, and at Terrasson, at the author's; in-8°, 1365.

Saint Florian, Soldier and Martyr (204 or 297)

Just as Jerusalem has its Stephen and Rome its Lawrence, so Poland has its Florian.

Polish proverb.

Florian was born and lived in the borough of Zeiselmauer, in Lower Austria. Of his life only the end is known, that is, the martyrdom. He served in the imperial armies and was a Christian in secret: he held the rank of chief of the employments, which probably amounts to officer of administration, when the edict of persecution was published. A great number of Christians took flight. God then raised up his servant Florian to cause courage to be reborn, by his heroism, in the souls of the faithful. Having learned that the governor of the country, Aquilinus, had just shed the blood of forty confessors of the faith at Lorch, where the seat of the government was, he arose and went there of his own accord. On the way, he met soldiers sent in search of Christians. "Do not give yourselves so much trouble," he said to them, "here is a Christian: take me and leave others in peace."

Brought to the tribunal of Aquilinus, the latter said to him: "Is what is reported of thee true? Sacrifice and thou shalt be one of us." — "I will not do it."

The governor fell into a great anger and threatened to force him to it by torments. The Saint did not answer, but, raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed his Lord and his God to strengthen him in the combat.

"What means this attitude," resumed the governor, "dost thou pretend to insult the emperors?" — The martyr answered only by silence.

Being able to obtain nothing, the governor had him given the bastinado twice and the flesh torn from his shoulders, then condemned him to be drowned in the Enns, a river which passes near Lorch. The soldiers led him upon the bridge: they had the humanity to give him time to commend his soul to God; after which, they cast him into the waves, head first: a heavy stone had been tied to his neck.

A pious woman, named Valeria, buried the body of Saint Florian on her estate. Afterwards, a church was erected on his tomb to which a convent of Benedictines was added. The latter having been destroyed by the incursions of the barbarians, Angelbert, bishop of Passau, had it rebuilt and gave it to the canons of Saint Augustine who still possess it. This fine abbey is situated in Lower Austria, near Enns and not far from Linz.

Later, one does not know at what epoch, his relics were carried to Rome. The Tartars and the Prussians having ravaged Poland in the 11th century, King Casimir and Gedeon, bishop of Cracow, asked Pope Lucius III for some relics of holy martyrs and obtained among others those of Saint Florian (1183). Since that epoch, he is the patron of Poland. His worship is also very widespread in Austria. He has a proper office at Passau, which has replaced in importance, from the civil and ecclesiastical point of view, the ancient city of Lorch, become a village. He is invoked above all against fire: this goes back to a charcoal-burner who, having fallen into the midst of a conflagration, was saved by invoking Saint Florian. This fact and the other circumstances of his life are represented in a series of fifteen pictures which decorate the church of his name, situated between Linz and Steyr. Another of these pictures recalls the miracle of the eagle which God sent to defend against the attacks of beasts of prey the body of the Martyr, stranded on the shore. A third shows the team which carries off the body, exhausted with fatigue and thirst and unable to advance further. At the feet of the oxen there springs a fountain in which they quench their thirst and whose waters became celebrated for their efficacy in various diseases. — Farther on, soldiers are seen invoking Saint Florian. This patronage is as well justified as can be. His principal attribute is a kind of mountain bucket with which he pours water on burning houses.[1] *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. i of May.

Saint Cyriacus, Bishop and Martyr

The triumph of Saint Cyriacus, martyred in Palestine, where he had gone to visit the Holy Places, spread promptly in Gaul. He was honoured with a particular worship in the city of Provins. A church had already been erected anciently in his honour, when Henry I, count of Champagne, brought from the East his venerated head, and built a new church as vast as splendid. This church, now parochial, was formerly served by a college of priests and enjoyed numerous privileges and immunities. A certain part of his head is still kept there today, the translation of which is honoured on 29 July.

Saint Cyriacus was, according to Baronius, a bishop of the city of Ancona. He accomplished his martyrdom under Julian the Apostate, after having endured many frightful torments. *Proper of Meaux.*

Saint Firmin, Bishop of Verdun (486)

This holy prelate was born at Toul. The estate of Flavigny, on the Moselle, formed part of the domain of his family. He became bishop of Verdun and was governing that city when Clovis returned victorious from Tolbiac. The people of Verdun tried to revolt against the Franks, whom they had obeyed for some time. They chose, to execute their plot, the moment when Saint Firmin, stricken with the illness of which he died, was unable to oppose an insane enterprise. He was giving up his last breath when the victorious Franks were on the point of forcing the gates of the city. His death threw consternation into the city, which, deprived suddenly of its most powerful defender, entrusted to the priest Saint Euspicius the delicate mission of going to implore the clemency of the king. Saint Firmin, who from the height of heaven watched over his flock, inspired the conqueror to pardon: Clovis entered the city peacefully.

During his lifetime, Saint Firmin had, during a great famine, nourished his flock with the corn which, by a wise foresight, he had accumulated in the granaries of the church. A Burgundian noble even sent to buy of him a quantity sufficient to support four thousand persons. The body of the holy bishop, first buried in the church of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, remained unknown for long years. At last it was revealed in 964, an epoch at which it was transferred to the ancient dwelling of his family, at Flavigny, on the Moselle, where it is still venerated today in the parish church.

Roussel, *Histoire de Verdun*, local notes.

Saint Antony of the Rock (6th century)

Saint Antony belongs to the diocese of Tours by his life and by his death. He came to France about the year 542, and was probably one of the five Apostles of the monastic life whom Saint Benedict had sent into our country, under the leadership of Saint Maurus.[1] Antony and three of his companions, Constantinian, Simplicius and Faustus, betook themselves first to Le Mans, where the bishop of that city, Saint Innocent, had called them. They established at Glanfeuil a monastery which they dedicated to Saint Martin. Antony stayed there only a very short time; he was designated for Tours, and he came to found there the celebrated abbey of Saint-Julian.

For several years, he was its first abbot and he gave it his name, which it bore for a long time, as we see by letters dated 940, in which this monastery is called the monastery of Saint-Julian or of Saint-Antony. He was there a model of all virtues. What he taught, he practised,[2] says a chronicle of the monastery of Saint-Julian; but, drawn irresistibly by the attraction of solitude, he despised the joys of the world, he loved poverty with a great love and he was the possessor of numerous riches without ever attaching his heart to them. He retired a few kilometres from Tours, into a charming and peaceful place surrounded on all sides by forests. Hidden in the cavern of a rock, which had hardly more than four feet in breadth, in depth and in height,[3] the pious servant of God served God there assiduously: *Deo ibi Dei servus serviebat assiduus.* Alone with God alone, Antony sanctified himself in this solitude, fought against the demon and against himself, then he fell asleep in the Lord, full of merits and virtues.

A short time after his death, his remains were carried by the monks of Saint-Julian to their abbey, and later they were exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the high altar of that church, where they remained until 1562, an epoch when the Calvinists despoiled all our churches and burned the relics of all our Saints. When more peaceful days were restored to the church of Tours, the monks of Saint-Julian claimed and obtained from the curé of Saint-Antoine du Rocher a part of the relics of their holy Abbot which he still possessed; they received them with great respect and enclosed them in a silver box which was placed between the arms of a statue of the Saint, likewise of silver.

The church of Saint-Julian preserved these relics until the great tempest of ’93, when the spirit of evil, unchained on the world, made on the Saints of God such a war as the Church had not known since the great pagan persecutions. Today the church of Saint-Julian possesses no more than the memory of this great Saint, founder of its monastery. But the grotto where the Blessed died is always the object of a pious and touching pilgrimage. On the line of the railway which leads to Le Mans, stop at Saint-Antoine du Rocher and betake yourself piously to this grotto where Saint Antony lived and died. A short time after the death of the Saint, two altars were raised there: there is still seen a fountain near which, says a chronicle of the 11th century, no woman ever approached: one of them having wished to brave the prohibition was struck dead. At the Revolution of ’93, this grotto was pillaged, profaned and became the asylum of unclean beasts. In 1842, the pious and good priest, M. the abbé Gervais, who served this parish, was happy enough to snatch this grotto, witness of so many virtues, from profanation. He had it restored, and, at his prayer, Mgr Morlot, then archbishop of Tours, came to bless it solemnly. At the spot where tradition holds that the Saint gave up the last breath, he had placed a fine statue, the work of Avisseau the father, representing the Saint stretched on a

mat, holding the cross in his hands and his eyes raised toward the heaven which is soon to become his reward. The pilgrimage, which had never been completely interrupted, has received a new impulse, and people come often from very far to implore the protection of the holy Solitary.

The archaeologist and the curious go to this parish of Saint-Antoine du Rocher to admire a Druidic monument, which may exercise their imagination and sharpen their curiosity, but which says nothing to their heart; we urge them to take a few steps more and to visit the rock of Saint-Antony: they will not regret their journey.

The abbé Rolland, honorary canon, chaplain of the Boarding-school of the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Tours.

Saint Gothard or Godard, Bishop of Hildesheim (1038)[4]

Saint Gothard, born in Bavaria toward the end of the 10th century, was brought up with care, and, after excellent studies in which he made great progress in the sciences and in virtue, he left the world to become a monk in the abbey of Altaich. He became successively prior and abbot of it, and knew how to maintain there the most edifying regularity. He was next charged with reforming the abbeys of Hersfeld in Hesse, of Tegernsee in the diocese of Freising and of Kremsmünster in the diocese of Passau, a difficult mission which he fulfilled with success. He was elected to succeed Saint Bernward, bishop of Hildesheim, who died in 1020; but it required all the ascendancy of the emperor Saint Henry to make him acquiesce in his election.

It soon appeared that the grace of ordination had given him new strength to fulfil the functions of his new ministry, which he discharged with the greatest zeal, the most enlightened prudence and a rare confidence in the help of God. He established a very regular discipline in the Chapter of his cathedral, to the point of forming of it a true monastery. He instituted schools to form youth in virtue as in letters, and watched himself over those whom he had chosen from among the others, and whom he brought up in his seminary for the ministry of the altars. He neglected not either the external worship of God, he repaired the churches, built new ones, took care of the fabrics, the ecclesiastical revenues and the ornaments of the temples. He had demolished the church which Otwin, tenth bishop of Hildesheim, had raised in honour of Saint Mary and of Saint Epiphanius, and which had entirely fallen into ruins; he had built on the same spot a convent, which was completed in the third year of his government. There was at the extremity of his episcopal city a marsh which popular terror said to be haunted by evil spirits and ghosts. Our Saint had it drained and went to pitch his tent there: it was there also that he raised a vast hospital where all miseries, all necessities found relief: strangers were received there like the people of the country. In 1023, the archbishop of Mainz convoked a national synod to which our Saint also was called. On his way there, he delivered, in the neighbourhood of the castle of Gruona, a possessed man who was generally reputed to be such. This miracle, which the eyewitnesses, in spite of his prohibition, spread everywhere, gave a new lustre to his holiness.

But this was the least of his miracles: he wrought innumerable ones before and after his death. One among others struck more vividly the imagination of the masses and served to characterise him in prints and bas-reliefs. He had excommunicated certain of his diocesans: now, one day when he was preparing to celebrate the holy mysteries, he saw them enter the church, in spite of the excommunication. Invoking the power of God, he ordered the dead to rise from their tombs and to give the example of obedience to the transgressors of his ordinances: these, lifting the covers of their sepulchres, organised a procession and went out of the church. He died on 4 May 1038, and was canonised in 1131 by Innocent II. Several churches of Germany honour him as their patron. He left letters which breathe piety and which prove that he was one of the most learned men of his century.

In the year 1132, which followed his canonisation and the translation of his relics, the building of a monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict was begun, under the invocation of Saint Gothard, and two altars

were consecrated to him in the cathedral. In the 16th century, there was preserved in the latter a chasuble that had belonged to him and several other relics which still attracted the veneration not only of Catholics, but even of Protestants: pregnant women above all had recourse to the Saint there.

Saint Helena, Virgin, Honoured at Troyes

The bishop of Troyes, Garnier of Traînel, followed the fourth crusade as chaplain of the Latin army. When the crusaders had made themselves masters of Constantinople, the city, opulent in riches of all sorts, was given up to pillage; the churches possessed precious relics which the lords reserved for themselves in order to carry them with them to the West. Garnier had been charged with the guard of these relics, and for that reason he had a large share of them. Among those that were allotted to him was a holy and entire body, that of Saint Helena, virgin, who has since become patroness of the diocese of Troyes. The joy was great at Troyes when the holy relics arrived; yet this joy was not long in being troubled. Who was this Saint Helena? Garnier was dead, carrying away with him the details he had been able to gather on the spot. The new bishop sent to the East to obtain information, but this step brought no great light, for the facts which the envoy reported were so tainted with anachronism that one could not put great faith in his account. Helena, according to this account, was born in the little town of Naturas, not far from the sea of Constantinople. The king of Corinth was her father; the bishop of the place had given her at baptism the name of Helena. She gave herself early to piety, and God rewarded her love and her fervour by the gift of miracles. She wrought very many in her lifetime, and her relics wrought very remarkable ones after their arrival at Troyes. The young girl performed her first miracle at twelve years. One day, a beggar woman accosted her near a fountain and asked her alms. Helena begged her to offer her a drink in the wooden vessel she held in her hand and, when after drinking she gave it back to her, this vessel had become a silver vessel. Several times, the simple touch of her veil healed the sick and procured for sinners a deep contrition for their faults. The year of her death is not known. It is in 1211 that the worship of Saint Helena was authorised in the diocese of Troyes. Some authors have pretended that this Saint Helena was the same as the empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, but nothing is less probable. The magnificent shrine in which the body of Saint Helena was enclosed was broken at the Revolution and the relics given to the flames. Some remains of it were saved and placed in the shrine of Saint Mathie, patroness also of the diocese, and the two feasts are now kept on the same day. In the 14th century, it was forbidden to work in the fields on the feast day of Saint Helena. At the same epoch, the bishop had to maintain night and day a lighted candle before the tomb of the virgin come from the shores beloved of the sun. On 4 May 1530, the presence of the body of the Saint sufficed to arrest suddenly the ravages of a formidable fire which threatened to destroy the whole city of Troyes. The relics of the virgin Saint Helena were recognised in the cathedral of Troyes on 24 April 1821: there are particles of them in several parishes of the diocese. The church of Auxerre kept her feast from 1600 to 1728.

Cf. *Saints du diocèse de Troyes*, by M. the abbé Defer; *Proper*, etc.

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[1] His Acts say that he evangelised the city of Camerino and converted, among others, Saint Venantius, of whom mention is made on 18 May. For this reason he is represented accompanied by this young Saint.

[2] He is held to have been a deacon and disciple of Saint Maternus. In the 13th century, a church was raised at Cologne in his honour and in honour of Saint Cecilia.

[3] See the Life of Saint Peregrinus, on the 16th of this month.

[4] M. Cirot de la Ville, letter of 7 April 1870.

[5] *Propre de Bordeaux*, 1855. — Saint Macarius, whose feast is kept on 4 May at Bordeaux, friend and disciple of Saint Martin of Tours, was sent by him into Aquitaine. He died at Langon, on the Garonne. A town rose on the other bank of the river, which took the name of Saint-Macaire. He is honoured as a Pontiff.

[6] See, on 30 April, the Life of Saint Pulchronius.

[7] See 22 October.

[8] On the road from Carthage to Hippo, not far from the battlefield of Zama.

[9] Navigius and Perpetua have had altars and a worship at Rome.

[10] *De beata vita*, n. 8, 10, 11.

[11] The villa which Verecundus, one of the colleagues of Saint Augustine in teaching, had placed of Saint Monica.

[12] Some authors have written Sardos, Serdou, Sardon, Seidon, Sardot, Savdont and even Sadroc.

[13] In the diocese of Cahors, not far from the frontiers of Périgord.

[14] Ecclus. iii, 11.

[15] The château of Fénelon, which passed out of the family of the marquises de Fénelon a few years before the Revolution of 1789, and has since passed through various hands, has just been bought by M. the count Ernest de Maleville, who is repairing its ruins with as much zeal as intelligence.

[16] To be impartial, we must add that the Germans pretend to have kept their own Saint Florian, and that, consequently, the one who is honoured at Cracow is different from the one honoured in Austria, in Bavaria and other Teutonic countries. So many other towns and countries pretend to possess the Saint Florian of the Germans and render him, as such, a worship which confounds Saints of the same name with their own, that we incline to give the Germans the verdict. Here is how the various of these Saints are distinguished:

Saints of the name of Florian: Saint Florian, Roman warrior, martyred and honoured in Austria, etc.; Saint Florian, Roman martyr: it is probably he whose relics Pope Lucius III gave to Poland; Saint Florian whose relics were brought to Vicenza in 1290; Saint Florian whose body was discovered, in 1411, on the bank of the river Esino, in the Picenum (March of Ancona); Saint Florian and his forty companions, honoured at Bologna, and whose bodies were brought from Palestine; Saint Florian honoured at Venice; Saint Florian whose relics were brought to Münster with those of Saint Victorinus and burned by the Anabaptists. It would be a little strong, say the Bollandists correcting themselves in their supplement, to suppose that the entire relics of a single Florian are found in so many places at once. The celebrity of the oldest among them will have led the Poles, the Italians, the Westphalians to believe that their respective relics could not come from any other than he who had suffered in Austria (vol. vii of May, p. 565).

As for the legend of the Saint Florian of Rome, who is in reality the one the Poles honour in taking him for the one of Austria, we shall relate the following trait of it: it tells that on entering the crypt where several holy bodies reposed, Pope Lucius III asked which among them desired to go to Poland; that Saint Florian, lifting the cover of his tomb, stretched his arm outside, as if to say: “It is I.” *Ecce ego adsum.* — Cf. Father Cahier.

[17] This tradition is accepted by the Breviary of Tours.

[18] *Nam quod ore praedicabat opere perficiebat.*

[19] Bolland., *Acta Sanctorum*, 4 May.

[20] Also Godehard, *Godehardus.*

5 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, Saint Pius V, pope, of the Order of Friars Preachers, who applied himself with as much success as courage to raising ecclesiastical discipline, to uprooting heresies, to reducing the enemies of the Christian name, and governed the Catholic Church by his holy life as much as by his holy laws. 1572. — Again at Rome, Saint Crescentiana, martyr.[1] — In the same place, Saint Silvanus, martyr. — At Alexandria, Saint Euthymius, deacon: put in prison for Jesus Christ, he fell asleep peacefully there in the Lord. — At Thessalonica, the feast of the holy martyrs Irenaeus, Peregrinus and Irene, consumed in flames. — At Auxerre, the martyrdom of Saint Jovinian, lector.[2] — At Licata, in Sicily, Saint Angelus, priest, of the Order of Carmelites, who was massacred by the heretics for the defence of the Catholic faith. About 1223. — At Jerusalem, Saint Maximus, bishop and confessor, whom Maximian Galerius Caesar had condemned to the mines, after having had one eye torn out and one foot burned with a hot iron.[3] 350. — At Edessa, in Syria, Saint Eulogius, bishop and confessor. After 381. — At Arles, in Gaul, Saint Hilary, bishop, illustrious by his learning and by his holiness. 449. — At Vienne, Saint Nicetius or Nizier, bishop, a personage venerated for his great holiness. 392–395. — At Bologna, Saint Theodore, bishop, of brilliant merit. About 540. — The same day, Saint Sacerdos or Serdon, bishop of Saguntum, today Murviedro. About 530. — At Milan, Saint Gerontius,[4] bishop. 470. — In the same place, the conversion of Saint Augustine, bishop and doctor of the Church, to whom Saint Ambrose made known the Catholic truth, and whom he baptised on this day. 387.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Vienne, Saint Nectarius, thirteenth bishop of that city. 361–375. — In the same place, Saint Florentius II, successor of the preceding. 375– 392. — At Trier, Saint Britto, bishop, who subscribed the first council of Valence, and had for successor Felix, at whose consecration Saint Martin assisted. 386. — At Tours, Saint Avertin, canon regular of the Congregation of Saint Gilbert of England, patron of Bougival, in the diocese of Paris. 1180. His feast is on 15 May at Tours. — At Sarlat, Saint Mondane, widow and martyr, mother of Saint Sacerdos, bishop of Limoges, honoured the same day. About 530. — At Chinon, in the diocese of Tours, Saint John, solitary, who was visited by Saint Radegund. 6th c. — At Douai, Saint Maurontus or Mauront, abbot of Breuil, on the Lys, son of Saint Bictrude. 702. — At Metz, Saint Waldrada or Valdrée, virgin and abbess of Saint-Peter-of-the-Nuns. (See her life in the Supplement of this volume.) — At Gap, feast of Saint Arigius or Arey, bishop. — At Saint-Maximin, the finding of the body of Saint Magdalen.[5] — At Mainz, Saint Gothard, bishop of that see. — In the diocese of Châlons-sur-Marne, Saint Petranus, solitary. He was Irish by origin and passed into the Gauls with Saint Gibrian, Saint Helan and three others of his brothers, as well as Saint Franche and her two other sisters. All are honoured with a public worship. 6th c. — At Nivelles, in Flanders, the blessed Ida, wife of Saint Pepin of Landen and mother of Saint Gertrude. 652. — In the diocese of Nevers and of Auxerre, Saint Jovinian, levite and martyr, one of the companions of Saint Peregrinus, bishop of Auxerre: his head and one of his arms were given, in 1071, to the monastery of La Charité-sur-Loire.[6]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Milan, the conversion of Saint Augustine, our Father…

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — At Rome, Saint Pius V…

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Licata, in Sicily, Saint Angelus, priest, of the Order of Carmelites, who was killed by the heretics for the defence of the faith. 1225. — At Rome, Saint Pius V…

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Milan, the conversion of Saint Augustine, our Father…

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — At Milan, the conversion of Saint Augustine, bishop. — The second Sunday of May. — The feast of the blessed Mary, Virgin of Graces, granted to our Congregation by Pope Pius VI.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Constantinople, the memory of Saint Irene, martyr, daughter of a petty king named Licinius. “She was,” it is said, “converted by Saint Timothy, disciple of Saint Paul.” Her Acts are very obscure, but her memory is illustrious throughout the East, and the temples which Constantine the Great and after him Justinian caused to be raised in her honour bear sufficient witness to the celebrity of her worship. The basilica of Saint Irene, raised by the latter, has been compared to the diamonds with which a bracelet is adorned: the bracelet was Constantinople.[7] 1st c. — In Africa, the saints Gregory, Archelaus, Felicissima, martyrs. — At Verona, Saint Theutheria and Saint Tusca, virgins, whose bodies were found again, in 1161, in a church which had been dedicated to them since the year 750. — At Bova, in Calabria, Saint Leo, monk, of the Order of Saint Basil. — At Orte, in the States of the Church, Saint Landus, martyr. About the 6th c. — At Corinth, Saint Athanasius, archbishop. 10th c. — At Culm, in Prussia, Saint Otta or Jutta, widow, who embraced voluntary poverty and consecrated herself to the service of lepers. When her indigence and theirs deprived them of light at night, God permitted the body of his handmaid to light up their darkness like a brilliant sun. 1204. — In the territory of Otranto, Saint Herine, virgin, who has given her name to a church of Lecce, where she is honoured on this day. — In the same place, Saint Venera or Venerandra, virgin, attendant of Saint Herine. — At Constantinople, Saint Gaianus and Saint Gaius, martyrs, who were formerly honoured in the church of Saint Cosmas. — At Tortona, Saint Aribert, bishop of that city.

Saint Barses, Saint Eulogius and Saint Protogenes

4th century.

This word of the Apostle contains a great meaning: The Saints are the first in this world.

Commentary on the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, vi, 2.

Saint Barses, whom the Roman Martyrology mentions on 30 January, Saint Eulogius, who is cited today, and Saint Protogenes, who will be tomorrow, were all three bishops, the first two of Edessa, and the third of Carrhae in the 4th century, at an epoch when the Arians made life hard for the Catholic bishops.

Barses and Eulogius had at first been solitaries. When the first was raised to the episcopal see of Edessa, the second came to the same city to exercise the functions of the pastoral ministry. And when Saint Barses was banished to the extremities of Mesopotamia, where he died, far from his flock, Saint Eulogius took care of it, as being the arm of the holy bishop, and maintained it in the right path of Catholic orthodoxy.

As they had chosen a wolf, according to the expression of Theodoret, that is to say an Arian bishop, to occupy the see of Saint Barses, the people, from whom the churches had also been taken, would not communicate with him, and held their assemblies in the country. There occurred on this occasion a fact which does too much honour to the memory of this holy pastor and to the faith of his sheep not to be detailed here. It is according to Socrates, Rufinus,

Sozomen and Theodoret that we are going to relate it.

The emperor Valens having come to Edessa to see the celebrated church where reposed the relics of Saint Thomas, apostle, was extremely irritated at finding the Catholics assembled in great number, and, in the heat of his anger, he struck with his fist the face of the prefect, named Modestus, who was at his side, reproaching him for not having driven them off as he had commanded him. He ordered him at the same time to gather together all the archers of the city and the men of war who were on the spot, to disperse this people by blows of staves and clubs, and even to use arrows and swords if it were needed.

Although Modestus was wholly devoted to the wishes of the emperor, he did not fail to have a horror of this order, the execution of which he put off till the morrow; moreover he had the Catholics secretly warned of it, so that he should find no one whom he could ill-treat. He went out therefore at early morning with much noise and tumult, making great threats through his men to save appearances; but he was greatly surprised when he perceived that the Catholics, far from hiding, were running in crowds to the place of assembly. In his astonishment he hesitated as to what he had to do, and meanwhile he was advancing toward the spot, when he saw suddenly come out of a house a poor woman with her child in her arms, who had not even thought of covering her head, nor of shutting her door, and who, cleaving the press of officers by whom he was preceded, was running to join the others.

He suspected her design, and the better to make sure of it, he had her brought to him, and said to her: — “Unhappy woman, where are you running, unveiled and with so much precipitation?” — “I am hastening,” she answered him, “to betake myself where the others are going.” — “But do you not know,” said Modestus to her, “that the prefect has an order from the emperor to massacre all whom he shall find there?” — “I know it,” answered the woman, “and it is in order that he may find me there also that I run thither.” — “And why do you carry that child also,” replied Modestus? — “It is,” she said, “that he may have the happiness of suffering martyrdom with me.”

The prefect understood by the intrepid courage of this woman that he must expect no less of the other Catholics, and having returned at once to the emperor, he related to him what he had seen, and represented to him that he must either leave the Catholics in peace, or resolve to make them all perish, which could only draw upon him the shame of having exercised a cruelty without example.

The emperor yielded in part to his persuasions, and commanded nevertheless to have summoned those who held the first rank among the faithful, that is to say the priests and the deacons, and to order them on his behalf to communicate with the Arian bishop whom he had put in the place of Saint Barses, or to banish them far away, if they refused to obey. Saint Eulogius was the head of this respectable clergy, and Protogenes was the first after him. Eulogius had practised, as we have said, the solitary life near Carrhae. Modestus having therefore assembled them, represented to them, showing much moderation, that it was a rashness on their part to oppose the wishes of a prince who commanded so many peoples, and who were but a handful of people without power, and exhorted them to obey him. They listened to him in silence, and the prefect wishing to have some answer addressed himself to Saint Eulogius, and asked him why he said nothing. “I did not think I ought to answer,” the Saint said to him, “since you did not question me.” — “Yet it is a long time that I have been speaking,” said the prefect, “and exhorting you to choose the course most advantageous to you.” — “I thought,” replied Eulogius, “that having spoken to all in general, I ought to answer only with all the others; but if you wish to know my sentiment in particular, I shall not hide it from you.” — “Communicate, then, with the emperor,” answered the prefect. To which Eulogius replied by a fine raillery: — “Would the emperor wish to add the dignity of bishop to the imperial power?”

The prefect felt the raillery, and answered it with insults like a man keenly stung; then he added: “I did not say that to you, rustic and stupid that you are; I wished only to bring you to communicate with those who are of his communion.” But Eulogius having told him that they were already submitted to a pastor, the prefect had eighty ecclesiastics arrested and banished them all into Thrace.

The report of it soon spread, and there was a press on their road to see them, the inhabitants of the towns and boroughs running to meet them to heap honour on them, and to congratulate them on their constancy and on the victories they gained over heresy. Their enemies were jealous of it, and gave the emperor to understand that, having wished to dishonour them by this exile, they had acquired more glory by it; which determined this prince to separate them and to send them two by two, some into Thrace, others into Arabia and others into the Thebaid. Cruelty was carried even to separating those among them who were united by the ties of blood, and to taking away the brothers, the one to one side and the other to the other.

But God, who makes the malice of men serve his ends, and draws from it his glory, permitted that Saint Eulogius and Protogenes his second should be banished to Antinoë for the salvation of many. They found there in truth a Catholic bishop, and assisted at the ecclesiastical assemblies. But seeing that the number of the faithful was small, and having learned with sorrow that there still remained many pagans, they were not content with groaning over it before God, and resolved to labour for their conversion. Saint Eulogius shut himself in a cell, where he prayed day and night, that God might bless his enterprise; and Protogenes, who possessed polite letters, and was at the same time a skilful stenographer, opened a school where he taught children to write, and instructed them in the holy Scriptures, dictating to them above all the psalms and the passages of the writings of the Apostles that were most suitable for them. A miracle which he wrought at that time gave credit to his holy doctrine and hastened the conversion of several. One of his scholars fell ill. He went to visit him, and taking him by the hand he healed him by the force of his prayer. The report of it spread at once: so that, when there was any sick child, the parents called him to heal it; but as he told them that he could not pray to God for them unless they had first received baptism, they consented without difficulty, and thus he gave them health of soul and of body.

Theodoret says also that, when he had converted any pagan, he led him to Saint Eulogius to receive from him the seal of the Lord. And as the Saint complained of his coming to interrupt his prayer, he answered him that the salvation of those who came out of error pressed more. Besides, adds this historian, all the world admired Protogenes who, having received from God the gift of miracles and of light to make the truth known to so many people, yet regarded himself as inferior to Eulogius, and brought to him those whom he had won to the Lord, which gave a very high idea of his great virtue.

At last, calm having been restored to the Church, these two Saints returned to their native land; but it was not without regret on the part of those whom they left, for they accompanied them with many groans and tears, and above all the bishop of the place, who saw himself deprived by their departure of the help he drew from them for the good of his diocese. On their return, Saint Eulogius was put in the place of Saint Barses, who had passed from this life to a better. And as for Protogenes, he was charged with the government of the church of Carrhae,[1] where there was much to labour, on account of the great number of persons there who were still engaged in the errors of paganism: so one could not better entrust to any one than to him a field so bristling, so to speak, with brambles and thorns. Saint Eulogius was placed on the chair of Edessa by Saint Eusebius, bishop of Samosata. This was before the council of Antioch, at which he assisted in 370, as well as at that of

Constantinople in 381. *Lives of the Fathers of the Deserts of the East.*

Saint Hilary, Archbishop of Arles

401–449. — Popes: Saint Anastasius; Saint Leo the Great. — Emperors of the West: Honorius; Valentinian III.

Will you show in all things, as the holy Canons ordain, fidelity, submission and obedience to the blessed apostle Peter, who has received from God the power of binding and loosing, to his vicar our Holy Father the Pope, and to the Roman pontiffs his successors? — I will.

Roman Pontifical, consecration of bishops.

The Saint of whom we are going to speak himself wrote his life, without thinking of it, in writing that of another Saint. He teaches us in the funeral oration which he made on Saint Honoratus, or Honorat, his predecessor, that this great man came out sometimes from his solitude of Lérins, to win souls to God. One day, having come into the country of Hilary, which was either Burgundy or Lorraine, and perhaps the city of Toul, and seeing him already very much entangled in the world, he undertook to detach him from it, setting before him, on the one hand, the vanity of the age, the perils of this life and the difficulties of being saved in it, and, on the other, the excellence of the religious life and the advantages one finds in it for going surely to heaven. But as he saw that all his discourses, though very pressing, made no impression on his heart, and that the young man protested always, and even by oath, that he would never change the secular life to shut himself up in a cloister, he said to him, in a prophetic spirit: “God will grant me, in time, what you refuse me today.” In effect, after the holy abbot had prayed for the conversion of Hilary, his heart changed suddenly, and he conceived as much disgust for the vanities of the world as he had loved them passionately before; so that, breaking at last all the chains which held him attached to the age, he fled to the solitude of Lérins, to work there at perfection, under the wise direction of so holy an abbot.

Hilary did not make himself a religious by halves, for he rendered himself so accomplished in all the virtues that Saint Honoratus, seeing himself raised to the archbishopric of Arles, substituted him in his place, and made him the second abbot of the celebrated monastery of Lérins. A short time after, feeling the great weight of his episcopal charge, he wished to have him near him to make use of his counsels and relieve his shoulders of a part of his burden; but the love of solitude, with which the holy Abbot was charmed, soon made him abandon the city to return to his abbey, and he betook himself there with more ardour than he had gone there the first time, when he made himself a religious, as Saint Eucherius, bishop of Lyons, remarks expressly in one of his epistles to Saint Honoratus. The holy Archbishop, feeling his strength much diminished, made his holy disciple come back again, that he might assist him at death and render him the last duties of burial. Hilary did it with the love and tenderness that are seen in the funeral oration which he pronounced on his holy friend. Fearing to be elected in the place of the deceased, who had manifested this desire, Hilary set out at once for his dear solitude; but Castus, governor of the city, having discovered his design, had him arrested;

the Saint soon saw himself surrounded by the soldiery, the people and the clergy; each exhorted him to yield: all he could do was to protest that he would accept the prelacy only if God manifested his will to him by some sign. At that very hour, a dove appeared, white as snow, and came and settled in the midst of that numerous assembly, on the head of Hilary, and it could not be made to go away before the Saint had acquiesced in his election. He was only twenty-nine years old; but his youth served only to render his virtues more amiable and more brilliant. It must not be imagined that this holy religious relaxed anything of the rigours of the cloister, on seeing himself raised to the dignity of archbishop; he always practised the same austerities, and knew very well how to unite the monastic life with the prelacy. His food, his clothing and his bed were the same as before; and, for having become a greater prelate, he was no less religious, nor less mortified. The revenues of his church did not make him richer: for he distributed them with so much liberality that he soon saw himself reduced to using chalices and patens of glass. His charity for the poor went even to the point of working with his own hands, to have wherewith to give to them, although he was of illustrious birth and the eminent functions of his charge seemed to exempt him from it.

The Saints themselves commit faults; and is not holiness most often innocence recovered by penance? An excess of zeal carried Saint Hilary beyond the bounds of propriety toward the sovereign Pontiff Saint Leo the Great; but he recognised his fault, repented of it and gave satisfaction to the sovereign Pontiff. He sent for that purpose to Rome the three most considerable priests of his clergy, Ravennius, Nectarius and Constantius; and he lived afterwards with Saint Leo in the best understanding; this great Pope, in a letter which he wrote some time after the death of the archbishop of Arles, calls him Hilary of holy memory. The talent which Saint Hilary had for preaching was singularly remarkable. When he spoke to the learned of the world, he expressed himself with that grace, that elegance and that tone of nobility which characterise the great orators; but if he had to instruct people without letters, he changed his manner and proportioned his discourses to the capacity of the most ignorant. What was most admirable is that, in the most familiar instructions, he knew how to unite a simple and naive style with the majesty of the Gospel. He preached the truth without disguise and without ever flattering the great. We shall cite an example of it. He had often warned in private a judge of the province, who administered justice with a criminal partiality: his warnings had produced no effect. One day when he was preaching, the magistrate, followed by his officers, entered the church. Hardly had he perceived him, when he interrupted his discourse. His audience appearing astonished, he said that a man who had so often neglected the advice given him for the salvation of his soul did not deserve to be nourished with the divine word with the faithful people. The judge, struck by this reflection, blushed and entered into himself. The Saint then resumed the thread of his discourse. Having remarked, another day, that several persons were going out of the church after the reading of the Gospel and precisely at the moment when he was preaching, he made them come back, saying to them: “It will not be so easy for you to come out of the dark dungeons of hell, if you have the misfortune to fall into them.”

His eloquence was enhanced by the brilliance of his miracles and virtues. By the mere imposition of his hands, he restored sight to a blind man; he delivered an energumen; he obtained from heaven the healing of one of his deacons who had had a foot crushed by a block of marble.

He had the greatest tenderness for sinners, when he administered penance, which was ordinarily done on Sunday after the office and the public instructions; many came to receive from him the remedy for the maladies of their souls. He excited by his tears those of the penitents. One could not hear him nor even look at him without having the heart broken with compunction, and the mind frightened by the judgments of God, by the terrible day of his wrath and by eternal damnation; one was disgusted with the present life and took the resolution to live no more but for heaven. The Saint easily inspired these sentiments in others, having them himself. His great maxim being to refer everything to God, he considered him as his sovereign judge, and examined each day, in his presence, the state of his soul: so he watched with great attention over all that he thought, all that he did, all that he said.

He presided at several councils, among others at those of Riez, in 439; of Orange, in 441; of Vaison, in 442; of Arles, in 443; he combated the heresies, above all Pelagianism, re-established ecclesiastical discipline, founded monasteries, where he made the most perfect regularity reign. He gave the example of it himself. For the first act of his episcopate had been to unite with the clergy of his cathedral to live in community: the last member of this Congregation was dearer to him than himself; the least accident that befell them afflicted him; their death drew tears from him. They lived on the income of their labour: Hilary himself, the archbishop of Arles, the vicar of the Holy See, worked unceasingly: while he was spoken to, while he was read to, while prayers were recited to him, he made mats. He always went barefoot, even in winter, even during his frequent journeys: it is thus that he went to Rome; under his modest garment, he wore a hair-shirt. Nothing cost him anything when it was a question of the salvation of his people; he has been seen, on fast days, to preach three hours in a row. He sold everything, even the sacred vessels, as I have already said, to ransom the poor Gauls fallen into the power of the Germanic tribes who were invading Gaul. He had illustrious friends, like Saint Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, one of the apostles of Great Britain, and destroyer of Pelagianism; they often consulted one another on the affairs of their dioceses. At last, consumed with zeal and austerity, Hilary fell ill; and, as one day he thought himself at the extremity, it seemed to him that he saw before him all the vestments of Aaron, in the manner in which they are described in Scripture: when he was preparing to put them on, believing that they were prepared for him, his priest, Ravennius, was called to clothe himself with them and celebrate the holy Mysteries: he recognised well by that that his hour had come, and that God was making him see his successor. He gave notice of it to his spiritual children, predicting to them that at eleven o'clock in the evening he would depart from this world: which happened on 5 May, in the year of Our Lord 449, in the forty-eighth of his age and the nineteenth year of his episcopate.

All the city of Arles wept for his premature loss; each one wished to touch the Saint before he was buried: the Jews even assisted at the funeral. During the funeral service, one hardly heard the psalms sung and the eulogy of the Saint made except in Hebrew; for the Jews alone could speak: the voice of the Christians, accustomed to pray in Latin and in Greek, was stifled by grief. Such is the account of an eyewitness. His body, buried in the church of Sainte-Etienne, was afterwards transferred to that of Saint-Geniez, and from there at last to that of Saint-Honoratus. In the middle of the 12th century, these holy relics were transferred to the church of Sainte-Croix. His attribute is the dove, which is the symbol of election by inspiration or by unanimity.

Writings of Saint Hilary

We have today only one authentic work of Saint Hilary, the Life of Saint Honoratus, his predecessor in the see of Arles (vol. L of the *Patrologia* of M. Migne). His biographer cites besides Homilies on the feasts of the year; an explanation of the Creed; letters in great number; verses. There has also been attributed to Saint Hilary of Arles a poem on the divine Providence, and it has been concluded that he was a semi-Pelagian. To arrive at this conclusion, it remains to prove: 1° that this book is really by Saint Hilary; all the learned admit today that our Saint is not the author of it; 2° that semi-Pelagianism is contained in this book. Now, it is generally agreed that it is there only for those who wish to see it there. As for the letter of Saint Prosper to Saint Augustine, which is also invoked against Hilary, what does it teach us? that Hilary thought in everything like Augustine, except on predestination: a thing very permissible. Is Saint Augustine accused of belonging to the heretics known under the name of predestinarians, because he teaches that the decree of predestination to glory is absolute and antecedent? Why treat Saint Hilary as semi-Pelagian for having rejected this system? Is one a Pelagian because one finds it more reasonable to believe that the predestination of the elect to glory is conditional, consequent, that is to say founded on the foresight of their natural merits? Saint Hilary of Arles must not be confounded with: 1° the bishop Hilary, friend of Saint John Chrysostom, who, in that quality, was exiled into Pontus; 2° Hilary, bishop of Narbonne; 3° Hilary, deacon and envoy of Pope Liberius to the council of Milan (335), ill-treated by the Arians, and exiled by the emperor Constantius;

4° Hilary, young layman of Syracuse, ardent disciple of Saint Augustine. His epitaph is still possessed, in an underground chapel, under the high altar of Saint-Honoratus-lès-Arles. It is engraved on a large table of marble set in the wall, and broken into several pieces. This inscription is in fine Roman characters; here it is:.

The Life of Saint Hilary was in all likelihood written by one of his numerous disciples, the bishop Honoratus, of Marseilles, preacher and author of several writings, which Gennadius praises much (*De Vir. illustr.*, c. 99). See Surius, the Bollandists, and in this work the Life of Saint Leo on 11 April.

Saint Maurontus or Maurant, Patron of Douai

634–702. — Popes: Honorius I; John VI. — Kings of France: Dagobert I; Childebert III.

Saint Maurant or Mauront was born in French Flanders about the year 634, probably at Merville, on the river Lys, formerly in the diocese of Thérouanne, on the borders of Flanders and Artois, between Aire and Armentières.[1] He had for father the blessed Adalbaud, duke of Douai, grandson of Clotaire, king of France, a rich and powerful lord, but still more illustrious by his virtues than by his riches, and who deserved that the Church should honour his memory on the second day of February; and for mother Saint Rictrude, born at Toulouse, in Aquitaine, of royal blood like her noble spouse.

He had the honour of being baptised by a Saint, named Richarius, himself so celebrated for his apostolic zeal, for his penitent life, and above all for the foundation of the famous abbey which bore his name, near Abbeville, in Ponthieu, today the department of the Somme.

Saint Maurant was the eldest of four children. Clotsende, Eusébie and Adalsende, his sisters, who are likewise honoured with a public worship by the Church, to wit: the blessed Clotsende, abbess of Marchiennes after Saint Rictrude, her mother, on 30 June; Saint Eusébie, abbess of Hamage, on 16 March; and the blessed Adalsende, a religious under Saint Eusébie, on 24 December. It was therefore a whole family of Saints.

The children, after God, owed their holiness to the care of their pious parents, but above all to the lessons, the tears, the prayers, the fasts and the alms of their holy mother. What cannot a solidly Christian education do for the innocence and the happiness of children!

Few memories remain of the childhood of Saint Maurant. Here is only one trait, in which those who do not believe in chance will not fail to see a particular providence on the part of God.

We have just said that he had received baptism from the hands of Saint Richarius. Now it happened that one day this venerable and holy priest, as much for the profit of his soul as for the consolations of friendship, came to pay a visit to the blessed Rictrude. After the pious conversations with which they had nourished their souls as with a delicious and wholly heavenly bread, the man of God, already remounted on his horse, was preparing to depart. On her side, the blessed handmaid of the Lord, by honour and friendship, as is ordinarily done, had advanced a few steps outside the house; she took in her arms and lifted up her little Maurant, and begged Saint Richarius to give his godson his paternal blessing. The man of God, without dismounting, takes the child in his arms, either to embrace him, or in effect to bless him. But, behold suddenly, says he who tells the fact, the enemy of all good, in his jealous rage, inspires the animal with a kind of fury which was in no way usual to it. It plunged like a demoniac, gnashed its teeth, carried away, ran here and there with a strange impetuosity. Saint Richarius saw himself in great danger of perishing; but he feared above all for the child; the poor mother feared no less. She no longer knew what to do. Already almost fainting, as if she had seen death with her eyes, the arm raised against objects so dear, she turned away her face all bathed in tears, so as not to be witness of their lamentable fall. The whole household had run up at the noise of the peril. Meanwhile the servant of God, who still held the child, addresses a prayer to the Lord. Hardly had he finished it, when behold the child on the ground, without any hurt, like a little bird that alights in flying; and

the horse, on its side, has resumed its first gentleness, like a peaceful lamb. The mother, to seize with joy her dear child, and press him tenderly to her heart. The child smiled at his mother, and to the keenest anguish succeeded everywhere the intoxication of happiness. One cannot doubt that so happy an issue was due to the merits of those two holy souls. And as often, by the all-powerful goodness of God, the efforts of hell to destroy the just serve only to contribute the more to their progress in virtue, so it happened that this trial only added to the perfection of Saint Richarius. For reflecting that the Lord, his God, when he came to redeem the world, wishing to give us an example of humility, had appeared mounted not on a horse superbly caparisoned, but on a simple she-ass which his Apostles had prepared for him, he himself, afterwards, whenever there was a pressing necessity to travel, after the example of his divine Master, would never have any other mount.

His first education finished, the young Maurant was sent to the court of France, under King Clovis II and the queen Saint Bathilde. He remained there several years, and, in consideration of his virtues and his merit, as much as of his birth and his nobility, the king honoured him with the title of secretary and chancellor of the kingdom.

It was in this interval that he had the sorrow of losing his blessed father, cruelly assassinated by scoundrels, on a journey which the latter made from Flanders into Gascony, to see the relatives and the estates of Saint Rictrude, his wife.

Saint Rictrude, after the death of her husband, resolved to consecrate her widowhood to God. Having refused a second marriage which King Clovis II proposed to her with one of the greatest lords of his court, she turned all her thoughts and all her affections toward heaven; and, by the counsel of Saint Amandus, formerly bishop of Maastricht, she quitted the world entirely, took the veil and retired into the abbey of Marchiennes, of which she became abbess some years later, and which she edified as much as she made it illustrious by forty years of the most austere penances and the most solid virtues. She herself, with the blessed Adalbaud, had given to Saint Amandus this land of Marchiennes, to found there an abbey of men, which took the name of Elnone. It is since then that, having enlarged the buildings and separated them from those of the religious, she established there a community of women, under the name of the abbey of Marchiennes. Among the religious were at first her three daughters, of whom mention has been made above.

Meanwhile the young Maurant had returned to his country for a marriage which he proposed to contract. Already he had settled all its conditions, and even celebrated the betrothal, when, touched by the exhortations of Saint Amandus, he became himself wholly disgusted with the world and resolved to consecrate himself fully to God in the state of virginity. It is to be believed that the death of his blessed father, the memory of his great virtues, the example of his holy mother and of his three sisters, joined to their fervent prayers, contributed not a little to this generous determination, by making him feel better all the frivolity of the goods of here below, and all the happiness there is in giving oneself to God without reserve.

He communicated therefore to his holy mother the desire he had to renounce marriage for ever. She feared at first that Maurant wished to take the course of celibacy only to give himself to debauchery with more liberty, as do so many unhappy young men who thus precipitate themselves blindly into the eternal abysses. With this thought, she begs Saint Amandus, that charitable physician of souls, to come and find her, and confides to him her lively maternal anxieties about the salvation of her son. It was not difficult for Saint Amandus to console her and to restore peace to her afflicted heart. Shortly after, as this holy bishop was celebrating mass solemnly in the presence of the young Maurant, it happened that a bee, flying about, made three times the circuit of his head. Saint Amandus, who had remarked this circumstance, believes he sees in it an omen from heaven, has the young Maurant called and exhorts him to execute at once the design which he had conceived, and which a secret revelation had just made known to him as approved from on high. Saint Maurant delayed no more; he begins by putting himself into the hands of Saint Amandus and abandons himself fully to his direction. This holy Pontiff, according to the rules of the Church, blesses him and gives him the clerical

tonsure in the form of a crown. He teaches him at the same time the mysterious signification of this holy ceremony. The tonsure, he says to him, by laying bare the top of the head, recalls to us that nothing is hidden from the eyes of the Lord, not even the most intimate thoughts; and by the cutting of the hair, often renewed afterwards, it teaches us that we must in like manner cut off without relaxation the superfluous and criminal desires. This form of crown, he adds, expresses to us both the tiara of the sovereign priest and the diadem of the great King; it tells us that we belong henceforth to a royal priesthood, and that after the combats and trials of this life, endured with patience, God reserves in the other, for those who love him, a crown of immortal and infinite glory… These symbolic lessons gathered from the mouth of the holy bishop and from holy Scripture itself, the blessed Maurant engraved deeply in his memory and laboured above all with extreme care to realise them in practice.

Raised later to the order of deacon, all his application was to lead more and more a conduct worthy of the name he bore and of the sacred character with which he was clothed.

The Lord, on his side, procured for him a means of advancement in virtue, by procuring him the society of Saint Amé, bishop of Sens. Here is how the thing happened: this saint had been raised, in spite of himself, to the episcopal see of Sens. Five years after, calumniated by the envious to the king, who was then Thierry III, he was banished first to Péronne, into a monastery, under the guard of Saint Oultain, who was abbot of it. After the death of the blessed Oultain, Theuderic placed Saint Amé in the hands of Saint Maurant, with charge to guard him in his turn. Saint Maurant had then become abbot of a monastery called Breuil, which he had just had built himself on his land of Merville, of which mention has been made above. He soon knew the rich treasure which heaven had just confided to him in the person of Saint Amé; he treated him, not as a banished man, nor a prisoner, but as a saint and a man of God; he found himself honoured to make himself his very humble servant; and all his application, his and that of his religious, was to study his holy life as a perfect mirror of the most excellent virtues. He wished even that he should be superior of his monastery in his place, and submitted to his direction as the simplest of the religious. After his death, in 690, he had him buried with much honour and kept his precious remains in his monastery of Breuil, until, three years later, he had them transported into a new church, which he had had built in honour of the holy Virgin.

Saint Maurant then resumed the direction of his monastery, which he had been so happy at first to yield to Saint Amé. One cannot say with what application he laboured, until his last breath, to sanctify himself and to sanctify also the religious who had come to range themselves under his direction. There was seen to flourish, in the monastery of Breuil, in all evangelical perfection, all the virtues which honour the holiest communities, the spirit of retreat, of recollection, of silence and of prayer, a profound humility, a universal mortification, an unalterable gentleness, an invincible patience, an admirable detachment from all the things of here below, a holy zeal for the most austere practices of penance, for fasts, vigils, hair-shirts, etc.

Saint Maurant governed at the same time the abbey of Marchiennes, since the death of Saint Rictrude his mother, which occurred two years before that of Saint Amé, in 688. He had not been able to refuse this consolation to his holy mother, who had asked him for it before giving up the last breath. He directed therefore the abbey of Marchiennes as long as he lived, that is, during the space of about fourteen years. We have no detail on these last years of his life. At last, the moment had come when God was to crown in heaven a life so full of virtues and merits. Saint Maurant had come to visit the abbey of Marchiennes, of which he had taken charge, as we have just said, at the prayer of his expiring mother. This visit took place, doubtless, only by a particular design of divine providence. God wished that hearts which the ties of charity, much more even than those of blood, had so closely united during life, should not be separated, even after death, and that they should rest in peace in the same place. He permitted therefore that, surprised suddenly by the illness of which he was to die in the abbey of Marchiennes, Saint Maurant, after having fulfilled a last time the pious duties of his holy ministry and received the consolations of religion, should fall asleep there with the sleep of the just in the arms of the Lord, beside his mother and his three blessed sisters. His death occurred on 5 May

of the year 702, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; according to others, on 5 May 706, in his seventy-second year.

Cult and Relics of Saint Maurant

His body remained long in the church of Marchiennes, where it had first been buried. It is read in the Chronicles of Marchiennes that it was laid in the church, on the east side, near a well which he had had dug for the service of the altar, and which still bears his name today.

It was exhumed from there afterwards, one does not well know on what occasion, and the greater part of his bones were carried to Douai. There also were found, since the 9th century, those of Saint Amé. They had been brought there from the monastery of Breuil, to withdraw them from the ravages of the Normans. Thus there reposed together, some time after their death, in the same church, the venerated remains of these two great Saints, who, during their lives, had been bound by so close and so pure a friendship. The church of Saint-Amé, where the precious remains of Saint Maurant were preserved until ’93, in a chapel of that great, rich and magnificent collegiate church, is today destroyed and there remains no vestige of it.

There was seen in this church a great and magnificent chapel, with an altar dedicated under the triple title of Saint Maurant, of his mother, Saint Rictrude, and of his blessed father, Adalbaud. Their three statues were also seen there. That of Saint Maurant was in the middle; it wore a garment of distinction in the form of a royal mantle, strewn with fleurs-de-lis, in the right hand a sceptre, and in the left an edifice surmounted by a bell-tower. The fleurs-de-lis indicated his high lineage, and the little building his religious foundations. Of these three statues, there remains today only that of Saint Maurant.

The abbey of Saint-Ghislain, in Hainaut, also boasts of possessing the skull of Saint Maurant in a fine head of vermeil, and half of one of his arms in another reliquary. Several miracles wrought since his death are related. The first is found in the life of Saint Rictrude, written toward the end of the 12th century by an anonymous religious of the abbey of Marchiennes. We have said that the relics of Saint Maurant had been transported later to Douai. In consequence of this translation, and with the consent of the clergy and the people of the city, it had been decreed that, every year, on 5 May, the feast of Saint Maurant should be celebrated with great solemnity. It was to be announced publicly in all the churches, on the Sunday which precedes; all servile work was forbidden that day, and each one hastened to assist at the holy offices with great devotion, as is still seen today, adds the historian. But they went still further. Out of veneration for this great Saint, they came, one year, to forbidding work, from the coming of his feast, from three o’clock in the afternoon. Now, it happened that a shoemaker obstinately stayed at his work after the prescribed hour, without respect for the Saint, without regard even for the remonstrances made him by charitable neighbours. “What then!” they said to him, “and what temerity! Do you not see that it is God himself whom you despise in despising his saints and in disobeying the commandments of the Church, our mother? Have you then forgotten that the Lord has said: Those who hear you, it is I whom they hear, and those who despise you, it is I whom they despise? Now, you know very well that this feast is a custom and an obligation each year. And you, slave of avarice and of a vile interest, you fear not to transgress the precept of the Lord.” To which this unhappy transgressor answered (what, besides, is so often answered still today): “Eh! the priests impose on us what they will, at the pleasure of their caprices. And what then is Maurant, what is Rictrude, his mother? men like us, nothing more. They were born in wealth, that is all; but they were not of another nature than we; and, at death, they went to join their fathers just like the others. I neither honour them nor fear them; they can do nothing for or against me; they are well dead.”

Hardly had he finished these blasphemies, continues the historian, when, setting himself again to his work, suddenly, I know not how, the blade which he held in one hand goes and pierces the other as if he had wished to cut out a piece of leather. He could never be fully healed of it and remained crippled all the rest of his life, so that, being unable to work any more, he saw himself little by little, from rich as he was at first, reduced to

indigence, overwhelmed with debts, and constrained, to escape his creditors, to flee secretly from the country, having nothing left. The neighbours did not fail then to remember the blasphemies they had heard him utter, and to see in his misfortune a just punishment of his impiety. It was soon known throughout the city, and devotion to the worship of the Saints took, from that moment, a new fervour. In another Collection of the life and miracles of Saint Rictrude, composed by another religious, named Vualbert or Gualbert, and which is likewise found among the manuscripts of Marchiennes, mention is made of a well, of which we have said a word above, called the well of Saint Maurant, which he himself, out of respect, had had dug so that it might serve exclusively to wash and purify the sacred vessels and the linens of the altar; it is added that there were seen to come to it a great number of sick persons, attacked with scrofula or king's evil, and that they continually experienced by the virtue of Our Lord Jesus Christ how powerful was the intercession of Saint Rictrude and of her blessed son Saint Maurant; for, after having drunk of this salutary water, and washed their face and body with it, they went back perfectly healed and for ever. John Buzelin, Jesuit, in his History of Belgium, printed at Douai, part under the title *Annales Gallo-Flandriae*, in 1624, and part under the title *Gallo-Flandria sacra et profana*, in 1625, has collected many things on Saint Maurant. He relates, among others, as having drawn it from a precious book belonging to the church of Saint-Amé of Douai, that, at a translation of the bones of Saint Maurant into a new shrine, a translation made at Douai, in the year 1139, by Alvise, bishop of Arras, in the presence of several important personages, and among others of Goswin, abbot of the monastery of Anchin, in Hainaut, and archimandrite of La Chaise-Dieu, in Auvergne, there appeared a sort of prodigy, which contributed singularly to make shine forth anew the glory of Saint Maurant, and to justify the honours which the piety of the faithful hastens to render him. There was seen, and everybody was witness to it, a quite extraordinary circle, shaded with various colours, surround in the form of a crown all those who then handled the sacred bones, and that until they had finished depositing them in the new shrine. We shall end the account of these few miracles with a much more recent fact and perhaps no less remarkable.

It was in 1556, on the eve of the Kings [Epiphany], during the night. Gaspard de Coligny, grand admiral of France, was besieging the city of Douai. He wished to profit by the circumstance; and knowing that, during this night, the people of Flanders were accustomed to celebrate the Kings with feasts, he hoped to surprise them by favour of the drunkenness and of the sleep which follows it; he therefore gave the assault. But Saint Maurant was watching over the safety of the city. He appears in a dream to the keeper of the church of Saint-Amé, where we have said that his precious relics reposed; he orders him three times to ring Matins. The keeper, not recognising Saint Maurant, refuses at first, alleging that it was not yet the hour; but, forced at last, he does it and behold, instead of the strokes of Matins, it is the alarm-bell that rings out. Through the whole city, people wake, run to arms, fly to the ramparts; but what was not the surprise of the besieged, when they saw with their own eyes the Saint himself, going here and there on the wall, such as his statue represents him to us, with his garment all sparkling with precious stones and strewn with golden lilies, and the royal sceptre in the right hand. It was not doubted that it was he himself who had defended the city, until the inhabitants were awake. The people and the senate of Douai were so persuaded of it that, in gratitude, an annual procession was instituted in which the venerated relics of the Saint are solemnly carried; it is the canons themselves who have this honour, and an immense concourse of people takes part in it.

The report of this prodigy spread even into foreign countries, for it is found mentioned in a calendar of the Benedictines published at Mâcon in the year 1622.

Arnold Wion, who has transmitted to us the memory of this miraculous deliverance, adds, in a marginal note, that his own father, Aimé Wion, then procurator-general of the city, had arrived first of all in arms on the wall and had been himself witness there of this miraculous scene.

John Buzelin, whom we have already cited, in the second book of his Annals, relates this same fact and almost in the same terms, under the date of 1557. A trait so striking may meet with unbelievers. The author

we have just cited relates that, already in his time, some sought to give it a natural explanation. To hear them, the senate would have received notice of the peril from some peasants who had entered the city the evening before; on this notice, the posts on the ramparts would have been doubled, and finally, at the signal given by the sentinel from the top of the praetorian tower, the success of the ambushes would have been prevented in time. But such is not the common belief, adds John Buzelin, and all the others, with more reason, attribute this deliverance to the sole protection of Saint Maurant. We say in our turn: why then should we not like to believe it ourselves? Should a miracle cost so much to the omnipotence of God? it is infinite; to his goodness for men? it is without bounds; to his love for the Saints themselves? he takes pleasure in making their glory shine in the eyes of a disdainful and unbelieving world.

The present church of Saint-Jacques, at Douai, still possesses some relics of Saint Maurant. There is also found near the Scarpe, and not far from the spot where the ancient collegiate church of Saint-Amé was, a fountain which bears his name. It is not rare to see persons draw water from this fountain, or dip linens in it for the sick. A prompt or unexpected cure has often rewarded the pious confidence of the faithful.

At Merville, the worship of Saint Maurant, like that of Saint Amé, has also been faithfully preserved to this day. It is hardly a few years since a pious family had erected, on the road which leads from this town to the village of Vieux-Berquin, a chapel under the patronage of these two protectors of the country. On 5 May, the feast day of Saint Maurant, a novena is begun there, during which the holy sacrifice is celebrated each morning, in the midst of a crowd of inhabitants who come to ask with confidence, for themselves and for their relatives, the graces and blessings of heaven.

The arms of Merville formerly represented Saint Maurant and Saint Amé. Two parishes of the diocese of Soissons, Margival and Levergies, honour Saint Maurant with a particular worship.

Margival is a little village north-east of Soissons (Aisne), ten kilometres from that city, at the bottom of a little valley. If one asked whence it comes that the church and the parish of Margival are under the patronage of Saint Maurant, and what could have given occasion to choose, among so many other Saints, better known in the country, a Saint who appears to be much less so, we might answer first that, although rather little known today, Saint Maurant may have been much more so formerly. We might answer further that it appears, from history, that the relics of Saint Amé having been brought first from Breuil to Douai, as we have seen, to save them from the fury of the Normans, they were not thought safe enough there, and that they were then brought from Douai to Soissons which was a much stronger city. Now, who knows whether those of Saint Maurant were not brought at the same time?… What is certain is that the presence of Saint Amé must naturally have awakened in Soissons and its surroundings the thought and veneration of the holy abbot who had given him a gracious asylum in his monastery, and with whom he had had relations so intimate and so worthy of both. But here is a much more likely answer and one which may easily dispense us from any other explanation. It is told in the Collection of the miracles of Saint Rictrude, by the anonymous religious whom we have already cited above, that, near Soissons, the blessed virgin Eusébie, sister of Saint Maurant, possessed with her mother, Saint Rictrude, an estate named Vregny; that this estate had been given to her by Dagobert, king of France, and by the queen Nanthildis, his wife, because both had held her at the baptismal font as godfather and godmother; that, later, Saint Eusébie having taken the veil, after the example of her mother, in the abbey of Marchiennes, she had given in perpetuity, to the church of this abbey, the estate of Vregny with all its dependencies; and that it is for this reason that, each year, the village of Vregny sends to the abbey of Marchiennes a certain quantity of wine, as much for the service of the altar as for the infirm and the guests. And in effect, we find in the *State of the diocese of Soissons*, printed in 1783, that, even then, there was in this parish a house belonging to the abbey of Marchiennes, and that the lord to whom the quit-rent was due was the abbot of Marchiennes. Today even, this house still exists and one sees, on the territory of Vregny, a place called the Couture de Marchiennes. Is more needed to explain the origin of the devotion which caused the church of Margival to be dedicated under the title of Saint Maurant and the whole

parish to be placed under his powerful patronage; above all if one considers that the two territories touch, and that the estate of Vregny could then extend as far as Margival and embrace it in its dependencies? We would willingly go further and say that it is even from there that the village took its name of Margival; whether it be drawn from the name of Saint Maurant himself, *Mauronti vallis*, that is, valley of Saint Maurant: or more probably from the name of the abbey where his mother and his sister lived, and which he himself governed for some time, *Marchiana* or *Marciana vallis*, valley of Marchiennes. We leave the judgment to those more skilful than we; but it is not far, it seems to us, from Marchienneval to Marchival, then to Margival. The Proper of Soissons, in 1852, in the legend of Matins, has adopted this etymology. But why, at some distance from Margival, the fountain of Saint Maurant? why the usage of the procession which is made to it on the day of his feast? why the custom of coming there in pilgrimage and of praying there specially for little children?

It might be answered that, the estate of Vregny having belonged to Saint Eusébie and to Saint Rictrude, it may very well have happened that Saint Maurant, on one of his journeys to Vregny, came to Margival, that he stopped near this fountain, even drank of its water, and that tradition has since preserved the pious memory of it to our days. But we prefer to say that this fountain is destined simply to recall the well which Saint Maurant had had dug himself, near the church of the abbey of Marchiennes, for the service of the altar, and near which he was first buried, as was said above. Then the usage of the annual procession and of the pilgrimage is easily explained: for we have seen the veneration of the peoples for the well of Saint Maurant and the miracles which were wrought there. Why pray there specially for little children? We should willingly see the reason of it in the marvellous manner in which Saint Maurant was saved, when still a little child, when he ran so great a danger in the hands of Saint Richarius. It was thought that, in heaven, he would interest himself, in his turn, in a quite special manner in all the dangers which that age can run.

Levergies is a village of twelve hundred inhabitants, situated two leagues north of Saint-Quentin, nearly in a straight line from this last city to Marchiennes. It is a place of pilgrimage to Saint Maurant.

At a kilometre from the village there stood, before the Revolution, a statue six feet high representing Saint Maurant, set on a stone pedestal. This statue, by its position, dominated all the surroundings. Around it, the piety of our fathers had planted four elms to give shade to the pilgrims who came in great number from the neighbourhood, often even from distant countries. All was destroyed in ’93. There remain today only a few scattered stones. A fragment of the statue, which was placed again on a stone, was preserved for a long time; but the outrages which impiety or heresy has since made it suffer, a thousand times, have rendered it unrecognisable today. The lure of gain was also often a cause in it: for the pilgrims sometimes deposited their pious offering under these remains, which recalled to them the sweet thought of the Saint, and, to collect the offering, which was often the right of the first comer, the statue had to suffer, above all when it had to do with some hostile or irreligious hand; it was then overthrown without pity. The roughly wrought head which is seen on it now is the quite recent work of some rustic chisel, but has no other merit than to call for another statue more conformable to art and which may be blessed by the Church.

As to the origin of the pilgrimage, in vain one interrogates the traditions and the ancients; one loses oneself in the night of time without discovering anything. Perhaps we owe it to some particular favour, in gratitude for which a chapel would have been raised in honour of the Saint by an inhabitant of the country; however that may be, we hope that the children will not yield to their fathers in respect and devotion for their glorious and powerful protector, and that their devoted hands will soon hasten to raise up the ruins, at the foot of which their fathers prayed with so much faith and so often drew Christian consolations.

In spite of the sad state of the place, the pilgrimage continues there always. The inhabitants of the country like to make it by night or before sunrise. No reason can be given for it. Foreign pilgrims are still rather numerous there, and sometimes they are met there in little caravans. As at Douai and at Margival, it is above all for children that Saint Maurant is invoked at Levergies. The young people of the country invoke him also

to be exempted from the militia, and others for other favours; too little perhaps for their salvation.

A new motive of devotion will henceforth attract pious pilgrims to Saint Maurant: the church of Levergies has just enriched itself with gratitude with a relic of the Saint, small, it is true, but none the less dear and precious. This holy relic came from Douai itself, by the bishopric of Soissons.

This life was written by M. the abbé Gobaille, archpriest of Saint-Quentin. — M. the abbé Brunet, vicar at Douai; M. the abbé Destombes, author of the *Life of the Saints of Arras*, and M. the abbé Julliait, curé of Levergies (1860), kindly furnished us with some particular information. — Cf. also the Bollandists on 5 and 12 May.

Saint Angelus of the Order of Carmelites, Martyr

1223. — Pope: Honorius III. — King of France: Louis VIII.

It is not the Martyrs who make the Gospel; it is the Gospel which makes the Martyrs.

S. Cyprian, Ep. viii, Martyr, and Conf.

Two spouses, Jesse and Mary, both Jews, who feared God, ardently desired to know the truth. One day, the holy Virgin appeared to them and declared to them that the Messiah had come, that he was her Son, and she exhorted them to believe in him. Touched by this apparition, they addressed themselves to the patriarch of Jerusalem, who placed them first among the catechumens, and, after the required time, conferred baptism on them. Mary, become a Christian, brought into the world two twins, of whom one, in baptism, was called Angelus, and the other, John.

These two children were four years old, others say seven, when they lost their parents, who left them under the tutelage and protection of the patriarch who had baptised them. The man of God received them in his house like his own children, and brought them up in virtue and in the sciences with the same affection as if he had had the commission of it from heaven. When they were eighteen, foreseeing that his death was not far off, he proposed to them to become religious of the Order of Mount Carmel; it was what they desired ardently, and they could not hear a proposal more agreeable to them. So, without delay, they entered the convent of this Order, at Jerusalem, and took the religious habit there. They passed their noviciate with so great a fervour and so edifying a holiness that they had no difficulty in being received to profession. To make it, they asked to go to Mount Carmel, and they were welcomed by all the Fathers with an extraordinary joy and benevolence.

After their vows, as they had before their eyes the life of those great Prophets who had sanctified this mountain by their tears, their prayers and their penances, they wished to join the most rigorous exercises of mortification to a continual prayer. Besides their Rule, which they observed to the letter, they undertook, by the permission of their superiors, many other austerities. Four days of the week, from the Holy Cross of September until Easter, they took only bread and water, and on the other days they added to it only raw beans, never eating flesh, nor anything that comes from it, and never drinking wine. They had, instead of a shirt, coats of mail which they never took off, and slept only on planks. Such were the bodily mortifications which they continued to the end of their lives. For their vocal prayers, they recited every day the hundred and fifty psalms of David.

These two brothers wrought several miracles, which may be seen in the Chronicle of their Order; we shall relate only one here, to show the merit of obedience. The blessed Angelus, being twenty-six years of age, was sent by his superiors to Jerusalem, to be ordained priest. He made great resistance in order not to be promoted to this dignity, which he regarded as a ministry infinitely above his merits; but his humility had to yield to the will of those who held toward him the place of Jesus Christ. On this journey, arrived on the banks of the Jordan, he found it overflowing contrary to custom, with no means of crossing it. This could not stop

him in a journey undertaken by pure obedience: he prayed to God for half an hour, inviting the sixty persons who accompanied him to do the same. Then he commanded the waters to make him a passage, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, by the merits of the holy patriarchs Elias and Eliseus, and in consideration of the holy obedience which sent him. At once the river obeyed his voice; and, stopping on one side the course of its waters, and flowing on the other toward the sea, it left the passage free to all the company: God thus renewing the ancient marvels which he had wrought in the time of Moses, of Joshua and of the prophet Eliseus.

The report of this miracle soon spread throughout the country, and particularly in Jerusalem, whose inhabitants came out to meet Saint Angelus; as he was their fellow-countryman, they begged the prior of the convent to keep him, which he did. The Saint therefore said his first mass in this house. He obtained afterwards permission to pass the feast of Christmas in the crib of Bethlehem; and, while he was there, a woman brought to his feet her son who was dead, beseeching him to raise him. Angelus was quite abashed at this request, not thinking himself worthy to work miracles; but, overcome at last by the tears of an afflicted mother, he stretched his cope over the child; and as he prayed, his eyes raised to heaven, the dead came back to life, publishing the glory of the Almighty and the merit of his servant. These miracles, making the blessed Angelus known more than he wished, he resolved to put his humility out of these perils, by fleeing the world. From the day after this resurrection, he withdrew secretly, with the permission of his prior, into a desert of Palestine, called the desert of the Quarantine, on account of the fast of forty days which Our Lord made there. He passed fifty years there in so great a solitude that he was visited there only by heavenly spirits.

During this time, John, his brother, whom he had left on Mount Carmel, and who had made himself illustrious there by all sorts of virtues, was elected patriarch of Jerusalem. This new prelate, unable to bear any longer the absence of his holy brother, neglected nothing to discover where he was. God made known at the same time to Saint Angelus that he wished to make use of him for the conversion of souls in a distant country, and that he must, for that purpose, quit the solitary and eremitical life. So he returned to Jerusalem, addressed himself to his brother, and declared to him the order he had received from heaven to pass into Italy, and from there into Sicily. While waiting for the means of embarking, he made some sermons in that holy city, with so much zeal that in a single one he converted no fewer than eighty Jews. After having given this consolation to his native land, he took with him three of his confrères, one of whom was named Enoch; it is he who wrote his life, as Cardinal Baronius has remarked in his Annotations on the Roman Martyrology.

Passing through Alexandria, according to the order he had received from heaven, he saluted the patriarch, who gave him relics to carry to Rome; after a first descent into Sicily, where he was miraculously drawn from the hands of pirates, he went to Rome to offer the relics he bore to Pope Honorius III, and to set before him that God destined him to evangelise Sicily. The Pope gave him a very good reception and gave him power to fulfil the mission to which God had called him. Before leaving, Angelus visited the churches of that holy city, and met, in Saint John Lateran, Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, who were conversing together.

Saint Francis, seeing him, said to Saint Dominic: “Behold an Angel of Jerusalem; his name is already marked in heaven, as that of a martyr.” And, saying this, he advanced toward him, and threw himself at his feet; but Angelus, who was enlightened with a like light, raised him and said to him: “What happiness, my dear Father Francis, to meet you, who are a truly humble man, and who deserve to bear the sacred marks of our Redemption!” On leaving the church, he healed a leper, which was, in some manner, the seal of his apostolic mission.

Then he betook himself a second time into Sicily, where his arrival was signalised by several miracles; and hardly had he set foot on land in the island when he began to preach the truths of the Gospel: which he did with so much success that he converted in a short time four hundred Jews, who received holy Baptism. There were seen, it is said, roses and lilies to fall from his mouth while he spoke. He healed also several sick persons, among others the archbishop of Palermo. The Saint, after having restored him to health, made

himself known to him and asked his consent to exercise his mission throughout the whole extent of his diocese.

There was in this island a count, named Berengarius, who was of great authority throughout the country, but of a very scandalous life; he kept publicly his own sister. The Saint, to whom God had made known this disorder from Palestine, came to the city of Licata, where this incestuous man made his residence. He spoke to him first in private; but having gained nothing on him, he set before him in public the abomination and horror of his crime, and threatened him with the chastisements of God and the rigours of his justice; he did it with so much energy that the most intimate confidants of the count abandoned him, and his sister, yielding at last to the reproaches of her conscience, recognised her fault, confessed her crime and effaced it by a torrent of tears, declaring aloud that, for twelve years, her life had been full of infamy before God and before the angels, although men had perhaps not seen all the horror and all the abomination of it.

But the hardened count, gnashing his teeth like a frenzied man against his physician, swore that the liberty of his speeches should cost him his life. In effect, while the servant of God continued his preaching, Saint John the Baptist, by whose order he had undertaken this mission, appeared to him on the first day of May, and assured him that the fifth day following would be the day of his triumph and of his glory. Angelus prepared himself for it as for a great feast, and this day, happy for him, having come, he went up into the pulpit to finish saying all that the Spirit of God should inspire in him for the accomplishment of his mission. Then he went to say mass in the church of Saint James, on leaving which assassins threw themselves upon him and pierced him with five sword-thrusts. The people began to be stirred; but the holy Martyr appeased them, and, with perfect presence of mind, he recited aloud the first psalm: “Blessed is the man who hath not gone in the assembly of the impious”; and the thirtieth: “Lord, I have hoped in thee,” up to the verse: “Lord, I commend my spirit into thy hands.” And, saying these words, he expired on 5 May of the year 1225, or thereabout; this was two years after the meeting of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis. All the assistance perceived a ray of light which, issuing from his mouth, rose up to heaven, and a kind of dove which seemed to take its flight along this brightness; he appeared also at the same time to the archbishop of Palermo, letting him know that he was going to heaven, and begging him to have his body buried in the place where he had shed his blood for the glory of his Master. The archbishop had funerals made for him conformable to his great reputation for holiness.

He is represented: 1° holding in his hand a palm in which are threaded the three crowns of virginity, of preaching and of martyrdom; 2° with a sword which pierces his breast and cleaves his head. The Roman Martyrology says that he died by the hands of heretics, whence it is inferred that the count had added heresy to his incest. As for the holy relics which he brought from Alexandria to Rome, the catalogue of them is written very fully in the Annals of the Church, under the year 1220; they were an image of the most holy Virgin Mary, the bones of an arm and of a leg of Saint John the Baptist, the head of the prophet Jeremias, an arm of Saint Catherine, virgin and martyr, and the bone of a leg of Saint George, martyr of Cappadocia.

The diocese of Amiens possesses some relics of the Saint: a shoulder-blade is preserved in a shrine at Assevillers; a bone of the forearm at Chaulnes.

This Life has been drawn from the *Ecclesiastical Annals* of Baronius and from a manuscript which is in the Vatican, no. 3813, concerning the affairs of the Order of Mount Carmel. Pope Honorius III placed Saint Angelus among the holy Martyrs, a short time after his death, as the Rev. Father Francis Victor, Minim, has remarked in his *Treatise on the Canonisation of Saints*.

Saint Pius V, Pope

1504–1572. — Pope: Julius II, until 1566. — Emperors: Maximilian I; Maximilian II. Kings of France: Louis XII; Charles IX.

And the Philistines were seized with terror, saying: God is come into the camp of Israel.

1 Kings, iv, 7.

The borough of Bosco, in the territory of Alessandria, in Piedmont, has become celebrated by the birth of Pius V. This great Pope came into the world there on 17 January 1504, and was named Michael at the baptismal font; some authors say however that he was called Antony, and that the name of Michael was given him only on his entrance into religion. His father was called Paul, and was of the family of Ghislieri, noble and patrician, of Bologna, but which had been banished from it long before by a popular sedition. His mother was named Domenica Augeria. Both poor, but virtuous, they took great care to bring up this child in the fear of the Lord, persuaded that a good education was worth more than all the treasures of the earth. When he was twelve years old, he entered, with the consent of his parents, among the Dominicans of Voghera, seven leagues from Bosco. Each morning, he served mass and consecrated the rest of the day to study. He passed afterwards to the convent of Vigevano, where he made his noviciate, then his profession in 1519. Hardly had he learned philosophy and theology when he was judged capable of teaching them. He received the priesthood at Genoa, aged twenty-four. In a Chapter of his Order, at Parma, in 1543, he maintained public theses in which he admirably refuted the errors of the Lutherans and Calvinists, which were beginning to spread.

His studies, nevertheless, did not prevent him from assisting assiduously at the choir and at prayer, nor from satisfying his other exercises of piety. This great capacity, joined to a solid virtue, caused eyes to be cast on him to raise him to the offices of his Order; he governed his brethren with so much prudence, gentleness and charity that each esteemed himself happy to live under his direction: he had a marvellous empire over the most difficult and the least tractable minds. A remarkable thing is related which happened to him when he was prior in Lombardy. War and famine afflicting this province and the other neighbouring ones, three hundred soldiers came to his convent to pillage it: our Saint presents himself to them without fear, receives them as guests, and inspires them with so much veneration that these men of war stay a month in the community, not only without committing any damage, but even without disturbing its order: they observed the Rule themselves, being present at the office, eating in the refectory with the other religious, and hearing with a profound silence the reading which was made there. Named inquisitor[1] of Como and of Bergamo, the holy religious made his zeal for the faith appear in this charge. He ran there often great dangers, which could not shake his constancy. His conduct was even decried to the princes: he was obliged to go and justify himself at Rome. He acquired in that city the esteem of the greatest personages, among others of John Peter Carafa, Theatine cardinal, who was afterwards Paul IV, and of Rodolfo Pio, cardinal of Carpi; and, on their recommendation, he was established by Julius III commissary general of the inquisition at Rome; and, after the death of that Pope and that of Marcellus II, who was only twenty-one days on the Apostolic See, the same Theatine cardinal having attained the pontificate, he made him first, sovereign and perpetual inquisitor, with so extensive an authority that he had the power of judging by himself all sorts of causes, and of absolving or condemning in last resort the accused, which the sovereign Pontiffs had not yet granted, and which they have not even since granted to anyone, having always reserved to themselves the judgment in last resort. This Pope had before made him, in spite of himself, bishop of Nepi and Sutri, and, two years after, had created him cardinal-priest of the title of the Minerva; but he was called Cardinal Alexandrinus, a surname which he had borne already for a long time, on account of the city of Alessandria, which was not far from the place of his birth.

These honours, which would have been capable of making some change in others, made no impression on his heart, and he was so little touched by them that when Paul IV spoke to him of the purple, he said to him these words: “What! Holy Father, would you draw me out of purgatory to precipitate me into hell?” His modesty making him regard this eminent dignity as far above his strength and his merits, he feared that he would not fulfil all its obligations well enough. He did not leave the Dominican robe, observed his accustomed fasts and

austerities, and would not have his relatives attach to his credit the least temporal hope. His household was composed only of persons whom he could not decently do without, and whose life was irreproachable. When he received anyone among the number of his domestics, he warned him that it was not so much a palace that he was entering as a monastery where one must live as a religious. He took care that they should approach the Sacraments often, and took sometimes certain days to give communion himself to all those of his household. He was full of kindness toward them, respecting their sleep, their meals, never overwhelming them with fatigues, taking care of them in their illnesses.

Pius IV, who had succeeded Paul IV, was no sooner elected sovereign Pontiff than he transferred Cardinal Alexandrinus from the bishoprics of Nepi and Sutri to that of Mondovì, in Piedmont; for that church was so desolate, whether by the negligence of the preceding bishops, or by the neighbourhood of the heretics, that a pastor was needed who had as much zeal as our Saint to re-establish the faith there in its ancient purity. As soon as he was back at Rome, after the visitation of his diocese, the Pope, who had ordered him to return, put him on a congregation which he had established to settle the difficulties touching the Council of Trent, which was then sitting. Cardinal Alexandrinus showed himself in all his functions the defender of the laws and of ecclesiastical discipline. So he opposed vigorously the promotion to the cardinalate of Ferdinand de' Medici and of Frederick Gonzaga, on account of their great youth, and because it was the time when people were working actively to reform ecclesiastical discipline; when it was a question of the honour and the interest of the Church, he made to the Pope the boldest remonstrances. When it was represented to him that this too great liberty might draw on him some disgrace, he answered that as soon as they would no longer suffer him to speak the truth, he would return with all his heart into his cloister.

After the death of Pius IV, which occurred on 9 December 1565, Saint Charles Borromeo, resolved to avoid for himself a succession which entailed so grave a responsibility, united all the suffrages in favour of Cardinal Alexandrinus. This choice was universally approved. But the elect was desolate: he had recourse to prayers and tears that a burden above his strength might not be imposed on him. At last, the fear of resisting the will of God made him give his consent on 7 January 1566.

He took the name of Pius V, to show the people, who dreaded his severity, that he wished to govern with gentleness. This is why he said afterwards "that he would behave in such a manner that there would be more regret at his death than there had been fear at his election." In effect, he began his pontificate with actions of a singular kindliness; he was no sooner seated on the Apostolic See than he had brought him the list of all the poor of the city, in order to give each of them an alms every week; and, instead of throwing gold and silver to the people, or employing it in feasts and other superfluous expenses, as was ordinarily done at the election of Popes, he had all these sums distributed to the hospitals and to the bashful poor. He established also persons to take care of orphans and young girls, until they were of an age to marry; then, he provided them liberally with a dowry. Finally, the very day of his coronation, he had five hundred ducats given to a labourer whom he recognised in the midst of the crowd, and who had formerly received him charitably in his house, when he had lost his way in escaping by night from Bergamo, on account of the persecution of the heretics. These liberalities dispelled the vain fears which had been conceived of his government, and made the Romans hope to be happy under the pontificate of so holy a man; but these were still only preludes of the profusions he was to make afterwards for the repose of the Church. France will never forget the succours of men and money which he sent to Charles IX against the Calvinists, who had taken arms against him; and we are not a little indebted to him, as that king ordered his ambassador at Rome to declare in full consistory, for the famous victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, where the Italian troops, which he had sent under the leadership of the count of Sainte-Flore, helped infinitely the duke of Anjou, who was afterwards Henry III, to defeat these rebels; so the king, in gratitude for this assistance, sent him, after these victories, several standards of the enemy, of which the first were placed in the church of Saint Peter and the others in that of Saint John Lateran.[2]

The island of Malta would perhaps be in the hands of the Turks, if this holy Pope, when all was desperate, had not succoured those generous knights, sending them three thousand men with fifteen thousand gold crowns, and if he had not continued to give them five thousand a month during the seven months that the siege still lasted.[3]

The memorable battle of Lepanto will be remembered for ever, where faith triumphed over infidelity, and Christian arms over Ottoman arms; the great Pius V will always be regarded as its principal author. He solicited the Christian princes to make a holy league against Selim II, who, puffed up by the successes he had had in several enterprises, and imagining that nothing could stop the course of his conquests, had resolved the ruin of Italy. The Pope engaged particularly in the union the king of Spain, the lordship of Venice and the other princes whose States were nearer to the Turks; and it was by his pressing instances that the treaty of it was concluded in Rome, and signed in the Consistory on 20 May 1571. He furnished, on his side, twelve galleys equipped and armed, with three thousand foot and two hundred and seventy horse, under the leadership of Marc-Antonio Colonna. Finally, the Holy Father spared nothing for the execution of so great a design, and heaven, whose help he had implored by fasts, prayers and extraordinary alms, favoured him so much that the prodigious army of the infidels was entirely defeated, and that in the space of four hours (7 October 1571), there were thirty thousand Turks killed and ten thousand made prisoners; thirty-four of the principal captains and a hundred and twenty chiefs of galleys perished there; fifteen thousand Christians were set at liberty; the confederates took a hundred and ninety ships, burned or sank eighty, and lost only about seven thousand five hundred men.

It was a strange spectacle to see the sea tinged with blood, covered with arms, legs, heads, corpses and dying men, and filled with torn sails, broken masts, shattered oars and an innumerable quantity of arms of all sorts floating on the waters. It is nevertheless what makes us know the greatness of this victory, and what obligations the faithful have to Saint Pius V, who procured it for the Church by his cares and inspirations of the courage with which he was naturally endowed, obtained it by the fervour of his prayers. Having had revelation of the time when the battle was to be fought, he passed, like another Moses, the day and the night before in prayer; and it was remarked that at the moment when the armies came to blows, the wind, which had until then been contrary to the Christians, changed suddenly, and, driving the smoke of the cannon against the Turks, put them almost out of condition to fight. The enemy prisoners confessed also that, during the battle, they had seen in the air Jesus Christ and the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, followed by a multitude of angels sword in hand, who threatened to put them to death; which had given them such a terror that they no longer knew what they were doing. This miraculous circumstance has not been omitted in the description made of this signal victory, on a picture which is still seen in the Vatican. Pius V had also revelation of the gain of the battle, at the same hour that the Christians triumphed over the infidels.

Besides these illustrious trophies which the holy Pope gained by material arms over the enemies of the Church, we shall relate in a few words the glorious victories which he won by spiritual arms over heresy and over vices. Although the Church is always holy, pure and incorruptible in her doctrine, disorder nevertheless creeps only too often into the particular members who compose her. It was extreme in the time of our Saint, and morals were so corrupt, and ecclesiastical discipline so relaxed, that as great a courage as his was needed to undertake a general reformation on the model of the decrees of the holy Council of Trent. To that end, he sent everywhere legates, nuncios, namely: into England, Scotland, Ireland, Hungary, Poland, Flanders, Germany and France, in order to oppose the progress of the heresy which had already seized a part of these kingdoms and threatened the other with a fatal ruin; to strengthen the faithful there against the new errors, and to assist the poor Catholics whom persecution had reduced to extremity. He took great care to console the persons afflicted for religion, whether by envoys or by his own letters. He wrote several to Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, who was cruelly persecuted by Elizabeth, queen of England. Knowing that she was deprived of the use of the Sacraments, particularly of the Eucharist, by her pitiless gaoler, he gave her

permission to communicate herself, when consecrated hosts should be conveyed to her. He sent also missionaries to the Indies, to cultivate the vineyard of the Lord that had been newly planted there, and to enlighten the idolaters who were still in the darkness of paganism. Meanwhile he laboured continually at Rome for the reformation of the morals of the clergy and of the people, to try to restore to the Church her ancient splendour. He exhorted the cardinals often to be the light of the world, according to the words of Jesus Christ, and to shine more by their virtue and by the innocence of their life than by the purple and the brilliance of their dignity. He protested aloud that he would never grant nor suffer anything contrary to the decrees of the council of Trent. He ordered all the bishops to reside in their dioceses, saying that the pastors who wished to feed their sheep ought not to be far from them. He forbade the judges, under grave penalties, to prolong lawsuits, to favour anyone whatever in their judgments, not even those of the pontifical household. He willed that justice should be rendered gratuitously to the poor. He made an edict against courtesans: they were relegated to an obscure quarter, and threatened with severe penalties if they showed themselves elsewhere. He repressed another scourge of Rome: it was the usury of the Jews. He favoured to this end the mounts of piety, whose institution is due to Paul III (1559). He delivered the Pontifical States from the assassinations and brigandage which then desolated Italy. Yet the chief of the bandits, the most redoubtable, Mariano of Ascoli, had escaped all pursuit. A man of the country came to offer the Pope to deliver him to him: How will you do it? asked Pius V. — He is in the habit of trusting me, answered the mountaineer, I shall draw him easily into my house. — Never will we authorise such a perfidy, cried the Pope; God will give rise to some occasion of chastising this brigand, without anyone abusing thus good faith and friendship. Mariano of Ascoli, having learned this noble answer of Pius V, withdrew at once from his States and never reappeared in them.

This holy reformer proscribed combats of animals, as contrary to humanity; the games that justice reproves, the excesses of taverns and of public assemblies. He applied himself also particularly to re-establishing what regarded divine worship; he had the correction made of the Breviary, of the Missal and of the little office of the holy Virgin, to the litanies of which, after the battle of Lepanto, he caused these words to be added: *Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*; that is to say: “Holy Virgin, who art the help of Christians, pray for us.”

His reformation of religious music must not be forgotten in this order of ideas. At the beginning of the 16th century, this music had let itself be invaded by a style so florid and profane that Pope Marcellus II had been on the point of banishing from the Church every other melody than that of plain chant. The execution of so rigorous a decree was averted only by the patient condescension of Saint Charles Borromeo and by the genius of Palestrina. This great artist, formerly a simple choir-boy under the name of Pierre-Louis, in an obscure church of Palestrina, his native place, had risen to the rank of chapel-master of the basilica of Saint John Lateran. Saint Charles, acting as a member of a commission instituted by Pius IV to decide the question of religious music, sent for Palestrina, and giving him clearly to understand that the fate of the art was in his hands, commanded him to write a mass following the severe principles traced by the council. Three months after, Palestrina presented to Cardinal Borromeo three masses, of which one, commonly called the mass of Pope Marcellus,[4] bears this device: *Deus in adjutorium meum intende*, traced by the trembling hand of the composer and still legible today on the manuscript. It was a complete success for the cause of sacred music, and Pius V, whose elevation took place almost immediately after, named Palestrina his chapel-master, sanctioning by this very election the use of music in all the temples of Catholicity.

Pius V ordered that the feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas should be celebrated in future like those of the four Doctors of the Church.[5] He cut off several abuses which had been introduced in beneficial matters, and specially in the resignations by which they were made hereditary in families; as it was represented to him that these laws were going to ruin the Roman court, the Saint made this admirable answer: “It is better that the court be ruined than that the religion of the Catholic Church be overthrown.” It is by his cares that the learned

catechism of the council of Trent was completed and published, which contains as clearly as solidly all the mysteries of the faith, all the beauties of theology; the Church wished that pastors should have, in one single little book, wherewith to nourish their minds and to feed the peoples entrusted to them. He erected the Congregation of the Brothers of Charity, of which the blessed John of God had laid the first foundations, and gave them the Rule of Saint Augustine. He had the clerks regular, called of Somasca, instituted by the pious Jerome Emiliani, senator of Venice, make three vows of religion. He reformed the order of Cîteaux in Sicily, where it was almost fallen. He reunited the Servites who had been divided into two bodies. He suppressed the Order of the Humiliati, formerly so flourishing in Italy, on account of an attempt which a religious of that institute had committed against the person of Saint Charles Borromeo, who had undertaken to reform them. Finally, he made several monastic reforms, as may be seen in Gabutius. He sent to the Minims of France, as visitor, the Rev. Father Mathurin Aubert, who had been his confessor since his promotion to the cardinalate, with the Rev. Father Le Tellier, both religious of the same Order.

Thanks to his cares, the Minim religious displayed a great constancy in face of heresy: not one was of the number of the apostates, at a time when there were so many.

It remains for us to say a few words of the private life and of the virtues of our holy Pope. He never failed to say mass every day, unless an illness put him out of condition to do it. He had a singular devotion toward the Passion of Our Lord, on which he meditated often. He made prayer assiduously every morning, and was so applied to it that, when his domestics had to speak to him, they were obliged to pull him by the robe to make him come back to himself; and it was accompanied by such a fervour that he obtained from God all that he asked; the Sultan, as he confessed several times, dreaded the prayers of the holy Pope more than the arms of all the Christian princes. He celebrated the divine mysteries with such reverence that several Jews and heretics were converted for having seen him officiate pontifically. He studied Holy Scripture unceasingly, and read every day some passage of the life of Saint Dominic or of some other saint of his Order, in order to form himself on their conduct. Every evening, he had his domestics assemble to be present at the litanies and the other prayers which he wished to be recited in his presence. His great occupations did not prevent him from saying every day the rosary in honour of the holy Virgin. He prayed often for the dead, and he avowed that he had received marvellous help from this devotion in the greatest perils. Every year, during the days of feasts and amusements which precede Lent, he visited the seven churches of Rome, followed by all the pontifical household. He fasted not only Lent, although he was more than sixty and very infirm, but also Advent; at other times, he ate meat only three times a week, which he observed all his life, even in his greatest illnesses; and, as one of these days of abstinence, being sick unto death, there was presented to him, by order of the physician, a composition of pounded almonds with meat, as soon as he perceived it, he would not eat of it, and, complaining of this deception: “Do you wish,” he said, “that, for two days that I have yet to live, I violate a custom which I have observed for sixty years?” He kept his chastity inviolate; his confessors attested, in the process of his canonisation, that they had not remarked that he had made any notable fault against this virtue. He visited the hospitals himself and inquired diligently of the sick whether they were well assisted, both for their body and for their soul. The charities he performed during a contagious disease and a cruel plague which afflicted Rome under his pontificate cannot be told: he provided carefully for the needs of the persons who were attacked by them. He had a great horror of avarice; although money was lacking to him in the war against the Turks, far from establishing taxes for it, he threw into the fire papers which had been presented to him, which contained means, even legitimate, of raising some money. Some princes, asking him a dispensation of marriage, offered him fifteen thousand gold crowns to obtain it; but the Saint, after having examined the matter, and found that he could grant it without prejudice to the holy Canons, granted it, and refused the money that was offered him: his datary represented to him that this sum might be received without sin and employed to pious uses; the Saint cited for answer these words of the council of Trent: *Raro, ex causa, et gratis*, that is, rarely, for real motives, and gratuitously. A criminal, condemned to death, having had ten thousand ducats offered him to ransom his life, Pius V answered that justice was made for the rich as

for the poor, and would grant him no pardon. Although he was naturally quick, he moderated his temper so much that nothing austere appeared in his words. He gave audience willingly to all sorts of persons, but particularly to the poor, whom he listened to with an admirable patience, until they had told him all; and, when he could not grant them what they asked, he refused them only with extreme pain. He endeavoured to oblige those who had done him some ill office, and never kept the memory of an injury. He pardoned a libertine, who had made some pasquinade against him, saying to him: “My friend, I would have you punished severely if you had outraged the sovereign Pontiff; but because you have offended only Michael Ghislieri, go in peace.” He would not either that another person of noble condition, who had conspired against his life, should be prosecuted. What shall I say of the humility and modesty of our holy Pope? Although the pontifical dignity obliged him to receive honours, they were for him only torments: he regarded this outward splendour as very pricking thorns, which warned him of the peril to which he was exposed. In effect, he avowed that he had not had a moment’s rest since he had been on the Apostolic See; that his condition was worthy of compassion, and that he repented much of having accepted a charge which was above his strength. So he deliberated several times whether he should not abdicate to enjoy the religious tranquillity which he had tasted with so much pleasure in his cloister. He could not endure costly furnishings nor rare tapestries in his palace; no profane paintings were seen there, but crucifixes and other pictures of piety. He forbade a new habit to be made for him when he was elected pope, contenting himself with those which his predecessor had left. He always wore a tunic of coarse wool instead of a shirt, and it was impossible to make him put on another finer one, nor to persuade him to use a garment of Cuenca cloth, because he found it too fine. He would not permit to be placed on the Capitol a statue that the Roman people had erected to his memory: “I should prefer,” he said, “to be engraved in the hearts of good people and to live in posterity by examples of virtue, than to be in marble or bronze in a public square.”

He held the same conduct for his nephews, his nieces and his relatives: he gave them what was necessary to instruct them, marry them, make them live honestly: but he refused to open to them the way of honours and opulence. He believed, with reason, that ecclesiastical revenues ought to have only a holy destination. He could not bear that, in government whether spiritual or temporal, any other thing should be had in view than the glory of God and the honour of the Church; according to him, what is called reason of State is an invention of the demon, of ambition, and of the other passions.

This holy Pope had suffered for a long time the pains of the stone, without permitting the operation to be performed which alone could have cured him. In the month of January 1572, the physicians declared that his life was in danger. In the midst of the most acute sufferings, he let no complaint escape him; he contented himself with sighing before the crucifix, which he looked at, which he kissed tenderly; he then said to Our Lord: “Lord, increase the pain, but also increase the patience.” As long as his strength permitted him to stand, he celebrated himself the holy sacrifice of the mass; when he was no longer capable of it, he assisted at it each morning in his room and communicated there. On 4 April, Good Friday, he had a great cross brought into his oratory, rose and went barefoot to adore it, bathing with his tears the five wounds of the Saviour. The report of his death having spread in Rome, he could hear the groans of his people, who wept for him. Touched by these marks of love, he wished once more to bless the Romans. On Easter day he had himself carried, clothed in his pontifical vestments, to the loggia above the great door of Saint Peter’s: life reappeared for an instant on his face; his voice found itself strengthened, so that his blessing was heard distinctly even in the most distant ranks of that immense multitude kneeling on the square of Saint Peter. On 21 April, he undertook a pious exercise which everyone believed above his strength, which was to make the stations of the seven churches: he set out, in spite of his physician, supported under the arms. His pallor was so livid that he was thought to be expiring during the journey. In the basilica of Saint John Lateran, he went up the holy stairs on his knees, kissed three times the last step and could not resolve to quit that sacred place. When he had been brought back to the Vatican, an attempt was made to keep every outward preoccupation away from his bed; but the arrival of English Catholics, who were fleeing the persecutions of Elizabeth, could not be

hidden from him. He wished to see them, loaded them with pledges of affection, had them relate all that interested the Church in England, and recommended particularly to Cardinal Alexandrinus to provide for the needs of these guests, who were in a perfect destitution. When they had been dismissed, he was heard to cry out, joining his hands: “My God, you know whether I have always been ready to shed my blood for the salvation of this nation.” The nearer he approached his end, the more tranquil he was: a holy joy shone on his face, while the spectacle of his sufferings and of his patience drew involuntary sobs from those around him. Among the prayers which were read at his bedside, a great part of the day and of the night, he loved especially the seven Penitential Psalms; he had the reader stopped at each verse, in order to produce acts of contrition conformable to those of the penitent king. Several times the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ was read to him, and each time that this sacred name was pronounced, he uncovered his head. When his hands, already stiff and icy, refused him their service, he acquitted himself of this respectful duty with the help of a person placed near him. On 30 April he received Extreme Unction. He wished once more to kneel, and, in the humblest attitude, he invoked God for the necessities of his Church which, the object of his cares during his life, occupied his thoughts even in death. He had some members of the Sacred College come to give them his last instructions: “It remains for me,” he said to them, “only to recommend to you, with all my soul, this same Church which God had committed to my keeping. Make your efforts to elect me a successor full of zeal for the glory of God; may he be attached to no other interest in this world, and seek only the good of Christendom.” The warmth with which he pronounced these words, in moving his failing arms, exhausted what remained of his strength. From that moment, his eyes fixed on the cross, he let nothing more escape his lips but texts, scarcely articulate, of holy Scripture. He expired on the first day of May 1572, at half past five in the evening, aged sixty-eight: his reign had lasted six years, three months and twenty-three days. The physicians, to take account of his courage, made the autopsy of the part which had been diseased and found three black stones there: they declared that his patience, in so painful a situation, had been superhuman. The death of the holy Pontiff was wept for throughout the Catholic universe. In Spain, Saint Teresa had revelation of it and cried out all in tears, before her Carmelites: “Be not astonished, my sisters, and weep rather with me, for the Church is a widow of her most holy Pastor.”

Among the miracles which God wrought in favour of Pius V, the following is related by all the contemporary historians: One day when he wished to kiss, according to his custom, a crucifix before which he made his prayer, the foot of the Christ withdrew of itself; it was that wicked men had smeared this crucifix with poison, as was seen on wiping it with crumb of bread which, presented afterwards to dogs, made them perish on the spot. The Saint would not even have these assassins sought out. The arts have often reproduced the event of the crucifix.

He predicted several events long before they happened. A jurisconsult having gone up into the pulpit with the design of inveighing against his conduct, lost speech at that very hour, and died miserably some days after. He drove the demons out of the bodies of several possessed persons, and many sinful women were converted at the sight of his holy body exposed after his death. In a fire of the chapel of the duke of Sessa, the fire, which had melted even the silver vessels, did no damage to two images of Pius V, of which one was of canvas and the other of cardboard. Anne-Marie Martinozzi, wife of the prince of Conti, was healed of great pains in the head, and was happily delivered after several miscarriages, by venerating as a precious relic the hat of this holy Pope. Finally, it has been experienced that the Agnus Dei consecrated by his hand had a particular virtue to preserve from water, flames and arms: an overflow of the Tiber was stopped in a moment by one of these holy images of wax which he had thrown into it, and soldiers became almost invulnerable by carrying on them some of these precious relics.

As soon as he was deceased, everyone made efforts to have some piece of his garments, and it was necessary, to stop the devotion of the people, which had gone too far in this, to shut his body in a chapel where one could only kiss his feet through bars. The general of the Order of Saint Dominic obtained, by dint of prayers,

a woollen tunic which he had worn, and afterwards made a present of it to Sebastian, king of Portugal. Several princes asked eagerly for some one of his skull-caps or his shoes, or some other thing which had served him, so great was the veneration they had for him. The Turks even contrived to have his portrait, as of one of the greatest men in the world.

Pilgrims who go to Rome do not fail to visit, at the convent of Santa Sabina, the chapel called that of Saint Pius V. This chapel is nothing else than the cell which Saint Pius V occupied, when he was called simply Brother Michael Ghislieri. It is at the head of a long corridor, at the entrance of which one reads in large characters: *Silence.*

The picture of the high altar represents the miracle of the crucifix. On the left wall, a picture represents Saint Philip Neri predicting the tiara to our holy religious; on that of the right, the holy Pontiff picks up a little dust of the Vatican and gives it to Polish ambassadors, who desired relics, saying to them: Here is what you desire, this dust was bathed, fifteen centuries ago, with the blood of the martyrs. Opposite the altar, above the door, Pius V is painted kneeling, looking with anxiety through one of the windows of his palace. An angel at his side announces to him the battle of Lepanto, and describes to him with enthusiasm the details of this great naval victory which was his work, and the success of which he attributes to the Virgin of the Rosary. Finally, on the altar, a very beautiful ivory crucifix is offered to your veneration. It is that of Saint Pius V himself. Until then it had been preserved with a religious respect at the Vatican; but Pius IX, our good Pontiff, in one of his visits to Santa Sabina, offered it to the religious of the convent, saying to them, with his accustomed graciousness, that it was to them, better than to any other, that this precious relic should belong.

Saint Pius V is still represented with a rosary, for he had great confidence in this devotion. A fleet is also placed at his side, to recall the victory of Lepanto and the institution of the feast of Our Lady of Victory.

The body of Saint Pius V, which was preserved without corruption, was buried in the church of the religious of his Order, which he had founded at Bosco, the place of his birth, where he had chosen his burial; but fifteen years after, to wit, in the year 1588, Sixtus V had it transported to the basilica of Saint Mary Major, where he had had raised for him a superb mausoleum on the right side of the altar. The miracles which were wrought at his tomb induced the holy Congregation of Rites to order that, on the anniversary day of his decease, a mass of the dead should no longer be said, but a mass of the most holy Trinity, in thanksgiving that God had received his soul in the company of the Saints; which Urban VIII confirmed in the year 1615; and on the 1st of May of the year 1672, Clement X made the decree of his beatification. But at last, on 22 May 1712, Pope Clement XI declared him a Saint, after having observed all the ordinary formalities for that purpose.

We have made large use, to complete Father Giry, of the *History of Saint Pius V*, by M. the count de Falloux, 2 vols. in-12, at Sagnier and Bray's; Paris, 2nd edition, 1851.

Saint Britton, Bishop of Trier

(4th century)

Britton succeeded Saint Bonosus in the see of Trier. Summoned to Rome for the confirmation of the acts of the council of Nicaea, he held, among the bishops of the West, the third place after Pope Damasus and Saint Ambrose, as primate and metropolitan bishop of the Gauls. Ithacius, a bishop of Spain, had come to Trier on account of his quarrels with the Priscillianists; pursued by the calumnies of these heretics, he was on the point of being driven from the city by the magistrates: Britton upheld him and justified him. During his episcopate, Saint Ambrose and Saint Martin came to Trier, where they wrought miracles and did not fear to reprove the emperor Maximus and the courtier bishops. Britton knew how to defend his church against the Priscillian heresy; and, adorned with virtues worthy of the episcopate, he fell asleep in the Lord on the 3rd of May.

Proper of Trier.

Saint Avertin, Canon of Gilbert (1180)

Saint Avertin was born in England about the middle of the 12th century. A disciple of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, a canon of Saint Gilbert, he was raised to the diaconate and distinguished himself by numerous and brilliant virtues. He had a particular tenderness for the poor, and God rewarded his virtues with the gift of miracles.

When the great and illustrious martyr of the rights of the Church, Saint Thomas, came to Tours to attend the council of 1163 held in that city by Pope Alexander III to depose the antipope Victor, he had himself accompanied by his pious archdeacon. Avertin visited all the places that recalled the memory of Saint Martin; he desired, doubtless after the example of so many Saints, to fix his dwelling near the tomb of the great wonder-worker; but he would not abandon his holy bishop, and as long as his exile lasted, he shared its bitternesses and sorrows. He returned with him to his native land, but it was not for long. After the glorious martyrdom of Saint Thomas, he left England and returned to Touraine. He withdrew into the wood of Cangé, a few kilometres from the city of Tours, near the borough of Saint-Pierre de Vençay. He had resolved to live there in solitude, like the disciple of Saint Martin and the solitaries of the grottoes of Marmoutier. Touched by his merit and his holiness, the inhabitants of the village of Vençay did not allow him to carry out his pious design: they surrounded him with veneration, entrusted to him the care of their souls, listened to his word with eagerness, had recourse to his prayers and his counsels; and God, through his intercession, favoured them with extraordinary graces. The pious solitary died in 1180. He was buried in the church of Saint-Pierre de Vençay, where he wrought numerous miracles. Pilgrims came in crowds to pray at his tomb, and the village exchanged its first name for that of Saint-Avertin. His body was burned by the Huguenots in 1562. In the early years of the 17th century, Father William Guérin,[1] visiting the church of Saint-Avertin, found there no relic of the Saint; but he saw there a statue much venerated and surrounded with numerous ex-votos, among which were seen above all heads of wax, for the Blessed man had received from heaven the gift of curing all pains of the head. The devotion toward this Saint was so great that formerly all the houses of the borough were turned into inns to receive the pilgrims. The great pilgrimages took place on the Tuesday of Easter and on 5 May, the day of his feast. This devotion has noticeably diminished with time; nevertheless a few rare pilgrims still go today to Saint-Avertin to pray to the holy confessor. — He is likewise the patron of Bougival, in the diocese of Versailles.[2]

M. the abbé Rolland, honorary canon, chaplain of the Boarding School of the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Tours.

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[3] The Ursulines of Amiens possess one of her relics.

[4] Saint Jovinian was one of the companions of Saint Peregrinus. His death is thought to have followed closely that of the holy Apostle of Auxerre (304).

[5] It is believed that Saint Maximus was one of the confessors of the faith who appeared with their glorious scars at the council of Nicaea (325). It is to him that Saint Paphnutius addressed those energetic words at the council, or rather at the conciliabulum of Tyre (335), held by the Arians to condemn Saint Athanasius: “It does not become confessors of the faith who have lost their members in the service of Jesus Christ to sit in the midst of the deceitful and the impious.” From that moment, Saint Maximus took up with all his might and against all the defence of the great Athanasius. In 349 he held a council at Jerusalem to disapprove there the expulsion of the illustrious patriarch who had just, for the third or fourth time, quitted Alexandria. The Arians, irritated at the holy freedom of Maximus, drove him himself from his see: he died the following year.

[6] Saint Gerontius had to console his people for the frightful evils caused by the war of Odoacer. Milan, his native city, was almost entirely ruined. Never, says the Breviary of Milan, did he let himself be overwhelmed by the misfortune of the times or intimidated by the perversity of men. He was buried in the church of Saint Simplicianus (*AA. SS.* on this day).

[7] In the year 1281, Prince Charles of Anjou, inspired by his religious zeal, assembled a council at Saint-Maximin, to proceed to the search for the body of Saint Mary Magdalen, which had disappeared at the epoch of the invasions of the Barbarians. This council was presided over by William of Longis, cardinal of the holy Roman Church and chancellor of the king. It was composed of four

archbishops, five bishops, ten abbots, a great number of doctors of theology and of pious persons. The various testimonies, the writings, the monuments relating to the cause were attentively examined, discussed, and at last the council passed a solemn decree, which designated and recognised as true and authentic the relics of Saint Magdalen. This decree was confirmed by Boniface VIII and received by the faithful with a pious enthusiasm. Thus Magdalen, who formerly had sought with so much solicitude the body of the risen Saviour, had the glory, after her death, of seeing her body sought with the same care. All Provence rejoiced to have found again this body formerly immolated to so long a penance, and which had lived by the life of the beloved Saviour, far more than by the breath which still animated it. Christ gave her back to us and lit up the horror of the tomb with the splendour of glory, that we might go toward Jesus, drawn by the perfumes of Magdalen, and that we might find again the spirit of penance with the body of Magdalen the penitent. In vain should we celebrate the finding of the body of Magdalen, if we did not imitate her repentance. We ought to rejoice at having found Magdalen again, but we must find ourselves also, we whom sin has lost, and in celebrating this feast, not neglect to draw from it fruits of salvation. Since the pearl of relics has been found again, let us examine more closely the head of the blessed Magdalen. The aspect of this head, preserved entire, inspires penance. Exciting not the horror which the sight of human remains ordinarily inspires, it inspires only love and veneration. On this head of Magdalen, a marvellous prodigy shines forth: as if Magdalen had repeated at death the words which Christ had addressed to her: "Touch me not," death did not dare to touch the part of the finger which the Saviour had consecrated. It seems to keep still the signs of life, which would suffice to prove the authenticity of her relics. Moreover, there are found entire, and are preserved in a shrine, those blessed hairs which the holy lover of Jesus, inspired by a pious boldness, cast like a bond or a net around the feet of her Judge and her Saviour. So, one may regard these relics of Magdalen as a relic of the Saviour himself, on account of the contact which consecrated them. May each of us imitate the sincere repentance of Magdalen, and may the Saviour say of us, as of her: "Many sins are forgiven him, because he has loved much." (*Proper of the diocese of Marseilles.*)

[8] See the life of Saint Peregrinus on 16 May.

[9] We do not know today the state of the worship of Saint Irene among the Greeks. But formerly her protection was reputed all-powerful. A great number of places changed their name to take hers. So it was, in the 8th century, with the island of Tharasia, in the archipelago, which is still called today Santorin. The inhabitants believed themselves indebted to her protection for not having been engulfed by a submarine volcano which erupted in 72S. The two towns of San-Reino and Sant-Arino, in Cyprus; Nerodiade, in Asia Minor, which was called Irenopolis; Sant-Arem, in Portugal, are so many cities which probably owe their name to the celebrated Martyr.

[10] Today Harran, south-west of Edessa.

[11] *Meurivilla*, Mauranville (villa of Maurand). Merville is today a small town open on the north, in the neighbourhood of which stood the abbey of Breuil, completely destroyed, as was the abbey of Marchiennes. (Letter of M. the abbé Brunet, vicar at Douai.)

[12] Let us pronounce this title without affectation, but without evasions. If the false tolerance which dominates in our manners takes offence at the measures which a faithful delegate of the Holy See, a zealous guardian of the faith and firm in action, had to take, it is not we who ought to blush to see a hero of the Church, a Saint, inaugurate his career by mounting on that tribunal whose utility and services cannot be denied, the only one of all human tribunals which had the mission to absolve the guilty as soon as the guilty man had said: "I retract."

[13] The joy caused by the victories of Jarnac and Moncontour lasted little. Catherine de' Medici, incapable of raising her gaze above the present embarrassments, and of pursuing a great design, resumed the negotiations. Rumours of peace reached Rome. "If Your Majesty," the Pope wrote at once, "wishes to make his kingdom flourish, he must work to extirpate heresy, and suffer in his States only the exercise of the Catholic religion, born, so to speak, with the monarchy, and maintained with so much zeal by your predecessors." But the parleys continued, and Pius V, uneasy, writes again: "If we saw that there could ever exist between Your Majesty and his enemies a peace which would either raise the cause of religion or procure the tranquillity of the kingdom, we should not misunderstand our mission so far as not to interpose our authority to have an accommodation concluded. But we know, as Your Majesty has made the experiment a thousand times, that there is no possible composition but a feigned composition full of snares." He begged Charles IX to forget all earthly thought and all earthly pleasure, and to take for aim the interests of God and the future of his own kingdom. But Catherine saw neither so high nor so far; and the king, kept under her tutelage by her shy reserves, could not follow the

Pius V returned to the charge: "We warn you," he says, "that this peace will be the source of the greatest calamities. If there are near you persons who think otherwise, these deceive themselves through ambition, or else, forgetting what the honour of religion and of Your Majesty requires, they respect neither God nor the king. They ought to consider that by the conclusion of this peace, Your Majesty draws his most relentless enemies from the post where they openly exercise brigandage, to receive them into his own house and fall into their snares." Then, rising to the contemplation of the divine justices, he adds: "To tell you how horrible it is to fall into the hands of the living God who, on account of the sins of peoples and kings, is accustomed to afflict kingdoms and transport them from their ancient masters to others, to tell you this is to repeat a thing evident, and of which Greece alone would bear witness in our days." This letter is of 23 April 1570. On 8 August of the same year, peace was concluded. One feels tears in the words then addressed by Pius V to the cardinal of Bourbon: "Your prudence will make you understand the bitterness we felt at the news of this pacification. Would to God that the king could have recognised that the secret intrigues of his enemies are now going to expose him to greater dangers than formerly during the war…. Our heart however did not fail us, remembering that we hold on earth the place of Him who kept the truth eternally, through the centuries, and who confounds not those who hope in him." These painful apprehensions were promptly justified. The reformed, growing each day in audacity, made Catherine de' Medici regret the concessions she had made them; it was then that her astute genius offered her the remedy as odious as the evil. Pius V, in urging to war, wished it frank and declared; Catherine answered her enemies by the snares of Saint Bartholomew. For not having followed the counsels of the sovereign Pontiff,

royalty, not content with having strengthened the reform by its weakness, rendered it popular by horrible massacres.

[14] It is known that Bonaparte seized this island in 1798, before going to Egypt, and that he thus put an end to the Order of Malta as a State. The English took the island of Malta from the French in 1800, and still possess it today.

[15] It is still performed every year in the Sistine Chapel, at the office of Holy Saturday.

[16] It is to him that we owe the excellent edition of the Works of the holy Doctor, which appeared in 1570.

[1] *Acta Sanctorum*, 5 May.

[2] His statue represents him clothed as a deacon, say the Bollandists; from which it is concluded that he was not a priest. According to the proper of Tours, "he taught religion to the people of the countryside; — *ut christiania moribus agrestes imbueret*." — Which he could do without being invested with the fullness of the priesthood. Besides, all the martyrologies are unanimous in calling him a deacon.

6 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the feast of Saint John before the Latin Gate; this blessed Apostle, brought from Ephesus to Rome, loaded with chains, by order of Domitian, was condemned by judgment of the senate to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, before the gate of that name, and came out of it fresher and stronger than he had entered it. About the year 95. — At Antioch, Saint Evodus, who, as Saint Ignatius writes to the people of Antioch, was ordained first bishop of that city by the apostle Saint Peter and ended his life by a glorious martyrdom.[1] 62. — At Cyrene,[2] Saint Lucius, bishop, of whom Saint Luke makes mention in the Acts of the Apostles. 1st century. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Heliodorus and Venustus, with seventy-five others. — In Cyprus, Saint Theodotus, bishop of Cerynia, who, having endured very hard sufferings under the emperor Licinius, at last rendered his soul to God during the peace of the Church. 4th century. — At Damascus, the feast of Saint John Damascene, celebrated for his holiness as much as for his learning, who fought with courage, by his discourses and his writings, for the cult of the holy images, against Leo the Isaurian. Having had his right hand cut off by order of that prince, he recovered it suddenly sound and whole, while he was commending himself to the image of the blessed Virgin which he had defended. — At Carrhae, in Mesopotamia, Saint Protogenes,[3] bishop. — In England, Saint Edbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, celebrated for his erudition and his piety. 718. — At Rome, Saint Benedicta or Benoîte, virgin.[4] — At Salerno, the translation of Saint Matthew, apostle, whose sacred body, brought formerly from Ethiopia to various places, and finally to this city, was buried with great honours in a church dedicated under his name.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Auxerre, the triumph of the holy bishops Valerius and Valerian: the latter, at the council of Cologne, subscribed the condemnation of a bishop who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ.[5] 324 and 364. — On the confines of Gascony, Saint Justin, disciple of the preachers of the Gospel, and glorious martyr of the Son of God. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Justus, bishop and martyr, to whom Pope Pius I wrote a letter of consolation full of the spirit of Jesus Christ. About 168. — In the Order of Cîteaux, the memory of more than a hundred martyrs of the same Order, put to death for the faith, at various times and in various places. — At the monastery of Cambron, near Mons, in Hainaut, the blessed Henry, who, terrified by a heavenly vision, left his bishopric and made himself a poor and humble religious in this abbey, where he persevered until his death, which was precious before God and before men. — At Aire-sur-l'Adour, Saint Gerons or Gerontius, confessor, and Saint Edentius. — At Paris, the translation of the head of Saint Louis, from the monastery of Saint-Denis to the Sainte-Chapelle of the Palace, where the feast of it is kept in the octave of the Ascension. — At Soissons, the feast of Saint Victricius, bishop of Rouen, named in the Roman Martyrology on 7 August.[6] — In Limburg, on the Monday before Pentecost, the feast of Saint Gerlac, penitent, whose decease is marked on 5 January.[7] — At Paris, Saint Atoye, virgin and martyr. — At Arras, the blessed Hatta, first

abbot of Saint-Waast of Arras. 699.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Africa, Saint Secundian, bishop, and with him the holy James, Marian, Concord, Marina, Heliodorus, Saturninus, Silvanus, all martyrs. — At Milan, in Italy, the holy martyrs Victor, Felix, another Victor, Carisia, Auûdia, Judith, Emeria, a third Victor, Acuta, Faustina, Hilarianus, Victoriana, Saturnina, Gavina, Hedentus, Furtuna, Victoria, Prima, Galanus, Valentina, Fortunata, Postumus, Faustin, Majoric, Venustus, Massunus, Processa, Secundianus, Importuna, Quintian, Peter, Tasso, Casseric, Mapparic, Veneria, Bonefacia, Quintus, Floriana, Victorine, Demorus, Gaudola, another Victorine, Crispin, Possinus, another Felix, Donatus, Laborus, Massilus, Gaïeu, Farerus, Quintus, Rogatus, Maxentius, Ninna, Virtutus, Valeria, Tironius, Matrona, Citinus, Florian, Hirenaeus, Fortunatus, Faustin, Gavinus, Hernius, Pappalic, Primus, Cassus, Secundus, Celerinus, Hieremia, Flavius, Macrobius, Marcellinus, Maximus, Bafrodite, Augustian, Viticus and sixty-five others; another Gaïanus and his twenty companions, with a great number of others. It is doubtless in allusion to these Martyrs that Saint Ambrose says in his sermon for the feast of Saint Nazarius and Saint Celsus: “Other cities are proud to possess the relics of a single martyr: and thou, land of Milan, nurse of heavenly combatants, fruitful mother of innumerable virtues, rejoice: thou possessest whole peoples of Martyrs.” Reign of Maximian. — At Taranto, in Calabria, the holy martyrs Matthew and Primus. — Among the Greeks, Saint Pachomius, Saint Hilarion, Saint Marnas and Saint Patrick. — At Imola, in the Romagna, Saint Maurelius or Maurel, bishop. A good citizen and a good bishop, he loved at once his Church and his fatherland. After the year 524. — At Monte Cassino, in Italy, Saint Petronax, abbot and restorer of the celebrated monastery of that place. 752. — In the same place, memory of the holy Paldo, Tasso and Tato, who helped Saint Petronax to raise the ruins heaped on the ground by the Lombards, a hundred and thirty years before. — At Trequenda, in the diocese of Siena, the blessed Bonizella, widow, illustrious for her charity toward the disinherited members of Jesus Christ, and the blessed Guy, her nephew, whose ashes rested at her feet in the parish church. It is told that, after the decease of the blessed Bonizella, bees — in spite of the repulsion of these noble insects for what is dead — came to settle on her hand as if to honour the instrument of so many liberalities poured into the bosom of the poor. 1300. — At Thosa, near Bruch, in Switzerland, the blessed Elizabeth, of Buda or of Hungary, virgin, also called Saint Reine, a name which she had refused to bear during her life. She was daughter of the king of Hungary, Andrew III, and embraced the Order of Saint Dominic. She must not be confounded with her namesake and kinswoman, the widow of the landgrave of Thuringia. She died in 1338 at the age of forty-one: her life had been strewn with illnesses and almost continual afflictions. The one and the other are the pledges that Jesus Christ gives to his betrothed. — At Como, in the Milanese, in the monastery of Saint-Marc, the blessed Prudence, virgin, of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine, who, after her death, rose from her bier to adore once more the most holy Sacrament. 1492.

Saint John, Martyr before the Latin Gate

About 95. — Pope: Saint Anacletus. — Emperor: Domitian.

Sic eum volo manere, donec veniam.

I will have him survive martyrdom until he die his natural death and I come to seek it. John xxi, 22.

The sons of Zebedee, James and John, knew as yet neither the mystery of the cross nor the nature of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, when, through the mouth of their mother, they begged him to make them sit, the one at his right hand and the other at his left, that is, to give them the first two places in his kingdom. “Can you,” the Saviour said to them, “drink the chalice that I am to drink? can you share in my reproaches and in my sufferings?” The two disciples answered in the affirmative and protested to their divine Master that they were resolved to endure everything for him. Then Jesus foretold to them that they would drink his chalice

and that they would have much to suffer for the truth of his Gospel. This prediction was literally fulfilled in Saint James, when Herod put him to death on account of the religion he professed.

As for Saint John, who loved his divine Master so tenderly and was so tenderly loved by him, it may be said, without doing violence to the sacred text, that he drank the Saviour's chalice and shared its bitterness when he was present at his crucifixion. In effect, his heart was torn by the feeling of the sorrows that he saw him suffer; but this was only a prelude to his pains. After the descent of the Holy Spirit, he saw himself condemned, with the other Apostles, to prison, scourges, reproaches. Finally the prediction of Jesus Christ had its entire fulfilment when he merited, under Domitian, the crown of martyrdom.

The emperor Domitian, author of the second general persecution raised against the Church, was universally hated for his cruelty, his pride and his impurities. He was, according to Tacitus, still more cruel than Nero, and took pleasure in feeding his eyes on the spectacle of barbarous executions, from which the other at least ordinarily withdrew his sight. Under his reign, Rome was flooded with the blood of her most illustrious inhabitants. An enemy of all good, he banished those who had the reputation of virtuous men, among others Dio Chrysostom and the philosopher Epictetus;[1] but it was on the Christians that his principal blows fell. Besides that he could not bear the holiness of their doctrine and of their life, which was a tacit reproach to him for his crimes, he was further animated against them by that hatred which all the pagans bore them.

Saint John the Evangelist was still living. He was charged with the government of all the churches of Asia, and enjoyed a great reputation, as much on account of this eminent dignity as of his virtues and his miracles. Having been arrested at Ephesus, he was conducted to Rome in the year 95 of Jesus Christ. He appeared before the emperor, who, far from letting himself be softened by the sight of this venerable old man, had the barbarity to order that he be thrown into a cauldron filled with boiling oil. There is every appearance that the holy Apostle first suffered a cruel scourging, in conformity with what was practised toward criminals who had not the right of Roman citizenship. However that may be, it cannot at least be doubted that he was thrown into the boiling oil: Tertullian, Eusebius and Saint Jerome say so expressly.

We do not fear to assert that the Saint made a great joy burst forth when he heard his sentence pronounced; he burned with an ardent desire to go and rejoin his divine Master, to render him love for love, and to sacrifice himself for Him who had saved us all by the shedding of his blood. But God contented himself with his dispositions, granting him nevertheless the merit and the honour of martyrdom: he suspended the activity of the fire, and preserved his life, as he had preserved it to the three children who were cast into the furnace of Babylon. The boiling oil changed for him into a refreshing bath, and he came out of it stronger and more vigorous than he had entered it. The emperor was greatly struck, as were most of the pagans, by this event; but he attributed it to the power of magic. What was published of the pretended prodigies wrought by the famous Apollonius of Tyana, whom he had caused to come to Rome, contributed not a little to confirm him in this opinion. The miraculous deliverance of the Apostle therefore made no impression on him, or rather it served only to increase his hardening in crime. He contented himself, however, with banishing the Saint to the island of Patmos.[2] It is there that he composed his Apocalypse, of which every word, say the Fathers, is a mystery. Henceforth the word of Jesus Christ: *Sic volo manere donec veniam* — "I will have him live until I come," was fulfilled. The apparition of the Saviour to Saint John exiled in Patmos realised precisely his promise to make him escape a violent death and to let him die tranquilly when he should have come to visit him; for such is the interpretation of those words: I will have him live until I come, which the other Apostles had taken for a patent of immortality granted to Saint John. Domitian[3] having been assassinated the following year, Nerva, full of good qualities and of a naturally peaceable character, was raised to the empire. Saint John had liberty to leave the place of his exile and to return to Ephesus.

It was near the gate called Latin because it led into Latium, that he won this glorious triumph. To preserve the memory of the miracle, a church was consecrated in that place under the first Christian emperors. It is said that there was a temple of Diana there, whose destination was changed to make it serve the worship of

the true God. This church was rebuilt, in 772, by Pope Adrian I. One visits still today the chapel of Saint-Giovanni-in-Oleo on the very site of the torment. The feast of Saint John before the Latin Gate was long kept as a holiday in several churches. It was of obligation in England, at least from the 12th century until the so-called reformation; but it was placed only among the feasts of the second rank, on which all servile work was forbidden, except the tilling of the lands. The Saxons who settled in Great Britain had a singular devotion to Saint Peter and to Saint John the Evangelist. In several places, printers honour Saint John before the Latin Gate as their patron; in others, it is the vine-growers and coopers, on account of the vat; elsewhere, the chandlers and lamp-makers, on account of the oil and fatty matters. In memory of his torment, he is invoked against burns. As to the choice of the printers, we could not explain it. Would it be because they began by printing Latin??? — The words Latin Gate must probably have determined this choice. It goes without saying that lithographers, bookbinders, rulers and stationers have adopted the same patronage as the printers.

Taken from Tertullian, Prescript., c. 36; from Saint Jerome, in Jovin., vol. i, p. 14, and from Tillemont, Hist. eccl., vol. i, p. 338, and from the Istoria della Chiesa di S. Giovanni avanti Porta Latina *written by Gio. Maris Crescembini, Rome, 1716, in-4°.*

Saint Avoye, Virgin and Martyr

(3rd century)

Saint Avoye, who was first called Aurea, was born in Sicily about the beginning of the 3rd century. Her father, who was named Quintian, was of the number of those petty kings whom the Romans tolerated in the countries of their conquests, on condition that they should receive the royal crown from them, and that they should depend absolutely on their empire. He cruelly persecuted the Christians to please the Roman emperors, and because he was strongly attached to the worship of idols. The mother of our Saint, who was called Gerasina, and who was of Great Britain, where the Sicilians, according to Athenaeus, have from all antiquity done great trade, had sentiments quite contrary: for not only did she favour the Christians, but she was herself a most faithful servant of Jesus Christ. This at first brought forth a little disunion between her and her husband; but God gave her so much power over the mind of this idolater, that after many wise remonstrances, which she strengthened by the example of an innocent and irreproachable life, she converted him at last and made him embrace, before his death, the religion of which he had been the scourge and the most terrible persecutor. It is said that she had nine children by him: three boys and six girls; she brought them up in such innocence that they might have been taken for a choir of angels and not for descendants of fallen man. Aurea, who seems to have been the last of the daughters, surpassed the others by her great fervour and by her sincere and most ardent love for Jesus Christ. A young man, smitten with her beauty, waited for her one day at the door of the church where the Christians were assembled, and when she came out, he declared his passion to her; but the young Aurea, who had already chosen Our Lord for her Spouse, turned away at the first words, without wishing to hear more or to answer. Returned home, her tears flowed in abundance, she groaned at the danger she had just run; for fear that the beauty of her body, which was to pass like a flower, might make her lose that of her soul, which could be immortal, she begged her Spouse, with great sighs, to make her as ugly and as disagreeable in the eyes of men as she had been until then capable of pleasing them and of inspiring in them, by her mere sight, a criminal love. O God! how rare are the young girls who fear the dangers of beauty and of vanity! how many, alas! prefer to be beautiful rather than chaste, and to please a man who will be tomorrow only corruption, rather than keep for themselves the love of Jesus Christ, which is eternal and which makes his lovers partakers of the treasures of his eternity! Aurea was not content with making the petition of which we have just spoken: in order to be loved by God alone, she undertook to destroy the graces of her face by vigils, fasts, the fatigues of long prayers which she made prostrate on the ground, and by other austerities. Vain efforts! the more she sought to become livid,

emaciated, worn, the more her heavenly Spouse spread agreeableness and charms over her whole person, wishing her to be in all things, outwardly as inwardly, worthy of him.

Aurea, understanding the divine intention, resolved to keep herself hidden in the secret of her oratory, in order to be seen only by Him who was the one object of her desires. It was there that, speaking to him heart to heart, she was often flooded with the torrent of his consolations, and that she tasted, in great peace, how sweet he is in himself, and how liberal and magnificent toward those who fear him. She was also visited by an angel clothed in a garment whiter than snow and more brilliant than the sun, who assured her that Jesus Christ, her sovereign Lord, had received her for his spouse, and that this alliance would be so firm and so unshakable that neither the snares of the demon nor the pursuits of creatures would ever be able to break it. One cannot express the joy with which Avoye received so glorious a message, nor the acts of love she made to testify her gratitude to her Saviour. The angel, as a surplus of grace, gave her a new name, as formerly a new one had been given to Abraham, to Sarah, to Jacob, to Saint Peter and to the sons of Zebedee; the name of Aurea,[1] which she had borne until then, was like a presage that she would one day shine, in heaven, with the gold of charity. The angel named her Avoye,[2] to signify that she was destined to bring back, into the ways of salvation, an infinity of persons who would be found far from them. She asked him how she could correspond to so many kindnesses of her Spouse toward her. He answered her that it was by following her mother into Great Britain, to keep company there with her cousin Ursula, by whom God wished to do great things, and who was about to render herself illustrious in the whole Church by the glorious combats which she would sustain for the faith and for chastity. Meanwhile Quintian, her father, came to die, and left, by his death, Gerasina, his wife, guardian of his children and regent of his little kingdom. A short time after, that is, about the year 234, Dionet, king of Cornwall, who had married Daria, sister of the same Gerasina, and who had had by her an only daughter, who is the great Saint Ursula, began to make preparations for the marriage of this excellent virgin with Holophernes, son of a king of Great Britain. He invited to this solemnity the mother of our Saint: this pressing invitation, the divine inspiration and the revelation which her daughter had had determined the princess to undertake this painful journey.

After having put good order in all the affairs of her house and of her little community, whose government she entrusted to one of her sons, she embarked for Great Britain: she took with her her dear Avoye and three other of her daughters, whom Saint Elizabeth of Schönau and the blessed Hermann of Steinfeld, in their revelations, call Babila, Juliana and Victoria, and the last of her sons, aged only ten years, who is named Adrian. After a happy crossing, our holy travellers arrived in Great Britain where they were received with extraordinary testimonies of honour and joy.

Saint Ursula, who recognised the prudence and virtue of Gerasina, her aunt, discovered to her the design toward which she felt herself carried by a heavenly inspiration: it was to avoid the nuptials that were being prepared for her with so much pomp, by leaving the place of her birth and fleeing to another country, where divine Providence was preparing for her an august triumph and the crown of martyrdom. Not only did Gerasina approve this project, which came from God, but she wished to have a part in it: her four daughters imitated her, above all our Saint Avoye, who so desired to shed her blood for Jesus Christ. Eleven thousand virgins, assembled for the nuptials of Ursula, associated themselves also with her resolution. They embarked and abandoned themselves to the breath of Providence. We shall relate, on 21 October, their long peregrinations. It suffices to say here that at Cologne they fell into the hands of an army of Huns, who made of them a horrible massacre. There were only three whose martyrdom was deferred. Of this number was Saint Avoye. A chief of these barbarians made her captive, in the hope that the rigour of prison or of torments would force her to renounce her faith and her vow of virginity.

It was doubtless a thing quite worthy of compassion to see this tender virgin, after having lost her mother, her sisters and all her companions, slaughtered in her presence, find herself alone, in an unknown country, under the power of a barbarian who had nothing human but the face, and who, to idolatry and impiety, joined a

savage temper and a brutality like that of the most lascivious animals, find herself under the guard of a troop of soldiers whom she might call, like Saint Ignatius the martyr, a troop of tigers. But Our Lord Jesus Christ, who had chosen her for his spouse, did not abandon her in this necessity. He lit her dungeon with a heavenly light, to show her that he was near her and that he took her under his divine protection. He sent her an angel, who consoled her and made her know that her martyrdom had been deferred only to make it more glorious, and that by suffering more torments she was gaining a more brilliant crown. He wished even that the holy Virgin should be her nurse during her imprisonment: this divine Mother brought her each week three loaves kneaded by the hand of angels, and whose whiteness and taste surpassed all that she had eaten of the agreeable and delicious in the house of the king her father. It is thus that painters ordinarily represent our Saint. She is seen in prison, receiving loaves from the hand of a virgin, through an iron grating. These extraordinary favours, joined to the interior grace with which the heavenly Spouse filled the soul of the Martyr, strengthened her so powerfully that neither promises, nor threats, nor the most pressing solicitations, nor even the most acute torments, could ever shake her constancy. It is said that lions were made to enter her dungeon to devour her; but He who had preserved Daniel in the lions' den preserved also this innocent lamb from the jaws of these beasts, and she received from them only caresses.

It is not known in what country Avoye was thus captive. If we believe a tradition, the Saint was brought by sea to the territory of Boulogne, in France (Pas-de-Calais), and there, seeing herself restored to liberty, she withdrew into a wood, near a borough called Divernie, where she lived for some time in solitude. An oratory was built in that place and occupied, for several centuries, by hermits.

The Boulonnais would therefore have been the theatre of the triumph of Saint Avoye, after her long and rough combats. Barbarians made an irruption into that country. As she did not seek to hide, nor to put herself in safety in some stronghold, she fell into the hands of these infidels, who tore out her eyes, cut off her head, and thus made her, according to her desire, a glorious martyr of Jesus Christ. According to her history, rhymed in old French, which was still kept, in the 18th century, in the parish of Imbleville, in the diocese of Rouen, the executioners of the Saint scourged her so cruelly with rods and scorpions that her body, being all torn, her bones could easily have been counted; they rubbed her wounds with a pricking hair-shirt and sprinkled them with melted and boiling salt; they also cut off her breasts with blunt knives; finally, they made her suffer all the torments that cruelty can invent. So, in certain pictures representing this illustrious martyr, there is seen, at the foot of the tower where she is a prisoner, an angel presenting her a chalice, as if to tell her that she will drink of the bitter chalice of the Son of God, and that she will have part in the greatest rigours of his Passion.

A tradition teaches us that Saint Avoye appeared in the parish of Pleumélée, near the city of Auray, in the diocese of Vannes, in Brittany, and that she sanctified, by her touch and her blessing, a stone and a fountain, on the edge of the sea. Since then, by her intercession, the children who are placed on this stone, which is hollowed in the middle, or who are plunged into this fountain, obtain there the power of walking; wherefore the inhabitants and the pilgrims have had built there a very beautiful oratory, which bears the name of this illustrious virgin. It is doubtless for some similar favours that the town of Meulan-sur-Seine has taken Saint Avoye for the patroness and titular of its parish; that chapels have been erected to her at Imbleville, in the diocese of Rouen; at Belleville, in the diocese of Reims; and that, in the time of Philip Augustus, grandfather of Saint Louis, there was consecrated in her honour, at Paris, the church which bore her name; the street in which this church was situated was also named Sainte-Avoye. In the time of Father Giry, the church of Sainte-Avoye belonged to the Ursulines; they furnished him the documents from which he composed this biography.

Saint Avoye is invoked principally for children who are too slow in walking and for hardened sinners. Her relics were preserved, before the Revolution of 1793, at Paris, in the church of Sainte-Avoye, and in the abbey of Saint-Antoine-des-Champs.

See Du Breuil, Antiquities of Paris; *Jacques Malbrancq,* History of the Morini, *book ii; Arthus du Moustier,* Martyrology of Holy Women, *and the* Life of Saint Ursula.

Saint John Damascene, Doctor of the Church

780. — Pope: Adrian I. — Emperor of the East: Constantine V.

The good is not even good unless it is well done. Favourite maxim of Saint John Damascene.

John Damascene, called also Mansour or Chrysorrhoas,[1] is the last of the Greek Fathers and the most remarkable writer of the 8th century. He was born in the last years of the 7th century, in Syria, at Damascus, which gave him the name of Damascene. That city had been in the power of the Saracens since the year 633. The father of our Saint, though a zealous Christian, was held in great esteem among these infidels, on account of the nobility of his birth, his probity and his talents. He pleased the chief of the Saracens, the caliph, who made him his minister. In this high position, he employed his fortune and his influence to protect oppressed Christians, to ransom those who were captives. These good works were rewarded by divine Providence. One day, in a troop of these unfortunates exposed on the public square, those who were destined to death were seen to throw themselves at the feet of one of them and humbly commend themselves to his prayers. He was an Italian religious, named Cosmas, taken at sea with the others. The barbarians, having remarked the respect that his companions in misfortune showed him, asked him what dignity he had been invested with among the Christians. He answered that he had no other than that of priest. “I am,” he added, “a useless monk who has studied not only Christian philosophy, but also foreign philosophy”; and, as he said these words, his eyes filled with tears. John’s father coming up, asked him the cause of his sadness. Cosmas confessed to him simply that he was grieved to die before having been able to communicate to others the sciences he had acquired. Now, for a long time the father had been seeking for his son a man who could give him a suitable education. Delighted to find this treasure in a captive who was about to be butchered, he ran to ask him of the Caliph, who granted him without difficulty. Cosmas not only received liberty, he became the friend of the father, the master of the son, who, under his direction, learned with prodigious success grammar, dialectic, the arithmetic of Diophantus or algebra, geometry, music, poetry, astronomy, but above all theology or the science of religion. His progress was no less in virtue than in the sciences. He had as companion in study an orphan of Jerusalem, whom his father had adopted. When his education was finished, Cosmas withdrew to Palestine, to the laura of Saint Sabas, from which he was drawn to be made bishop of Majuma. John’s merit was soon known to the prince of the Saracens, who made him head of his council, after the death of his father.

A very remarkable circumstance! It is a poor monk of Italy, captive, doomed to death, who introduces the sciences of Greece and Rome at the court of the Caliphs of Damascus, who teaches them to the son of the grand vizier; and this son, become grand vizier himself, then monk, under the name of Saint John Damascene, succeeds in naturalising, for a time, these foreign sciences among those same Mussulmans, among those same Arabs, who had proscribed them and burned them with the library of Alexandria. According to these facts, which have just been established by scholars of France, it is not the Christians who learned these human sciences from the Mussulmans, as certain men are pleased to say, but the Mussulmans who learned them from the Christians. More than one Greek emperor of Constantinople had been seen to protect heresy; there was one who himself invented a new heresy: it was to condemn and break the images of the Saints as an idolatry. This was the emperor Leo, surnamed the Isaurian, because he was a native of Isauria, a country and a people at least as barbarous as the Huns and the Vandals then were (730). As he was very ignorant, he got it into his head that in honouring the holy images, Catholics honoured not the saints whom they represent, but the matter and the colour of which these images are made. He undertook to abolish them, had them removed from the churches and burned in the public squares. The Catholics who opposed it were tormented and put to death. His son, Constantine Copronymus, showed himself still more furious.

Constantinople became a theatre of tortures: eyes were put out, noses were cut off Catholics; they were torn with scourges, they were thrown into the sea.

The emperor had a particular grudge against the monks: there were no torments and outrages that he did not make them suffer. Their beards, smeared with pitch, were burned; the images of the Saints, painted on wood, were broken over their heads. His greatest pleasure was to preside at these tortures.

The Christians, faithful to their faith, fought the heresy, according to custom, by prayer, fasting and by martyrdom endured with heroic constancy. Some defended the truth by eloquent writings; of this number were above all Saint Germanus, bishop of Constantinople, and John Damascene, governor of Damascus and minister of the caliph. The emperor, irritated, could easily wreak his vengeance on Saint Germanus; but how to reach Saint John Damascene in a foreign empire? Having procured an autograph of John, he ordered a skilful copyist to practise imitating this handwriting, and he succeeded, by this means, in fabricating a letter which John addressed to him, and in which he offered to deliver Damascus to him by treason. The emperor sent this false letter to the caliph, warning him, as a good neighbour, that he had a traitor for minister. This cowardly and vile imposture had full success. In spite of the most energetic denials of John, the caliph had his right hand cut off, and ordered that it be fastened to a post in a public square. The victim, having obtained that his cut-off hand should be given back to him, withdrew into his oratory, and there, this valiant defender of the holy images, kneeling before an image of the Virgin Mary, prayed thus: “Most pure Virgin, who bore my God, you know why my right hand was cut off; you can, if it please you, restore it to me and join it to my arm; I ask it of you with insistence, that I may employ it henceforth in writing the praises of your Son and your own.” Having said this, he fell asleep, and the holy Virgin appeared to him and said to him: “You are now healed; compose hymns, write my praises and fulfil your promise.” The Saint, awakening, found his hand perfectly reunited to his arm; nothing indicated that it had ever been separated from it, except a little red line which encircled it in the form of a bracelet, as a mark of this miracle. The prince of the Saracens, recognising by this prodigy the innocence of John, restored him to his former function. But John did not remain long in the service of men: the healing of his hand had doubtless seemed to him an approval by heaven of his theological labours. Desiring from then on to give himself solely to the service of God, he freed his slaves, distributed his goods to his relatives, to the churches and to the poor, and withdrew, with his adoptive brother, who was called Cosmas like his preceptor, near Jerusalem, to the laura of Saint Sabas. That abbot gave him as director an old monk, very experienced in the guidance of souls. Our Saint received from him the following lessons, which he practised as if Jesus Christ had given them to him from his own mouth: “Never do your own will; — exercise yourself in dying to yourself in all things, in order to banish all attachment to creatures; — offer to God your actions, your pains, your prayers; — weep unceasingly for the faults of your past life; — do not grow proud of your knowledge nor of any advantage whatever, but convince yourself strongly that, of your own stock, you are only ignorance and weakness; — renounce all vanity, distrust your lights and never desire to have visions and extraordinary favours; — keep far from your mind all that could recall to you the idea of the world, keep silence exactly and remember that one can sin, even in saying good things, when there is no necessity; — take counsel of others in difficult things; — turn all your desires toward God; — write no letters without permission of your superiors; — contradict no one; — murmur not; — fear not to go astray, out of the way of perfection, in following the orders of your superiors.” John followed, as I have said, these lessons punctually, and advanced with great strides in the way of perfection. His director put unceasingly the obedience of the illustrious and pious novice to new trials. One day, he ordered him to go and sell palm baskets at Damascus, and forbade him to give them below a certain price which he fixed and which was exorbitant. The Saint obeyed without saying a single word. He betook himself, under a poor habit, to that same city of which he had been the governor. When he had set out his merchandise and named the price, he was treated as an extravagant fellow and loaded with insults, which he suffered in silence. At the end, one of his former servants, having recognised him, took pity on him and bought all his baskets at the price he wished to sell them.

We shall relate again two victories which his humility made him win. A monk was inconsolable at the death of his brother: John, to stop the course of his tears, quoted to him a Greek verse, the sense of which was that one must expect to see perish all that is earthly and mortal. Thereupon his director reproached him with making parade of his learning: “You have,” he said to him, “violated the prohibition I had made you of speaking without necessity.” Then he condemned him to remain shut up in his cell. The Saint humbly acknowledged himself guilty of disobedience, and, instead of alleging the purity of his intention, he begged the other monks to intercede for him and to obtain for him the pardon of the fault he had committed: his pardon was granted him, but on condition that he should perform an action which, among the ancients, was considered as a torment to which criminals were condemned, and which, in communities, was what there was most humiliating, I mean the emptying of the latrine pits. The former minister of the caliph acquitted himself of this employment with an eagerness and humility that filled with admiration the oldest of the community, the most advanced in obedience.

So great a virtue joined to talents so remarkable caused our Saint to be judged worthy of being raised to the priesthood. This dignity increased his fervour. It was then thought that he was sufficiently solidly virtuous and sufficiently humble to write in favour of the faith. We give below the list of his works. There are found in it three discourses against the heresy of the Iconoclasts, entitled: *Discourses on Images*. He declares there that the prince ought to be content with the government of the State, and not meddle with making decisions on doctrine. That authority belongs to the Church; the Church cannot err: she cannot therefore fall into idolatry.

He demonstrates very well that the Catholic Church adores God alone, although she venerates the Saints. As to images, they serve to instruct us, to awaken our devotion, because, our nature being double, sensible and intellectual, we need visible things to recall to us the invisible. God made himself visible by becoming incarnate. Is one an idolater because one has respect for Holy Scripture? It is however a material thing like images, and images recall to us, like Holy Scripture, God and invisible things. John was not content with writing against the Iconoclasts; he travelled through Syria and Palestine, to strengthen the persecuted Christians; he went even, in the hope of martyrdom, to Constantinople, of which the emperor Constantine Copronymus had made the capital of error and persecution. But God had ordered otherwise. Our Saint was able to return to his laura, where he continued his learned writings. He died there about the year 780: he had lived a hundred and four years. In the 12th century, his tomb was still shown, near the portal of the church of the laura.

Saint John Damascene is represented prostrate at the feet of the holy Virgin who brings his cut-off hand close to his wrist; selling baskets, etc.

Writings of Saint John Damascene

The Book of Dialectic. Although the philosophy of Plato was in vogue in the time of Saint John Damascene, he adopted that of Aristotle, as Boethius had done among the Latins. He dispelled the obscurity which enveloped the physics of this philosopher, and showed its principles in their full light. He reduced his logic to a body of rules, without falling into a fastidious prolixity; by this means the art of reasoning became easy to learn. Logic has often been abused, by treating in it useless and even ridiculous questions; thanks to good sense, the greater part of these questions have been proscribed from the schools. Precious time is no longer lost in studying futilities; but one has only to reflect to avoid despising logic when it keeps within its just bounds. It extends the mind and gives it precision and exactness; it puts order and clearness in ideas; it teaches to judge of things in themselves and according to true principles; finally, it disposes to the study of the other sciences, of which it is, in a way, the key. Under the general term of sciences, we include also theology, which absolutely cannot dispense with the help of logic. It was all these considerations that determined Saint John Damascene to give an abridgment of the logic and the physics of Aristotle. 2. The Book of Heresies, in which he counts a hundred and four of them, is an abridgment of Saint Epiphanius. As to the heresies which came only after this Father, Saint John Damascene draws what he says of them from the writings of Theodoret, of Timothy of Constantinople, etc. He speaks

however of several heretics of whom no other author makes mention; he refutes there above all Mahometanism and iconomachy.

The four Books of the Orthodox Faith, in a hundred chapters. It is a body of doctrine which contains all that one must believe, as well as the principal articles of the discipline of the Church. The holy doctor treats, in the first, of God and his attributes; in the second, of the creation of the angels, of man, of liberty and of predestination; in the third, of the mystery of the Incarnation; in the fourth, of the Sacraments, etc.

The three works above may be considered as the parts of a whole; as making only one. It is, in effect, an ensemble of doctrine which, under the name of *Source of Knowledge*, embraces from the first elements of language and of scientific reasoning to the highest elevations of the Christian faith. The holy doctor addressed these three treatises to his former preceptor, who had in a manner obliged him to write them.

“Knowledge,” he says, “is the true cognition of what is. Our mind, not having it in itself, any more than the eye has light, has need of a master. This master is truth itself, Christ, who is wisdom and truth in person, and in whom are hidden all the treasures of knowledge. One can learn everything by application and work, but before all and after all, by the grace of God. As the Apostle warns us to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good, we shall consult the writings of the sages of the Gentiles; perhaps we shall find in them something useful to our soul. Any artisan, to do his work, has need of instruments; it is fitting besides that the queen be served by some attendants. The purely human sciences are the handmaids of truth, instruments and arms to defend it.

“Philosophy is the natural science of what is, inasmuch as it is; the science of things divine and human; the meditation of death; the imitation of God; the art of arts, the science of sciences; finally the love of wisdom. Now, true wisdom is God; therefore the love of God is true philosophy. Philosophy is divided into speculative and practical; the speculative is subdivided into theology, physiology and mathematics; the practical, into morals, economics and politics. The proper business of theology is to consider immaterial beings, God, the angels and souls. Physiology is the science of material things, such as animals, plants, stones; all that is called today natural history. Mathematical science considers the things which, although bodiless in themselves, are nevertheless considered in bodies; such as numbers, harmonies, figures, the movements of the stars. The theory of numbers constitutes arithmetic; the theory of sounds, music; the theory of figures, geometry; the theory of the stars, astronomy. Practical philosophy treats of the virtues, regulates morals and conduct; if it gives rules to the individual, it is called morals; to a whole household, it is called economics; to cities and countries, it is called politics.

“As philosophy is the science of what is, we shall speak of being. We shall begin with logic or the art of reasoning, which is less a part of philosophy than the instrument it uses for all demonstrations. We shall treat first of simple words which express simple ideas, and we shall come afterwards to reasonings. Being is a name common to all that is; and it is divided into substance and accident. Substance is what exists in itself, and not in another, for example, a body; accident is what cannot exist in itself, but is considered in another, for example, a colour.” It is with this exactness and clearness that Saint John Damascene defines the words and ideas which constitute the language and the reason of science. When one attends to the fact that the philosophical discords among the pagans, that the great heresies among the Christians, all came from an obscurity and a confusion more or less voluntary touching the words and ideas of being, substance, nature, form, hypostasis, person, one sees that Saint John Damascene could not begin better than by defining them well, and that whoever seeks the truth in conscience, or wishes to defend it sincerely, ought to do likewise. 4. *The three Discourses on Images.* We have spoken of them in treating of the life of the Saint. 5. *The Book of Holy Doctrine.* It is, properly speaking, only a reasoned profession of faith. The Saint distinguishes there in Jesus Christ two wills and two natural operations. 6. *The Book against the Monophysites*, that is, against those who admitted only one nature in Jesus Christ after the hypostatic union. This work is written with much force and solidity.

The Book or Dialogue against the Manicheans. The errors of these heretics are very well refuted in it. Cardinal Mai has published a second, different from the first. 8. The Dispute against a Saracen, which is only in Latin in the old editions. It has been given for the greater part in Greek with the dialogues of Theodore Abucara, bishop of Carame, in Syria.

The Opuscules on dragons and witches, of which we have only a fragment. The aim of these works was to show the ridiculousness of certain fabulous histories which had been current among the Saracens.

The Book of the Trinity, by questions and answers. If it has not Saint John Damascene for author, it is at least a compilation of his works. 11. The Letter to Jordan on the Trisagion, in which it is proved that the triple repetition of the word Holy is addressed to the divinity subsisting in three persons, and not to the Son alone. The Saint rejects the additions of the Monophysite Syrians, showing that, with regard to such sorts of rites, one must hold to what is practised in the Church.

The Letter on the Lenten Fast. Saint John Damascene praises there the discipline which was observed in the church of Jerusalem. The fast lasted seven weeks in that Church, and one ate each day only after sunset, except on Saturdays and Sundays. During the first week, one abstained only from meat: but one did not leave off fasting until evening: this is what was called the preparation for Lent. The other six weeks, besides meat, one abstained still from eggs, cheese and dairy produce. The week of the Passion, one fed only on xerophagy or dry foods. The Saint did not condemn those who added to Lent an eighth week; but he gave the preference, in his esteem, to those who followed the common usage; and he was in the habit of repeating on this subject his favourite maxim: "The good is not even good, if it is not well done."

The Book of the eight capital vices. The holy doctor counted eight capital vices, because he distinguished vainglory from pride, with the ancient ascetic authors. After having shown in what they consist, he gives the means of combating and destroying them, which he does with much more precision than Cassian and Saint Nilus, who had treated the same subject. 14. The Book of virtue and vice. There is found in it a short description of the virtues and the vices. 15. The Treatise on the composite nature, against the Acephali or Monophysites; the Treatise on the two wills, against the Monothelites; the Book against the Nestorians. These are refutations of the errors of these different heretics on the mystery of the Incarnation. 16. The Discourse on those who have died in the faith is not by Saint John Damascene, any more than several other opuscules which are in the second volume of the edition of Father Le Quien.

17. *A Profession of faith*, which some authors contest to the Saint. 18. *A Commentary on the epistles of Saint Paul.*

Several Proses, odes and hymns for Christmas, the Epiphany, Easter, Pentecost, the Ascension, the Transfiguration, the Annunciation. It is not certain, according to Dom Ceillier, that they are all by Saint John Damascene: they are believed to be mingled with those of Anatolius and of Metaphrastes. The Bollandists incline to believe that he was the first author of the Synaxarion of the Greeks, a collection of lives of the Saints, which corresponds to our Breviaries. Giles Romain cites the Martyrology of Saint John Damascene, and it has been remarked that, never before him, had there been question in the East of an abridgment and an abridger of the lives of the Saints.

Homilies, of which one on the Transfiguration delivered in the church of Mount Tabor itself; one on the Parable of the Fig-tree; one on the Passion of Jesus Christ; two on the Annunciation; two on the Nativity of the holy Virgin; and three on the death of the holy Virgin: it is known that Saint John Damascene let no occasion escape of testifying to Mary his tenderness and his devotion; one in honour of Saint John Chrysostom; the last is in praise of Saint Carbe.

The Passion of Saint Arthemius, the History of Barlaam, hermit, and of Josaphat, king of the Indies. The school of Baillet has put in doubt the veracity of this history. The most moderate do not dare to reject the foundation of it, but suspect Saint John Damascene of having clothed it with a form which would have weakened its authenticity. However that may be, Baronius, Surius, the abbé de Billy, other hagiographers and other historians make mention of this narrative and raise no doubt as to its veracity. We reproduce the judgment which Huet bears on it, while protesting against the word romance: "It is a romance," he says, "but a spiritual one; it treats of love, but it is of divine love; much blood is seen shed in it, but it is the blood of martyrs. Not that I would maintain that all of it is supposititious: there would be temerity in denying that there ever was a Barlaam or a Josaphat. The testimony of the Roman Martyrology, which puts them in the number of the Saints, does not permit

doubting of it… This work, whether for the manner in which it is written, or for the agreeableness of its invention, or for its piety, has been so much to the taste of the Christians of Egypt that they have translated it into the Coptic language, and that it is today quite common in their libraries." On the Origin of Romances, p. 87; Paris, 1685.

An Etymologicon, which furnishes important corrections for the dictionaries of Hesychius and of Suidas.

To complete this encyclopaedia of Saint John Damascene, one must join to it his great work of the Parallels. It is a comparison of the sentences of the Fathers with those of

Scripture, on almost all the moral truths. They are arranged by matter and with much care, following the order of the Greek alphabet. The holy doctor had at first distributed them in three books, of which the first treated of God and of divine things; the second, of the state and condition of human things; the third, of virtues and vices; but he judged afterwards that his work would be more convenient to readers if he divided its titles in alphabetical order. What is advantageous in this collection is that Saint John Damascene has preserved for us in it many fragments of ancient authors, of whom we have no knowledge any more except through him. 24. Cardinal Mai has found again, of Saint John Damascene, several hymns or odes in honour of Saint Basil, of Saint Chrysostom, of Saint Nicholas of Myra, of Saint George and of Saint Blaise. These hymns are in poetic prose. There are eight in honour of Saint Basil, seven in honour of Saint Chrysostom: there are seen celebrated the virtues and actions which we know of the one and of the other. In the nine odes in honour of Saint Nicholas, of which however the first two are lacking, the poet of Damascus sums up the common tradition of the Greeks and the Latins on the illustrious pontiff of Myra: "Neither the sand which is on the shore of the sea," he says to him, "nor the multitude of the waves, nor the pearls of the dew and the flakes of the snow, nor the choir of the stars, nor the drops of the rain and the currents of the rivers, nor the boiling of the fountains, will equal, O Father! the number of your miracles.[1] *The whole universe has in you a prompt help in afflictions, an encouragement in sorrows, a consolation in calamities, a defender in temptations, a salutary remedy in sicknesses." Damascene celebrates particularly his power to deliver the prisoners who invoke him in chains; his apparition to the emperor Constantine in the middle of the night to save three generals from the unjust death to which they had been condemned; his zeal in confessing the faith in persecution, in combating the heresy of Arius to preserve his flock from it; his incomparable charity, which hides from the knowledge of the unfortunate man the hand that relieves him, which thus saves from dishonour a father and his three daughters whom the excess of misery was about to deliver to crime. In the seven or eight hymns in honour of Saint George, Damascene sings the same torments and the same miracles that we see celebrated by his compatriot Andrew, archbishop of Crete: the wheel, the fires, the iron buskins, the poisoned drink, the resurrection of the dead man, the conversion of the magician Athanasius, the demons forced to confess their impotence and the divinity of Jesus Christ.*

In the nine hymns in honour of Saint Blaise, which however present some lacunae, he recalls all the principal facts that we read in the four or five lives of the same Saint. Let us hope that this accord will leave no more room for any doubt. — How then could Godescard say: "The history of the life of this holy bishop is unknown to us"? He has been believed on his word much wrongly; for if it is true to say that the publication of the hymns of Saint John Damascene by Cardinal Mai is relatively recent, it is no less true that there existed four other biographies of Saint Blaise to which these hymns add nothing in the way of details.[2] As to the hymns of Saint John Damascene on Saint Peter, whom he calls the coryphaeus, there remain to us only four with a part of the fifth. These words are read to the Prince of the Apostles: "Having received from Christ the Church, which the Lord himself formed, and not man, you have governed it like a ship. Guardian of Rome, treasurer of the heavenly kingdom, rock of the faith, unshakable foundation of the Catholic faith, be celebrated in holy canticles." In the first strophe of the second hymn, Saint Damascene speaks of the instantaneous journey of Saint Peter, from Rome to Mount Sion, to be present at the funeral of the holy Virgin, whom he calls the living cloud of God. In the first strophe of the fifth, he speaks of the triumph of the apostle over Simon the Magician.

But what is above all piously remarkable is that the last strophe of each hymn is a praise and an invocation of the divine maternity of the holy Virgin Mary. He says to her, for example, in the last two hymns to Saint Basil: "He who has no body came forth with a body from your womb; he who, by the word, formed the incorporeal nature, he who gave being to every created being, rational and irrational, he the Word of God the

Father: wherefore, Mother of life, put to death in me the passions of the body, which put my spirit to death. It is you, all-holy Virgin, that I present, unchallengeable advocate and benevolent mediatress, to him who was born of you; and I beseech you to blot out entirely, by your maternal intercession, the multitude of my faults." — In the first and second to Saint Peter: "It is by your immaculate childbearing that the ancient paradise, closed by our first mother, was reopened, and that the ancient fatherland was restored to the human race. — It is you, august Sovereign, mighty refuge, Patroness ever ready to save, that I implore and beseech ardently: protect my soul, when it shall go out of this tent and withdraw from the earth for another world." — In the first, second and fourth to Saint George: "The trailing tongue and thin voice, the mouth of disagreeable sound, fear to intone hymns to you, O sovereign Lady! for you are sung by the tongues of angels, tongues of fire and flame, and by the mouth of those who have no body. — The tempest of sins, the waves of iniquity, the frequent reefs of malice, drive me together into the gaping gulf of despair: give me your hand, O Virgin! lest the waves bury me all alive. — The roaring lion goes about, seeking to devour me: abandon me not as prey to his teeth, O you Immaculate, who bore Him who, with his divinely powerful hand, broke the molar teeth of lions."

It is above all in his dogmatic writings that Saint John shows the extent of his genius. His style there is full of force and clearness; his reasonings are solid and conclusive. The author shows everywhere a singular penetration of mind and a marvellous sagacity in explaining the mysteries of the faith. In his *Book of the Orthodox Faith*, he has so linked together all the truths that there results from it a complete body of theology. He is regarded as the inventor of the method which has since been adopted in the theological schools, and which Saint Anselm afterwards introduced among the Latins. Cave refuses the title of judicious man to whoever does not admire, in the writings of Saint John Damascene, an extraordinary erudition, a great exactness and great precision in ideas, a force not common in reasonings. John IV, patriarch of Jerusalem, praises the profound knowledge which the holy doctor had of mathematics. According to Baronius, Saint John Damascene was sometimes mistaken with regard to historical facts; but that came only from the unfaithfulness of his memory. Father Le Quien, a Dominican, gave a good edition of the works of Saint John Damascene, with notes and dissertations. Paris, 1712, 2 vols. in-fol. This edition reappeared at Verona, in 1748, with improvements. This noble undertaking was begun by John Aubert, continued by Combefis, finished by Le Quien. It was done by order of the assemblies of the clergy of France (1635–1636). Until then there had been only parts of the works of Saint John Damascene, the most in Latin, not in the original text.

The complete works of Saint John Damascene will be found in the Greek Patrology *of M. Migne, vols. xciv, xcv, xcvi.*

Cf. Acta Sanctorum, *vol. ii of May, and the* Itinerary of the Holy Places, *of John Phocas, which is found at the beginning of that volume (new ed.); D. Ceillier (new ed.); Rohrbacher.*

The Blessed Hatta, Abbot of Saint-Vaast (699)

It is seen in the life of Saint Aubert that this pontiff had begun the construction of the abbey of Saint-Vaast of Arras on the site of the oratory where this apostle of the Atrebates was accustomed to retire to pray, and where his body was afterwards transported. It was Saint

Vindician, his successor, who governed it for some years; but in 685, this prelate, in concert with Thierry III, king of the Franks, called the blessed Hatta, whose virtue and wisdom they had heard praised, to entrust to him the direction of this important abbey. Hatta was then living in the monastery of Blandinberg, near Ghent, built by Saint Amand; this holy missionary founded great hopes on him and esteemed him much on account of the wisdom of his conduct. The fervent disciple strove to walk in the footsteps of his master, and the authors say in his praise that he faithfully reproduced all the virtues he had remarked and studied in him.

Nothing is known in detail of the works of the blessed Hatta during his administration of the abbey of Saint-Vaast; but the excellent direction imprinted on this community and the spirit of discipline and fervour which long reigned in it sufficiently make the eulogy of this holy abbot. In 686, he accompanied to Hamage Saint Vindician, who had been invited by Gertrude II, abbess of that monastery, to consecrate a new church, raised to the glory of God, under the title of Saint Mary.

The authors of the *Gallia Christiana*, vol. iii, p. 374, speak also of a privilege which was said to have been granted by this holy bishop to the blessed Hatta, and in which were guaranteed the entire liberty of his religious and the permission to follow the Rule of Saint Benedict. Some authors give him in their writings the title of Saint, although ordinarily only that of blessed is applied to him; his name has always been in veneration in the abbey of Saint-Vaast. He is believed to have died about the year 699.

M. the abbé Destombes.

Saint Edbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne (718)

Edbert was a holy man who excelled in the knowledge of the divine Scriptures, and who gave each year to the poor the tenth part of his goods. He succeeded, in 687, Saint Cuthbert, in the episcopal see of Lindisfarne, and governed his diocese eleven years with much edification. He had made it a rule to pass Lent and the forty days which precede the feast of Christmas in a solitary place where his predecessor had served God before coming to the island of Farne. Removed during that time from the company of men, he kept a rigorous abstinence, and occupied himself only with the exercises of prayer and contemplation. Eleven years after the death of Saint Cuthbert, the monks of Lindisfarne, having found his body entire and without any mark of corruption, as also the garments in which it was wrapped, asked their bishop for permission to transfer his precious relics. They carried it into the solitude where there was then a part of the garments which had enveloped the holy body. Edbert kissed them respectfully, then ordered that the relics of his holy predecessor, enclosed in a quite new chest, should be placed in the sanctuary, above the level of the pavement. “The tomb,” he adds, “sanctified by such a miracle, will not remain long empty.” By this he indicated his approaching death. In effect, he fell dangerously ill, and died on the following 6 May. He was buried in the tomb of Saint Cuthbert, and several miracles were wrought by his intercession. He is named on this day in the Roman Martyrology. See Bede, *Hist.*, book iii, ch. 25; book iv, ch. 29, 30, and *in vita sancti Cuthberti*.

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[1] Saint Evodus is of the number of the seventy-two primitive disciples of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

[2] This is Cyrene in Libya, patriarchate of Alexandria (today Cairoon, in the province of Baca). — Saint Lucius is counted among the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ.

[3] Theodoret speaks of Saint Protogenes, book iv, chapter 16; as does Nicephorus, book ii, chapter 23, and book xiii, chapter 5. He flourished in the time of the emperor Valens, and defended energetically against him the faith of the Catholic Church. He lived on into the reign of Theodosius, under whom he died; he had for successor Vitus, who attended the ecumenical council of Constantinople. Baronius. (See, on the preceding day, his life and that of Saint Eulogius.)

[4] Saint Gregory relates, in his Dialogues (iv, 13), that Saint Galla was ill of the illness that was to lead her to death. Now, one night, Saint Peter appeared to her between two candelabra that she had caused to be placed at the foot of her bed, for, says the illustrious biographer, she did not love the darkness, which is the image of sin. “What, Lord,” she asked, “will my sins be remitted to me?” — “Yes,” answered Saint Peter, “prepare to follow me.” — “In that case, Lord, grant that my sister Benedicta accompany me.” — “Not now, but in thirty days.” And so it was. *Acta Sanctorum.*

[5] Of Saint Valerius nothing is known, except that he sat seventeen years and that he was buried on Mount Artre, beside his predecessor, Saint Marcellinus. Whether Saint Marcellinus was his immediate or his mediate predecessor, we could not decide, the chronology of the bishops of Auxerre being, like that of most churches, very confused (324).

As for Saint Valerian, who is said to have succeeded Saint Valerius, and who sat thirty years, he is said to have attended, in 346, the contested council of Cologne and to have signed a circular letter notifying the acts of the council of Sardica, for there is read there the signature of a Gaulish bishop named “lioàepuuç”: now no bishop of the same name is known as contemporary.

It may be observed that we have not the name of all the bishops of France in the 4th century, and we shall not go against it.

It is Saint Valerian who formed Saint Amator to piety. We have related above, in the Life of Saint this latter, how, by a mistake which was to have happy consequences, Saint Valerian recited one blessing for another. *He was buried on Mount Artre.*

There was formerly, in the diocese of Auxerre, an important church dedicated to Saint Valerian. Under the episcopate of Saint Aunaire (573–603), it was placed in the rank of the principal churches. In all appearance, it was situated at Chitry, three leagues from Auxerre.

A church has been raised under his invocation at Châteaudun, diocese of Chartres, and a part of his relics has long been kept there. Cf. *Acta Sanctorum* for 6 May, and the *France Pontificale*, ed. Repos.

[6] See at this day.

[7] See this day.

[8] The author of the *Enchiridion*, the most perfect abridgment of morals that has come from the pen of a pagan. The Stoics have rightly regarded Epictetus as the greatest philosopher of their sect. The emperor Marcus Antoninus could not be satiated with reading his works. Saint Augustine and Saint Charles Borromeo also read them with much pleasure. The most complete and best edition we have of them is that which appeared at London in 1741, 2 vols. in-4°, by the care and with the notes of John Upton. An excellent translation of the *Manual* of Epictetus has just appeared, with learned notes and very Christian reflections: its author is M. Louis Cordier, curé of Pouilly-les-Chery (Aisne). To this book must be joined another work by the same author which serves as a commentary on it, and of which here is the title: *Of Stoicism and Christianity, Relations and Differences.*

[9] One of the Sporades islands, situated in the Aegean Sea or the Archipelago, where there is found, in the convent of Saint John called the Apocalypse, a Greek seminary, with a school, a library and a collection of medals.

[10] Domitian reigned from the year 81 to the year 96. We learn from Suetonius and Eusebius that he carried impiety to the point of having himself given the title of Lord and God. It was he who, shut up in his cabinet, employed a part of his time in catching flies, which he then spitted with a bodkin. It was seen above all after his death how much he was detested. His statues were pulled down, his name was removed from the public buildings, and his decrees were annulled by the senate.

[11] *Aurea*, golden. — The Bollandists, vol. vii of May, new ed., say that Saint Aurea and Saint Avoye are different from one another. We shall not follow them in their reasonings, which lead to nothing conclusive besides: the history of this saint or of these saints is encumbered with too many difficulties and covered with too many obscurities for us to be able, even at the price of long efforts, to resolve the former, to dispel the latter. This is a question of purely local hagiography which some scholar of the dioceses of Vannes or of Paris will perhaps elucidate one day.

[12] *A via*, far from the way.

[13] *Chrysorrhoas*: shining like gold. — *Mansour*: Rachite, a patronymic name.

[14] *Acta Sanctorum*, 3 February; Saint Blaise, *Comment. prae.*, n. 9. (See on 6 December, where we give the Life of Saint Nicholas of Myra, after Saint J. D.)

[15] See on 3 February, where we give the Life of Saint Blaise, after Saint John Damascene.

7 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Cracow, in Poland, the feast of Saint Stanislaus, bishop and martyr, put to death by the impious king Boleslaus. 1079. — At Terracina, in Campania, the feast of the blessed Flavia Domitilla, virgin and martyr. Daughter of the sister of the consul Flavius Clemens, she consecrated herself to God and received the sacred veil from the hands of Saint Clement, and, during the persecution of Domitian, having been deported with many others to the island of Ponza for the confession of Jesus Christ, she continued there a long martyrdom: conducted at last to Terracina, as she wrought numerous conversions there by her teachings and her miracles, the judge had fire set to the chamber where she was with two Virgins, her companions, Euphrosyne and Theodora, and thus ended the course of a glorious martyrdom. Her memory is celebrated again, with that of the holy martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, on the 12th of the month of May. 99. — The same day, Saint Juvenal, martyr.[1] — At Nicomedia, the holy martyrs Flavius, Augustus and Augustine, brothers. — In the same place, Saint Quadratus, martyr, who was tormented several times in the persecution of Decius, and had at last his head cut off. 3rd century. — At Rome, Saint Benedict, pope and confessor. 685. — At York, in England, Saint John, bishop, celebrated for his holiness and his miracles. 721. — At Pavia, Saint Peter, bishop. 738. — At Rome, the translation of the body of Saint Stephen, first martyr, which, brought from Constantinople to Rome, under the pontificate of Pope Pelagius, was laid in the Campo Verano, in the sepulchre of Saint

Laurence, martyr, where it is honoured by the faithful with great devotion.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Agen, feast of the translation of the relics of Saint Stephen. — At Troyes, in Champagne, Saint Mastidia or Mathie, whose body was found without corruption several years after her decease. — At Maastricht, Saint Domitian, bishop. 560. — At Autun, Saint Placid, priest and abbot of the basilica of Saint-Symphorian.[2] 680. — At Auxerre, Saint Valerian, bishop of that see.[3] — At Château-Thierry, Saint Serenicus, abbot, whose relics were brought there with those of Saint Serenus, his brother, at the time when the Normans were desolating France, under the leadership of their chief Hasting. 7th century. — At Laon, Saint Bason, confessor, whose relics are preserved in the church of Saint-Jean of that city. 7th century. — At Séez, Saint Milheart, bishop, who finished and consecrated the basilica of Saint-Martin, begun by Saint Serenicus. 670. — Near Dourdan, in the diocese of Chartres, Saint Même, honoured as virgin and martyr in the place which bears her name, a day's journey from Paris. — At Locarn, in the parish of Duault, near Montafilan, in Brittany, Saint Hernin, solitary. — At Faremoutiers, in Brie, Saint Sessetrude, virgin, cellaress of that monastery under Saint Fare, whose miraculous death, which occurred before that of Saint Fare,[4] Jonas, monk of Bobbio, under the rule of Saint Columban, describes. 7th century. — At Tarbes, Saint Misselin, confessor. — In the diocese of Meaux, Saint Blandin.[5] — At Évreux, Saint Mary, mother of James and Salome, whose relics the cathedral formerly possessed and to whom the diocese renders a particular cult. 1st century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Damascus, the feast of Saint John Damascene, of the Order of Saint Basil.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Rome, Saint Benedict II, who was first a canon of the Lateran, before being raised to the see of Saint Peter, re-established the ancient liberty of the Church, and fell asleep in the Lord, illustrious for his virtues and his miracles.

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — The memory of the holy Crown of Thorns of the Saviour.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Cordova and in other cities of Spain, feast of Saint Raphael, archangel. — At Cologne, feast of the five Joys of the blessed Virgin Mary. — At Gerona, in Spain, the holy Evoaldus and Sixtus, martyrs, put to death under the proconsul Dacian. In the vulgar tongue, Saint Evoaldus is called Saint Hou III. — To the holy Flavius, Augustine and Augustus, brothers, whom the Bollandists say to have been bishops, must be joined the holy Marcellinus, Macrobius and Euthaeus or Eutyches. — At Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples, Saint Innocent, bishop of Africa, who was buried in that city. 4th century. — At Ferrara, in Italy, Saint Maurelius, bishop and martyr, patron of that city. 7th century. — In the territory of Bergamo, Saint Albert the Labourer, born at Ogna and dead at Cremona, where he was buried in the church of Saint-Matthew. Saint Albert is the patron of cellar-men and of those who work at the transport of wines, for toward the end of his life he settled at Cremona and carried in the town, as they say. 1190. — At Gubbio, in Italy, the blessed Villain, bishop of that city. Year 1220. — In Calabria, the holy Reginald and Franc, solitaries, and five other hermits, who renewed the prodigies of penance and of fraternal concord of the first monks of Egypt. Pontificate of Eugenius IV. — In England, Saint Alix or Adelaide.[6]

Saint Serenicus[7] and Saint Serenus, His Brother, Recluses in the Dioceses of Séez and Le Mans

About 669. — Pope: Vitalian. — King of France: Clotaire III.

In calling his servants to enjoy the happiness of heaven, God gives them a special protectorate to exercise over certain countries or certain classes of men.

Life of Saint Serenus, by D. Piolin.

Saint Serenicus and Saint Serenus were born at Spoleto, fifteen leagues from Rome, in the first years of the 7th century. They were brothers according to the flesh and according to the spirit. They came of a patrician family powerful throughout Umbria. Their parents procured for them from childhood skilful masters, able to engrave Christian sentiments on their young hearts. Serenicus was the elder; he loved his brother from the first with a very tender affection, but wholly supernatural. He used the advantage of his age only to exhort Serenus to virtue and to the practices of perfection, of which he gave him the example. Soon the two brothers vied in ardour for piety; study, mortification, almsgiving were the object of all their attention. Gifted with happy faculties and well seconded by the skilful and devoted masters who had been given them, Serenicus and Serenus made remarkable progress in all the branches of knowledge to which they applied themselves; but they reserved their greatest efforts for the study of the truths contained in Holy Scripture, the teachings of the Church and of the Apostolic See. When our two holy brothers had reached manly age, they understood more and more the necessity of giving themselves without reserve to God. These words of the Gospel made on them the liveliest impression: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."[1] An angel appeared to each of the two brothers during a night consecrated to prayer, and came to confirm them in their projects of renunciation. He declared to them that the will of God called them first to Rome; that they must say an eternal farewell to their kinsfolk and their fatherland; that their sacrifice must be complete and absolute; that they would have some time to pass in the basilica of Saint Peter, solely occupied with the divine service, fasts, vigils, psalmody and the other exercises practised by the religious who served that sanctuary. At that period, the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, as well as several of the principal churches of Rome, were served by the children of Saint Benedict. Serenicus and Serenus understood at once that heaven called them to walk by the way which the great patriarch of Monte Cassino traced for his disciples. As soon as they knew in a certain manner the designs of God on them, they hastened to correspond with them, left everything and betook themselves promptly to Rome. On their arrival in the holy city, they were well received by the Pope and the community of the monks of the Vatican. They received with happiness the humble habit of Saint Benedict, and applied themselves with fervour to the practice of all the observances. Far from slackening with time, their zeal took ever new increase. During several years, they constantly vied with the holiest monks of the community in the practice of fasts, vigils and prayers; in a word, they were perfect disciples of Saint Benedict. Touched by the efforts that Serenicus and Serenus, still so young, made with so much generosity to advance in the narrow way that leads to life, by their patience, their humility, their sobriety and their other virtues, all the monks of the Vatican regarded them as their models. Not content with a vain admiration, they strove to imitate them, and proclaimed their merits aloud. Informed of the qualities of these two brothers, the sovereign Pontiff wished to associate them with himself in the painful cares of his ministry, and created them deacon-cardinals. Although the outward honours attached to the cardinalate have received notable developments since the 7th century, it is certain nevertheless that from then on he who was raised to this dignity held the first rank in the clergy of the Roman Church, and consequently in the whole Christian universe.

Saint Serenicus and Saint Serenus did not long enjoy the high dignity which their virtues had merited for them without understanding the new perils to which it exposed them. Although they made every effort to withdraw themselves from the marks of respect that were given them on all sides, they feared that vainglory might slip insensibly into their heart. The presence of the danger awoke in them a greater vigilance, and made them redouble their prayers. At last an angel appeared to Serenicus in the night, and said to him: "Why dost thou give thyself to anxiety, Serenicus? Pursue the accomplishment of the design which made thee abandon thy father, thy mother and thy goods. The Lord wills not that thou remain longer in this place; but he

orders thee to reach a more distant country." After having therefore received the angel's warning, Serenicus and Serenus prepared promptly to leave Rome. They crossed almost all Italy, ran great dangers in passing the Alps, and arrived in the southern provinces of Gaul. As they were uncertain of the place where they were to settle, they traversed several regions of that vast territory. The countries of the west of Gaul were celebrated above all by the tombs of Saint Martin, at Tours, and of Saint Julian, at Le Mans. Other privileged sanctuaries still attracted the crowd of pilgrims: thus, in the diocese of Le Mans alone, the cathedral church, dedicated for more than a hundred years to Saint Gervasius and Saint Protasius, had become the place where the miraculous power of these two athletes of Christ shone with the most splendour on this side of the Alps. For more than a century, moreover, and especially since the episcopate of Saint Innocent (532–543), the diocese of Le Mans had become like the Thebaid of Gaul. It was into the solitude of Charnie that the angel of the Lord led Serenus and Serenicus. It is certain that toward the middle of the 7th century, when our two holy monks came to dwell in the diocese of Le Mans, the forest of Charnie offered deep solitudes, where numerous anchorites lived in silence and retreat, practising all the works of the most rigorous asceticism. This was what Saint Serenus and his brother sought. It appears however, according to fairly plausible traditions, that they dwelt first for some time in the place where the town of Château-Gontier now is. It was then an important estate which belonged to the monks of Bazouges. Our two brothers could have lived there in peace, if for a motive unknown to us, they had not soon left the diocese of Angers to come and dwell in that of Le Mans. They fixed their dwelling near the borough of Saulges. The hut which had served them as shelter on the farm of the monks of Bazouges remained in veneration; later it was converted into a chapel where the piety of Christians implored the help of Saint Serenus down to the first years of the 19th century. The neighbourhood of this borough attracted to our two monks frequent visits. This concourse wearied Serenicus singularly, whose soul was smitten with love for contemplation. God made use of this attraction to lead the holy anchorite into a neighbouring diocese; for he did not wish that these two torches should be exclusively reserved to light the Maine. Serenicus therefore began to take a distaste for a place which seemed to him too provided with all the conveniences of life, and above all too frequented; and he was not long in opening himself to his brother about it, manifesting to him the desire he felt to advance deeper into the desert. Never until that day had these two brothers separated from one another. But the will of God demanded a new sacrifice; they offered it generously and without any delay. It was not however without shedding many tears that Serenicus and Serenus parted. After this separation, Saint Serenicus advanced toward the country of Hyesmes, and chose for his abode a very desert place, situated on the bank of the river Sarthe, surrounded by rocks, and which could be approached only by a narrow path. In this retreat, he was followed only by a young child named Flavart, whom he had adopted at the baptismal font, and who had attached himself to him with entire devotion. He saluted the angel of this solitude, and blessed a thousand times his heavenly guide, who had invisibly brought him into a desert where nothing would any more trouble him in his commerce with God. After having prayed long with his forehead to the earth, at the moment when he raised his head, he perceived near him a fountain which had just gushed miraculously from the soil before arid, and which, since that day, has never ceased to flow. The prodigy did not stop at this first mark of divine protection; for, in order to prove more and more the merits of his servant, God gave to this water the power of healing the sick. Some time after, Serenicus wishing to cross the river, and having no boat, found himself greatly embarrassed; he had recourse to prayer, then he made the sign of the cross on the water, which divided in two and left a free passage. The young Flavart, who followed his master, surprised and as if beside himself at such a prodigy, let fall into the bed of the river the book that he was carrying. His stupefaction was such that he had no consciousness of the accident which had just befallen him; but when he had recovered from his first emotion, he recognised the loss he had made, and began to look at Serenicus with a pale and distorted face. The Saint asked him whence came this alteration in his features; Flavart, falling at his feet, confessed to him trembling the fault he had committed. His master raised him with kindness, and reassured him fully by telling him that one day this book would be restored to him. In effect, six years after, this book was drawn out of the river as sound as if the water had not touched it. This manuscript was still preserved in

the ninth century in the basilica built by Serenicus; and the author of his life affirms that he saw it bearing no stain. His prayer was so fervent that he was not content with reciting the office of each day prescribed by Saint Benedict and Saint Columban; but he added to it still the office according to the rite of the Roman Church. However so great a light could not long remain hidden from the eyes of everybody; the report of the holy life of Serenicus moved the populations of the neighbourhood; it spread afterwards still farther, and people came in crowds to visit the holy hermit and to commend themselves to his prayers.

Among those who frequented most assiduously the cell of Serenicus, there were found souls endowed with a stronger aspiration toward the things of heaven; they proposed to follow such fair examples, and begged the man of God to take them under his guidance. In a short time the number of the disciples who gathered to live under his direction grew prodigiously; and there were soon counted as many as a hundred and forty monks ranged under his discipline. He put a particular care into regulating and having piously executed those long psalmodies which are the first duty and the greatest joy of the monastic life, and which, in the sentiment of the Saints, arrest scourges and bring down upon the earth abundant graces. Serenicus had not wished to be raised to the priesthood; but he fulfilled each day his functions of deacon in the church of his monastery. Our holy abbot had begun to build a vast basilica which he proposed to dedicate under the patronage of Saint Martin; but he was forestalled by death, which took him from this world on 7 May. He was at a very advanced age, and had announced to his monks the time and the circumstances of his decease.

Let us return to Saint Serenus, whom we left at Saulges. It is ordinarily only after the laborious exercises of a long penance that the purified soul receives the supernatural gifts which complete its intimate union with God. So it happened to Serenus: after the rude labours of the active life, and the expiations of the purgative life, he began to enjoy the most extraordinary heavenly favours. His commerce with God became more intimate; frequent raptures and ecstasies raised him above the senses; inspirations proceeding from heaven brought him knowledge superior to the lights acquired by study and by the natural penetration of the mind. Often, when after prolonged fasts and austere penances he remained as if deprived of strength, the angels came to visit him; they appeared to him under sensible forms and conversed with him. The Saviour himself did not disdain to make the soul of his faithful servant taste the charms of his presence, and gave him to feel a foretaste of heavenly happiness. Serenus received also the gift of penetrating the secret of hearts and of discovering the state of the conscience of those who approached him. Often he revealed to the persons who consulted him faults which they had committed many years before, and which had even been effaced from their memory: thus the boldest spirit would not have dared to utter a lie in his presence. Virtues so eminent could not long remain hidden from the faithful of the neighbourhood, who were the first to visit Serenus in his solitude; but soon after there came some from more distant countries. Many of those who thus visited him offered him presents; he received them so as not to afflict by his refusals and not to deprive these persons of the merit of almsgiving; but he distributed the whole to the poor who also came to his cell and were always well received there. There often came to him sinners who had plunged into crime, whose heart was racked with remorse and whose soul was given over to despair: Serenus received them with a particular affability, loaded them with so many consolations, and offered them motives of hope so powerful, that they went back only after having purified their conscience, and after the joy of a mind at rest had taken the place of the agitations and the sadness, fatal consequences of sin. Several times also he saw persons divided by violent hatreds, and he had a particular grace for reconciling them; he never let them depart from him before they had sworn each other an inviolable friendship. Thus shone the pious solitary of the banks of the Erve, like a luminous morning star, star of peace and love to lead the Christian people in the path of salvation. He who had abandoned father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all hope here below, soon became the head of a numerous family, that is, of all the poor and all the afflicted. This holy paternity manifested itself in a striking manner in a mournful circumstance for the Maine and all France. Saint Bathilde, who governed for some years the kingdom of France, in the name of her minor children, and with the counsels of Saint Leger, bishop of Autun, made the Church and the populations taste days of happiness and prosperity. But a faction of

discontented lords steeped the queen regent in bitterness. Bathilde, exposed to the hatred of the great and disgusted with the inertia of the people, descended from the throne and shut herself up in the abbey of Chelles. There, under the humble habit of Saint Benedict, which she had always cherished, she lived less powerful, but happier; a cowardly envy took the sceptre from her; a tardy gratitude consecrated her glory. Ebroin, mayor of the palace, had placed himself at the head of the lords enemies of Bathilde and of Saint Leger. He used his power with the cruelty of a tyrant; and everything was given over to disquiet and trouble in the State. His audacity in despising all laws awoke the wrath of the lords; he was overthrown and shut up in the abbey of Luxeuil. But three years after, a new revolution procured Ebroin the means of regaining authority and of recommencing his violences. Childeric II (670– 673), forgetting the holy examples with which his childhood had been surrounded, abandoned himself to shameful passions, and drew on himself the hatred and contempt of everybody. The barons formed a conspiracy against him; they surprised him in a forest where he was hunting, and massacred him. Returned to Paris, they surrounded the palace, broke open the doors, and put to death the queen, who was with child, with the eldest of her children. When the news of the death of the king was known, say the chroniclers of the time, the men who had been banished by his order returned without fear; their vengeances produced such great discords in the kingdom that it was believed the Antichrist was about to appear. In the province of Maine, these factions bloodied the towns, the castles, the countryside; and the people, reduced to despair, knew no more any restraint. To the evils caused by the armed rivalries other sorrows came to be joined. The abandoned fields produced nothing at harvest time; the militias had destroyed even hope; besides, God, who wished to chastise his people for the crimes it had committed, had refused to the fields the rain which fertilises them: the dearth was extreme. Privations of every kind gave birth to one of those maladies frequent at that period, and which the annalists like the people designate under the name of plague. The contagion was so malignant that the illness was caught by speaking, by breathing; not only did man communicate the plague to his fellow, but it reached even the animals. All labours were suspended; each one walked isolated, and saw in every passer-by a pest-stricken man, consequently a mortal enemy. Often those who carried a corpse to the tomb did not regain their dwelling, and the grave-digger was more than once seen to fall dead and occupy the place which he was preparing for another. Overwhelmed by the present, threatened for the future, the strongest souls were seized by death or despair. The corpses of the departed were not always covered with earth, and the morbid emanations which exhaled from them would have sufficed by themselves alone to depopulate the towns and the countryside. The clergy and the people went to throw themselves at the feet of the bishop of Le Mans, Saint Beraire, and begged him to seek a remedy for their ills. The prelate ordered a fast of three days, with processions and solemn masses of expiation. On the third day, it was revealed to a monk, a man of eminent piety, that the country would be delivered from the misfortunes under which it groaned, by the merits and the prayers of Saint Serenus. This religious hastened to make known to the bishop what heaven had revealed to him. Beraire took with him the most venerable men of his clergy, and went in all haste to the desert of Saulges. The man of God received the holy bishop with a profound respect; they embraced with a tender affection, and the prelate asked the solitary to speak with him in secret. When everyone had withdrawn, Saint Beraire set forth to Serenus the motive which had led him to his hermitage; he showed him that he had acted only by the order of God, and conjured him to employ himself as soon as possible to put an end to the evils which overwhelmed the people. The humility of Serenus refused to believe that so important a work was reserved to him; and he protested that he was unworthy to undertake it. Beraire insisted, affirmed to him that God had made his will known on this subject, and that if he did not obey, he would make himself guilty and answerable for the loss of the people. Immediately Saint Serenus set himself to prayer: he fasted, watched, shed a torrent of tears; heaven at last let itself be moved: for “the assiduous prayer of the just man is all-powerful.” Sudden rains drove the pestilential influences from the air; they disposed at the same time the earth for the coming harvest, so that abundance succeeding the past dearth made forgotten the preceding privations and miseries. A prodigy so striking gave Serenus a high influence; he used it to bring the chiefs of the different factions to concord. The most inveterate animosities fell at the word of the man of God; and the

country was indebted to him for the peace of which it had been deprived so long. Touched by the marvels that Serenus had just wrought, Saint Beraire wished to oblige him to accept the dignity of archdeacon of Le Mans. This dignity was very considerable, and the first of the diocese after the episcopate. Serenus declined these functions, and showed the bishop that having the honour of being deacon-cardinal of the Roman Church, he ought not to degenerate by accepting a dignity in an inferior Church. The miraculous power of the solitary of the Erve manifested itself each day by new prodigies. The sequence that was sung on the day of his feast affirms that he healed a man of a mortal virus by the sign of the cross. By the same means, he healed several blind persons; and in our days still many invoke him with efficacy in the infirmities which affect the sight. For long years, Serenus had worked with an untiring courage to enrich himself each day with new merits before God. Under the ice of age, the same ardour was remarked in him for the austerities of penance and the labours of his ministry. But the hour of rest had arrived: he understood it as soon as he was attacked by illness. After having given his last instructions to his disciples, Serenus received with extraordinary fervour the body of the Saviour; and his soul, adorned with innocence and merits, flew to heaven. It was the 21st of July, about the year 680. At the very moment when his soul detached itself from his body, the crowd that had gathered around him heard in the air the songs of angels and the sweet harmonies of a heavenly melody. Several also felt the impression of a perfume superior to all that men can compose. At the funeral, the multitude was so considerable that it might have been said the whole province had hastened there; and all wept for him as the father of the fatherland, says his old historian. He was buried in a church, and his tomb became at once a very frequented place of pilgrimage and the theatre of innumerable miracles.

Cult of Saint Serenus and Saint Serenicus

Saint Milehart, bishop of Séez, finished the construction of the church which Saint Serenicus had begun, and consecrated it. The body of Saint Serenicus was transferred there and buried under the high altar. Less than two centuries after his happy decease, the number of the miracles wrought by our holy abbot was so great, and the devotion of the peoples to the wonder-worker so fervent, that the basilica had ceased to bear the name of Saint-Martin, and was known only by the name of Saint-Serenicus. The parish of the diocese of Séez on which the monastery founded by Saint Serenicus was situated has recognised him for more than eight centuries as its patron. Likewise the parish of Saint-Clérin, near Bonnétable, often named in the old titles Saint-Cénerin and Saint-Céneric, has honoured him from all time as its protector with God. An ancient tradition holds that the blessed anchorite lived for some time on its territory, and that the monks he planted there gave origin to the priory which flourished there for several centuries. At the time of the Norman invasions, about the year 910, the relics of Saint Serenicus were carried to Château-Thierry, in Champagne. They were long preserved there in the church of the Château-Fort; but that church having been destroyed, the relics of the Saint were carried into the church of Saint-Crépin, the principal parish of the town. People came to Château-Thierry above all to invoke Saint Serenicus against fever. It was the devotion of the town and of all the country, as that of Saint Genevieve was the devotion of Paris. “Unhappily,” M. Husson, archpriest-curé of Château-Thierry, wrote us on 13 November 1858, “at the time of the Revolution of 1793, the magnificent shrine which contained these relics was broken, the bones thrown here and there in the church, then a dreadful theatre of profanation and destruction. Pious faithful gathered up some fragments of these precious relics, such as a bone of the arm, a rib, etc. An authentic act was drawn up on this subject, and these relics are now preserved in our parish church, in a little shrine. The feast of the Saint is no longer celebrated; only, on the day of the feast, 8 May, the relics are exposed, without any ceremony, in the middle of the church, to answer the devotion of the faithful of the neighbouring country districts, who come to venerate them, and they are left exposed for eight days.”

It is held by tradition that the first burial of Saint Serenus took place in the chapel which still bears his name, in the borough of Saulges. He gathered there, it is said, the people and his disciples to give them his instructions. These memories recommend to the piety of the faithful this edifice, which nevertheless

preserves no architectural character capable of determining its age; the upper part of the building seems even to have been rebuilt at a period which cannot be very remote.

After the death of Saint Serenus, his venerable remains therefore rested, for some time, in the church where his disciples had buried them. But, toward the first years of the 13th century, the lordship of the parish of Saulges was given to the bishop of Angers. This prelate proposed to the bishop of Le Mans to make an exchange with an estate which the latter possessed in the diocese of Angers and which was named *Vicus episcopi*, Ville-l'Évêque, four leagues from the capital of Anjou. Before the conclusion of the treaty, the bishop of Angers had the relics of Saint Serenus carried to his episcopal city. In the 9th century, the monk who wrote the account of the actions of Saint Serenus affirmed that the remains of his tomb were still seen in the church where he had been buried. Thus, from the 8th century, the borough of Saulges was deprived of the relics of its holy protector; but the veneration for the illustrious solitary was not diminished by it: all the country was filled with the memory of his prodigies. It is probable that the disciples of Serenus at once formed a monastery to practise there the rules he had given them. From the 7th century, the blessed Merolus established his dwelling in the monastery called of Saint-Peter, at Saulges. This monastery succumbed, with a great number of other sanctuaries, during the tempests of the 9th century, through the ravages of the Normans, or through intestine wars. Nevertheless, the church of Saint-Peter, at Saulges, still subsisted in the time of the bishop of Le Mans Vulgrin (1055–1064). It was then that Guy of Saulges, with the assent of Hugh, lord of Sillé-le-Guillaume, his suzerain, re-established the monastery. Since the fatal wars of the 15th century, there is at Saulges neither priory nor religious to receive pilgrims: and yet they still visit in great numbers, each year, this sanctuary, in which the power of Saint Serenus does not cease to shine forth. The place of pilgrimage is at some distance from the borough of Saulges, at the bottom of a most graceful little valley, on the left bank of the Erve, which flows brimful, and is fairly wide in this place, being held back by the causeway of a mill a few paces below. A few years ago, the statue of the Saint, which is only a modest figure in wood, rested under a simple roof threatening ruin. In 1849, the parish of Saulges and M. the marquis Henri de la Rochelambert had this sanctuary repaired with taste and solidity. A little later, in 1858, M. the marquis de la Rochelambert, Mme the marchioness de la Rochelambert, M. Adrien de Monfrand and Mme de Monfrand gave the property of this sanctuary and of the surrounding ground to the fabric of Saulges. The statue of Saint Serenus rests in a niche made in the wall. Below it is read an inscription recalling the principal actions of the blessed. Under the feet of the wonder-worker there gushes a spring of living water which goes to lose itself in the Erve. It is the custom for pilgrims, after having made their prayers, to approach this spring and drink a few drops of water from it. Many, come to ask the healing of some illness, wash with the water of the spring the part of their body where the pain is seated, and in the last years (1850–1868) several cures due to this act of piety have been seen. Finally, a great number of pious visitors are accustomed to carry away a bottle of this water as a souvenir and a pledge of the protection of the tutelary saint of the country.

As soon as the city of Angers had been enriched with the precious relics of Saint Serenus, it venerated them quite particularly. A prebend of the cathedral bore the name of Saint Serenus; and an altar was erected in his honour at an early date. From the 9th century, the feast of this Saint was celebrated; and it is his first historian who affirms it in the most positive manner. This same feast is indicated in the missal of Angers, printed in 1498: it is there a double of five copes; there is a proper mass with sequence; which, in the usages of the time, was granted only to patrons and principal saints. In the litanies of the ritual, published by Henri Arnaud, reprinted under John de Vaugiraud, and in use until 1828, Saint Serenus is invoked with Saint Antony, Saint Benedict, Saint Bernard and Saint Dominic. Saint Serenus, or Cérené, is of the double rite, with a proper prayer and lessons, since the adoption of the Roman (1st Sunday of Advent, 1858), by virtue of the approbation of the S. C. of Rites, dated 11 June 1851. No memory is any more made of Saint Serenicus (or Cérenic, vulgarly Célérin, in the country of Maine), as was formerly done from time immemorial. — The altar of Saint Séneré no longer exists. — There is no longer a pilgrimage, in his honour, at the cathedral. The

confidence which the people of Anjou placed in Saint Serenus appears above all in the cult they rendered to his relics. His shrine was solemnly carried in the processions of Palms, of Saint Mark, of the Rogations, on the day of the Ascension and on 21 July, the feast of our Saint. These processions were most solemn; a great pomp was displayed in them, and they made the whole circuit of the city. The curés of Sainte-Croix, Saint-Evroult and Saint-Aignan, and one of the chaplains of the Chapter charged with the custody of the relics, enjoyed the privilege of carrying the shrine on their shoulders. If any solemn procession was extraordinarily appointed, it was still the shrine of Saint Serenus that was carried. When a contagious sickness afflicted the country, the shrine of Saint Serenus was brought down, and carried to one of the churches of the town. This shrine, mentioned in all the inventories, notably in that of 18 March 1421 (property of M. Joubert, honorary canon, custodian), disappeared during the Revolution, and its bones, mingled with those found in the violated tombs, were buried pell-mell in a place now unknown of the cathedral. In 1681, 1782 and 1786, the bishop of Angers, the dean and the canons opened the shrine to give relics to the parishes of Saulges, of Sablé and of Plessis-Grammoire, which had urgently solicited them.

The parish of Chemiré-sur-Sarthe honours Saint Serenus with a particular cult. When the body of the servant of God was transferred from Saulges to Angers, says tradition, the cortege which bore it made a halt in the village, at the place called today the chapel of Saint-Sérené or of the Frogs. Shortly after this event, this chapel was built in honour of the holy cardinal; persons attacked by gout went there frequently to be relieved of their ill, until the end of the 17th century. We read, says D. Piolin, in the *Memoirs* of Joseph Grandet: “There is at Château-Gontier a cemetery named the Martray, where is a little chapel of Saint Serenus, which is claimed to have been formerly the place where the Saint had retired into solitude, and where every year a sort of miracle takes place in a fountain whose waters begin to flow on the eve of the feast (of the holy patron), whatever drought there may be in the country, and continue to flow for fifteen days.” Since the evil days of the Revolution, the chapel of Saint-Sérené, on the knoll of the Martray, no longer exists; but several pans of wall are still seen, and beside it, one still distinguishes the place where the dwelling of the holy cardinal was. Many persons in the country have forgotten his name, but have not ceased to honour him under the generic title of the Holy Solitary; others call him Saint Cénerin. The chapel was formerly much venerated and the aim of numerous pilgrimages; but, even before 1792, however, mass was no longer said there and no one went there in procession. Two statues were seen there: one of the holy Virgin, and the other of Saint Serenus in the costume of a cardinal. The crowd of pilgrims was always more considerable there on 21 July of each year. The baneful doctrines preached by the 18th century could not slacken the piety of the inhabitants of Château-Gontier and of the neighbouring country for the holy solitary who had sanctified those places; in our days still, there passes no week in which pious Christians do not come to draw water at the fountain; and these fervent pilgrims often come from distant parts. It is above all in favour of persons attacked by diseases of the eyes or by weakness of sight that Saint Serenus manifests his power by means of this water. It is doubtless to be regretted that the municipal authority of Château-Gontier, shortly after 1830, believed it ought to divert the course of this fountain, which had been until then near the chapel; but one must be grateful to it for having preserved to the neighbouring boulevard the name of Saint-Sérené. The town of Sablé professes for Saint Serenus a traditional veneration, which assuredly goes back to a high antiquity. In 1782, it begged the Chapter of Angers, the episcopal see being vacant, to grant it relics of this Saint. The canons received its request favourably. On 12 July of the following year, Henri Hanuche, doctor in theology, curé of Notre-Dame of Sablé and rural dean, obtained from François-Gaspard de Jouffroy-Gonssans, bishop of Le Mans, permission to make a solemn reception for the relics of Saint Serenus; to celebrate the annual feast of this Saint with the greater solemn rite on the Sunday nearest to 21 July, and to carry out on that day a solemn procession through the streets of the town, carrying the holy relics; finally to honour Saint Serenus as secondary patron of the parish. In spite of the ravages of the Revolution, the church of Sablé still possesses two fragments of the bones of Saint Serenus, which were authentically recognised on 22 July 1839 by Mgr John Baptist Bouvier, bishop of Le Mans. Thanks to the pious zeal of M. Louis Couret, former curé of Sablé,

these holy relics rest in a beautiful shrine, acquired in 1856. On this occasion, the parish of Saulges, which no longer possessed any relic of the servant of God its protector, was fortunate enough to obtain a little fragment of one of his bones. From the year 1685, Robert Dodard, bachelor in theology and curé of the parish of Saint-Sérené (Céneré), near Montsûrs, obtained from the Chapter of Angers and from the bishop Henri Arnaud a rib of the holy anchorite. The request of Robert Dodard records that numerous pilgrims went each year to the church of Saint-Sérené to implore the blessed patron. The translation was made with the greatest pomp. Although profaned by the revolutionary impiety, the precious relic was gathered up by the curé Michel-François Leduc, a confessor of the faith during the persecution. Recognised by the diocesan authority, this relic is still exposed to the veneration of the faithful. A new church has just been built in honour of Saint Serenus, and our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, formerly archbishop of Spoleto, native land of our Saints, deigned himself to bless the first stone.

In consequence of one or other of these donations, the cathedral of Angers has come back into possession of some particles of the relics of Saint Serenus, and even of Saint Seneric, and by an ordinance of Mgr Augebaut, 27 September 1859, these relics, according to the ancient usage, are carried in the processions of Saint Mark and of the Rogations. M. the abbé Barbier, then keeper of the relics, in submitting to His Lordship the ordinance which he signed on this subject, doubtless forgot to make the same request for the day of the Ascension of Our Lord, so that the ancient usage is only half re-established. The feast of Saint Serenus was not celebrated in the whole diocese of Le Mans before the year 1748; Charles de Froullay, who then introduced a new liturgy, made it enter there as a simple commemoration. In the new proper of the diocese of Le Mans, it was not judged fit to preserve the feast of this illustrious solitary; but the church of Laval was happily inspired in consecrating to him a double feast. Finally, the church of Séez, which, from time immemorial, celebrates the feast of Saint Serenicus, on the il May, as may be seen by the missal and breviary of 1496 and following years, makes mention of the solitary of the Erve as of a powerful and glorious friend of God, in the lessons of the office consecrated to his illustrious brother Saint Serenicus.[1]

Life of Saint Serenus and the Pilgrimage of Saulges, by the Rev. Father Dom Paul Piolin, Benedictine of the Congregation of France, 2nd edition; Angers, in-32, 1868. — Acta Sanctorum *on 7 May; Dom Piolin,* History of the Diocese of Le Mans, *vol. i. — M. Husson, honorary canon and curé-archpriest of Château-Thierry, by his letter dated 13 November 185S, has kindly furnished us with information on the cult and relics of Saint Serenicus.*

Saint Benedict II, Pope

685. — Emperor of the East: Constantine Pogonatus.

Laus divina mihi semper fuit unica cura ; Post obitum sit laus divina mihi unica merces.

To sing the praises of God was on earth my only occupation: let it be after my death my only reward. Epitaph of the pious Ouvrard, master of music at the cathedral of Tours.

Benedict II was a Roman by birth, and was attached to the service of the Church from his early youth. He studied Holy Scripture with great application, and became very skilful in the science of ecclesiastical chant. He took a singular pleasure in singing the praises of the Lord, and regarded this function as an apprenticeship to what the blessed do in heaven. His tender piety and his other virtues caused him to be raised to the priesthood: he had a great part in the government of the Church under the popes Agatho and Leo II. After the death of the latter, which occurred in 683, he was elected to succeed him; but his enthronement took place only the following year, because it was necessary to await the return of the envoys who had gone to Constantinople to pray the emperor Constantine Pogonatus to confirm his election, according to the usage practised at that time. Benedict, seconded by this prince, put much zeal into having the decrees of the General Council of Constantinople against the Monothelites received everywhere. The bishops of Spain

assembled at Toledo to subscribe the decision of faith made at Constantinople, and they sent a copy of their decree with an exposition of their sentiments on the controverted point. Although they recognised two wills in Jesus Christ, Benedict found nevertheless that the expressions they used were not clear enough, and he begged them to explain themselves in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their orthodoxy, which they did in the fifteenth council of Toledo. He laboured also with all his power to bring back to better sentiments Macarius, patriarch of Antioch, who had been deposed for cause of heresy.

As the usage of asking the emperor, who resided at Constantinople, for the confirmation of the election of a new pope, entailed long delays which were prejudicial to the Church, the Saint begged Constantine to apply a remedy, and the prince gave a law addressed to the clergy, the people and the army of Rome, by which he permitted proceeding at once to the enthronement of him whom they should have elected pope. This emperor had much veneration for Benedict: he gave him a proof of it by sending him to Rome a lock of the hair of his two sons, Justinian and Heraclius. It was a sort of adoption in use at that time: he who received the hair of a young man was in a way regarded as his father. Benedict II laboured much for the conversion of heretics; he applied himself also to repairing and adorning the churches. He illustrated by a multitude of good works his too short pontificate, which was of ten months only. Humility, gentleness, patience, mortification and love of the poor, such were the principal virtues which shone in this holy Pope. He died on 7 May 685, and was buried in the church of Saint Peter. His death was a mourning for the poor. Saint Benedict II may be represented giving alms.

Cf. Liber Pontificalis; *Artaud de Montor,* History of the Popes, *and the* Histories of the Church.

Saint Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow, Martyr

1030–1079. — Popes: John XIX; Gregory VII. — Sovereigns of Poland: Miecislas II; Boleslaus II, the Fierce. — Kings of France: Robert II, the Pious; Philip I.

If I say to the sinner: Thou shalt die! and if thou open not thy mouth to warn him and make him return from his straying, the sinner shall perish on account of his sin, but I will require his blood at thy hand. If, on the contrary, thou hast warned the sinner to make him return from his straying, and he would not listen to thee, then he shall be alone the cause of his loss, and thy soul shall be saved.

Ezekiel, xxxiii, 8 and 9.

This holy bishop was born at Sézépanow, a little borough of Poland, distant only two leagues from the town of Bochnia, and seven from the city of Cracow, capital of the kingdom. His father, named Wielislaus, was one of the principal lords of the country, and had acquired much reputation in arms; and his mother, named Bogna, was also of a most illustrious house. But their virtue and their rare piety raised them still above their birth. They were the refuge of the poor, the protectors of widows, the parents of orphans, and exercised with joy, toward strangers, the virtue of hospitality. But as gentle and charitable as they were toward others, so severe were they toward themselves, practising fasts, vigils and other austerities, to purify their souls and adorn them with all the Christian virtues which their condition could require. Their zeal led them even to build, by common accord, on one of their estates, a fine church; they dedicated it to Saint Mary Magdalen, for whom they had a particular devotion. They gave it many revenues and a quantity of ornaments and vessels of gold and silver; they went there by day and by night to make their prayers.

One thing only was lacking to their happiness: after thirty years of marriage, they had no children and could no longer humanly conceive the hope of having any. But as they placed all their hope in God, and prayed him fervently to give them a son, not to perpetuate their name and their illustrious race, but to be consecrated to the service of the altars, their prayers were heard. This gift of heaven was born on 26 July 1030. He was baptised in the church of Saint Magdalen, and named Stanislaus. The lessons and virtues of parents so enlightened and so virtuous taught piety early to the young Stanislaus. At an age when ordinarily one has

taste only for amusements, he loved prayer and mortification. He kept in his meals the most exact sobriety. It often happened to him to sleep on the bare ground, to suffer voluntarily cold and several other inconveniences. He allowed himself recreation only so far as was needed not to impair his health. He distributed to the poor the money he received from his parents for lawful pleasures. When he had made his first studies with success, he was sent first to Gniezno, which was then the most celebrated university in Poland, and afterwards to Paris, where he applied himself, for seven years, to the science of canon law and of theology. Although he was a stranger in that city, he did not fail to make himself esteemed and loved there by everybody, for the beauty of his mind and a certain air of wisdom and honesty which shone in all his actions. They wished to make him a doctor; but he refused it through humility.

Returned to Poland, and become, by the death of his parents, possessor of a considerable fortune, Stanislaus disposed of all he had in favour of the poor, in order to serve God with more freedom. The bishop of Cracow, Lampert Zula, who knew the capacity and virtue of our Saint, ordained him priest and made him a canon of his cathedral. Stanislaus was the model of the Chapter: he afflicted his body by abstinence, read and meditated continually on Holy Scripture, watched much, and was assiduous at the divine offices. Charged with the care of announcing the word of God, he acquitted himself of it with an admirable success. His reputation became so great that several ecclesiastics and laymen came to him from all the provinces of Poland, to propose their doubts to him and consult him on what regarded their conscience.

Who would not have been delighted with his answers? They were dictated by faith, prudence, erudition, sincerity and the tenderest charity. After the death of Lampert, the desire of the venerable deceased, the united wishes of the king, of the clergy and of the people, called Stanislaus to succeed him: he refused energetically; but he had to obey the formal orders of Pope Alexander II. He was consecrated in 1072. Obliged to fulfil the functions of the Apostles, he endeavoured to practise all their virtues. He clothed himself with a hair-shirt which he always wore until death, in order to strengthen his spirit by mortifying his flesh. He never refused his counsel and his assistance to anyone, and his pleasure was to do good to all who addressed themselves to him, to gain them to Jesus Christ. His house became the refuge of the poor: he had an exact list given him of the widows and of all who were in need, in order to succour them. Every year, he visited his diocese, and applied a prompt remedy to disorders. He required above all that priests should lead an edifying life agreeable to God, to serve as models to others, and to offer, with pure hands, the sacrifice of our reconciliation. He took care to say nothing that was not grave, serious and worthy of a Pontiff of Jesus Christ.

He had no difficulty in forgetting injuries, and lived with everybody with the gentleness and goodness of a father. He had a predilection only for the weak and the forsaken: he protected, with an invincible firmness, the oppressed, and that was the origin of the persecutions which made him win the palm of martyrdom.

Poland had then for king Boleslaus II. This prince had shown valour in the war against the Russians; but he plunged into all the excesses of debauchery and tyranny, to the point that he was called Boleslaus the Cruel. Rape and violation were the daily crimes of a sovereign who ought to have made the laws and morality observed in his kingdom: he had not even that remnant of shame which seeks the darkness to hide crime there.

No one dared make him the least remonstrance on his disorders. Stanislaus, bolder than the others, did not fear to go and find him: he represented to him the enormity of his crimes and the fatal consequences of his scandals. The prince sought at first to excuse himself by vain reasons; vividly pressed by the just exhortations of the Saint, he appeared at last to repent and promised to amend.

But these resolutions, if they were sincere, were not lasting. Boleslaus continued his scandalous life. Thus, he had carried off by force in the province of Siradia, the wife of the lord Miecislaus, called Christina, and as remarkable for her virtue as for her beauty. This immoral and tyrannical act made all the Polish nobility

shudder with indignation. They begged the archbishop of Gniezno, primate of the kingdom, and the bishops who went to the court, to speak strongly to the king; but these prayers were useless. The prelates said nothing so as not to displease their sovereign. The nobility revenged itself on them by publishing everywhere that they were mercenary souls and that they had far less regard to the cause of God than to their fortune and their ambition. Stanislaus alone dared a second time to charge himself with the dangerous mission of confronting the king. After having prepared himself for it by fervent prayers, he went, escorted by some lords and some ecclesiastics, to find Boleslaus: in a modest and respectful voice, he exhorted him to cease his disorders, and said to him even, in ending, that if he did not amend, he exposed himself to the censures of the Church. This threat of excommunication threw the king into a great fury. He grossly insulted the courageous prelate, and said to him: “When one knows how to speak so unbecomingly to a king, one ought to be a swineherd and not a bishop.”

Stanislaus, without letting himself be intimidated, renewed his instances, and as the king had reproached him with failing in respect to the royal majesty, he said to him these words, worthy of being meditated: “Establish no comparison between the royal dignity and the episcopal dignity; for in that case I should tell you that the first is to the second what the moon is to the sun, or lead to gold.” The king, not knowing what to answer to words so wise and so true, withdrew abruptly without dismissing the bishop. The monarch resolved from then on to take vengeance. As the conduct of the bishop of Cracow was irreproachable, Boleslaus found in it not the least pretext for his persecutions. He had recourse to calumny. Stanislaus had bought, of a lord named Peter, the estate of Piotrawin, had paid the price of it in presence of witnesses, and had given it and united it to the church of Cracow. No formality had been wanting in this sale. Nevertheless, Stanislaus had not required a receipt from the seller, having full confidence in the good faith of the witnesses before whom he had paid it. Peter was dead. The king sent for his nephews, exhorted them to claim back this inheritance as a property usurped by the bishop, and assured them that he would so well intimidate the witnesses that they would never dare to open their mouths nor depose the truth. These heirs followed the instructions of Boleslaus, brought the suit, and cited the bishop before the king. Our Saint appeared before a numerous assembly of judges which the king presided over, as was practised for certain causes. His adversaries complained that he had usurped their property, and he maintained, on the contrary, that he had bought it and paid for it well. They denied it; then the Saint alleged witnesses: they were sent for; but they were so greatly frightened by the threats that had been made them, that they had not the courage to speak. Stanislaus was about to be condemned as usurper of another’s property. Then, having raised his heart to God, he received a sudden inspiration: he asked his judges three days’ delay, promising to make appear, in person, Peter his seller, dead three years. It was granted him in mockery. The Saint fasted, watched, prayed Our Lord to defend his cause, and, on the third day, after having devoutly celebrated holy mass, he went, clothed in his pontifical vestments, escorted by his clerks and many of the faithful, to the place where Peter was buried, had the tomb removed, the earth dug, and, when the corpse was uncovered, he touched it with his pastoral staff, commanding it to arise, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. The dead man obeyed at once the voice of the Saint, arose and followed him: Stanislaus led him to the tribunal where the king, his court and an immense crowd were in lively expectation; he said: “Here is Peter, who sold me his estate of Piotrawin: he is risen again to bear witness before you! ask him whether it is not true that I paid him the price of this land. He is a known man, his tomb is open, God has just raised him to bear witness to the truth: his word is worth more than that of the witnesses.” It is not possible to paint the stupefaction of the king, the judges, the witnesses, and the plaintiffs. The risen man spoke in his turn, to declare that the bishop had paid him for his land before the two witnesses, who were betraying the truth: then turning to his nephews, he made them lively reproaches for having pursued the holy bishop against all right and all justice, and exhorted them to do penance for so grave a sin. Stanislaus offered Peter, if he wished to live some years more, to obtain it for him of Our Lord; but Peter answered that he was in purgatory and that, nevertheless, he preferred to return there at once, and to suffer its pains, rather than expose himself to the danger of being lost in this

earthly life. He conjured the holy bishop only to pray Our Lord, that the pains of purgatory might be shortened in his favour, and that he might soon enter the abode of the Blessed. After that Peter returned to his tomb accompanied by the bishop and a great multitude of people; he lay down in his grave, begging all the assistance to commend him to God, and died a second time to live eternally. This miracle made a lively impression on Boleslaus. He repressed for some time his debaucheries and his cruelties. He even made a glorious expedition against the Russians and made himself master of Kiev, their capital; but there, in the intoxication of victory, he abandoned himself anew to his unruly passions. Not content with his ordinary excesses, he came to the point of committing publicly the abominations of Sodom and Gomorrha. The fierce conqueror, to make a diversion from his pleasures, sent by hundreds the unhappy vanquished to the scaffold, not only the men, but even pregnant women and nurses. On his return from this expedition, he treated his subjects in the most unworthy manner. Saint Stanislaus, like another John the Baptist, resolved at last to stop at any price the unbridled licence of this new Herod, devoting himself to martyrdom, if it was necessary, for the glory of God and the salvation of Poland. He asked of God by fasts, tears and prayers the conversion of his king: he paid him several visits in which he neglected nothing to open his eyes and draw him from the abyss; but Boleslaus plunged ever deeper into it. Like those frenzied sick who regard their physicians as enemies, he flew into a passion against the Saint, loaded him with insults and threatened him even with death, if he continued to censure his conduct. The bishop of Cracow, after these so numerous warnings given to the guilty man, seeing his impenitence and his scandals increase from day to day, consulted other bishops, and, on their advice, and at the prayer of all good people, he publicly excommunicated Boleslaus and forbade him the entrance of the Church. Boleslaus none the less continued to attend the public prayers: the bishop then ordered that the divine office should cease as soon as the excommunicated prince entered the church. Nevertheless, in order not to be disturbed by the presence of Boleslaus, the Saint went to celebrate the holy mysteries in a church of Saint Michael, outside the town. Boleslaus followed him there and ordered some of his guards to enter this church and to massacre the bishop there: they entered; but, when they wished to lay hands on the Saint who was celebrating mass, a heavenly light terrified them and threw them to the ground.

The king, mocking at their cowardice, sent others: this prodigy was renewed three times; at last Boleslaus came himself, with naked sword in hand, and struck on the head of the holy bishop a blow so violent that he made the brains spurt against the wall; then, savouring at leisure his atrocious vengeance, he mutilated the face of the holy Martyr, cutting off with his own hands his nose and lips. Then, by his order, this sacred body was dragged out of the church and cut into shreds, which were scattered in the fields, to serve as prey for the birds and wild beasts; but Our Lord sent four great eagles which defended, two whole days, the holy relics; and by night, each shred of the Martyr’s body shone with a heavenly light. Some priests and some pious persons, emboldened by these prodigies, dared, in spite of the king’s prohibition, to gather up these scattered members which, by a surprising miracle, united themselves perfectly. One would have said they had never been separated. There was not even any scar to be seen on them. Perfumes came from them which embalmed the air in a delicious manner. The body of the holy Martyr was first buried at the door of the church of Saint Michael; ten years later it was transferred to Cracow, and buried in the middle of the church of the fortress, with great magnificence. Pope Saint Gregory VII could not leave a like crime unpunished. He laid the kingdom of Poland under interdict, anathematised Boleslaus and declared him fallen from the royalty. This prince, pursued without by the universal reprobation of his subjects, within by the thought of his crimes and above all of the odious assassination he had committed, fled to Hungary. King Ladislaus received him with kindness. Repentance had at last entered his soul: ever pursued by the remorse of his conscience, he undertook the pilgrimage to Rome, to implore the absolution of the Pope. He set out then, accompanied by a single servant, and dressed as a pilgrim. Arrived in Carinthia, before the gate of the convent of the Benedictines of Ossiach, he stopped there to ask alms. Then, inspired from on high, he resolved to pass the rest of his days in this holy asylum, leading a penitent life there. He was admitted there, in effect, as a lay brother, and, in this quality, he rendered the monks the humblest services, as a valet or a domestic would

have done. Being little accustomed to this kind of work, he went about it rather awkwardly, and, as nobody in the convent knew his high origin, it happened to him sometimes to be roughly handled by the monks or by the other servants of the house. Boleslaus suffered everything in a spirit of penance, with an unalterable patience; he pushed resignation and humility even to observing a perpetual silence, as if he had been dumb. The old chronicler says naively on this subject: “Thus it was that he was before God greater in the kitchen than he had been on the throne.” He lived thus seven years, when at last it pleased God to put an end to his pains and his penance. Then only, on his death-bed, he made use of speech again, and begged the abbot to come and visit him. He revealed to him the history of his past life, his name, his origin, his crimes, and particularly the murder he had committed on the person of Saint Stanislaus. He made him this confession with the marks of the sincerest contrition; then, after having received the Sacraments, he handed to the abbot the royal ring, which he had kept hidden until then, and died.

It had been remarked that, often, during the night, Boleslaus passed whole hours in fervent prayers before an image of the holy Virgin, from which it may be concluded that it is the Mother of God who obtained for him the grace of conversion and of a holy death. His body rests, still today, in the church of the monastery of Ossiach.[1]

The martyrdom of Saint Stanislaus took place on 8 May 1079; he was canonised in 1253, by Innocent IV. Pope Clement VIII had his feast inserted in the Roman Missal and Breviary, to be celebrated by the whole Church, according to the double rite, on 7 May, because the 8th is occupied by the feast of the apparition of Saint Michael. Many miracles have been wrought at the tomb of the Saint. He raised six dead, restored sight to the blind and healed all sorts of illnesses.

The body of Saint Stanislaus was transferred to the cathedral of Cracow in 1088. The assassination of Saint Stanislaus, clothed in his chasuble, at the foot of the altar by Boleslaus himself; the eagles which guard his body in the fields, the resurrection of the dead man whom he brings to bear witness in his favour, serve to characterise Saint Stanislaus in the representations that have been made of him. He is one of the patrons of Poland and is above all honoured at Cracow, at Schweidnitz, etc.

See Callot, S. Leclerc, Engravings, Paris, etc. See the Bollandists, Longinus, Dugloss, the Selected Lives *of Andilly, etc.*

Saint Mastidia or Mathie, Virgin

“Mastidia, of Troyes, was a virgin of extraordinary virtue. Her Acts have perished; from this it is concluded that she flourished in the first centuries of the Christian faith. But the few monuments which remain to us of her life suffice to give at least a glimpse of the brilliance of her holiness. In the year 843 of our salvation, she reposed under the altar, as was practised for the ancient Martyrs. The inhabitants of the city of Troyes, and in particular Saint Maura, virgin, honoured her most devoutly and most piously. Now, the city of Troyes having been sacked and burned with all its churches, in 892, by the Normans, the relics of our Saint disappeared for a long time under the heaped-up ruins. About a century after, in 992, Milo, bishop of Troyes, found the body of Saint Mastidia, in having the soil of the cathedral dug; it was entire and wrapped in a purple shroud. Laid in the church with honour, it shone by numerous miracles, above all in the year 1007, when it was carried, for a station, to the suburban church of Saint-Remy, for Eastertide, and restored health to a very great number of sick, according to what is read in the history of its invention. Afterwards, as a great multitude of people flocked to Troyes to honour the holy relics, the 8th of May was appointed for the celebration of the feast. Here are some of the miracles wrought by the Saint, in the year 1007: She healed a woman of the town of Tonnerre, whose left hand was withered; she healed a child of three years, of the town of Sens, sick and feeble in the legs. She restored light to a blind man. She straightened a woman who was a cripple; she made sound and hearty a paralytic, sick already thirty years; she restored hearing to a woman of Sens, and sight to another woman. She made walk upright a child who dragged himself in the manner of beasts; she healed two

little girls aged five years; a man of Toul, of a contraction of the face; a young man whose left side of the body was paralysed. These miracles made Saint Mastidia very celebrated and very dear to all the neighbouring populations. The author who composed the account of her invention calls her royal virgin, incomparable, vowed to God."

There are relics of Saint Mathie at the cathedral of Troyes, which were recognised on 25 April 1821. Saint-Remy of Troyes, Le Chêne, Maizières-la-Grande-Paroisse, Jully-sur-Sarce, La Maison-des-Champs possess fragments of them which are everywhere the object of a great veneration. The ancient constitutions of the diocese of Troyes, renewed in 1371, forbade field work on the day of the feast of Saint Mathie.

Ancient Proper of Troyes, local notes.

Saint Misselin or Mesclin, Priest of Tarbes

Misselin was a priest of Tarbes. Saint Gregory of Tours makes in a few words a great eulogy of him, comparing his virtues and merits to those of Saint Justin. It is read in an old manuscript that this holy priest put himself at the head of the Bigorrans to drive from Tarbes the Arian Goths, who had seized it and exercised unheard-of cruelties there. For several centuries, the deliverance of Tarbes was celebrated on 25 May, the day on which the feast of Misselin was also kept. For a long time the feast of Saint Misselin has been celebrated on 7 May. He is patron of a parish in the environs of Tarbes, where a tradition holds that he was born.

Furnished by M. Forcade.

Saint Domitian, Bishop of Maastricht (about 560)

Saint Domitian was born in France toward the end of the 5th century. He was first raised to the episcopal see of Tongres; that of Maastricht having become vacant, the people and the clergy of that city, who knew his merit and the reputation he enjoyed, elected him bishop of their city. Domitian accepted this new dignity in spite of himself, but he fulfilled with an untiring zeal the duties it imposed on him. By his learning and his holiness he was, literally, the light of the world and the salt of the earth: this was what there was occasion to remark at the fifth council of Orléans, held in 541. In an extraordinary dearth which desolated his flock, as the rich ceased their alms, for fear of lacking the necessary themselves, Domitian reproached them sharply for their hardness and their little faith, conjuring them not to let their brethren die of hunger; and that they might have nothing to apprehend for themselves, he assured them that the coming harvest, in spite of contrary appearances, would suffice for all needs; which came to pass. He delivered by his prayers the inhabitants of Huy from an extraordinary animal which had caused great ravages, and passed some time in that city, where he converted several of those who were still idolaters. Domitian knew by revelation the time of his death, and, toward the end of his life, he visited out of devotion the tombs of several saints, among others that of Saint Servatius, bishop of Tongres. He died on 7 May 560, and his body was buried at Huy, of which he is patron. A great number of miracles were wrought at his tomb, and his body having been raised from the earth under Charlemagne, was found entire and well preserved.

A procession is still made every year to the fountain near which Saint Domitian is supposed to have killed the monster, the dragon, as our fathers said. This fountain is probably that where the Saint baptised, and from then on there is nothing astonishing in the demon, whose function is to turn men aside from baptism first, and from all good afterwards, having been figured under the features of a dragon. — Saint Domitian is therefore represented with this allegorical or real dragon at his feet and is invoked against fevers.

Saint John of Beverley (721)

Saint John of Beverley, bishop of York, born in the middle of the 7th century, in the village of Harphan, in the country of the Deirians, went to study the human and divine sciences in the celebrated school founded by Saint Theodore of Canterbury. He studied also at Oxford and is said to have been the first who, in recompense of his learning, received the marks of distinction, called afterwards mastership and doctorate, and had for master the abbot Saint Adrian. Afterwards he took the monastic habit in the monastery of Withby, then governed by Saint Hilda. He was drawn from his solitude about the year 685, to be placed on the episcopal see of Hexam; but he continued the life he led in the cloister, and consecrated to contemplation all the moments which were not absorbed by his episcopal functions. To attend more freely to this holy exercise, he often retired to a cell which was near the church of Saint Michael, beyond the Tyne, and he ordinarily passed Lent there. At the beginning of a Lent, he took with him into his retreat a young man dumb from birth and whose head was covered with a hideous ringworm. Some days after, he restored to him the use of speech by forming the sign of the cross on his tongue, then he taught him to read. A physician having undertaken to treat the ill the young man had in his head, John gave his blessing to the remedies, which wrought an entire cure. When Saint Wilfrid, whose diocese had been dismembered to erect several new sees, among which was that of Hexam, was re-established, in 705, in the integrity of the possessions of which he had been stripped, John left his see, which was suppressed; but a short time after, he was obliged to accept the bishopric of York, which the same Wilfrid ceded to him. Saint Bede, who received from him the diaconate and the priesthood, when he was still bishop of Hexam, relates of him several miracles, among others the healing of the wife of a lord of the neighbourhood, to whom he restored health with water he had blessed. The holy Bishop founded at seven miles from York the monastery of Beverley, to which he often went to renew himself in the interior spirit; he settled there definitively in 712, after having governed for seven years the church of York, which he resigned to Saint Wilfrid the Younger, and passed the rest of his life in the exercises of the monastic life. He died on 7 May 721. His monastery having been destroyed by the Danes, king Athelstan, who had won over the Scots a complete victory, for which he believed himself indebted to the intercession of Saint John, built on the site of the ancient monastery a collegiate church which was dedicated under his invocation. Four centuries later, Henry V having won over the French the famous battle of Agincourt, after having invoked the protection of Saint John of Beverley, wished, in gratitude, that his feast should be kept as a holiday throughout England. In 1037, Alfric, archbishop of Canterbury, solemnly transferred the relics of Saint John into the church, and in 1664, there was found, in digging a grave in that church, a leaden box which contained several fragments of bones with a little dust, as well as inscriptions which indicated that they were the precious relics of the Saint, which had been hidden at the beginning of the reign of Edward VI.

The schismatic bishops hastened to have these precious remains buried. For at the report of their discovery, Protestants and Catholics had run together. But the queen having shown the desire to have relics of a Saint who had so often been the shield of the English nation, they were carried off quietly during the night: the Jesuits of England brought a part of them to Antwerp. *Cf.* Acta Sanctorum, *vols. ii and vii of May.*

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[1] The Bollandists think that Saint Juvenal, named today by the Roman Martyrology, is the one who is honoured at Benevento with the quality of bishop and martyr. Baronius believes that he is the one honoured at Narni; but it suffices to remark that the latter has only the title of confessor.

[2] See, on 22 August, a note on Saint Symphorian.

[3] See on 6 May.

[4] See in the Life of Saint Fare, on 7 December.

[5] See on 1 May.

[6] Alix of the French, say the Bollandists, is perhaps the same as Adelaide or Ezeilide of the English.

[7] Or Sénéric, Selering, Selerin, Senéré. Sénéry, or again Sérenic and Séiéué. And again Céncric, Cenéré, suifaat les pays.

[8] Matt. x, 37.

[9] We add here some information which has kindly been sent us from Angers on the relics of the cathedral of that city:

Saint Maurilius. The new shrine of 1471 (vol. i of our manuscripts), weighing 245 marks 1 ounce 1½ gros of silver, and 14 marks 7 ounces 2 gros in gold, adorned with precious stones, disappeared with the relics in the revolutionary storm.

The church of Notre-Dame de Chalonnes gave to the cathedral a particle of the bones of our Saint Maurilius, 12 September 1860.

Saint Mainbœuf. Three bones coming from the former collegiate church of Saint-Mainbœuf, now destroyed. There is a notable fragment of one of his ribs.

Saint René. A bone of the foot, given to the cathedral by the church of Notre-Dame de Chalonnes (Anjou).

Saint Maurice. Four bones with a bone of one of his companions, martyrs. Consult the register of episcopal acts, pages 210–211, at the bishopric, for a fine particle of the bones of Saint Martin, given by Mgr Morlot.

Saint Lupus, bishop of Angers. Seven bones, namely: lower part of the right femur, fragment of the shaft of a femur, second true right rib, twelve dorsal vertebrae, anterior extremity of a true rib, lower extremity of the tibia, fragment of a parietal. These relics come from the former church of Saint-Martin (not restored to worship!!!), as is attested by the authentics of the vicar general, of M. Henri Arnaud, 1692, and of M. Mortault, 14 July 1803.

Saint Eutropius. The posterior extremity of the third metatarsal, given on 9 November 1860, by Mgr de La Rochelle. This fine particle was asked for and obtained in exchange for a particle of Saint Mainbœuf, bishop of Angers, and in memory of the ancient confraternity of the Chapters of Angers and of La Rochelle.

A very small particle of Saint Andrew, apostle, of whom, in 1495, the cathedral possessed an arm. (Inventory of 2 February, vol. i.) This small particle was given to the cathedral a short time ago with many others: apostles, martyrs, etc. Some are very beautiful.

[10] Such is the account given of the end of Boleslaus by M. A. Stolz, author of a *Lives of the Saints* printed at Freiburg in Breisgau, in 1867. In his first edition, in 1854, this hagiographer had followed the opinion commonly adopted until now, according to which Boleslaus wandered without rest, without asylum, followed only by a few dogs; fell into madness, and one day, exhausted with weariness, sat down at the corner of a boundary-stone, where he was devoured by his own dogs. M. A. Stolz has modified his opinion since he received communication of a very old work printed in Carinthia, according to which Boleslaus II made an end more conformable to the mercies of God. On another side, the tradition of the monastery of Ossiach, which still exists, the tomb of Boleslaus which is shown there, are assuredly testimonies which may contribute to modifying history on this point.

8 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Monte Gargano, the Apparition of Saint Michael, archangel. — At Milan, the blessed decease of Saint Victor, martyr, a Moor by nation, and a Christian from his childhood, who, being a soldier in the praetorian guard, and persevering courageously in the confession of the Lord, notwithstanding the very lively instances that Maximian himself made him to sacrifice to idols, was first beaten with clubs without feeling any pain from it, by the special protection of God; was then sprinkled with molten lead without experiencing any pain, and at last consummated his glorious martyrdom by having his head cut off.[1] 303. — At Constantinople, Saint Acathes, centurion, who, having been denounced as a Christian by the tribune Firmus, in the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian, and cruelly tortured at Perinthus by the judge Bibian, was at last condemned to have his head cut off at Byzantium, by the proconsul Flaccin. His body is honourably preserved at Squillace, where he landed miraculously.[2] 303. — At Vienne, Saint Denis, bishop and confessor. — At Auxerre, Saint Hellade, bishop. 387. — In the diocese of Besançon, Saint Peter, bishop and confessor. 1174. — In Scotland, Saint Wiron or Guiron, bishop. About 700.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Limoges, Saint Aurelian, second bishop of that see and successor of Saint Martial, who had raised him from the dead and converted him. He is honoured at Limoges on the 10th of this month. — At Bourges, Saint Desiderius, brother of Saint Deodatus, monk and martyr, who, after having most worthily exercised the office of keeper of the seals of France, being called to the episcopate, shone there by all sorts of virtues and by an infinity of miracles. He subscribed to the fifth council of Orléans. 550. — At Chalon-sur-Saône, Saint John, bishop of that city, who is known to us by a eulogistic letter of Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, his consecrator.[3] About 473. — At Roermond, in Guelders and other provinces, whether of the Rhine or of the Meuse, memory of Saint Plelchera, priest, and of Saint Otger, deacon, companions of Saint Wiron, named in

the Roman. — At Metz, Saint Godon, bishop, at whose instigation Saint Sigebert, king of the Austrasian Franks, founded a celebrated monastery in the country of Luxembourg. 650. — At Reims, Saint Gibrien, priest, who, coming from Ireland to France, withdrew near Châlons, in Champagne, and led a heavenly life there, on the banks of the Marne. His body was carried to Reims. 6th century. Memory of Saint Hélain, Saint Trésain, Saint Veran, Saint Abran, Saint Petran, Saint Francha, Saint Promptia or Piomce and Saint Possenna, brothers and sisters of Saint Gibrien. — At Sens, Saint Martin, called the Traveller, confessor. — In Lorraine, the blessed Scheir, confessor, founder of the abbey of Chaumozey. 1120–1127. — At Nivelles, in Brabant, the blessed Itta, wife of Duke Pepin, mayor of the palace of the kings of Austrasia, a religious under Saint Gertrude, her daughter. 652. — At Douai, the blessed Raymare, provost of the collegiate church of Saint-Amé, in which he was buried. Reign of Philip I. 1060–1108. Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers At Constantinople, with Saint Acathes or Acacius, mentioned above, the holy Maximus, priest, Anthes, deacon, Arestin, Marin, Tampus, Stercita, Rogata, Victuria, Florida, another Florida, Lucius, Donata, Victor, Fluvia, John, Nina, Castus, Gaïus, Furius, Maximus, another Victor, Julia, Felix, Marcian, Famosa, Honesta, Nègre, Baptisius, Rusticus, Processus, Secunda, Militus, Felicia, Maxima, Dativa, Tunianus, Eutidius, Secundola, Datica, Gundinus, Tertula, Celestin, Faustin, Cénerius, Barach, Siddin, another Nina, Tidus, Mittunus, Sirique, Rogatus, Baccorus, Gadderus, Béreuse, Donata, Spicus, another Rogatus, Saturnina, Gaudiosa, Vitalis, Cecilia, Januaria, Galla, Sénéré, another Rogatus, Matrona, Augustina, another Saturninus, Rufus, Victor, Faustin, Cithinus, Zadère, Antiquus, another Nina, Saturus, Vicoma, all martyrs. Year 303. — In Africa, the holy Eutychius, Fortunatus, Saturninus and Marcia, martyrs. — In Egypt, the holy Victor, Stephen and Januarius, martyrs, mentioned, like the preceding, in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. And elsewhere, a whole cohort of soldiers, who let themselves be butchered like lambs. — In Lycaonia, Saint Taraise, wonder-worker. — Among the Greeks, Saint Mêle, author of sacred hymns. — At Verona, in Italy, Saint Métrone, priest, who is honoured in the church of Saint-Vitalis, where are still shown the chain and the stone holding this chain, which was the instrument of his penance. — At Saludez, near Rimini, in Italy, the blessed Aimé or Amatus, confessor. Year 1200. — At Santarem, in Portugal, the blessed Bernard, of the Order of Friars Preachers, and two holy children. About 1265. — At Massaccio, in Italy, the blessed Angelus, martyr, of the Order of Camaldolese, buried in a church which bears his name. Year 1458. — At Vigevano, in Piedmont, the venerable servant of God, Peter-George Odescalc, of whom here is the epitaph: “To Peter-George Odescalc, patrician of Como, son of Thomas, senator of the kingdom; light of the Church, of his fatherland and of his family; referendary of the two signatures, protonotary *ad instar participantium*; corrector of apostolic letters; governor of Fermo, legate in Switzerland; bishop of Alexandria and afterwards of Vigevano. Numerous altars erected by his hands, his writings, religious establishments are so many glorious monuments of his piety toward God, the holy Virgin and the Saints. Pastor and father ever vigilant and ever full of tenderness, he left the earth too soon, amid the tears of good people, to go, he whom none will ever weep enough, to live eternally in the heavens. The 9th of the nones of May 1620. His father Raymond.” And above the tomb: “The Virgin Mary, whom, living, Peter-George, bishop, always honoured with a particular cult, receives still the homages of his bones deposited here.” — For memory, Saint Aurelius, Armenian bishop, whose relics were brought to Hirschau, in Bavaria.[4] — Again in Bavaria, the venerable Frederick, first a religious of Einsiedeln and afterwards abbot of Hirschau, who was atrociously calumniated by three of his monks and cruelly persecuted by Count Adalbert, near kinsman of Saint Pope Leo IX. Adalbert, impressed by the chastisement which, from this life, struck the guilty monks, took refuge, in his turn, in the solitude of the cloister, where he died repentant.[5] 1070.

The Apparition of Saint Michael, Archangel

God, having given the archangel Saint Michael to his Church, to be its protector, as he was formerly that of the Synagogue, has been pleased to cause some marvel to appear, at various times and in various places, by his intercession and by his ministry, in order that the faithful might not doubt his goodwill toward them; that

they might render him their respects and have recourse to him in their needs. We find in the Ecclesiastical Histories various apparitions of this Archangel, and we remark there several churches consecrated in his honour, as much in the East as in the West.

Simeon Metaphrastes relates one of these apparitions made as early as the first or second century of the Church, near the city of Chone, in Phrygia, to a man of Laodicea; it was the cause of his conversion and of that of his daughter, as well as of the healing of this same daughter, who was dumb. It was also followed by the construction of a temple in honour of this glorious protector, such as the persecution and the misfortune of the times could permit. Florus of Trapani, the most ancient of the Christian poets, assures that before his time Saint Michael had appeared at Rome, and that a solemn feast was kept there in his honour; which can only be very ancient. His verses are reported by Cardinal Baronius, in his Commentaries on the Roman Martyrology. Sozomen and Nicephorus, in their histories, make mention of another apparition of Saint Michael to Constantine the Great, in the first years of his empire; it moved him to build, in Constantinople, a magnificent church which was called Sosthenes. Procopius testifies that the emperor Justinian, who reigned in the 6th century, had six churches dedicated in memory of the same prince of heaven, and that he adorned them with rich presents. The plague desolating the city of Rome, in the year 590, Saint Gregory the Great saw, above a fortress, the mole of Hadrian, an angel who was putting his sword back in its sheath, to mark that the wrath of God was appeased by the prayers of the people, and that this ill was about to cease; and in memory of this miracle, twenty years after or thereabouts, Pope Benedict III or IV had a church of Saint Michael built on the same spot, which caused this fort to change its name, and caused it to be called the castle of Saint Angelo. This church was soon accompanied by another of the same name in the market called of the Fishery. Finally, we learn by an ancient inscription which is seen at Rome, engraved on marble, that Pope Leo IV, after having won a signal victory over the Saracens, and having driven them from the port of Rome, had a new temple built at the Vatican, under the name of this chief of the armies of God: this was about the year 849.

France too has not lacked testimonies of the protection and assistance of Saint Michael. Our historians remark that, about the year 709, he honoured Saint Aubert, tenth bishop of Avranches, with a very remarkable apparition, and declared to him that it was the will of God that he should have a church built for him in the sea, on the top of a rock called La Tombe. The Saint, who wished to be sure of the truth of this vision, did not obey at once; but the Archangel appeared to him two other times, and, at the third, pressed his forehead with his finger, and left on it a strong imprint, which is still seen on his skull.[1] So he was obliged to yield; and, having had the church built at the place that had been marked out to him, he put canons regular in it. It was afterwards given to the religious of the Order of Saint Benedict. This is what we call Mont Saint-Michel, whose pilgrimage was so celebrated, and which God has made illustrious by an infinity of miracles and supernatural helps. But the most signal and remarkable apparition of Saint Michael is that which the Church celebrates today, and which took place at Mount Gargano, which is now called Mount Saint Angelo, near the city of Siponto, called today Manfredonia, in the province of Apulia and in the kingdom of Naples.

Here is the history of it in brief. In the time of Pope Gelasius I, in the year 492, a rich man, named Gargan, having great herds in the country, one of his bulls strayed from the others, and fled into the mountains. It was sought for some days in vain; but, having at last been found in a cave, an arrow was shot at it, which, rebounding against him who had shot it, wounded him. His companions, astonished at this accident, and judging that there was something mysterious beneath it, had recourse to the bishop of Siponto to learn from him what it might be. This prelate ordered a fast of three days, and exhorted the faithful to set themselves to prayer to obtain from heaven the grace of discovering what this miracle signified. At the end of three days, Saint Michael appeared to him, and declared to him that this cave, where the bull had retired, was under his protection, and that God willed it to be consecrated under his name in honour of all the angels. The bishop,

accompanied by all his clergy and his people, went to examine it, and found it already all disposed in the form of a church: they began to celebrate the divine offices there, and a more magnificent temple was also built there, where the divine power has wrought several great miracles, which show well the truth of the revelation. Saint Romuald, founder of the Order of Camaldolese, ordered the emperor Otto to go there barefoot from Rome, in penance for having caused the senator Crescentius to be put to death, or at least for having consented to his death. It is a mark of the veneration that has always been had for this holy temple, and a proof that it was a place of devotion, where pilgrims went to implore his mercy.

As we are to treat more fully, on the day of the dedication of Saint Michael, of what touches this admirable Archangel, and to speak at the same time of the perfections, properties and ministries of the other angels, we shall not dwell on it further in this place; we shall remark only that the doctor Michael Navé, canon and archdeacon of Tournai, has composed a chronicle of all the apparitions of Saint Michael, and of all the extraordinary favours that have been publicly received from him as much in the Old as in the New Testament. Those who wish to have more instruction on this subject will be able easily to consult it.

Saint Peter II, Archbishop of Tarentaise[2]

1103–1174. — Popes: Paschal II; Alexander III. — Sovereigns of Savoy: Humbert II; Humbert III. — Kings of France: Philip I; Louis VII the Young.

As in the bosom of the vale grows the humble violet, O Peter, thou didst grow, feeble child of the hamlet.

For sole inheritance, the shepherd's crook fell to thee, But Christ named thee shepherd of his flock.

Ode to Saint Peter, in Chevray.

Peter of Tarentaise was one of the most brilliant lights of the Order of Cîteaux; he was called, in his time, the great ornament of the Church;[1] the miracle of the world;[2] the sole consolation of the faith in the evils with which it was overwhelmed;[3] finally a genius brilliant and admirable in all things.[4] He was born about the year 1102, near Vienne in Dauphiné.[5] His parents, of a middling condition, but of eminent virtue, have left in the Church a blessed memory, on account of their own holiness and that of their children. His father, of the same name as himself, is called in the annals of Cîteaux the Blessed Peter; his mother, become a widow, embraced the religious life and was abbess of Betton; of his two brothers, the one, Lambert, abbot of Chézery, bears the title of Saint; the other, Andrew, was a religious in the abbey of Bonnevaux: his sister was a nun in the monastery of Betton[6] of which her mother was abbess.

The paternal house was therefore, for the young Peter, like a sanctuary where one breathed only prayer and the odour of Jesus Christ. It was also a hospice for strangers and for the poor, who were received in good beds, while the masters of the house contented themselves with a little straw. One was happy above all when one could lodge some good religious who paid for his hospitality largely by holy instructions and the example of an edifying life. Peter profited much in knowledge and piety in this precious school.

However, to watch over the keeping of his father's flocks, as the sons of Jacob did of old; to cultivate the land or continue a little trade, this was all that was reserved to him; he was not to have a greater part in the affairs of here below. Far from the tumult of the passions, he would have passed his days peacefully doing good in the retired place that had seen him born. But God has other designs on him, his voice will soon make itself heard. Beside his brother Lambert who studies, Peter studies also, without anyone suspecting it. He is his own master. He grasps easily and learns difficult things which nobody has explained to him. Gifted besides with a prodigious memory, he retains what he reads and what he sees. A little later, he gives the quite unexpected proof of his great memory, when one day he begins to recite the whole Psalter, which he had often read out of devotion. The father, astonished at what is passing in this child, in spite of his settled projects and what are called family conveniences, does not wish to repress any longer the ardour of the

young Peter. He permits him to study Latin; as soon as he could understand the fine commentary of Saint Augustine on the Psalms, he transcribed it with his own hand to engrave it better in his mind. When he had reached the age of twenty years, he obtained from his father permission to enter the abbey of Bonnevaux, which had just been founded in Dauphiné, under the austere rule of Saint Bernard. During the ten years he passed there, he edified the whole community and drew to it, by the reputation of his holiness, his father, his two brothers and seventeen lords. As he had perfectly fulfilled the principal offices of the cloister which had been entrusted to him, and as he knew well how to obey, he was judged worthy to command. He was charged with the foundation of the monastery of Tamié,[7] in the diocese of Tarentaise, among the mountains which separated the province of Genevois from Savoy proper: this place was, in the 11th century, the principal passage from Switzerland into Italy: it was a desert regarded as uninhabitable, where one could consequently render great services to travellers. Peter came to settle there in 1132,[8] with some religious, or rather he established charity in person there. The monks of Tamié had for food only a little bread and water, with badly dressed herbs, into which a few grains of salt were thrown; but what care for the poor, the pilgrims, the travellers! Peter served them himself at table, gave them clothing, and accompanied all that with some pious reflections for the salvation of souls. So the reputation of the Saint flew on all sides; people came to consult him on difficult affairs: the count of Savoy, Amadeus III, went sometimes himself to Tamié, to receive his advice. The gift of miracles made him above all greatly celebrated: he healed publicly a paralytic; when his community lacked bread, he had only to pray to God to obtain it.

The archbishopric of Tarentaise having fallen vacant (1138) by the deposition of Isdraël, who had governed it as ill as he had unjustly usurped it, the abbot of Tamié was unanimously elected by all the clergy of that church. A charge so heavy, above all in a century as corrupt as that one, was quite contrary to the inclinations and the humility of Peter: he could be made to accept it only in the General Chapter of Cîteaux, where all the Fathers and abbots of the Order, and particularly Saint Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, ordered him to submit to the will of God.

The new archbishop found his diocese in the saddest state: he undertook its reform with as much zeal as prudence.

The clergy of his cathedral is little regular and negligent: Peter substitutes for it canons regular of Saint Augustine, whom he instructs and governs as a father would his children, assisting with them at all the pious exercises. He withdraws the goods of ecclesiastics from the hands which had usurped them; he provides the churches with all that is necessary for divine worship, so that, in this country nevertheless so poor, he did not leave, in dying, a single chapel that had not a silver chalice. The poor and the sick are the principal object of his solicitude; he founds a hospice at Moûtiers, re-establishes and endows that of the Little Saint Bernard, and, extending his charity beyond his diocese, builds two other refuges, one on the Mount of the Lésion, the other on Mount Jura, places almost uninhabitable. His house is an asylum, where the indigent, strangers, the sick are received at every hour. When he visits his diocese, he carries modest provisions for his subsistence, and never uses them before having shared them with the poor. So good for others, he is very hard on himself: clothed as a monk, in spite of his episcopal dignity, he leads the life of the cloister; he sleeps little, he eats only herbs and brown bread. He makes long prayers during the night and afflicts his body by extraordinary mortifications.

We shall not tell all that the charity of Peter makes him undertake and we shall not even repeat all that the historians say of it, but we cannot be silent on an institution of beneficence which bears a particular character, both of the Saint and of the locality; which, without being a true foundation, has all its consequences, and has given rise to acts that have made it historical.

The months which precede the harvest being those in which the peoples experience the most need, the Saint provides for it by a general distribution of soup and bread which he has made every day. These are, says Geoffrey, his historian, a kind of agape, to which the archbishop admits indiscriminately those who present

themselves.[9] He assists, by this means, a great number of poor, not only during a month and during his life, but for centuries; for his successors imitate his example and continue to make, in the cloisters built by Saint Peter, a like distribution, principally during the month of May. This alms, known under the name of bread of May, becomes more and more an object of veneration on account of its antiquity and above all on account of its origin: the child of the poor found himself there beside the child of the rich; the latter gave generously with one hand what he received piously with the other.

Nothing less than the great revolution was needed to destroy a custom whose first link went back to Saint Peter II. There is more than one old man who still speaks of it as of a pious memory of childhood, which leaves in the soul I know not what of traditional, of respectable and of holy. Like that of so many other precious things which perished then, the memory of this tradition is lost from day to day as the men who lived in the two centuries disappear.

In crossing the Alps, during a very rigorous winter, he meets a poor woman, very old, sick, benumbed with cold and bathed in tears; he strips himself, to clothe her, of his religious robe, reserving to himself only the mantle called cowl; he thus exposes himself to die of cold himself, and he arrives, in effect, very ill at the hospice of the Little Saint Bernard. His charity is rewarded, from this life, by innumerable miracles which he works in Italy, in Savoy, in Burgundy. At Saint-Claude, the crowd that presses around him to obtain the graces of heaven, of which he is the distributor, is so great that measures must be taken to avoid accidents: Peter withdraws into the tower of the church, to which two staircases lead: by the one the pilgrims, the sick go up, and when they have received the blessing of the Saint, they come down by the other. During this stay, three strangers come to thank him for their deliverance: “They were,” they tell him, “shut up in the prisons of Lausanne; the account of his virtues and miracles converted them; they invoked him, as one invokes a saint who reigns in heaven; he appeared to them in the prison, broke their chains, and, giving them his hand, made them go out miraculously, passing unseen in the midst of the guards, who were playing at dice.”

Seeing himself overwhelmed with so much glory, Peter is frightened at it and resolves to re-enter the obscurity of the cloister (1155). Having exchanged his garments for the rags of a poor man, he flees, accompanied by a single servant, and goes to the depths of Germany, to be received in a convent of his Order. At the news of this flight, the desolation was universal. One of his young diocesans, brought up in his palace, undertook to seek him until he should find him. In effect, after having visited for a year many monasteries, he arrived at last in that where his archbishop was; he stood in the way of the religious while they were going to work, he recognised Peter, and threw himself at his knees, praying him to return to his diocese. The other religious were greatly surprised: they threw themselves also at the feet of the prelate, excusing themselves for not having treated him according to his dignity and his merits. His return was a veritable triumph: he found more honours than he had fled from (1157). God recalled him, because he had, if we may speak so, need of him to defend his Church and reconcile princes. An immense part awaited our Saint. The Church was then torn by schism. The emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who pretended to put the whole world under his absolute domination, finding no more obstacle to this design than the legitimate Pope, the ordinary defender of the rights of peoples and of the Church, set up an antipope, Victor III. The archbishop of Tarentaise was almost the only subject of the empire who dared to declare openly for the legitimate Pope, Alexander III: he took his part in several councils, he travelled through several countries to have his authority recognised there, among others Alsace, Burgundy, Lorraine, Italy: the whole Order of Cîteaux followed this noble example; now, it counted then several bishops, seven hundred abbots and an almost innumerable multitude of monks: these thousands of voices, which proclaimed at the same time the same Pope, in all the countries of Europe, contributed not a little to the triumph of truth. Peter did not fear to speak in favour of Alexander III to Frederick himself: “Cease,” he said to him, “to persecute the Church and her head, the priests and the religious, the peoples and the cities which show themselves favourable to the legitimate Pope. There is a king who governs kings themselves and to whom you will render a rigorous

account of your conduct." The emperor, who had exiled several partisans of Alexander, was not offended by the remonstrances of the holy prelate, so much did he respect his virtues or fear his influence on the peoples. One of his courtiers having expressed to him his surprise, and trying to excite his indignation against Peter, Frederick answered: "I oppose men, it is true, because they deserve it, but do you wish me to declare myself openly against God?" Alexander III desired to see him who defended the papacy with so much success; he summoned him to Rome: this journey of Peter was a preaching, a procession, a triumph, a series of miracles. He evangelised and edified Tuscany; at Vercelli, he reconciled the two parties which divided the city; at Bologna, he restored health to the bishop, by laying hands on him, and sight to a blind man by making the sign of the cross on his eyes. Wherever he passed, he was prayed to preach and to consecrate altars. The Pope and the city of Rome received him with the greatest testimonies of esteem and veneration. In 1170, the Pope charged our Saint to reconcile Henry II, king of England, and Louis VII, king of France, who were at war. In spite of his great age, Peter set out at once to fulfil this mission: he preached and wrought numerous miracles in all the places he passed through. At the Cistercian monastery of Prully, in the diocese of Sens, he renewed the prodigy of the multiplication of the loaves, to feed the strangers whom his reputation drew there in crowds.

As soon as he approached a town or a village, the news spread: Here comes the Saint, it was said on all sides; at once the population stirred, the road was covered with foliage, people rushed before the wonder-worker, kissed his feet and hands; he was obliged to stop to listen to the complaints of all who suffered and to console them, to heal them, to make the people hear the word of God. The kings of France and England had sent very far, to meet him, lords of their courts; Louis VII and Henry, heir presumptive to the crown of England, and the count of Flanders, awaited him at Chaumont, in the Vexin, on the confines of France and Normandy. As soon as Henry perceived him, he dismounted and ran to meet him. After having kissed the mantle of the prelate, he begged him to cede it to him: this garment was lacerated and almost all in pieces, so many bits had been torn off out of veneration. The abbot of Clairvaux, who accompanied the holy pontiff, having asked Henry of what use this old habit would be to him: "You would not speak thus," said the prince, "if you knew what marvellous effects the girdle I obtained from the Saint a few years ago has produced on the sick." The king of France and his suite arrived in the meantime; but the princes disappear in this crowd and before the Saint: one saw only him, people pressed around him. A woman, leading by the hand her blind son, strove in vain to reach the prelate; he perceived it and made a passage for her. The mother asked the healing of her son; the Saint, wetting his fingers with saliva, rubs the eyes and head of the child with them, makes the sign of the cross and sets himself to prayer. The princes and the other witnesses of this scene asked themselves what would be the issue; suddenly, the child looks and cries out, joyful and surprised: "I see my mother, I see trees, men and everything that is here." Everyone is delighted. The mother, beside herself, throws herself at the feet of the Saint, shedding tears of joy, without having the strength to speak. The king of France prostrates himself before the child to adore the divine power which has just shone forth in him, kisses with respect his forehead and his eyes, and makes him a generous offering.

After such prodigies, could one fail to see in the holy archbishop the envoy of God himself? The king of England, Henry II, went to the interview which had been proposed to him by the prelate; it took place between Trie and Gisors, and on 29 September of the same year, Henry II was reconciled, at Amboise, with his sons and with the king of France; but, at that date, Saint Peter was already in heaven. After the interview of Gisors, he had directed his steps toward the abbey of Mortemer, in the diocese of Rouen, where he distributed solemnly the Ashes, on 6 February, to Louis VII and to his son-in-law, Henry of England. He felt that he had but little time to live; this was for him a motive to redouble his zeal; so these last days of his life are filled with good works and miracles accomplished in France. He goes first, at the request of the queen of France, to the monastery of Haute-Bruyère, of the Order of Fontevrault, consecrates an altar there and restores sight there to a blind young girl, by making the sign of the cross over her. In the abbey of Lière, where he passes some days, he heals two deaf men and a paralytic. The charity which animates him seems to

give him wings. He is seen in a few weeks at the convent of La Chassagne, where he ends several affairs of the highest interest; in that of La Bussière, whose church he consecrates and where he heals, by the mere laying on of hands, a deaf-mute and two blind men; at the castle of Montmorency, where he inaugurates the chapel; at Longuet, where, at the prayer of the bishop of Langres, he dedicates an altar to Saint Bernard, who had just been canonised; at Besançon, where, after having conversed with the archbishop Ebrard on the affairs of the Church, he completes enlightening him on the schism which Frederick had raised, confirms him and strengthens him in obedience toward the legitimate Pope. Saint Peter was awaited in the abbey of Bellevaux with a lively and pious impatience. He set out in effect for this monastery, and proposed to appear there with the simplicity of a religious. Before arriving at the convent, his strength abandons him; an indisposition obliges him to take a little rest; he stops at the side of the road, near a spring which descends from a neighbouring hillside. This place, known in the country under the name of Saint-Justin, will henceforth be consecrated by the agony of the illustrious legate; a cross will be planted at the edge of the fountain; the pure water which revived the Saint in his faintness, the earth which he watered with his last sweats, will be from age to age the object of the veneration of the inhabitants. Saint Peter was seventy-three years old. Carried to the convent of Bellevaux, our Saint fell asleep in the Lord there, on 8 May 1174. His body remained three days exposed to the veneration of the people, then was laid under an altar dedicated to the holy Virgin; Ebrard, archbishop of Besançon (Bellevaux is quite near that city), presided at his obsequies. Soon, the tomb of Saint Peter of Tarentaise became, through numerous miracles, a place of pilgrimage. He was canonised in 1191, by Pope Celestine III.

He is represented speaking to the kings of France and England to reconcile them; to the emperor Frederick Barbarossa to bring him back from schism, etc.

Relics of Saint Peter of Tarentaise

The relics of the Saint, which Savoy and France disputed, were divided by the Pope: the church of Tarentaise obtained the head; the abbey of Tamié, the left arm; that of Cîteaux, the right arm. These precious relics were lost in part during the troubles of the French Revolution and the wars which followed it; but the rest, which had remained at Bellevaux, was saved; the inhabitants of Cirey bought for four hundred livres the altar of the Saint, his tomb and the bones enclosed in it, and transported the whole into their church, on 24 June 1791; but, in 1793, an administrator of the district of Vesoul violently carried off this treasure: the bones of the Saint were borne off with contempt, at the bottom of a pannier, to Vesoul, to be burned there; but the people of Vesoul showed so much respect for these sacred relics that no one dared profane them: these demagogues, spreading the report that they had been carried off, relegated them to the offices of the district, where they were gathered up with care, when the liberty of Catholic worship was restored to France, and they were placed in one of the chapels of the parish church of Vesoul. In 1812, Claude Lecoz, archbishop of Besançon, granted two considerable particles of them to the inhabitants of Cirey. A colony of Trappists, living according to the strict Observance of Sept-Fonds, settled at Bellevaux, in 1816, and obtained, in 1819, the half of the relics which had been deposited at Vesoul, that is, the thigh, the leg and the left foot of the Saint: it is established, in the official report drawn up on this occasion, that the precious remains of Saint Peter were in their natural state, without corruption, covered with skin, but merely dried by the effect of time. Driven out by the Revolution of 1830, the Trappists of Bellevaux took refuge in Switzerland, bearing with them, as a consolation in their exile, the relics of Saint Peter; they brought them back, in 1834, when they came to settle, still in Franche-Comté, at Val-Sainte-Marie: since then, the principal seat of the community having been transferred to the abbey of La Grâce-Dieu, a chapel, in the magnificent church of that abbey, was dedicated to Saint Peter of Tarentaise. It is there that his relics rest today in a beautiful shrine: there are seen, besides the bones of which we have spoken, a portion of the mantle of the Saint, his mitre and his chalice. The abbey of La Grâce-Dieu having founded lately a colony at Tamié itself, the mother has ceded to the daughter a part of the relics of him who had formerly governed it. As to saying that the relics formerly given

by the Pope to Savoy were all lost, that is not completely exact. Here is what M. Bérard, canon, archdeacon and vicar-general of Moûtiers, writes us:

“This is unhappily only too true as concerns the notable relic adjudged to the then metropolitan church of Moûtiers. But I am happy to be able to affirm that we possess in the same church, our present cathedral, the left arm which was formerly at the abbey of Tamié. The authenticity of this relic was recognised, in 1805, by Mgr Irénée-Ives de Solles, bishop of Chambéry and of all Savoy, at the time of the pastoral visit which he made in this town and in the principal parishes of Tarentaise, assisted by M. the dean de Maistre, his vicar-general, previously dean of the metropolis of Tarentaise, and vicar-general of this archdiocese in the territory of which the abbey of Tamié was situated. It would be difficult for us to say how this precious relic arrived at Moûtiers, and from Tamié, enclosed in its great reliquary surmounted by a statue of the holy bishop, during the troubles of the Revolution, nor how it was preserved. But it is certain:

“1. That Mgr de Maistre, who always took the liveliest interest in what remained of the ancient diocese of Tarentaise, was better placed than anyone to assure himself of the authenticity of this relic;”2. That he had the seal of Mgr de Solles affixed on this reliquary; “3. That in the official report of this pastoral visit of 22 September 1805, one reads: ‘We have had our seal affixed on all the relics of which the authenticity has been guaranteed to us.’”4. That the seals of Mgr de Solles were found intact at the opening which Mgr Turinaz, bishop of Tarentaise, had made quite recently of this same reliquary to draw from it, if possible, fuller information on the authenticity of this relic; “5. That, examination of this relic having been made in my presence by MM. the doctors surgeons-physicians, Laissus father and son, it was well recognised that this bone, still clothed with dried nervous filaments, and even with portions of flesh prodigiously preserved, in spite of their eight hundred years, and on which it is written in old style: *ex brachio sancti Pétri H, archiepiscop. Tarentasiensis*, it was recognised, I say, that it was indeed the humerus of the left arm.”In the same reliquary there is found also a pair of gloves of white silk, in the mediaeval fashion, bordered in their upper part with a wide gold-thread braid, which, for that reason, we believe to be the gloves of the same Saint.

“We possess also:

“1. The particle which M. Canon Chevray declares, at page 215 of his *History of Saint Peter*, to have ceded to our cathedral out of that rather considerable one which he had obtained in Franche-Comté through the mediation of M. Canon Thiébaud, secretary-general of the archbishop of Besançon;”2. The crosier of this Saint religiously preserved first in the abbey of Tamié, then transported, in 1819, to that of Novalaise (after the great French Revolution), whence it came to us, in 1856, by the kind mediation of Mgr Vibert, bishop of Maurienne.” The other relics, the reader recalls, are at Vesoul and at Cirey. In the parish church of this village, where pilgrims still come to lay their prayers and their offerings, one sees the marble mausoleum which was behind the high altar of the abbey of Bellevaux; the remains of a wrought-iron grating which closed the mausoleum, and which bears the cipher of the Saint; seven small shrines, withdrawn from the searches of the revolutionaries, in which are remarked gloves, a key and different other objects which belonged to the holy archbishop of Tarentaise. We have remade the history of this Life, too incomplete in Father Giry, using above all the *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*, and the *Life of the Saint*, by M. Canon Chevray, in-8°, which appeared at Baume in 1841.

Saint Hellade, Bishop of Auxerre (387)

Elade or Hellade, bishop of Auxerre, held that see after Saint Valerian, about the time of Valentinian the Elder. Charged with the keeping of the flock of the Lord, he converted a great number of souls to the faith, by his word and by his example. He went to receive from his heavenly master the recompense of his labours, in the twenty-third year of his episcopate, on 8 May, about the year 385, and was buried on Mount Artre, beside his predecessors.

Proper of Sens and Godescard.

Saint Gibrien, Priest in Champagne (6th century)

Gibrien, priest, born in Ireland, passed into France toward the end of the 5th century, in order to serve God with more liberty. He had for companions of his journey and of his design Hélain, Trésain, Véran, Abran and Pétran, his brothers, as well as his three sisters, Franche, Promptie and Possenne. They all stopped in the territory of Châlons-sur-Marne. They dispersed into solitary places, but near enough to one another that they could visit each other. Gibrien fixed his dwelling at the spot where the brook, named Côle then as today, flows into the Marne.

His brothers and sisters often came to visit him as a master of holiness. They had besides a great respect for him, both because he was the eldest and because he was clothed with the priesthood. But what gave him still more authority was his extraordinary love for prayer and for labour; his admirable abstinence in eating, and his untiring activity in the exercise of all the virtues. When a happy death had crowned his holy life, his body was buried in the place of his solitude. Soon God caused the glory of his servant to shine forth by divers miracles: a little oratory was built over his tomb; a great concourse gathered there, especially on the anniversary day of the celebration of his obsequies. This oratory having been destroyed during the ravages of the Normans, the religious count Haderic obtained from Rodoald, bishop of Châlons, permission to carry wherever he would the body of Saint Gibrien. He transferred it to Reims, and laid it in the basilica of Saint-Remy, under the episcopate of Fulk. It remained there until the French Revolution. Nothing is left of it any more. There is, in the diocese of Châlons, a village of the name of Saint-Gibrien; it is situated not far from the ancient tomb. His brothers and sisters are also honoured with a public cult. There are counted, in the dioceses of Reims and of Châlons, several churches dedicated under the invocation of Saint Véran, Saint Hélain, Saint Trésain and Saint Possenne.

It is more than probable that these holy travellers sojourned in Brittany before betaking themselves to the Châlonnais, for there are still found there several localities recalling their names: there is known, in Brittany, a parish of Saint-Hélen; a parish of Saint-Vran; a parish and several places consecrated to Saint Abraham (the same probably as Abran); the strand of Saint Pétran; the grotto of the same Saint in Trézilide.

Propers of Châlons and of Reims, and local notes.

Saint Désiré, Bishop of Bourges (550)

This Saint was born in the territory of Soissons, about the beginning of the 6th century; he was brought up in Christian piety and in the study of letters, with two of his brothers, by the care of his parents, who were distinguished in the country by their virtue. He was made bishop of Bourges, after the death of Saint Arcadius; he attended the fifth council of Orléans, assembled in the year 549, and the second of Auvergne, which was held at the latest at the beginning of the following year. These councils condemned the errors of Nestorius and of Eutyches, and made wise regulations for the preservation or re-establishment of ecclesiastical discipline. After having laboured during nine years of episcopate to root out errors and vices in his diocese, and to re-establish or maintain good discipline throughout the extent of his metropolis, he died on Sunday, 8 May 550, according to the most probable opinion.

Gallia christiana.

Saint Wiron, Regional Bishop (about 700)

Roermond is a town of Dutch Limburg situated at the confluence of the Roer and the Meuse.[1] Now, a league upstream from Roermond, on the left bank of the Roer, is found a village called formerly Mont-Saint-Pierre, and today Mont-Sainte-Odile. It is this place, then solitary, where the noises of the world did not reach, that

Pepin of Héristal, mayor of the palace of the kings of France, ceded to Saint Wiron, to make heavenly fruits grow there. Saint Wiron first dedicated there an oratory to the Virgin Mary, that this divine Mother might take possession of the territory, as it were. Later he raised there the minster of Saint Peter, which was solidly built, says the chronicler. It is there also that with his two companions, Saint Pléchelm, priest, and Saint Otger, deacon, he passed the last years of his life.

As far as possible, let us go back to the beginnings of Saint Wiron. He was born in Scotland in the first years of the 7th century. He received in his childhood a very Christian education, and joined with much success the study of letters to the exercises of piety. The desire he had to advance in virtue made him choose for his models Saint Patrick and Saint Cuthbert, bishops, and Saint Columba, abbot, three of the most celebrated Saints of the British Isles. He was afterwards raised to the episcopate, without being apparently attached to any particular church, according to a usage which had become very common in those islands, where a great number of these regional bishops were seen. Before letting himself be ordained, Saint Wiron undertook the journey to Rome, which he had long meditated, and he made it, accompanied by Saint Pléchelm, priest, and by Saint Otger, who was a deacon. The Pope, who, according to some, was Saint Sergius I, received them very well. He himself consecrated Saint Wiron and Saint Pléchelm bishops, and all three returned to their country, where they laboured each in his functions, relieving the bishops who had dioceses too vast. Some years after they all three passed again into France, and Saint Wiron obtained for himself and for his two companions the mount of Sainte-Odile, a league from Roermond, from the liberality of Pepin, called of Herstal, whom the mayoralty of the palace made master of a considerable part of the Gauls. They retired there in the resolution to lead a penitent life, entirely disengaged from the commerce of the world. They built there a little church under the invocation of the holy Virgin, and in setting up some cells there, they laid the foundations of the monastery which was built there in the following century under the name of Saint Peter. It is pretended that Pepin was so filled with esteem for the wisdom and holiness of Wiron that he wished to have him as director of his soul in the ways of salvation, and even as counsellor of his designs in his principal enterprises. This employment did not prevent him from leading in solitude a life hidden from men, save the time that he gave to the conversion of peoples. God at last withdrew him to himself, to reward him for his fidelity and his zeal. The year is not known exactly, nor the day of his death: it is thought to be about the year 700; it is known only that he was buried in the church of the Virgin on his mountain, toward the beginning of the mayoralty of Charles Martel. His companions, Saint Pléchelm and Saint Otger, having also happily finished their course, had their burial there likewise. Their bodies were preserved there in the monastery of Saint Peter, until in 1361 they were transported to Roermond, when the transmigration of the canons of the mountain of Sainte-Odile took place there. But long before, the canons of Utrecht had carried off a considerable part during the incursions of the Normans, which extended their cult to the depths of Holland and into Friesland. What had been transported to Roermond remained long hidden under the high altar of the church, which afterwards became a cathedral, when the town was erected into a bishopric. This is what contributed to protecting them, in 1572, from the fury of the Calvinists. These relics were found again in the year 1594, and raised from the earth with honour, and the feast of this translation is still celebrated every year, on the Tuesday after Trinity, under the title of their elevation. After the peace of Nijmegen, the bishop of Roermond and the curé of Mont Sainte-Odile, the ancient dwelling of Saint Wiron and his companions, undertook to rebuild its church, ruined by the wars. The work was finished in the year 1686, and dedicated on 10 May under the name of Saint Wiron, as principal patron. But the feast of this dedication was put off to the first Sunday of September, so as not to be confounded with that of the death of the Saint and of his two companions, which is celebrated on 10 May at Roermond, although everywhere else it is held on the 8th, the day on which it is marked in the martyrologies, and in particular in the modern Roman. Two days after the consecration of this church, the bishop Reginald Cools transported there in great ceremony the half of the relics of Saint Wiron, Saint Pléchelm and Saint Otger, which were in the cathedral church of Roermond. See a work entitled *Pepin of Landen*, by Thyll Lorrain, Baillet, and in the Bollandists, vol. ii of May, the ancient

Life of Saint Wiron.

The Blessed Bernard, Dominican (after the year 4265)

The blessed Bernard fulfilled at the convent of the Dominicans of Santarem, in Portugal, the functions of priest-sacristan. After his mass, he gathered the little children who served as acolytes to him and to the other Fathers, then he gave them catechism. These children brought their breakfast from their parents' houses, and when they had served some masses, they gathered in a sort of chapel to amuse themselves and eat there. Now, there was in this secluded place a statue of the holy Virgin, holding in her arms the child Jesus; — Jesus, to whom the innocence and simplicity of children are so pleasing. He left the arms of his mother and came to share their meal. This was renewed several times, after which, the mass-servers, not content that the child Jesus brought nothing for the breakfast, complained of it to their master. The pious catechist advised them, in case their guest should come back empty-handed, to hold to him the following discourse: "Behold, Lord, you always eat with us and you furnish nothing: in return, invite us, as well as our master, to the house of your Father." The child Jesus, having presented himself again, they transmitted the message to him faithfully. He answered them that the invitation would take place and that they should hold themselves ready for the day of the Ascension. Now, the Ascension was not far off. Having reported this to their master, he prepared to appear at the heavenly banquet. On the day of the Ascension, he went early to say his mass, which was served by his two ordinary acolytes. The holy sacrifice ended, all three ceased to live: the same tomb united them. Some time after, their bodies were raised from the earth and placed in the chapel called of the Kings, where a picture long recounted the marvel to pious generations.

Acta Sanctorum, vol. ii of May.

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[1] The Christians of the city of Milan took great care to go and take up the body of the holy Martyr, and their bishop, Saint Maternus, buried it near a little wood, where a church was built a long time after in his honour.

Others have since been dedicated in the city under his name, and his cult has become celebrated, not only in the Milanese, but in several other places. Saint Ambrose speaks of our Martyr as of one of the principal patrons of his diocese, and places him beside the holy martyrs Nabor and Felix. Saint Gregory of Tours says that the Almighty honoured his tomb with many miracles. The church of Milan which bore his name belonged to the Olivetan religious, who afterwards rebuilt it with great magnificence. When Saint Charles Borromeo dedicated it, he transferred solemnly to it, on 20 July 1576, the relics of the holy Martyr, to which he joined the body of Saint Satyrus, brother of Saint Ambrose. The ancient martyrologies which bear the name of Saint Jerome mark his feast on 8 and on 15 May, and others on 7 and on 14. The Roman martyrology makes his eulogy on the 8th.

[2] Saint Acathes was a native of Cappadocia. Perinthus or Heraclea, which witnessed his first torture, was a city of Thrace, become later archiepiscopal, with a port on the Propontis (today the Black Sea), sixty miles from Byzantium (about fifteen leagues). — Squillace, where his glorious relics landed, and of which he is patron, is a city of Calabria Citra, in the kingdom of Naples. Finally, Constantinople, whence he flew away to heaven, honoured him early with a particular cult. Constantine the Great had a church erected in his honour which the people called the Nut, in memory of the fact that there had been enclosed in the constructions the walnut-tree to which the Saint had been hung to be scourged. This church having fallen into ruins, Justinian rebuilt it and made of it one of the richest sanctuaries of Constantinople. White marble had been lavished in it in such profusion that one would have thought one was entering a temple of snow, say the Greek writers: the sun of the East must have contributed much to producing this effect of dazzlement.

[3] Sid. Ap. Ep. lib. iv. Ep. 35.

[4] See the following note.

[5] Hirschau (Germany) was a monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict, situated in the Black Forest, says the *Gallia christiana*, which places it in the diocese of Speyer (Bavaria). Its historian, the learned chronicler Trithemius, has made it celebrated. See *Chronicle of Hirschau*, continued to 1503; Saint Gall, 1690, 3 vols. in-fol.

Its origin is thus related: "Notingus, bishop of Vercelli, in Italy, wishing to pass back into Germany to see his father, Count Erlafroy, and desiring to make him a present of the body of Saint Aurelius, Armenian bishop, which was at his disposal, had however some scruple about drawing these relics out of his diocese, when the Saint revealed to him that his design was agreeable to him, and that he desired to see a monastery built in the place where God should restore sight to a blind man. Notingus went therefore to visit his relatives in Germany, and transferred the relics of the Saint thither. Not far from the castle of Erlafroy was a chapel dedicated to Saint Nazarius, where he judged he ought to place this precious deposit. As he was carrying it there, a blind man came up who suddenly recovered sight, in the presence of all the bystanders. This miracle singularly increased the veneration which was had for the Saint; and soon, at the persuasion of Notingus, Count Erlafroy founded a monastery in the same place. The foundations were laid in the year S30,

and it was finished seven years after. Erlafroy begged Raban, then abbot of Fulda, where he governed eight hundred and seventy religious, to give him sixteen of his disciples, to people his monastery; he obtained this favour easily, and fifteen religious of Fulda, under the leadership of the venerable Llmbert, came to take possession of the new monastery, which was called Hirschau. Otgar, archbishop of Mainz, dedicated the church in the year 838, and solemnly transferred to it the relics of Saint Aurelius. This church was under the invocation of Saint Peter. Bntard, disciple of Raban Maur, one of the sixteen religious come from Fulda, taught letters in the abbey of Hirschau, with a great reputation for learning and piety. He refused the bishopric of Halberstadt, which was offered him after the death of the learned Haimo. — See, *Gallia christ.*, vol. v, col. 764, the series of the forty-eight abbots.

[6] See, on 15 April, in the Life of Saint Paternus, the letter which M. the curé of Mont Saint-Michel wrote us on this subject.

[7] We shall here complete what we have said (vol. i, p. 391 ff.) on the origins of the church of Tarentaise: “Tradition attributes to the travelling companions of Saint Peter the introduction of Christianity into Darantasia by the flanks of the Little Saint Bernard: it was they who would have established the cult of Saint Peter at Séez, and that of the Assumption at the chapel of the glaciers. It would be still in memory of the primitive evangelisation that Saint Peter would have remained the patron of the diocese, first at the castle of Jacquême-sur-Moûtiers, then at the cathedral of Moûtiers itself.” — M. the abbé Ducis, archivist of Haute-Savoie, 29 February 1872.

[8] *Gallia christ.*, vol. i, p. 674.

[9] *Ann. Cist.*, i, p. 97, n. 10.

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 351, n. 5.

[11] Baronius, *ad Annal.*, 1160.

[12] We have not been able to discover with certainty the name of the village where Saint Peter II of Tarentaise was born. Would it be Saint-Maurice de Chuzelle, a hamlet of 50 inhabitants, near Vienne (Isère)? It might be believed so, if one attends to the fact that, out of devotion to the illustrious chief of the Theban Legion, patron of Vienne, the family of Saint Peter gave the name of Saint-Maurice to their small patrimony, and that Bonnevaux, where Saint Peter first entered, is only three leagues from Saint-Maurice.

[13] The convent of Betton (Order of Cîteaux, diocese of Chambéry) was of the filiation of Tamié. Saint Peter had doubtless concurred in its erection. It was sold, with its dependencies, at the great Revolution, and was bought back in the same year as Tamié (1827). Its buildings have since been converted into a house of health directed by the Grey Sisters and endowed by M. General Count de Boigne. Those of Tamié, first the residence of the diocesan missionaries of Moûtiers, then a boarding-school kept by brothers, are today (1872) again inhabited by children of Saint Bernard (colony of the valley of Sainte-Marie, diocese of Besançon).

[14] *Mons qui stat medius.*

[15] In the year 1132, the 14th of the calends of March, the brothers Peter, Vilelme and Aynard of Chevron-Villette, of that same family which had already given a great Pope to the Church and which has furnished since four abbots to Tamié, a bishop of Aosta, three archbishops of Tarentaise, of whom one (Benedict Theophilus) is called Blessed: these three brothers and pious lords cede, by title of foundation, the property of Tamié and its dependencies to the abbot of Bonnevaux, John the Blessed, in the presence of the abbot of Hautecombe (Saint Amadeus of Hauterive), of our Saint Peter, young religious, and in the assistance of Saint Peter I, who then occupied the see of Tarentaise. (Besson, *Preuves*, p. 231.)

[16] Bollandus, *die 8 maii*.

[17] The Flemish *mond*, the English *mouth*, the German *mund* signify equally mouth, embouchure. The names of towns ending in this monosyllable are therefore placed at the mouth or the confluence of a watercourse.

9 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Nazianzus, the blessed decease of Saint Gregory, bishop, surnamed the Theologian, on account of the great knowledge he had of divine things. He raised up at Constantinople the Catholic faith, which was greatly fallen there, and repressed the heresies which arose in his time. 389. — At Rome, Saint Hermas, of whom the apostle Saint Paul makes mention in his epistle to the Romans. Having generously sacrificed himself, he became a victim agreeable to God, and illustrious by his virtues, he entered into the heavenly kingdom.[1] About 95. — In Persia, three hundred and ten blessed martyrs. — At Cagli, on the Flaminian way, Saint Gerontius,[2] bishop of Cervia. — At Vendôme, the decease of Saint Dié, confessor. 3rd century. — At Constantinople, the translation of the bodies of Saint Andrew, apostle, and of Saint Luke, evangelist, brought from Achaia, and of that of Saint Timothy, disciple of the apostle Saint Paul, brought from Ephesus. 4th century. A long time after, the body of Saint Andrew was transferred to Amalfi, where it is honoured by a pious concourse of the faithful: from his tomb there flows unceasingly a liquor for the healing of the sick. 1208. — At Rome also, the translation of the body of Saint Jerome, priest and doctor of the Church, brought

from Bethlehem of Judah into the basilica of Saint Mary at the Crib. — At Bari, in Apulia, again the translation of the body of Saint Nicholas, bishop, brought from Myra, a city of Lycia. 1087.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Denis, sixth bishop of that city. — At Quimper, in Lower Brittany, Saint Tudin or Tudy, abbot, companion in the labours of Saint Corentin; his feast is kept on the 11th of this month. — At Lierneux, near Stavelot, in Belgium, the translation of the body of Saint Simitrius, Roman priest, put to death with two others. His feast is kept on the 26th of this month. Reign of Antoninus. 159. — At Tournai, Saint Languida or Langoureuse, companion of Saint Ursula. 3rd century. — At Mauriac and in the whole diocese of Saint-Flour, feast of Our Lady of Miracles.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Nazianzus, the decease of Saint Gregory the Elder, bishop, father of Saint Gregory the Theologian.

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — At Rome, the translation of Saint Jerome, our father.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Nocera, in Campania, Saint Priscus, bishop, patron of that city. — At Nicomedia and in the neighbourhood, the holy Quadratus or Qoadrat, Saturninus, Rufinus and their companions, martyrs. Under the reign of Valerian. — At Axiopolis, in Bulgaria, the holy Cyril, Quindeus or Gindeus and Zeno, martyrs. — At Tarsus, in Cilicia, the holy Aphrodisius, Jucundus and Firmus, martyrs, indicated by the Martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Milan, the holy Ephenicus, Castus and Polymus, deacon, martyrs, mentioned from the same source. — At Pavia, Saint Honorata, Saint Luminosa or Luminosa, Saint Liberata, Saint Speciosa or Speciosa, all four sisters of Saint Epiphanius, who himself gave them the veil of virgins. Honorata and Luminosa, having been carried off into captivity by Odoacer, chief of the Heruli, the barbarian treated them nevertheless honourably, out of consideration for their holy brother, who soon ransomed them and brought them back to their convent. Honorata, the youngest, died on the 11 January, about 500; Luminosa, on 9 May, in 496, Liberata, on 16 January, about 495, and Speciosa, on 16 June 510. It was to Luminosa that Saint Epiphanius had entrusted the guardianship of their youngest sister, Honorata, who was born of a second wife of their father, named Focaria. — In Spain, the venerable John of Avila, whom some style blessed. We have given his life following that of Saint John of God. — At Avella, in Italy, the blessed Fort Gabrielli, who lived first as a solitary, in the Apennines, and whom the desire of practising obedience led to embrace the community life in the monastery of Fonte Avellana, founded a short time before by the blessed Robert. He is above all honoured at Gubbio, his native place. In 1756, Benedict XIV approved his cult. 104t. — At Bologna, the blessed Nicholas Albergati, patron and protector of the Confraternity of Perseverance, composed of thirty-three members, in honour of the thirty-three years that Our Lord Jesus Christ passed on earth. — On Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, the blessed John or Hans Wagner, hermit. 1516. — At Pinave, between Viana and Logroño, in Spain, feast of Saint Gregory, bishop of Ostia and legate of the Pope, who died at Berruegno, in Navarre. The church of Saint-Saviour of Pinave, where his body was found, in 1260, has taken, on account of him, the name of Saint-Gregory. He is invoked against locusts. He is honoured also at Ostia, in Italy. 1044.

Saint Béat or Bié, Anchorite at Laon

3rd century.

Saint Béat was born in Italy, of noble and wealthy parents, at the beginning of the 3rd century. Early on he felt himself touched by grace; and, wishing to live in humility and penance, he left his father’s house and

passed into the Gauls in a beggar's garb. He was accompanied by a young man named Isle whom he trained in piety and for whom he performed the most humbling services. Béat first made his way toward the source of the Garonne to announce the Gospel there. There is found, in fact, about two leagues from Bagnères-de-Luchon, a small town bearing the name of Saint-Béat; it is composed only of two streets which communicate by a fine stone bridge. It is a memorial of the fruit of the preaching of this pious missionary. Animated by a holy zeal to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ, he afterwards travelled through several provinces, went to Nantes, to Vendôme, and to many other places, converting everywhere a great number of unbelievers by touching instructions, sustained by an irreproachable life and by the gift of miracles. At last he came to Laon and chose for his retreat a grotto called that of Chevreson or Chevresson, which was situated at the eastern point of the mountain; today it is buried under one of the bastions of the present citadel. There Béat led the most holy and austere life. He ordinarily passed three days in succession without eating, took little rest and gave himself to prayer and to continual labour. His occupation was to make baskets and mats of rushes. He sold them to provide for his subsistence and to have the means of giving alms. He taught the way of salvation to those who came to find him. From time to time also he went to Laon and announced there Jesus Christ true God and true man. He sought to touch hearts by relating the sorrowful circumstances of the passion of the Saviour, who died for the salvation of mankind. The mortified life he led, the virtues he practised, were for his hearers a proof of the truth of the dogmas he taught. Béat had the happiness of planting the faith in the Laonnois country, and he is regarded as its Apostle. On his arrival, he had found throughout the surrounding region a considerable number of pagans. Often he found himself obliged, to avoid persecutions, to gather his neophytes in the grottoes which extended very far into the flanks of the mountain, particularly above the suburb of Vaux, and even under the present site of the cathedral.

The Lord helped him to triumph over all obstacles, and when he died, at the end of the 3rd century, at a very advanced age, he blessed God on seeing that he left after him worshippers in spirit and in truth of the Christ whom he had so often preached to them. — These faithful placed his body with respect in the cavern which had been his habitual dwelling. Numerous miracles were wrought at his tomb and increased confidence in his powerful intercession. His pilgrimage became famous throughout the region where he was specially invoked for the healing of cancer.

After some time his body was raised from the earth and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. In 1228, Bishop Anselm had a magnificent shrine of silver-gilt made and placed in it the relics of Saint Béat, adding to them some ribs of Saint Gennebaud, an arm of Saint Montain, and the head of Saint Preuve. This shrine was carried solemnly in procession to the Saint's cavern, on 9 May of each year; since the disappearance of that cavern, the shrine was borne in triumph through the streets of Laon. In 1564, Walter of Mortagne, bishop of Laon, ceded a bone of the arm of Saint Béat to Gerard, abbot of the Trinity of Vendôme, on the express condition that, every year, the said abbot and his successors should have a service celebrated for the deceased canons of Laon. The church of Nizy-le-Comte,[1] built in 1751, was consecrated under the title of Saint Béat; it obtained, in 1772, a finger of the Saint and some relics of Saint Gennebaud, of Saint Maurice, of Saint William and of Saint Preuve. These precious remains were, in 1858, enclosed in a single shrine. The feast of 9 May is celebrated in this parish with the greatest solemnity, and all servile work is suspended there.

The shrine of Saint Béat, which is exposed every year in the cathedral of Laon, contains a bone of the femur and a piece of the skull. These relics have been recognized as authentic by Mgr de Simony, bishop of Soissons and of Laon.[2]

The church of the Holy Trinity of Vendôme still possesses relics of Saint Béat. The parish church of his name, which was in that city, was destroyed at the end of the 18th century.

Finally, there is, in the diocese of Le Mans, a parish which is called after him Saint-Bié or Belin.

He is represented leaning on a staff and spreading at his feet a dragon, that of idolatry no doubt, whatever the inhabitants of Château-sur-Loir may tell.[3]

What precedes is drawn in great part from the *History of the Diocese of Laon*, by Dom Lelong, Benedictine religious; 4to, 1783. We have added to it what concerns his relics.

Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, Doctor of the Church, Archbishop of Constantinople

312–389. — Popes: Saint Melchiades; Saint Siricius. — Emperors: Constantine; Theodosius.

> *He loved books, he loved the learned, but the books and the learned that spoke of God.*
>
> *— Rohrbacher.*

Gregory, surnamed the Theologian, on account of the profound knowledge he had of religion, was born in the village of Azianzus, in the territory of Nazianzus, a small town near Caesarea in Cappadocia. Gregory, his father, and Nonna, his mother, are honoured in the Church with a public cult; the one on the first of January, and the other on the fifth of August.

Nonna, by abundant alms, drew down the blessings of heaven upon her family. Her charity toward the poor did not hinder her, however, from fulfilling the duties of justice toward her children; she knew, by a wise economy, how to preserve and even to increase their property. The exercises of piety took up a great part of her time; but she had an extreme attention to fulfilling the duties of her state.

Gregory, her husband, had followed from childhood the superstitions of paganism. He was of the sect of the Hypsistarians, so named because they made profession of adoring the Most High God. They adored at the same time fire, like the Persians, and observed with the Jews the sabbath and the distinction of meats.

Gregory was the first magistrate of the city of Nazianzus, and fulfilled the duties of his office with great integrity. He had also all the moral virtues which make an honest man according to the world; he lacked only to be a Christian. Nonna employed tears and prayers with God to obtain his conversion. She was at last heard. Her husband renounced paganism, and was baptized at Nazianzus about the time when the first General Council of Nicaea was held. As much as he had brought good dispositions to baptism, so much care did he take to preserve its grace. His merit caused him to be raised, shortly after, to the episcopal see of Nazianzus, which he governed about forty-five years. He died at the age of nearly ninety years. We read in the works of his son the very edifying detail of his virtues, above all of his zeal and his humility.[1] He had had, before being bishop, three children: a daughter named Gorgonia, and two sons, who were Gregory and Caesarius. Nonna, their pious mother, brought them up herself in piety and taught them to read in the holy books.

Gregory was regarded as the fruit of his mother's prayers; he was therefore consecrated to the Lord from the moment of his birth. He answered perfectly to the care his parents took to form him to virtue. The knowledge of God was the principal object of his study and, to grow more and more in this knowledge, he made himself a holy habit of reading assiduously books of piety. He had in his youth a mysterious dream, which he relates in the following manner: "It seemed to me that I saw two women of rare beauty, who represented, the one chastity, and the other temperance; they caressed me as their child and invited me to follow them. 'Come with us,' they said to me, 'and we will raise you up to the light of the immortal Trinity.'" From that moment, the young Gregory conceived an ardent desire to live in celibacy. One sees by his writings that he had a singular esteem for this holy state; he has set forth at great length its excellence and advantages.[2] He is also very energetic when he speaks of the obligation of keeping the vow of chastity; he gives to the violation of such a vow the names of death, sacrilege, perfidy.[3]

When he had learned all that he could learn in his native country, he betook himself to Caesarea of Palestine, and his brother Caesarius to Alexandria. At Caesarea was found the school founded by Origen, and the famous library of his disciple, the martyr Saint Pamphilus, increased by the learned Eusebius. From Palestine, he went to join his brother Caesarius at Alexandria, and passed some time with him; after which he embarked for Athens, which was still regarded as the metropolis of the sciences and of letters. The season was not favourable. There was a furious tempest of twenty days. For a moment, the ship found itself full of water: then everyone, sailors and pilot, those very men who a little before acknowledged no god, invoked Jesus Christ aloud, and the ship was saved. But they lacked fresh water; the vessels which contained it had been hurled into the sea by a more violent shock of the tempest. A merchant ship of Phoenicia, which they met, had the humanity and the courage to pass them some. Meanwhile the tempest did not diminish; the crew lost all hope. What afflicted Gregory above all was that he had not yet received baptism. His grief was so great that the very sailors pitied him. He prayed to God with tears, and consecrated to him anew his whole life if he deigned to save him from this peril. His prayer was heard: the tempest calmed. There was more: all those who were with him in the same ship embraced with great piety the faith of Christ, and arrived happily at Athens. Gregory speaks of this city with enthusiasm. There were seen there at that time the most distinguished masters, among others the orator Anatolius, whom Constantius made praetorian prefect; the celebrated Diophantus, inventor of algebra, and Prohaeresius, professor of eloquence. The emperor Constans had summoned him into the Gauls. In passing again through Rome, Prohaeresius made himself so much admired there that the senate erected a statue to him with this inscription: “Rome, the queen of the universe, to the king of eloquence.”

What put the crown on Gregory’s happiness was the arrival of his friend Saint Basil. They already knew each other; but then their friendship became intimate. They lived together, had a common table, frequented of their companions only the most chaste and the most peaceable. Only two streets were known to them in the city: the one which led to the church and to the doctors who taught the faith there; the other, which led to the public schools and to the masters who taught human sciences. They left to others the streets by which one went to the theatre, to spectacles and to profane amusements. Their sanctification was their great business; their only ambition was to be true Christians. In this they made all their glory consist. Their life was very austere; they took from the money their family sent them only what was necessary to supply the most indispensable needs of nature; the rest was distributed to the poor. Envy did not trouble the tranquillity of their soul: what happened happily to the one caused the joy and happiness of the other. They excited one another to do good works; and, by a holy emulation, they strove to surpass each other in the practice of fasting, of prayer and of the different exercises of piety. First in piety, they were no less first in sciences and letters. So much learning and virtue excited admiration to such a degree that wherever people spoke of Athens and of its able masters, they spoke of the marvellous pair of friends, Basil and Gregory, Gregory and Basil.

To so many precious kinds of knowledge they joined one very necessary, the knowledge of men.

Julian, who was afterwards emperor, came to Athens in 355. Saint Basil and Saint Gregory knew him there, because they studied for some time with him the Scripture and the belles-lettres. However disguised he was, clear-sighted persons discerned through his exterior the disorder of his mind. Saint Gregory presaged from that time that the empire was nourishing a monster in its bosom; and he founded this presage on I know not what extraordinary thing that one remarked in this prince. In fact, Julian had an unsteady gait, shoulders that rose and fell in turn, the head always in motion, wild and restless eyes. He spoke and laughed to excess. His tongue, though rapid, could not always follow his thoughts; his speech was sometimes broken, and his voice hesitating; often he asked questions and gave answers out of place or lacking in correctness.[4]

At last came a painful moment. After thirty years devoted to studies, Basil and Gregory were about to leave Athens and to part from one another. The whole city was moved. Professors and pupils surrounded the two

friends and entreated them to remain. Basil set forth so eloquently the reasons he had for returning to his own country that, in spite of themselves, they let him go; but they held back Gregory and forced him to accept a chair of eloquence. It was not for long, for soon after he slipped away without noise to go and rejoin his friend in Cappadocia. He arrived on foot at Constantinople, at the same time as his brother, the physician, was landing there from Alexandria. Caesarius had by then such a reputation that the magistrates of Constantinople, to keep him in that city, offered him an advantageous salary, a distinguished alliance and the dignity of senator.[5] At their request, the emperor Constantius gave him letters of citizenship and named him his chief physician. Nevertheless Gregory managed to persuade his brother to return with him to their native country, and to consecrate to it the first-fruits of his art. Such were the studies and the manners of those whom we call the Fathers of the Church. But, to return to Gregory, several persons had wished to engage him to settle at Constantinople. You will be able, they said to him, to follow the bar or to teach rhetoric; you will thereby have occasion to make your talents shine, and to advance quickly in the world. These speeches were not capable of dazzling the Saint; he answered that he carried his views further, and that his design was to live only for God. The first thing he did on arriving at Nazianzus was to receive baptism from the hands of his father. He then devoted himself entirely to the service of God. "I have given," he says,[6] "all that I have to him from whom I received it, and I have taken him alone for my portion. I have consecrated to him my goods, my glory, my health, my tongue and my talents. All the fruit I have drawn from these advantages has been the happiness of despising them for the love of Jesus Christ." Dead to the world and to all its charms, he no longer had ardour except for the things of God. Bread, salt and water made his nourishment.[7] His clothes were coarse, and the bare earth served him as a bed. He occupied himself by day in painful labours, and passed a great part of the night in praying or in contemplating the divine perfections.[8] The profane eloquence which he had studied so long appeared to him, like riches, an object worthy of contempt. He no longer had any commerce with his classical books nor with those which treated of the art of oratory; he abandoned them, as he says himself,[9] to worms and moths. Honours were in his eyes only vain dreams whose illusion seduces men; he dreaded the precipices which ambition digs under the feet of its slaves. One saw nothing in him which announced attachment to the earth; he was, so to speak, outside the world, and he had no conversation except with heaven.[10] This did not hinder him, however, from charging himself for some time with the government of his father's house and the administration of his affairs.

His patience was tried by cruel illnesses. The derangement of his health came from his austerities and from the tears which he shed with such abundance and continuity that they sometimes hindered him from sleeping.[11] He rejoiced in his infirmities, which furnished him with the occasion of practising mortification and renunciation of himself.[12] He deplored with bitterness the immoderate laughter of his youth which had had its source in an extremely gay character. By dint of combats, he succeeded in repressing even the involuntary movements of anger, and in making himself so completely master of himself that he had only indifference for all the things which had been before the dearest to him. His alms made him always the most indigent of men; his goods belonged to all who found themselves in need, as a harbour belongs to all who are at sea.[13] No one ever loved retreat and silence more than he. He groaned over the disorders which the itch of speaking brings with it, and over that pitiable mania which certain people have of wishing to set themselves up as masters of the human race.[14]

For a long time Gregory had desired to break off all commerce with men, in order to attend more freely to the service of God. It was to satisfy this desire that in 358 he went to join Saint Basil, who was living in solitude, near the river Iris, in the province of Pontus. Vigils, fasts and prayer were the delight of these two great men; they joined to them manual labour, the chanting of psalms and the study of holy Scripture. They followed, for the explanation of the divine oracles, not their own lights nor their private spirit, but the doctrine of the ancient Fathers and Doctors of the Church.[15]

Gregory remained in solitude only as long as he needed to know the sweetnesses that are tasted there. His father, aged more than eighty years, recalled him, that he might assist him in the government of his diocese. To draw more help from him, he ordained him priest by force, and when he least expected it. He acted thus because he knew his son's sentiments with regard to the priesthood, and the difficulty he would have in making him consent to receive the imposition of hands. This ordination is commonly placed on the day of Christmas of the year 361.

The Saint complained loudly of the violence that had been done him. He was inconsolable at his ordination; he took flight, and went to find his friend Basil to pour into his bosom the grief with which he was overwhelmed. Several persons disapproved his manner of acting. It was said that his flight came from pride, from obstinacy or from some similar motive. Soon Gregory condemned himself. The chastisement of Jonas, punished for having disobeyed the orders of God, inspired other sentiments in him. He returned to Nazianzus, from which he had been absent ten weeks, and preached there his first sermon on the day of Easter.

This discourse was soon followed by a second which bears the title of Apology, because the Saint justifies his flight in it. The matter which forms its subject is very important. Gregory treats there of the dignity and the dangers of the priesthood, of the duties of priests, of the holiness required to approach the altar and to appear before a God who is purity itself; of the difficulty of governing consciences, and of applying the suitable remedies to the different maladies of souls; of the knowledge necessary to the sacred ministers, in order that they may clear up the doubts of the faithful and refute errors. From all this detail, he concludes that he had reason to tremble at the sight of the burden with which they wished to charge him, and that he had to prepare himself at least for some time for the priesthood by prayer, penance and meditation. It is true, he adds, that the fear of the terrible account which God will demand of the conduct of souls made me for some time refuse the labour; but, like another Jonas, I have returned to fulfil the duties of the state to which I have been called. I hope that obedience will sustain me in the midst of dangers and that it will obtain for me from God the graces I need. In the discourse of which we have just spoken, Saint Gregory praises the church of Nazianzus for the union of its members and their attachment to the true faith. Unfortunately this unanimity was disturbed toward the end of the reign of Julian.[16] The bishop of Nazianzus signed a writing drawn up by the secret partisans of Arianism, and couched in equivocal and captious terms. He had lent himself to it out of complaisance for some persons whom he hoped to bring back into the bosom of the Church: but this imprudent step scandalized his diocesans; the most zealous, above all the monks, refused to communicate with him. His son, foreseeing the fatal consequences of this division, did everything to stifle it at its birth, and he managed minds so well that he perfectly reconciled the flock with the pastor. In this accommodation, he joined firmness to gentleness, so that he granted nothing to the error of those who had seduced his father, and who, in wresting a signature from him, had caused doubt as to the purity of his faith. He pronounced a fine discourse on the occasion of the re-establishment of peace in the church of Nazianzus.[17] Some time after the death of Julian, he composed his two discourses against that apostate prince. He speaks in them with that force which the Prophets employed when, by the order of God, they reproved the crimes of impious kings. His sole aim was to defend the Church against the pagans, by unmasking the injustice, the impiety and the hypocrisy of her most dangerous persecutor.

Saint Gregory had at last the consolation of seeing his brother Caesarius renounce the world, in order to live henceforth only for God; but death took him from him at the beginning of the year 368. Caesarius was buried at Nazianzus, and the Church honours him with a public cult. Saint Gregory pronounced his funeral oration. In the detail which he gives of his virtues, he remarks that in the midst of honours he always regarded the advantage of being a Christian as the first of dignities and the most glorious of all titles. He also pronounced the funeral oration of Saint Gorgonia, his sister, who died a short time after. He extols in it her fervour in prayer, her humility, her resignation, her respect for the sacred ministers and for holy things, her liberality

toward the poor, her mortifications, her zeal for the education of her children, etc. He regards as miraculous the cure of a paralysis which she obtained by praying before the altar, as also the preservation of her life after the dangerous bruises she had given herself in falling from her chariot.

In 372, Cappadocia was divided, by the order of the emperor, into two provinces. The one that was called the second had the city of Tyana for its capital. This division caused trouble in the Church. Anthimus, bishop of Tyana, pretended to have an archiepiscopal jurisdiction over the second Cappadocia. Saint Basil opposed this pretension; he claimed his right as archbishop of Caesarea, and maintained that a purely civil division did not take from him the quality of metropolitan of Cappadocia. The love of peace made him, however, relax somewhat afterwards: he consented that the see of Tyana should be regarded as the metropolis of the second Cappadocia. During the contest, Saint Basil elected Gregory, his friend, bishop of the city of Sasima, which was in the small division that was disputed with him. Gregory opposed his election. He submitted nevertheless at last through the united authority of his father and his friend. He was consecrated by Saint Basil at Caesarea, about the middle of the year 372. After the ceremony, he returned to Nazianzus, to await, in order to take possession of his Church, a favourable occasion which never presented itself. In fact, Anthimus, who had gained the new governor to his interests, and who was master of all the roads, prevented him from penetrating as far as Sasima. Saint Basil having accused Gregory of lacking courage, the latter answered him that he was not disposed to fight for an episcopal see.[18] He governed nevertheless that of Nazianzus, under his father, who was very aged, and who died the following year. He charged himself with the funeral oration of that venerable old man, and he pronounced it in the presence of Saint Basil and of Saint Nonna, his mother, who did not survive her husband by much.

His design, after his father's death, was to live in solitude, which had always been the object of his most ardent desires; but he was so keenly pressed not to abandon the church of Nazianzus that he consented to take care of it until the bishops of the province should have given him a pastor.

As this affair dragged on, and as, besides, his health was considerably deranged, he retired, in 375, to Seleucia, metropolis of Isauria. He passed five years in that city. The death of Saint Basil, which occurred in 378, was for him a very sensible blow. He composed, in honour of his friend, twelve epigrams or epitaphs. He pronounced his panegyric at Caesarea some years afterwards, that is to say in 381 or 382.

The persecution having ceased by the death of the emperor Valens, who perished miserably in 378, peace was at last restored to the Church. The Catholic bishops sought the means of repairing the ravages which heresy had made; they held, for this purpose, several assemblies, and resolved to send men as learned as they were zealous into the provinces where the holy doctrine had suffered most. Of all the Churches, there was none which was in so deplorable a state as that of Constantinople. It had groaned for forty years under the tyranny of the Arians. The few Catholics who remained there had been long without a pastor and even without a church. They addressed themselves to Gregory, whose knowledge, eloquence and piety they knew, and besought him earnestly to come to their aid. They engaged several bishops to join with them, in order to obtain more surely the effect of their prayers. So many solicitations united were for some time useless, nothing being able to draw Gregory from his retreat at Seleucia, where he lived in a perfect detachment from the world. At last, however, he was forced to yield.

He came then to Constantinople, in 379, to put himself at the head of that diocese, without however being its bishop. He was at first rather ill received. The inhabitants of that city, lovers of display, despised a man already broken by age, with a bald head, and a face worn with tears and austerities, clothed in coarse garments, showing in everything the marks of an extreme poverty. The Arians made him the subject of their raillery: they overwhelmed him with insults and even blackened his reputation by their calumnies. The persecution became general; the great, like the people, treated the man of God in the most unworthy manner: but they only procured for him thereby the occasion of acquiring the glorious title of confessor.

Gregory lodged with relatives whom he had at Constantinople, and it was in their house that the orthodox assembled to hear him. Some time after, he changed this house into a church to which he gave the name of Anastasia or of the resurrection, because it was there that the

Catholic faith rose again, so to speak, which until then had been so strongly oppressed in that city. We read in Sozomen,[19] that the name of Anastasia was confirmed to this church by a miracle. A woman with child, says this author, having killed herself there by falling from the top of a gallery, recovered life by the prayers of the faithful assembled. The body of Saint Anastasia, virgin and martyr, was afterwards deposited there, which was brought from Sirmium to Constantinople, about the year 460.[20] This church must not be confounded with another of the same name, which was in the hands of the Novatians, under the reigns of Constantius and of Julian the Apostate.[21]

The Saint made instructions assiduously in his little church, and he saw with joy that the number of his hearers increased every day. The Arians and the Apollinarists, united with various other heretics, strove to prevent the effect of his discourses, by defaming him with atrocious calumnies; they even had recourse to violence. They pursued him with stones in the streets; they dragged him before the magistrate as a troublemaker who stirred up the people. The Saint suffered with patience all these ill- treatments. “It is true,” he said to himself, “that the party of the heretics is the strongest; but I fight for the good cause. If they possess the churches, I have God on my side. Let them not glory in having the people on their side; I have with me the angels who protect and defend me.”

The holy pastor led a very retired life; he never paid visits, unless necessity obliged him to. The time that he did not employ in the functions of the ministry was consecrated to meditation. He fed only on bread and herbs seasoned with a little salt. One saw on his cheeks the traces of the tears he shed almost continually. Night and day he implored the divine mercy upon his flock. All who heard him could not but admire his profound knowledge, as well as the rare talent he had of making the most abstract truths sensible and of expressing himself with as much clearness as elegance. The heretics and the pagans, having become gradually humanized, had the curiosity to go and hear him, and, in spite of their prejudices, they were forced to recognize the superiority of his merit. Each day the fruit of his discourses became more perceptible. The number of Catholics increased more and more. The partisans of error opened their eyes and hastened to re-enter the bosom of the Church. There was only one thing that afflicted the Saint: it was the applause with which his sermons were listened to; he feared that his heart might be infected by the poison of vainglory; and this fear made him speak in public only with a sort of timidity and embarrassment. He was never reproached with flattering the great. The sole aim of his discourses was to explain and to strengthen the Catholic faith and to reform the disorder of morals. He rose strongly against the mania of disputing on matters of religion, an abuse which was then very common at Constantinople. The way of salvation is closed, according to him, to all those whom the spirit of dispute possesses. One cannot go to heaven except by the observance of the commandments of the Lord.[22] One must therefore take care to give alms, to practise hospitality, to visit and serve the sick, to pray, to groan over one’s sins, to mortify one’s senses, to repress the outbursts of anger, to watch over one’s tongue, to subdue concupiscence.

The virtues and talents of Gregory drew a great number of persons around him. Saint Jerome left the deserts of Syria to come to Constantinople. He ranged himself among the disciples of the Saint; he studied the Scripture under him, and he always gloried in having had such a master, as we see by his writings.

The marvellous success of the labours of Saint Gregory excited the envy of the demon and of his ministers. Among the number of the latter was a false Christian who made profession of the Cynic philosophy: this was the famous Maximus, born in the city of Alexandria. This knave, all filled with the impudence and the pride of his sect, betook himself to Constantinople, where he knew how to disguise, under a hypocritical exterior, the ambition which devoured him, as well as his other vices. He imposed at first on several persons. Saint Gregory himself fell into the snare, and pronounced, in 379, the eulogy of Maximus.[23] This wolf, hidden

under the form of a sheep, won over some laymen and a wicked priest; after which he had himself clandestinely ordained bishop of Constantinople. He received the imposition of hands from some bishops of Egypt, who had arrived a short time before for this purpose. An ordination so irregular roused everyone. Pope Damasus wrote a letter in which he testified the grief that such a crime caused him, and in which he declared that the election of Maximus must be regarded as null. The emperor Theodosius the Great, who was at that time at Thessalonica, also showed much indignation against the intruder.

When that prince had arrived at Constantinople, he proposed to Demophilus, the Arian bishop, either to receive the doctrine of the council of Nicaea, or to leave the city. The latter decided for the second course. Theodosius, having seen Gregory, gave him great marks of his esteem and of his affection. The Catholics, he said to him, embracing him, ask you for bishop, and I assure you that their choice is entirely in accord with my desires. Some days after his arrival, he took the churches from the Arians, and put Gregory in possession of that of Saint Sophia, on which all the others depended. During the ceremony, the people asked with one voice that Gregory should be bishop of Constantinople. The cries that were heard on all sides caused a sort of confusion. The Saint however made it cease, saying that for the moment one ought to think of nothing else than thanking the Lord for having re-established the true faith. The modesty he showed on this occasion received great praise from the emperor. There was a difficulty with respect to the see of Constantinople. It could be filled only after a council should have declared it vacant, and should have annulled the ordination of Demophilus, as well as that of Maximus the Cynic. Happily the bishops of all the East were then assembled at Constantinople. It was Saint Meletius, patriarch of Antioch, who presided at the council. The Fathers, at his solicitation, took the part of Gregory of Nazianzus, and established him canonically bishop of Constantinople, without regard to the tears which his humility made him shed.

Saint Meletius having died during the holding of the council, Gregory presided in it at the last sessions. He did everything to re-establish peace in the church of Antioch, troubled by the schism; this increased his enemies: they attempted to take from him not only his dignity but his life. Once, among others, they charged an assassin to rid them of a man so odious. Heaven permitted that their fury should not be served as they desired. The assassin, touched with remorse, approached the Saint, his eyes bathed in tears, striking his breast and confessing his crime. Gregory answered him: “May God forgive you; his goodness, which has preserved me, requires that I grant you your pardon. You are at present mine by your crime: but I ask of you only one thing, it is to renounce heresy and to give yourself sincerely to God.” This gentleness gained the holy bishop many partisans, even among the Arians. The goodness with which he treated his most ardent persecutors was disapproved only by certain Catholics who let themselves be led by the sallies of an indiscreet zeal. In the meantime, the bishops of Egypt and of Macedonia arrived at the council. They opposed the election of our Saint, alleging that it was contrary to the canons, which forbade the transferring of a bishop from one see to another. The Saint answered with tranquillity that the canons alleged had lost their force in the East through disuse, which was a matter of the greatest notoriety; he added that besides they could not regard him, since he had never taken possession of the see of Sasima and had never governed the diocese of Nazianzus as titular bishop. Seeing that his reasons produced no effect, and that there was much ferment in minds, he cried out in the midst of the assembly: “If my election causes so many troubles, I consent to undergo the lot of Jonas; let me be cast into the sea to appease the tempest, although I did not excite it. If all are willing to follow my example, the Church will soon enjoy a profound peace. I never desired to be bishop, and if I am so, it is against my will. If it seems expedient to you that I should retire, I am ready to return to my solitude, in order that the Church of God may at last become tranquil. I beg you only to unite your efforts that the see of Constantinople may be filled by a person of virtue and who has zeal for the defence of the faith.” After having thus spoken, he went out of the assembly, very content at having discharged himself of so heavy a burden.[24] The bishops were extremely surprised at his step; but they had the weakness to accept his resignation on the spot.

On leaving the council, Gregory betook himself to the palace. Having prostrated himself at the feet of the emperor and having kissed his hand, he said to him: “I come, Lord, not with the design of asking riches and honours for myself or for my friends, nor to solicit your liberality toward the churches; I come to ask permission to retire. You know that I was placed against my will on the see of this city. I have become odious, even to my friends, because I look solely to the interests of heaven. I beseech you to accept my resignation. Add to the glory of your triumphs that of re-establishing in the Church unity and concord.” The emperor was singularly struck by such greatness of soul; and it was only with much difficulty that he granted the holy bishop what he asked with such ardour. Gregory made his farewells by a fine discourse which he pronounced in the great church in the presence of the Fathers of the council and of an innumerable multitude of people.[25] He compares in it the state in which he had found the Church of Constantinople, on his arrival, with the state in which he leaves it in withdrawing. He renders thanks in it to God for the re-establishment of the Catholic faith; he protests in it that he conducted himself with the most perfect disinterestedness since his election, and that he appropriated nothing of the revenues of the episcopal see: he reproaches the city in it with its love for spectacles, luxury and magnificence: and as he was accused of carrying too far the simplicity of his exterior and of not sustaining the lustre of his dignity, he thus makes his apology: “I did not know that it was my duty to vie in display with the consuls, the governors, the generals of armies, who know how to employ their riches only on a worldly pomp. I was ignorant that one could make use of the goods of the poor to feed oneself delicately, to mount a fine horse, to be drawn in a pompous chariot, to keep up a crowd of servants. If, in acting in another manner, I have offended you, the fault is made, and I hope that you will pardon me for it.” He ends his discourse by taking leave of his dear Anastasia, which he calls his glory and his crown, of the other churches of the city, of the holy apostles who were honoured there; of his episcopal throne, of his clergy, of the monks and of all the servants of God, of the emperor and of all the court, of the East and of the West, of the guardian angels of his church, and of the holy Trinity who was honoured there. “My dear children,” he added, “guard the deposit of the faith, and remember the stones that were thrown at me, because I was labouring to put the true doctrine in your hearts.” Meanwhile the faithful, those above all whom he had first won to Jesus Christ, were inconsolable. They had already given him proofs of the most tender attachment, in suffering various persecutions for love of him. They followed him weeping and beseeching him to remain with them. Gregory was moved by their tears; but higher motives obliged him to carry out his design. Restored to himself, he felt great joy at it, as he wrote afterwards to one of his friends. “I cannot sufficiently esteem,” he said, “the advantages which my enemies have procured for me by their jealousy; they have delivered me from the fire of Sodom in delivering me from the dangers of the episcopate.”[26]

Before giving his resignation, he had made his will, which we still have. It is signed by six bishops and by a priest, and the formalities prescribed by the Roman law are observed in it. The Saint confirms in it the donation of all his real and personal goods to the church and to the poor of Nazianzus.

The little he reserved for himself to live on, he bequeathed to some of his friends and of his servants who were in need.

One is astonished at the conduct that was held toward Saint Gregory, when one recalls all that he did at Constantinople. By his zeal, he had withdrawn from Arianism the greater part of the inhabitants of that city. His gentleness and his patience had triumphed over the obstinacy of the heretics. Never would he use the power he had to have them punished for all the persecutions they stirred up against him;[27] he engaged the Catholics to treat them with the same moderation. Vengeance, he said to them, is forbidden to the disciples of Jesus Christ. They must suffer patiently, and always return good for evil.[28]

The re-establishment of the faith was to be followed by the reformation of morals. Already the Saint had worked efficaciously at this latter object; but he was not given time to complete what he had so happily begun. The true faithful would at least have been consoled, if he had not been given Nectarius for successor.

Nectarius was a Roman senator and at the same time praetor or governor of Constantinople. Not only was he a layman, but he was not even baptized when they proceeded to his election; he had lived in incontinence and shown little wisdom on several occasions; all these circumstances must make one discount much of the praises which the historian Socrates has given him. It appears also that he did not possess the talent of speech.[29]

Saint Gregory had left Constantinople before the election of Nectarius. Nazianzus was the place he chose for his dwelling. He composed there the poem of his life, in which he insisted particularly on the conduct he had held at Constantinople. His aim in this was to destroy various calumnies that were being published against him. He laboured with all his might to have a bishop given to the city of Nazianzus; but he could not succeed, on account of the oppositions of a part of the clergy.

The bad state of his health soon obliged him to retire to Arianzus. It is believed that this was before the end of the year 381. He regretted in his solitude only the absence of his friends.[30] Although he had always been very circumspect in his discourses, he did not fail to accuse himself of having watched too little over his tongue. To punish himself for all the useless words he had uttered, he kept an absolute silence during the forty days of Lent of the year 382. In spite of his retired life, he did not refuse to communicate with persons who had need of his lights: he gave excellent advice to all those who consulted him. Nothing is wiser than the rules of conduct which he traces for married women, in his paraenetic poem to Saint Olympias. Among other things, he says to her: “First, honour God; respect next your husband as the eye of your life, for he ought to direct your actions and all your conduct. Love only him; let him be your joy and your consolation. Never give him occasion to be angry with you. Yield to him when he is in anger; assist him, console him in his troubles and in his afflictions. Speak to him with much gentleness and with tenderness: be modest in the remonstrances you make to him, and take for this a favourable moment. Imitate those who wish to tame lions; instead of using violence toward them, they flatter and caress them. Have compassion on the weaknesses of your husband, and never reproach them to him with bitterness. It is not permitted you to act in that manner toward him whom you ought to prefer to everything that there is in the world.” The Saint makes vows that Olympias may become the mother of several children, and this in order that there may be more souls to sing the praises of Jesus Christ.[31] One of the maxims which he strongly inculcated was that one must begin and end each action by offering to God, by a short prayer, one’s heart and all that one does.[32] “We owe to God all that we are and all that we have. He accepts and rewards our smallest actions, when he is their principle; he has regard then, not to the little that we do, but to the sentiments with which we are animated. He does not reject a heart which, in poverty, gives what it has and what it is capable of giving to acknowledge, as far as lies in it, the benefits and the sovereign dominion of its Lord.”

Meanwhile the see of Nazianzus was still vacant. Saint Gregory, as we have said, had been obliged to take its government after the death of his father, and he had confided it to Cledonius during his absence. He saw with grief various abuses which a bishop alone could remedy. He had already exerted himself to have one elected: but these efforts had not succeeded. He redoubled his efforts in 382, and the church of Nazianzus at last had a pastor. The choice fell on a virtuous priest named Eulalius.

The Saint resolved to pass the rest of his days in retirement, near Arianzus. He was then very aged and very infirm; but that did not hinder him from still rendering service to the Church, and above all to that of Nazianzus. There was in his solitude a garden, a fountain and a little wood, which made him taste the innocent pleasures of the country, the only ones he allowed himself. There he practised all sorts of bodily mortifications; he fasted and watched often; he prayed much on his knees. Let us hear him himself: “I live in the midst of rocks and wild beasts. I never see fire, and I use no footwear. A simple tunic makes all my clothing.[33] I lie on straw, and I have only a sack for covering. My floor is always watered by the tears I shed.”[34] Toward the end of his life, he set himself to composing poems on subjects of piety, in order to contribute to the edification of those of the faithful who loved music and poetry. Besides, the Apollinarists

had made poems to spread their errors; the surest means of discrediting them was to oppose to them others which should be orthodox, and the reading of which might instruct and edify at the same time that it relaxed the mind.

In his poems, Saint Gregory relates the history of his life and of his sufferings; he publishes in them his temptations, his weaknesses, his faults, and enters, in this regard, into a much greater detail than when it is a question of things that might do him honour. He complains in them that, in spite of his old age and his austerities, he still experiences the revolts of a corrupted flesh; but he acknowledges at the same time that grace has preserved in him the precious treasure of virginity. These temptations came to him by an effect of the divine mercy: they guarded him against the snares of pride and kept him in vigilance, warning him unceasingly of the necessity of combat. His poems are still filled with inflamed aspirations by which he solicits the help of Jesus Christ. He declares in them that we are in an absolute dependence on the Saviour. "Without his grace," he says, "we are only slaves who exhale an odour of sin; it is as impossible for us to do good as it is for a bird to fly without wings, and for a fish to swim without water. It is he who makes us see, act and run."[35] The Saint, not content with watching and praying, kept far from all that might have some relation to sin, striving to reduce his body to servitude by continual mortifications.[36]

In his letters, he gave excellent advice and prescribed nothing that he did not practise himself. We shall cite an example. A holy priest being unjustly persecuted in consequence of a calumny, he wrote him three letters to console him. He spoke to him thus in the third: "What can happen to us of evil, after all? We have only one thing to fear, it is to put ourselves, by our own fault, in the case of losing God and virtue. Let the other things go as it shall please the Lord: he is the master of our life, and he knows the reason of all that happens to us; let us fear only to act in a manner unworthy of our piety. We have fed the poor, we have served our brethren, we have sung psalms to the praise of God; if it is no longer permitted us to continue the same exercises, let us employ ourselves in something else. Grace is not sterile; it opens different ways which all lead to heaven. Let us live in retreat, let us give ourselves to contemplation, let us purify our souls by the light of God: this is perhaps not less exalted than all that we could do."

Such were the occupations of Saint Gregory in his last retreat, until his blessed death, which occurred about 389. He was seventy-eight years old when he ended his life of doctor, bishop, monk and poet.

In 930, the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus had his relics transported from Nazianzus to Constantinople and ordered that they be deposited in the church of the Apostles. They were brought to Rome in the time of the crusades, and they are still under an altar of the Vatican church. The Latins honour Saint Gregory of Nazianzus on 9 May.

Writings of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus

The only complete Greek-Latin edition of the works of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus is that of the Abbé Migne, volumes XXXV to XXXVIII of the *Patrology*. These works are: 1st, Forty-five Discourses. The most famous are the five discourses called *Theological*, against the Eunomians and the Macedonians, in favour of the divinity of the Son of God and of the Holy Spirit.

2nd, Two hundred and twelve very interesting Letters.

3rd, His Testament, of which mention has been made in his life.

4th, Poems, some theological, namely: thirty-eight dogmatico-biblical pieces and forty moral pieces: the others historical, of which ninety-seven relate to Saint Gregory himself, two hundred and thirty-one to other persons, one hundred and twenty-nine epitaphs and ninety-nine epigrams.

In poem 131, the holy doctor acknowledges that he was indebted for his birth to the prayers of his mother, and that, having fallen dangerously ill, he recovered his health by the holy table, that is to say by the sacrifice

of the altar.

He teaches and practises, in several places of his works, the invocation of the Saints. He relates, Or. 18, that Saint Justina asked, through the intercession of the Mother of God, to be delivered from the danger to which her purity was exposed. According to him, the souls of the Saints know in the bosom of glory what concerns us, Ep. 201. He says, speaking of Saint Athanasius, Or. 24, "that he sees our needs from the height of heaven, that he stretches out his arms to those who still fight for virtue, and that he interests himself the more in their favour, as he is freed from the bonds of the body." He beseeches Saint Basil, Or. 20, to intercede in heaven for those whom he had governed and loved on earth. Elsewhere, Or. 18, he prays Saint Cyprian to assist him. He reproaches Julian with his aversion for the martyrs whose feasts were celebrated, and the refusal he made to honour their bodies, which drove out demons and healed the sick. One sees that, in his time, several miracles were wrought by the virtue of the ashes of Saint Cyprian. "Those," he says, Or. 18, "who have experienced it, attest it loudly." Hence that zeal with which he rose against the pagans, who, under Julian the Apostate, burned the tombs of the martyrs and cast their relics to the wind, in order to deprive them of the honour that was rendered them, Or. 4. Julian himself, *Misopogon*, reproaches the Christians with having employed, during the persecution of seven months which they suffered at Antioch, no other means of defence than the devotion of old women whom they sent to pray assiduously before the tombs of the martyrs. *Odiosam istam severitatem septimum jam mensem perpessi, vota quidem et preces, quo tantis malis eriperemur, ad vetulas dimisimus quæ circum sepulcra mortuorum assidue versantur.* All the passages of Saint Gregory which we have just reported made the minister Daillé, *de cultu relig.*, say that this holy doctor had contributed by his words and examples to accredit and extend the cult of the Saints.

If the style of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus has less sweetness and facility than that of Saint Basil, it is certainly more flowery and more majestic. This Father always conceives things nobly, and he expresses them with an inimitable delicacy and elegance. According to some authors, Saint Gregory is the greatest of orators, as well sacred as profane. Saint Basil shares this glory with him, in the judgment of Dupin and of several other learned men. The only fault that can be reproached to him is that of presenting to his readers too many beauties, and of making perhaps an excessive use of flowers and figures.

His verses are worthy of Homer, full of sweetness and facility; one finds in them a sublimity which assures them the preference over all the productions of the same kind that have come from the pen of ecclesiastical writers. They would well deserve to be read in the public schools. Cardinal Mai has found, on the poems of Saint Gregory, precious commentaries by Cosmas, tutor of Saint John Damascene, and later bishop of Mazuma or Athedon, in the patriarchate of Alexandria.

Godescard and Rohrbacher.

The Blessed John or Hans Wagner, Hermit in Switzerland

(1516.)

There was, toward the end of the 15th century, at Ittingen, near Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, an abbey placed under the title of Saint Laurence, which the Augustinians had just ceded to the Carthusians. A short time after this change, a young man of Riedlingen, in Swabia, named John Wagner, came to present himself at the door of the convent. His good appearance caused him to be accepted at once. In 1476, he pronounced his vows as a lay brother and kept the name of John, Hans in vulgar German. Some time after, the humble lay brother wrote to the sovereign Pontiff. The altogether paternal reply of Innocent VIII will teach us what were the troubles of mind of the pious Carthusian and what remedy the vicar of Jesus Christ applied to them. Here is this reply: "We, Pope Innocent VIII, to our well-beloved son John Wagner, lay brother of the Order of the Chai: 'My well-beloved son, receive before all our greeting and our apostolic blessing! You have let us know that, to make yourself more perfect and to serve God the more freely, you entered the abbey of Ittingen, of

the Order of the Carthusians, situated in the diocese of Constance, and that you pronounced there the vows required of the lay brothers of that Order; you add that you lived there without reproach for a certain time. But as you no longer foresee being able, in this abbey, to cultivate piety as heretofore, on account of the buildings and the numerous repairs which are made there, and which occupy chiefly the lay brothers, you have asked, in order to be able to serve the Most High better, to be allowed to retire into a solitude, and you have humbly prayed us to grant your request in our paternal benevolence. We accede with pleasure to your wishes and we permit you, by virtue of this letter, after you shall have asked permission of your superiors, to go and pass all the rest of your life in a solitude, which you shall choose at your pleasure, to serve the Most High there, whether alone or with a companion, clothed in a coarse habit of grey cloth, in conformity with the three vows of your Order, without eating meat and wearing the hair-shirt. Given at Rome, the 6th of May 1489, the fifth year of our pontificate.'" In consequence of this apostolic letter, Brother John received from his superiors the permission he desired, and the same year he left the Charterhouse with the design of seeking some solitude in the mountains. After a long journey, he arrived in the mountains of Mount Pilatus, that high and famous mountain of Switzerland. This region is called today the Forest of the Good God (Herrgotswald), and belongs to the parish of Kriens, two leagues from Lucerne. He found under high and very projecting rocks a cavern, surrounded by firs and wild bushes. On the other side, toward the east, the rock descends by a steep and frightful slope, into the river called Kienbach, which rolls its impetuous waves with a roar through the forest. It was there that Brother John established himself, and that he observed with fervour and devotion the austere rule of the Carthusians. The little that he needed to live on he asked from the charity of the peasants round about and sometimes also of the citizens of Lucerne. He drank only water, his bed was a rock and his pillow a stone or a piece of wood. He left his cavern only when his parish, that of Kriens, called him to divine service, or when some great feast was celebrated in the neighbourhood; or again, when extreme poverty forced him to it. Toward men, he was of an excessive modesty; he spoke but little and would reveal to no one either his origin, or his country, or his former condition: although he was anything but gloomy, yet his face and his whole person always breathed serenity and peace; it was this that made him lovable to everyone. The region he inhabited belonged to the ancient family of Weyl of Lucerne. James of Weyl, who then exercised the magistracy, and Anne Feer, his pious wife, having recognized the sublime virtues of the hermit, built him a chapel, which was consecrated in the month of August 1504. Brother John, having passed twenty-six years in solitude, was seized, in 1516, during the feasts of Pentecost, with a grave illness, of which he died on 9 May of the same year, provided with the Sacraments of holy Church.

It was only after his death that the apostolic letter cited above was found, which gave all the elucidations that were desired on his former life. His body was buried in the chapel, according to his own wish. There were some who saw a light come forth from the tomb; this gave birth to the cult which was rendered to the blessed hermit. In 1613 his tomb was opened, and when the curate of Kriens, in the presence of Louis of Weyl, uncovered the coffin, all the bystanders were agreeably surprised by the sweet odour which came out of it. In 1621 there rose at the place where the chapel had been a fine church, under the invocation of the most holy Virgin. The relics of Brother John were placed in a new tomb, on which one sees his image with this epitaph: "Here lie the relics of the blessed Brother John Wagner, of the Order of the Carthusians, hermit in this place, who faithfully served Jesus Christ to his last hour. He entered this solitude in 1489. He died on 9 May 1516." *Cf. Legenden-Sammlung*, Lucerne, 1815.

Our Lady of Miracles at Mauriac

The most celebrated of all the sanctuaries of Mary in Upper Auvergne is that of Our Lady of Miracles, at Mauriac. A tradition, set down in a very ancient manuscript, makes it go back to Theodechilde, daughter of Clovis, or her granddaughter according to Mabillon, who gives her for father Theodoric, king of Austrasia. About the year 507, Theodechilde was at Montsélis, otherwise called Château-Vieux, which belonged to her with its dependencies. On a dark night, she perceived in the forest, which the town of Mauriac has since

replaced, an extraordinary light. Astonished at this brightness, which reproduced itself again the following night, she went to the spot; and there, what was not her astonishment, when she perceived in the centre of the light a very black wooden statue: it was the Virgin bearing the child Jesus in her arms. She at once commands the erection of a chapel on the very spot, and places the statue in it. Soon numerous miracles were wrought in the new sanctuary. According to the office of the feast,[1] sight is restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, the use of their limbs to the paralytic, the possessed are delivered, and the sick afflicted with the fire of the ardent, so common in the Middle Ages, are healed. Soon people hasten to Mauriac from foreign provinces; and the Virgin of the forest is known afar under the name of Our Lady of Miracles. Soon also modest dwellings rise around her sanctuary, some wishing to pass the rest of their days near their benefactress, others establishing inns there to receive the pilgrims who flocked from all sides. In a short time, the forest is cleared, a town rises, and Our Lady of Miracles is the true foundress of Mauriac. One morning, relates the tradition, there were found at the doors of the chapel two men in foreign costume, loaded with chains and plunged in a deep sleep. They are awakened, they are questioned; and these two men, no less astonished than those who questioned them, relate that, reduced to slavery by the infidels in a distant country (in Spain, it is said), they had implored the Virgin of Mauriac: the evening before, they were still falling asleep in their dungeon, and they now wake at the door of the sanctuary of Mary. At once they are loosed from their irons, and they go to sing in the church the hymn of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Miracles. Such is the fact related in the office itself, and which is confirmed by the chains still existing which are carried in procession before the miraculous statue.

The chapel soon proved insufficient to contain either the pilgrims, more numerous every day, or the inhabitants of the town, which grew in the same proportion. To build a larger one, they wished to buy a garden and a house adjoining the chapel. The proprietor, far from lending himself to the sale, having taken three workmen to enlarge the very house they wished to buy, was found dead in his bed on the day when the projected construction was to begin. Two of the workmen, entered into his apartment to take his orders, and meeting only a corpse, fell themselves dead suddenly, and the third, who had stayed outside, fainted from fright.

At the news of these terrible blows, they hesitate no longer, they set to work; from the 12th to the 15th century they do not cease to labour; and they make the church the most beautiful without contradiction of Upper Auvergne, the most finished model of the Romano-Byzantine style. A prodigy marked the dedication of this holy temple. A supernatural light illuminated the interior of the church for the three days and three nights which followed the ceremony. It is above all at the patronal feast, the Sunday which follows 9 May and the day of the octave, that the concourse is most remarkable. Then pilgrims come from all points of the department of Cantal and of the neighbouring departments crowd the little town, without however bringing disturbance and confusion there; for among them all is calm and modest, like the piety which animates them. “I have travelled much,” says a distinguished witness,[2] “I have been present at brilliant ceremonies, at magnificent processions in various places, in several capitals; I can affirm that I have seen none which had a more imposing, a more solemnly religious character than the procession of Our Lady of Miracles at Mauriac.”

A statue so celebrated well deserved the honour of coronation. In fact, on 13 May 1855, in the midst of an immense crowd that had hastened to the feast, in the presence of several bishops assembled to enhance its solemnity, Our Lady of Miracles was crowned with a diadem of gold enriched with precious stones, and given by Pius IX himself.

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[3] This is the author of the celebrated work known under the name of the *Shepherd*, of which a manuscript brought in recent years from Mount Sinai has at last restored to us the Greek text. Hermas seems to be a Hellenist converted by Saint Paul (Rom. xvi, 4). We have no other biographical information on this writer than what he himself has left. Born in slavery, freed later and become the father of a family, he accuses himself of having, like the high priest Heli of old, too much neglected the education of his children. It is not known

whether afterwards Hermas embraced the priesthood; he was a layman at the time he wrote, and his wife had not until then made profession of continence; this at least is what it is permitted to conclude from a passage where he expresses the hope of being able one day to give her the name of sister. Hermas had been rich. Probably he had owed his fortune to the lucrative trade which established, between Asia and Rome, business relations and exchanges so considerable. He accuses himself of having, in this traffic, multiplied dissimulations and lying. His temporal prosperity did not last. In taking from him the goods of this world, God opened to him the treasure of immortal riches. The Angel of penance appeared to him under the form of a shepherd clothed in a white mantle, a wallet on his shoulder, a crook in his hand. This Angel was to lead Hermas to Jesus Christ, and his instructions, gathered by the happy penitent, form the book of the *Shepherd*. All Christian antiquity, from Saint Irenaeus to Saint Jerome, has praised this work. The *Shepherd* of Hermas was read in the assemblies of the faithful, not as a canonical writing, but as a treatise of moral theology, a sort of practical Apocalypse, where the virtues of the Gospel presented themselves in turn in a graceful picture, in the form of vision, of precepts and of similitudes. The name of the pontiff Clement (67–76), to whom Hermas handed one of the copies of his work, "that the doctrine of it might be communicated to foreign nations," gives us the date of the visions of Hermas. *Cf.* Freppel, *The Apostolic Fathers*; Darras, *Hist. of the Church*; Dom Ceillier, new ed.

[4] Saint Gerontius of Cervia passes for the one who assisted Pope Symmachus at the fourth council of Rome, celebrated in 502. Another, of the same name, bishop of Camerino, lived in the same century and attended the council of Rome, under Pope Hilarus. A third is found among the bishops of Gaul to whom Pope Saint Leo addressed his fifty-second epistle.

[5] *Minaticum* or *Ninnaticum*.

[6] Henri Congnet, dean of the Chapter of Soissons.

[7] Here one may say: Every man preaches for his own Saint. The *Proper* of Blois and of Chartres say that Saint Béat died in his solitude, near Vendôme. Dom Piolin, *History of Le Mans*, says that it was at Château-sur-Loir, in the diocese of Le Mans. Finally, the tradition and the monuments of Laon, whose account we have adopted, affirm that it was near that city that Saint Bié ended his life. — We content ourselves with reporting the dispute, without wishing to charge ourselves with settling it.

[8] Orat. 19, carm.

[9] Carm. 8, etc.

[10] Carm..

[11] Or. 4, 121.

[12] See the Life of Saint Caesarius, on 25 February.

[13] Or. 1, p. 32.

[14] Carm. 2, p. 31.

[15] Carm. 55.

[16] Carm. 1.

[17] Or. 29.

[18] Carm. 55.

[19] Ep. 69.

[20] Carm. 4.

[21] Or., 2.

[22] Rufinus, *Hist.*, bk. ii, ch. 9, p. 254.

[23] Or. 3, p. 53.

[24] Or. 12.

[25] Ep. 32.

[26] Bk. vii, ch. 5.

[27] Theodorus Lector, bk. ii, p. 19, I.

[28] Socrates, *t. h.*, ch. 38.

[29] Carm. 1.

[30] We still have it under the title of *Eulogy of the Philosopher Heron*. Saint Jerome thinks that the name of Maximus must be substituted for that of Heron.

[31] Carm. 1.

[32] Or. 32.

[33] Ep. 73.

[34] Or. 32.

[35] Or. 24.

[36] This observation is Tillemont's. Palladius makes a quite similar one on Arsacius, brother of Nectarius, who was put upon the archiepiscopal see of Constantinople to the prejudice of Saint Chrysostom.

[37] Carm. 147 and Ep. 173.

[38] *Quo plures celebrent magni praeconia Regis*, vol. ii, page 144.

[39] Or. 1, p. 1; Or. 9, pages 152, 153, 154, etc.

[40] Carm. 5 and 60.

[41] Carm. 147.

[42] Carm. 59.

[43] Ep. 196, p. 891.

[1] *Cf. Proper of Saint-Flour*, approved at Rome, 4 vols. in-12, 1866; and *Notre-Dame de France*.

[2] S. M. le baron de Sartiges d'Angle.

10 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

Saint Antoninus, confessor and archbishop of Florence, whose birth into heaven is marked on 2 May. — At Rome, on the Latin way, the triumph of the blessed martyrs Gordian and Epimachus, of whom the first, after having been, in the time of Julian the Apostate, scourged long with leaded cords, and then beheaded, was buried during the night by the Christians, on the same way, in a crypt, into which, a little before, the relics of the blessed Epimachus had been carried, who had accomplished his martyrdom for the faith of Christ in the city of Alexandria. 362. — In the land of Hus, the holy prophet Job, whose patience was so admirable. — At Rome, the blessed Calepodius, priest and martyr, whom the emperor Alexander put to death by the sword: his body was afterwards dragged through the city and thrown into the Tiber; but Pope Callistus, having discovered it, gave it burial. In the same circumstances were also beheaded the consul Palmatius with his wife, his children and forty-two persons of his household, men as well as women; Simplicius, senator, with his wife and sixty-eight Christians of his household; Felix with Blanda, his wife: their heads were fastened above various gates of the city to intimidate the Christians.[1] 222. — Again at Rome, on the Latin way, in a place named Centum Aulae or the Hundred Halls, the feast of the holy martyrs Quartus and Quintus, whose bodies have been carried to Capua. — At Lentini, in Sicily, the holy martyrs Alphius or Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus. About 260. — At Smyrna, Saint Dioscorides, martyr. — At Bologna, the blessed Nicholas Albergati, Carthusian, bishop of that city and cardinal of the holy Roman Church, illustrious by his holiness and by the legations with which the Holy See charged him. His body was buried at the Charterhouse of Florence. — At Taranto, Saint Cataldus, bishop, renowned for his miracles.[2] — At Milan, the finding of the holy martyrs Nazarius and Celsus; it was Saint

Ambrose, bishop, who discovered the body of Saint Nazarius covered with a blood which appeared still quite fresh, and carried it into the church of the Apostles, with that of Saint Celsus, a child, whom this blessed Martyr had brought up and nourished; both had been struck with the sword in the persecution of Nero, by order of Anolinus, on 28 July, the day on which the feast of their martyrdom is celebrated. — At Madrid, Saint Isidore the Labourer, illustrious by his miracles, whom Gregory XV canonized at the same time as Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis, Saint Teresa and Saint Philip. 1170.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Montchaude, in the canton of Barbezieux, Saint Mathorin, whose tomb is still, in our days, visited by pious pilgrims. His history is completely unknown. — In the diocese of Bourges, Saint Solange, virgin, martyred for chastity. About 880. — At Besançon, Saint Sylvester, bishop, who, having kept virginity in marriage, kept also humility in the episcopate, and, joining a perfect holiness to a great number of miracles, finished destroying, in his diocese, the remains of idolatry and of Arianism. He had a fourth parish church built at Besançon: it was dedicated to Saint Maurice of Agaunum. He was buried at Saint-Ferjeux. 396. — At

the same place, Saint Fronimius, successor of the preceding. He had the church of Saint-Stephen built, which has not existed since the conquest of Franche-Comté by the French, and was buried there. 5th century. — At Bourges, Saint Pallais, first of the name, ninth bishop of that city: he was buried in a church, situated four leagues from Bourges, which took his name. 384. — At the abbey of Marsillac, in the diocese of Cahors, the pious decease of Saint Pallais, second of the name and thirteenth bishop of Bourges. The foundation of the church of Saint-Stephen at Bourges is attributed to him, whose magnificence Gregory of Tours has celebrated.[3] 460. — At Pontoise, Saint William, otherwise named by corruption of speech Guillemen and Anthilmen, priest. He was English by nation and enjoyed the veneration of Philip Augustus, king of France, in whose palace he ended his earthly career. 1193. — Again at Bourges, the blessed Stadiola, foundress and first abbess of Moyenmoutier. 624. — At Tarbes, Saint Confessa, virgin. — In Limburg, Saint Wiron, named on the 8th of this month in the Roman Martyrology. — At Saint-Flour, the feast of the miracles of the holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, established, in 1855, at Mauriac, by the permission of Pius IX, pope, at the request of the bishop of Saint-Flour.[4] — At Troyes, the translation of Saint Lupus, bishop. — The same day, Saint Mondry, bishop of Larzat, in Auvergne. — At Saint-Léonard, in Beauce, the feast of Saint Leonard, anchorite. He had retired to the neighbourhood of the forest of Marchenoir, after having been the disciple of Saint Mesmin, at Micy. He was first buried in a chapel of Saint-Stephen which he had built near the present borough. His body remained there until 10 May 1226, when the parish church, dedicated under his name, received it in keeping: this sacred deposit, which is still possessed, gave occasion, until the end of the 18th century, to a celebrated pilgrimage in the Dunois country. On the occasion of public calamities, the venerated remains of the holy patron were carried far: thus, on 12 May 1772, they were brought in procession as far as Blois to obtain the cessation of a disastrous and prolonged drought: heaven instantly heard the prayers of the good inhabitants of Saint-Léonard. 6th century. — In the diocese of Belley, the feast of Saint Villebaud,[5] patron of the parish of Saint-Vulbas to which he gave his name and which possesses his relics. Villebaud was patrician or governor of Transjurane Burgundy (Franche-Comté, Dauphiné, Gex, Bresse, Bugey) under Dagobert and Clovis II. He was put to death for justice by Flaochad, mayor of the palace of Burgundy, whose election he had opposed. The tomb of Saint Villebaud is still, in our days, the goal of a much-frequented pilgrimage.[6] 660. — At Remiremont, in the Vosges, on the Sunday nearest to 10 May, votive procession of Our Lady of the Treasury, so called because the Canonesses of Remiremont kept this statue of Our Lady in the treasury of their church with the other relics which were in their possession. This statue of cedar wood, containing hairs of the holy Virgin, was given, it is said, to the Canonesses by Charlemagne and was always afterwards the object of a special veneration. One still remembers the marvellous effects of her protection, in 1682, when an earthquake had overthrown Remiremont: the statue was carried in procession on 10 May and the earthquake ceased on that very day. Since the Revolution, the venerated statue is in the parish church of

Remiremont. Novenas are made to her to obtain favourable weather. Almost every day there arrive at her altar mountaineers who have walked all night to come and have a candle burned there and to obtain either the healing of some malady or the softening of some pain.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Fossombrone, in Emilia, Saint Aldobrand, confessor, who governed the monastery of the Clerks Regular of Rimini with untiring vigilance, who, having become bishop of Fossombrone, was the model of his flock, and finally, after having given great examples of virtues and wrought great miracles, flew away to heaven on the 1st of May. 12th century. — The same day, the holy martyrs Gordian and Epimachus, whose bodies repose and are honoured in the basilica of the Lateran.

Martyrology of the Preaching Friars. — At Florence, Saint Antoninus, archbishop of that city, of the Order of Preaching Friars.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Tergeste, in Istria, the holy Primus, priest, Mark, deacon, Jason, Caelianus and eighty-two others, martyrs, under the reign of the emperor Hadrian. — At Luxembourg, the holy Tertullian and Chrysanthus, Roman martyrs, transferred to that city in 1625. — At Castelnuovo, on the Tagus, the holy Sabinus and Certesus, Roman martyrs, whose relics were given to the Carmelites of the desert of Bolarque, in 1647. — In Ireland, Saint Comgall, abbot of Bangor.[7] He founded, as Saint Patrick had foretold, that illustrious monastery, from which came forth a multitude of Saints, among others Saint Columbanus. 601. — At Padua, the blessed Beatrice Atestina, of the family of Este, virgin, of the Order of Saint Benedict. She died at twenty. 1226. — At Sorigo, on the lake of Como, the blessed Mirus, solitary, whose body was found again in the church of Saint Michael of that town, in the year 1452. He is invoked to obtain rain. — At Rome, the holy death of the venerable Father Nicholas Launoy, first canon of Furnes and afterwards one of the first disciples of Saint Ignatius. The plague having broken out at

Vienna, in Austria, where he directed the college of the Jesuits, he wrought miraculous cures by the sign of the cross or a simple touch. 1583. — In Italy, the blessed James, hermit, of the Order of the Cross of Fonte Avellana. This Order, which Saint Peter Damian illustrated, has produced seventy-four Saints. 1300.

Saint Solange, Virgin and Martyr

880. — Pope: John VIII. — King of France: Louis III.

> *Festa venerunt annua Quibus virgo perinclyta Honoratur Solangia Alleluia.*
>
> *To Saint Solange Let us offer this day A song of praise, A tribute of love.*
>
> *— Ancient prose in honour of Saint Solange, which is still sung today to the air O Filii et Filiae.*

The most illustrious virgin Solange[1] is the patroness, and, so to speak, the Saint Genevieve of Berry. She was born in the borough of Villemont, two or three leagues from the city of Bourges. Her father was a poor vine-dresser who led a very Christian life; God rewarded his piety by blessing his marriage. He had a daughter who was named Solange. In this admirable child, the beauty of the body and that of the soul set each other off, so that she was the delight of God and of men. Her father inspired her, from her most tender years, with a great hatred of mortal sin, and she conceived, at the same time, so tender a love for her God that she had also a horror of the smallest faults which could wound the eyes of the divine Majesty. She had so much esteem and respect for the salutary lessons she received from her parents that she preferred them to all the vain talk and to all the games which ordinarily make the pleasure and joy of children of her age.

This so holy an education, this docility in answering to it, disposed the heart of the young Solange to receive heavenly communications: she began, from the age of seven years, to feel herself burn with the flames of the purest love. She had a particular attraction for everything that related to the life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. She never tired of blessing his holy name and of pronouncing it everywhere with a sentiment of piety which made it known that she had deeply imprinted it in the secret of her heart. These transports of heavenly love did not allow her to wait longer to choose her part; and, as she had already despised the world even before knowing its false attractions, she did not hesitate to take for her only spouse Jesus Christ whom she loved so ardently: she promised him from her heart to keep a perpetual virginity. It is true that she had always lived in great innocence, but she did not trust, for that, to her own strength; there was no day, nor night, that she did not pray God to preserve her in that angelic purity which he demands of the souls that are faithful to him. She liked often to repeat these beautiful words of the holy virgin Agnes: “I love Jesus Christ who had a virgin for mother; I love Jesus, since in loving him I remain chaste, in touching him I remain pure, and in embracing him I remain a virgin.”

This chaste dove often went out from the place of her ordinary abode, I mean from the borough of Villemont, to go and mourn more freely and at leisure in a solitary and retired place, which is still called today, for that reason, the Field of Saint Solange. A wooden cross has been raised since, in the middle of this field, which

must often be renewed, for the pilgrims cut little pieces from it which they carry away out of devotion. Her father had charged her with the keeping of a little flock: no occupation suited better the tastes of Solange; while watching over her sheep, she could contemplate her heavenly Spouse, who invites souls to come and find him in solitude; she liked above all to picture him dying for her on the cross. She consecrated herself to him a thousand times, she protested to him that she was ready to imitate him, to suffer the most horrible torments for his love. We shall see her wishes granted. Meanwhile Jesus Christ, who never lets himself be outdone in generosity, loaded Solange with his favours: so that, like another Genevieve, she made herself very useful to all the neighbouring populations. This young shepherdess knew how, like Genevieve, to make war on the demons, to drive them from the places they had seized, to stop and dissipate the winds and tempests which harmed the surrounding countries. The mere presence of this chaste virgin made the impure spirits go out of the bodies of the possessed. It sufficed for the sick to have the happiness of being perceived on the roads by the Saint, and to expect help from her, to find themselves cured of their infirmities. This gift of working miracles so easily, which was the privilege of the greatest Saints, was communicated to her abundantly. Her history assures us that she stopped and made disappear by a single act of her will the animals that spoiled and destroyed the fruits that were on the earth; and that, if it happened that one of her sheep strayed and threw itself into the neighbouring meadows which were not of her charge, she used neither dog nor staff to make it return: it sufficed her to raise her heart toward her heavenly Spouse, and to disown inwardly the damage which these animals might cause: they returned at once to rejoin the flock with a docility which threw into admiration those who were witnesses of it.

Here is another prodigy, which indicates with what lights God illumined her soul. If one believes the lessons of the office which the Church has consecrated to her, there appeared, day and night, above her head, a star which guided her in her steps, and which served her as a rule in all she had to do; this star served her specially as guide and warning when the time she had destined for prayer or psalmody drew near; as if this light, which of old invited the holy kings the Magi to go and recognize and adore Jesus Christ, had been reproduced to favour this holy spouse of the same Saviour, and to indicate to her the precious moments at which the divine Spouse asked her adorations.

The holiness of the young shepherdess, her virtues, her beauty, made her famous. This renown inspired a lively desire to see her in Bernard of Gothia, son of Bernard, count of Poitiers, of Bourges and of Auvergne. He mounts on horseback, and, under pretext of going hunting, betakes himself to the lands of Villemont, where Solange was keeping her flock. Scarcely has he seen her when a violent passion seizes his heart.[2] He dismounts at once, accosts the young virgin; and taking care to let no word escape which could alarm her innocence, he offers to make her his spouse. “By this marriage,” he says to her, “you will be princess of the vast country where I reign, you will make the happiness of your parents as well as your own.”

Solange answers him that, from the most tender age, she belongs to God, that she has vowed her heart to him, that thus she can no longer dispose of it in favour of any man. This refusal only irritates the desire of the young prince; he resolved to obtain by force what is refused to his prayers, to his promises. Listening therefore only to his passion, he springs to seize Solange: she escapes him, she flees: he pursues her, overtakes her, carries her off, places her before him on his horse and bears her away, making, during the road, fresh efforts to triumph over her refusals. But Solange, strengthened by grace, and preferring death to the loss of her virginity, tears herself suddenly from the arms of her ravisher and throws herself to the ground, beside a little brook which flowed in that place. Despised love changes quickly into hatred, above all in violent and brutal persons. Bernard, full of shame and of fury at seeing himself disdained, vanquished by a shepherdess, throws himself upon her, sword in hand, and cuts off her head. This chaste and faithful spouse was too dear to the Saviour for him not to mark at once, and by some miraculous sign, how agreeable this sacrifice had been to him. Solange then, who had courageously received the stroke of death, standing, did not lose that position, although her head was separated from her body; but, as if she had received a new life by

the merit of martyrdom, she opened her hands peacefully to receive her beautiful head; her mouth pronounced again three times the holy name of Jesus, which had been so familiar to her during her life. She went thus as far as Saint-Martin-du-Cros; she was buried in the cemetery of that church, at the place where, in 1281, a little monument in the form of an altar was raised in her honour.

She is represented keeping her sheep, with a star above her head; at other times, she is kneeling at the foot of a cross, and surrounded by her flock; one perceives in the distance Count Bernard, accompanied by a squire. Finally, she is seen, most commonly, carrying her head between her hands. We read, in a Life of Saint Solange, by M. Oudoul, curate in the diocese of Bourges, the description of the ancient tapestries of the church of Sainte-Solange; it is the iconographic history of this Saint. We hasten to reproduce it here: “One sees,” he says, “in the choir of Sainte-Solange, six tapestry pictures, in very good taste and well executed, which represent the history of the Saint, according to tradition. The first represents Saint Solange surrounded by her sheep, at the foot of the cross which was, it is said, in the middle of the common pasture. One sees, in the nave of the same church and in that of Saint-Stephen of Bourges, a picture which offers the same subject. The second represents the pious shepherdess beside her sheep, and the count, on foot, soliciting her; the prince’s squire is in the background, on horseback. The third represents the count on horseback, wishing, aided by his squire, to carry Solange off; in the background, one sees the squire’s horse. The fourth represents the prince raising the steel over Solange who, bowed with resignation, prepares for martyrdom; the squire is behind the count: one sees, at the top of the picture, an angel, with a crown in his hand. Below, one reads this inscription in red wool: *This history, in tapestry, of Saint Solange, was made, in 470i, from the money of the confraternity*. The fifth represents Saint Solange standing, her head between her hands, going to the church of Saint-Martin, which is in the background, figured as before the burning of the spire of the tower; behind the Saint, one sees the count and the squire running at full speed. It is well to observe that this marvellous feature was engraved on the shrine of gilt copper, which was presented in 1511, which, as someone has judiciously remarked, was on the model of the first; and that, on the silver shrine as on the present one, care was taken to respect the tradition on this point.” Father Cahier, in his *Characteristics*, gives a very graceful sketch representing Saint Solange after her death. The young girl is sunk at the foot of a mound surmounted by a rustic cross. With her right hand, she gathers the folds of her robe on her breast, and with her left hand, which embraces the cross, she holds a palm interlaced with roses and lilies. A dagger is driven into her chest. Beside her, a lamb bleating; on the ground, the distaff and the spindle. The decapitation appears rather improbable to Father Cahier, in a struggle like that which must have been engaged between the Saint and her ravisher. Besides, nothing prevents supposing that the victim, pierced by a dagger, was afterwards finished off by decapitation.

Relics and Cult of Saint Solange

Her precious remains were soon exhumed, on account of the miracles they wrought; they were transferred from the cemetery into the church of Saint-Martin, which then took the name of Sainte-Solange. They were enclosed first in a wooden shrine, artistically worked; and, later, in a shrine of gilt copper. The last translation took place on the Monday of Pentecost, 8 June 1511. The ceremony was presided over by Mgr Denis de Bar, formerly bishop of Saint-Papoul, who, with the authorization of the capitular vicars-general, solemnly consecrated, on this occasion, the church of Sainte-Solange. In the 17th century, this shrine was enclosed in another of silver. In 1793, the shrine of Saint Solange was carried off from the parish of the diocese of Bourges, which bears her name, and her relics were scattered. But “in making my visit as archdeacon at Méry-ès-Bois, on 5 April 1843,” writes us M. Caillaud, vicar-general, “I found there relics of Saint Solange: a bone of the skull, the upper jaw and a tooth of the Saint. These relics belonged, before the Revolution, to the abbey of the Bernardines of Lorois and had been transferred with great pomp to Méry-ès-Bois, in 1791, when the monks left the convent; I divided these relics into two portions nearly equal, of which one remained at Méry-ès-Bois, and the other was given to the parish of Sainte-Solange.” The diocese of Nevers, more

fortunate than that of Bourges, was able to save all that it possessed of the relics of Saint Solange; the little box which encloses them bears this inscription: *Fragmenta reliquiarum sanctæ Solangiæ, V. M., 1612.*

We cannot recount the numerous miracles which have been wrought and are still wrought by the intercession of the virgin of Villemont: the dumb recover speech; the blind, sight; the deaf, hearing; the paralytic, movement; the lame, the power of walking; sick persons of every kind, their healing; the possessed, their deliverance. The Abbé Caillaud writes us again: "Miracles continue to be wrought at Sainte-Solange. In 1834, a person of the parish of Le Lys-Saint-Georges (Indre), Marie Moulin, aged twenty-six years, recovered there the speech which she had lost for fourteen years. On 28 May 1850, a religious of the Good Shepherd, Pauline Barbery, in religion Sister Saint-Alexis, who had been attacked for thirty-eight days by an inflammation of the chest which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that her companions and the physician regarded her as dying, was instantly cured, after a novena to Saint Solange." The inhabitants of Bourges have always had recourse to Saint Solange in public calamities, and their confidence has never been deceived. On these occasions, they ask that the shrine which encloses the relics of their holy patroness be carried in procession within their walls. "On 31 May 1637, Henry of Bourbon, prince of Condé, went on pilgrimage to Sainte-Solange and wished to conduct himself, to the metropolitan church, the holy relics which the whole population demanded. It was for Bourges a day of festival; the streets through which the shrine was to pass were strewn with flowers; the fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry; on all sides one heard only pious canticles."

These processions took place chiefly in times of drought; we have the minutes of the last that took place: it was in the month of June 1730. It was always inhabitants of the place who, in these processions, carried the shrine of Saint Solange; they had to be fasting, in a state of grace, bare-headed and barefoot, covered with crowns and flowers, and communicate at the solemn Mass, in the church of Saint-Stephen. "It is known," says Father Giry, "that two men, who led a disorderly life, having presented themselves to carry the shrine, it was impossible for them, whatever efforts they made, and whatever help was given them, to move it from the place where it was. In the year 1631, the procession returning, being near the borough of Paracy, one of the bearers of the shrine, having let himself be carried away to swear with scandal over something that displeased him, was punished on the spot in a miraculous and very particular manner. One of the arms of the litter, on which the shrine was placed, grew heavy so roughly and so strongly upon his shoulder (the other arm of the same litter remaining in the air), that this unhappy man seemed likely to be crushed by it: neither he nor the people understood the mystery at first; 'but the culprit,' says the history, 'having known, by another miracle of the divine goodness, the fault he had just committed in swearing, asked pardon at once of God, of the Saint and of the people; and, having obtained it by true tears which marked the sincere regret of his heart, he had the joy of seeing himself admitted to continue to carry this precious treasure during the rest of the road: which he did without any pain.'"

"A tender veneration," says M. Raynal, historian of Berry, "similar to that which Saint Genevieve inspired in the diocese of Paris, has attached itself to the memory of the shepherdess of Villemont. One still shows the site of the cottage where she was born, the path she followed to go to the pasture and which, it is said, is covered each year with a more abundant harvest, the field where she went to pray, the fountain on the banks of which she was beheaded, the place where her remains were first buried. On 10 May, the anniversary of her death, on the Monday of Pentecost, anniversary of the translation of her relics and of the dedication of her Church, an immense crowd of pilgrims, of sick persons, of mothers, holding their children in their arms, come to invoke her intercession and to seek around her church if not health, at least hope; her shrine is borne in procession by men clothed in albs and crowned with flowers. This shrine of silvered wood, today empty of the relics of the Saint, replaced a silver shrine destroyed during the Revolution and which the city of Bourges had offered to the modest village church in 1657. Formerly, in fact, whenever long droughts reigned, the relics of Saint Solange were brought solemnly to Bourges, and the memory has been preserved of several of

these processions which abundant rains had followed very closely. Pope Alexander VIII, by a bull of 19 March 1658, approved the pious Confraternity which had existed for a long time under the name of Sainte-Solange, and granted it numerous indulgences which have been renewed down to our days by various acts of the Holy See. On 8 May 1693, Mgr Phelippeaux de la Vrillière, then archbishop of Bourges, at the request of the inhabitants of the city, decided that henceforth the feast of the holy shepherdess should be celebrated in the city, and the 'septaine' on 10 May of each year; only, for the first time, this feast was put off to the 18th; and, to render it more solemn, there was to be brought to the cathedral church the shrine in which the precious relics reposed. A few years ago, one still saw, in the vast apartments of the château of Brécy, several fresco pictures which represented the martyrdom of Solange; and this altogether popular devotion has even passed beyond the limits of the province; her feasts attract many inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces, above all of the Morvan, and her memory is honoured in the cathedral of Nevers." The members of the Confraternity, the pilgrims who come to the annual feasts, receive the popular name of Cousins of Saint Solange. There are, at Bourges (formerly at Saint-Pierre le Puellier, today at the cathedral), at Issoudun (church of Saint-Cyr), at Châteauroux (church of Saint-Christopher), at Nevers (cathedral), Confraternities united to the principal Confraternity. The sovereign Pontiffs have granted this Confraternity numerous indulgences which Benedict XIV ratified and confirmed in 1751.

Pious Legends of Berry, by M. Veillât; *Hist. of Berry*, by M. Raynal, vol. i, p. 313. — One finds also in the *Life of Saint Solange*, by the Rev. Father J. Alet (p. 18 and following), interesting details on the cult rendered to the patroness of Berry from her death to our days, as well as a great number of hymns and prayers written in her honour.

Saint Isidore, Labourer

Patron of the City of Madrid and of Labourers. 1170. — Pope: Alexander III.

> *The true husbandman does not forget God in the midst of his work, for he expects more from God than from his work, according to this word of Scripture: "To plant is nothing, to water is nothing: the whole is to make it grow, and it is God alone who has the power."*
>
> *— Saint Basil, hom. in Ps. xxxii.*

Isidore was born at Madrid, in Spain, of very poor parents, who, by their instructions and their examples, inspired him with horror of sin and love of God: but they could not make him pursue any study. The Holy Spirit supplied for it and taught him, without books, the science of salvation. Isidore put himself, in his youth, in the service of a rich inhabitant of Madrid, named John of Vergas, to plough his land. When he was of an age to marry, he married a woman called Mary Torribia, as poor as himself, if one speaks of the external goods which the world esteems, but very rich in virtues: she was one of those strong women of whom the Wise Man speaks, who surpass many Virgins in merit and in fine deeds. God blessed their marriage by the birth of a son whom they brought up in his fear, and in whom they inspired early the true sentiments of piety. It is said that this child, having fallen into a well, which is still shown at Madrid, in a house belonging to the descendants and heirs of John of Vergas, was drowned there; but his parents having asked, by a fervent prayer, that he might be restored to them, their wishes were at once granted: the water of the well rose miraculously to the brim, and brought the child up full of life and health. It was perhaps this signal favour which engaged them, out of gratitude, to separate from one another and to promise God a perpetual continence.

The life of this holy labourer was admirable. His ordinary exercise, which was to drive the plough, did not hinder him from being perfectly pious and from having all his hours ordered for spiritual exercises. He consecrated feast days entirely to praying, to hearing the word of God, to assisting at the offices which are sung in the church, and above all to hearing Mass with an extreme devotion. On working days he rose very early in the morning, although he had passed a great part of the night in prayers, and visited the principal

churches of Madrid, which he often watered with a torrent of tears. He took thus from the time of his sleep, to satisfy his devotion, and went exactly to his labours. Nevertheless, his companions accused him, to their master, of putting a superfluous devotion before the duties of his state. John of Vergas, to verify for himself the value of these accusations, examined very closely how Isidore worked. O prodigy! he saw one day two mysterious personages, of an altogether heavenly air, who helped the holy labourer to drive his plough. He learned from the very mouth of Isidore that they were angels, and he was persuaded, from that time, that piety is useful for everything, when one knows how to ally it with one's other obligations. He now regarded Isidore only as an extraordinary man who would draw down upon his goods and upon his whole family the blessings of heaven. In fact, the Saint wrought many miracles in his favour. He brought back to life one of his horses which was dead and of which he had extreme need. His daughter having died after a long and painful illness, he raised her: great joy for an inconsolable father. One day, John of Vergas having come to see him in the field where he was ploughing, he made a fountain spring up miraculously to relieve his thirst, by only striking the earth: this fountain has not ceased since that time to flow, and serves even for the healing of the sick. A wolf was carrying off one of his cattle: instead of running after it, he betook himself to prayer, and his prayer was so efficacious that it made the wolf die suddenly and delivered the animal which it was about to slaughter and devour. Also this master, who knew how necessary so faithful a servant was to him, discharged himself entirely upon him of the working of his land: it was, it is said, the domain of Caramancha the lower, situated near the hermitage of Saint Mary Magdalene. Though not rich, Isidore was liberal toward the poor; he often shared his dinner with them, or rather he contented himself with their leavings. One day when he had given all, a new poor man having presented himself, Isidore begged his wife to see whether there was not still some food; although she knew that there was nothing left, she went, out of obedience, and found the dish, which she believed empty, as full as if they had not yet touched it. God had wrought a miracle to reward and second their charity. Another time, having been invited to a feast of a confraternity, he occupied himself so long in prayer and in visiting churches that he arrived only at the end of the meal. On entering, he was followed by a quantity of poor, who had gathered round the house, in the hope of having some leavings as alms. The brethren told him that it was a strange thing that he should come so late and that he should still drag with him so great a number of poor; they added that his share had been kept for him, but not that of the beggars. He answered: "It is enough; it will suffice for me and for the poor of Jesus Christ." In fact, those who went to fetch this share found a whole meal, and, by this great prodigy of the liberality of God, there was enough to make a second banquet; Isidore had all the poor come in, and ate with them more agreeably than he would have done with the brethren who had invited him. The goodness of heart of Isidore extended even to animals. One winter day when the earth was covered with snow, having set out from his house, with a sack of wheat on his back, to carry it to the mill, he came to a place where numerous families of birds were perched on the trees, exposed to the torments of cold and hunger. At this sight, moved with pity, he clears away the snow with his hands and feet, lays his sack on the ground, opens it and scatters a good part of the grain, which the poor hungry little creatures came at once to peck. His companion, less compassionate, mocked him for thus squandering his wheat; but God showed that this charitable action had pleased him. Arrived at the mill, Isidore saw his sack full, as if no one had touched it, and under the millstone there was found a quantity of flour equal to the ordinary yield of two sacks of wheat. How far is this conduct of Saint Isidore from that of many country people who treat with harshness, sometimes with a revolting barbarity, not only the little birds, so useful to their fields, but the animals which are the docile and indispensable companions of their labours!

There was no place of devotion around Madrid which he did not visit very assiduously. He went above all very often to the chapel of Our Lady of Torrelaguna, to that of Our Lady of Atocha, and to that of Saint Mary Magdalene. His wife, who was a perfect imitator of his virtue, always kept him faithful company in these pilgrimages, until she retired entirely to a small inheritance, near the hermitage of Garaquiz. As she was going from there to a church of the holy Virgin, having found the river Xamara swollen by an unexpected

rise of water, she spread her apron on the river and crossed it on this improvised bark with the same confidence as if she had walked on firm ground. She wrought also other miracles which merited for her, after her death, the name and honours of a Saint. She is called, in Spain, *Sancta Maria de la Cabeza*; she was, it is said, so called on account of her holy head which, placed in a separate reliquary, is often carried in procession to obtain rain from God: for *de la Cabeza* signifies, in our language, of the head or of the skull. She was first buried at the little hermitage of Caraquiz, in the middle of the sacristy; afterwards, her bones having been raised from the earth, they were hidden in a more secret place, and her skull was put in the reliquary of which we have just spoken. Finally, in the year 1615, the whole body was transferred to Torrelaguna, where it is honoured by all Spain by many vows, pilgrimages and processions.

Saint Isidore died some time before her, in a manner as holy and as edifying as his life had been pure, on 15 May 1170. He was buried in the cemetery of Saint Andrew, at Madrid, where he remained forty years forgotten. After this time, he appeared in a dream to one of his old friends, and pressed him to procure the raising and the translation of his body; but this man neglected to do it: which drew on him a violent illness. The Saint appeared a second time to a very virtuous lady, and told her, on behalf of God, that she should not delay procuring him this honour. She spoke of it to the clergy of Madrid; they went to the place of his burial, they opened his tomb and found him as entire and as fresh as if he had died the same day, although he had been put under a gutter, whose waters alone were capable of corrupting him in a short time. He was therefore raised from the earth with much devotion and carried into the church of Saint Andrew. Two prodigies increased the veneration for this Saint. There came forth from his limbs and from his shrouds an odour so agreeable that it embalmed the air in a delicious manner; and as this ceremony took place at night, all the bells of the city rang of themselves. A thing so extraordinary drew at once to his coffin a great part of the city. Several sick persons who were in the crowd were cured. Paralytics, lame, blind whom one had seen begging alms in the streets and public places, recovered the use of their limbs and organs, and returned cured to their houses. The neighbouring villages wished also to have a share in so great a festival, and the protection of Saint Isidore spread equally over them. His venerable image was exposed from then in public, and as many persons had seen him and knew the particular circumstances of his life, sacred paintings were made of it which have preserved its memory.

The heavenly music which was often heard at his tomb animated still more to honour this great servant of God. The voice of all the people, with the consent of the prelates and ecclesiastical superiors, having already as it were canonized him, they began to carry his body in procession, to avert the scourges of God and to draw down his blessings. One day when it was being carried on account of an extreme drought which desolated the whole country, a Moorish and Mahometan astrologer mocked this devotion, and, trusting in the calculations of his art, said aloud that, if it rained before twenty-four hours, he consented to be stabbed. Nevertheless God heard the prayers of the people, who had so powerful an intercessor with him. The sky was covered with clouds, and it rained in such great abundance that all the earth was drenched with it. The Moor saw the miracle, but did not fail to remain in his infidelity: he was punished for this resistance to grace; he died a short time after in the manner in which he had spoken in his oath. In the year 1211, Don Alphonso, king of Castile, making war on the Moors, in the defile called Las Navas de Tolosa, was seeking in vain a path by which he might go and attack the enemy; but Saint Isidore appeared to him and showed him an easy and unknown road. By this means, the king gained a signal victory over the infidels. So great a favour, obtained by the merits of this holy labourer, engaged the kings of Spain to pursue his canonization. A number innumerable of miracles which were wrought in the sequel by his intercession, and which are reported at great length by the continuators of Bollandus, stimulated the zeal of those who laboured at this canonization; but what led the king of Spain, Philip III, to make the last efforts to obtain it was the miraculous cure which he received on 16 November 1619, after he had had the body of this blessed Confessor brought into his chamber, which was found still entire. By a decree of Pope Gregory XV, on 22 March 1622, Saint Isidore was canonized with Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Teresa and Saint Philip Neri: they were called

the five Saints.

Saint Isidore has been represented: holding a spade;[1] making a spring come out of the earth with the iron of a sort of lance or gardener's tool;[2] we have said above on what occasion Saint Isidore made this fountain spring up: this may be one of the reasons for which he is invoked against drought; holding a sheaf;[3] on the same plane, with Saint Mary de la Cabeza, his wife; praying while his master, hidden behind trees, watches him, and while the Angels plough his field;[4] kneeling: near him, his ass having just killed a wolf which wished to eat it;[5] directing a plough in a furrow: this manner indicates again his profession;[6] carried to the grave: an angel rings the bell of a church during the funeral march.[7]

This Life was written by John, deacon, about the year 1261. Many other authors have worked on it since and added to it the recent miracles: such as James Bleda, of the Order of Saint Dominic, and Jerome Quintana, notary of the Holy Office at Madrid. As to the cult of the wife of Saint Isidore, it was approved by Innocent XII, in 1697.

Saint Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence

1389–1439. — Popes: Clement VII; Pius II. — Emperors of Germany: Wenceslas; Frederick III.

Saint Antoninus applied to devotion toward the holy Virgin what Solomon said of Wisdom:

"All sorts of goods came to me with her, and I received by her hands honours and graces without end."

Saint Antoninus, so called instead of Anthony, because he was of small stature, was born at Florence in 1389. His father was a notary, and was named Nicholas Pierrozi, and his mother Thomasina; they took great care to bring him up in the fear of God. They had not much trouble, because he was of so good a nature that one would have said virtue was born with him. At the age of ten years, he never failed to go every day to a church of Saint Michael to say his prayers at the foot of the Crucifix and at the altar of the holy Virgin, in whose honour he said this responsory: *Sancta et immaculata Virginitas*. It was there that, some years after, he conceived the design of becoming a religious of the Order of Preaching Friars: he asked the habit of Father Dominici, who was afterwards cardinal-archbishop of Ragusa, and legate of the Holy See in Hungary. This pious and learned Dominican was then having a convent of his Order built at Fiesole, two miles from Florence. Seeing little Anthony of so weak a complexion in appearance that it did not seem he could bear the rigours of the Rule, he asked him to what studies he applied himself; the child answered that he was studying canon law. "Well!" said Dominici to him, to put him off, "I will receive you into our Order when you know your law by heart." This answer was far from astonishing the postulant; redoubling his courage, he studied with so much ardour that in a short time he learned by heart the rules and the text of the law: wherefore the Father, evidently recognizing the operation of the hand of God on this young man, gave him the holy habit, in the year 1407, the sixteenth year of his age.

We shall not stop here to describe with what fervour he passed his novitiate, and pronounced his vows at the convent of Cortona, where the superiors had sent him. Pope Nicholas V judged him worthy of being canonized from the time of his life; a convincing proof that he had made great progress in perfection. His zeal and his courage surpassed his strength, and the rigours of the Rule seemed to him so light that, not contenting himself with them, he lay still on the hard ground, never left off the hair-shirt, and took the discipline every night: he added also to the office of the choir that of the Virgin and that of the dead, with the seven Psalms of Penance, and sometimes the whole Psalter. His recollection was so great during his prayers, and particularly during mental prayer, that he was seen several times raised from the earth.

He would gladly have always continued this kind of life; but obedience soon applied him to the help of his neighbour: for he was elected superior of the convents of Fiesole, of Cortona, of Gaeta, of Florence, of Siena, of Pistoia, of Naples and of Rome, and governed them one after the other: and everywhere he maintained the observance of the Rule, not only by his pressing exhortations, but also by his examples. He was the first at

everything; and although he was afterwards vicar-general of the Congregation of Naples and of Tuscany, and provincial of the Roman province, he nevertheless lowered himself to the humblest ministries of the community in which he resided. He said holy Mass every day, and served another; he preached very often and with much success, and he heard, with a marvellous patience and assiduity, the confessions of those whose hearts he had touched by the force of his words.

Meanwhile the archbishopric of Florence fell vacant, by the death of Cardinal Bartholomew Zarabella, and for nine whole months there had been contention over the election of a successor, when Pope Eugenius IV, casting his eyes on Father Antoninus, vicar-general of the reformed Congregation of Naples, named him archbishop of that great city; and seeing that he refused obstinately, he gave him command, "by virtue of the Holy Spirit and of holy obedience," under pain of mortal sin and even of excommunication, to accept this charge. No longer able to oppose orders so precise, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven; then, turning toward some learned persons whom he had assembled to know whether, in view of his incapacity, he was obliged to obey this command: "You know, my God," he said, "that I accept this charge against my will, so as not to resist that of your vicar; assist me then, Lord, as you know that I have need." He made then his entry into Florence, with bare feet and eyes bathed in tears, while the whole city resounded with joy at possessing so worthy a pastor, considering him as a Saint; and, in fact, he was one before God, who penetrates the secret of hearts. This new dignity made him change nothing in his private life: for he always kept even the smallest observances of his Order; so that those who had not been informed of his new character would rather have taken him for a simple religious than for the archbishop of Florence. His table, his bed, his chamber and generally all the furniture of his archiepiscopal palace savoured only of religious poverty. His household was composed of only six persons, to whom he gave good wages, in order to prevent them from receiving anything from those who had some business at the archbishopric. He himself took cognizance of the causes which were to be judged at his tribunal, not contenting himself with the cares of his official, to whom, nevertheless, he gave every year a hundred gold ducats, that he might render justice without any fee. Everyone found himself so well off by his judgments, his advice and his counsels that he was given the title of Antoninus-of-Counsels, even before he was archbishop. Although of so easy access to all persons who asked his assistance, he showed himself nevertheless extremely reserved with regard to women; he spoke to them only by necessity, and his modest eyes did not dare to look at them. He preached ordinarily on Sundays and feasts in some church of the city, he gave even familiar instructions and catechisms. He held his synods exactly, visited his diocese, and in short omitted nothing of what a good prelate ought to do. He recited at first his Matins with his domestic clerks, following the practice of his Order; but, learning that they were not sung with sufficient respect in the cathedral, he wished to assist there, to remedy this disorder. Such was the vigilance of this holy Prelate; but what is marvellous is that, amid so many different functions, he never lost the solitude, the peace or the serenity of his heart, because, as he confessed himself to one of his canons called Francis of Chastillon, he had formed for himself early an oratory there, to which he often retired. He restored the ecclesiastical state to its splendour, and removed from it several disorders which the civil wars had caused there. For this reason the Pope, who knew the purity of his zeal and the justice of his judgments, forbade appeal from the sentences which he should give. He knew very well how to use this favour to the advantage of the church of Florence. He delivered it from the impious, immoral and fatal practices of magic; from the not less deplorable plague of usury; from charlatans and comedians. Certain gamblers had invented a new game of brelan, in which the youth of Florence lost every day large sums of money, to the great prejudice of families; the holy Archbishop forbade this game first, under pain of excommunication; then he went himself to the places and drove out shamefully those whom he met there, overturning the tables, the dice, the money and the counters. His zeal carried him further to purge the churches of those insolent talkers who profane their holiness by their sacrilegious conversations; he drove them all out.

He did not fear even to oppose the magistrates and the secular arm, when, passing the bounds of their power, they undertook against the rights and immunities of the Church. He repressed their violences by

ecclesiastical censures, without dreading the threats that were made him. One day, someone having threatened to throw him out of the window and to have him deprived of his bishopric, he answered calmly that he did not judge himself worthy of martyrdom, and that he had always desired to be discharged from the episcopate; that, in this hope, he had always kept the key of his room in the convent of Saint Mark, to retire there. Such was the zeal of this great archbishop; let us now say something of his gentleness and of his compassion for the poor and for all sorts of unfortunate persons.

He divided the revenue of his benefice into three parts: the first, very moderate, was for the upkeep of his house; the second, for the repair of the archiepiscopal palace which was falling into ruin; and the third, for the relief of the poor, and this one was the largest and became at last almost the whole, because the palace being repaired, he thought no more but of the poor. He made every day great alms at his door, without refusing anyone; and it was with so much profusion that sometimes nothing remained for his house. On the great feasts of the year, he distributed two hundred gold ducats in various works of piety; he even sold his furniture, his books and his garments to assist the needy with more liberality. Also was he the asylum of all who were in misery. Here is a fine example of it: An inhabitant of Florence came to beseech him to help him to dower three of his daughters: the charitable Prelate, having nothing then to give him, counselled him to visit every day the church of the Annunciation, assuring him that Our Lady herself would dower his daughters. As he was going there one morning, he found two blind men who, thinking themselves heard by no one, were relating to one another their good fortune: the one said that he had two hundred ducats sewn in his cap, and the other that he had three hundred in his doublet. He gave notice to the holy Archbishop, who had these blind men summoned; and, after reproaching them with their malice, in defrauding the true poor by receiving alms of which they had no need, he condemned them to pay a fine of four hundred and fifty ducats, which served to dower the three young girls. This was a stroke of prudence and of that justice which is called distributive.

Here is another of charity which is not less considerable. The Saint, passing once through the street of Saint Ambrose, perceived, on the house of a good widow, angels who seemed to rejoice; he wished to know who those were who dwelt there, and he found there three young persons who, to earn their bread and that of their mother, worked day and night, without even excepting feasts; he had compassion on them, and assigned them an annual income to live on, so that they should no longer be obliged to work on feasts. Piety and good conduct disappeared with the necessity of work. Saint Antoninus, passing another time by the same place, no longer saw the angels there, but a demon so horrible that he frightened him by his look: he gave notice of it to the mother and to the young girls, and cut off a part of his alms to them, for fear that idleness might cause them a greater misfortune.

It was still too little for Saint Antoninus to give his goods, if he did not also consecrate his person and his life for the salvation of his flock: in a time of contagion, all the rich abandoned Florence, to avoid the bad air; the Saint remained there generously to assist the plague-stricken, and was not afraid to visit them and to administer the Sacraments to them himself. It is this charity toward the neighbour, and this great zeal to serve him, which made him put his hand to the pen in the midst of his episcopal functions, and compose so many fine and excellent treatises for the consolation of souls, for the instruction of peoples and for the satisfaction of the learned.

It is also this charity which made him work so many miracles, heal sick persons despaired of by physicians, raise the dead and multiply bread and oil. His words had also an admirable virtue: for an inhabitant of Florence having made him a present, on the first day of the year, of a basket of fruit, in the hope of receiving some good reward, and seeing that the Saint, for all acknowledgment, said to him only these words: “God repay you,” went away quite discontented. The Archbishop, knowing it, had him called back, and placed in his presence the basket of fruit in the pan of a balance, and in the other a note containing these words: “God repay you,” and this note was found to weigh more than the basket; the poor man, quite confused, asked his

pardon. He showed again the force of his words when, to give terror to some persons who pressed him to fulminate a sentence of excommunication for a matter that did not merit it, he took a white loaf, over which he pronounced some anathema, and immediately this loaf became blacker than coals. Being seventy years old, he fell ill of a slight fever; he foresaw that he was soon to die, although he was promised a prompt recovery; wherefore he received the Sacraments promptly, and thus rendered his fair soul to God with these words: “My eyes are always lifted up toward my Lord, because it is he who will pluck my feet out of the snare.” It was on 2 May, eve of the Ascension, in the year 1459, the thirteenth year of his episcopate. A religious of the Order of Cîteaux, who was at his prayer, saw his soul mount to heaven under the form of a little child surrounded by a cloud.

His body, in conformity with his will, was carried to the church of the convent of Saint Mark. Pope Pius II, who was then at Florence, gave seven years and as many quarantines of indulgences to all who should visit him and kiss his feet. He remained eight days thus exposed, exhaling a very agreeable odour. Several miracles were wrought at his tomb, on the strength of which Pope Adrian VI made the decree of his canonization, in the year 1523. The bull of canonization was published only by Clement VII, successor of Adrian VI.

Saint Antoninus is represented holding in his left hand his episcopal crosier, and in the right hand a balance in which is placed, on one side the basket of fruit which a peasant brings him, and on the other a scrap of paper with these words: “May God repay you.” We have related this trait. It is claimed that the Saint made use of the same comparison toward an innkeeper who had furnished him a frugal meal on a journey: then the writing bears these words, which are recited at grace: *Retribuere dignare, Domine, omnibus nobis bona facientibus, vitam aeternam*: “Reward, Lord, by the gift of eternal life, all those who do us good.” Near him is placed the title of his works: *Summa theologica; opus Chronicorum*, etc. The lily of virginity is also attributed to him; but the principal attribute of the Saint is evidently the balance.

Writings of Saint Antoninus

We have several writings of Saint Antoninus:

1st, A *Theological Summa*, divided into four parts. One finds in it an explanation of the virtues and vices, with the motives which lead to the practice of the one and the flight from the other. 2nd, An *Abridgment of History*, called also *Tripartite Chronicle*, from the creation of the world to the year 145S. The author shows sincerity and good faith; but he often lacks exactness when he relates facts remote from his time. 3rd, A *Little Summa* in which are contained the instructions necessary to confessors. 4th, Some *Sermons* and some *particular Treatises* on the virtues and vices. See Father Echard, *de Script. Ord. Praedicat.*, vol. i, p. 818, and the Ballerini, in the life of Saint Antoninus, which they have placed at the head of their edition of the works of the holy archbishop. Father Mamachi has given also an edition of the *Theological Summa* of Saint Antoninus, with very prolix notes. It appeared at Florence in 1741.

Pope Clement VII also had his Life written by Father Vincent Mainard of Geminiano, procurator general of the Order of Saint Dominic. It is that which is reported in the third volume of Surius, and which we have followed in this collection, with other documents that the continuators of Bollandus have given to the public.

The Patriarch Job

(1500 years before Jesus Christ.)

The patriarch Job was born in the land of Hus, a country situated between Idumaea and Arabia, about the year 1700 before Jesus Christ. He was a model of virtues, fearing God, bringing up his children in piety. The Lord, who took pleasure himself in bearing witness to the holiness of his servant, permitted the demon to make him undergo the most terrible trials, on condition that he should leave him his life. At once all his

fortune, which was considerable, disappears; his children perish, crushed under the ruins of a house, and these sad tidings are brought to him one after the other, without the least interval. To each, Job contents himself with answering: God had given them to me, God has taken them from me, there has happened only what pleased him; blessed be his holy name. The demon, vanquished by this heroic patience, afflicted him in his body by sending him a hideous leprosy, which infected him from head to foot. Job, repulsed from the society of his fellows, saw himself reduced to confining himself on a dunghill, and to scraping with a piece of broken pot the pus that came from his sores. His wife, the only person of his family that the demon had left him, came to add to his ills by reproaching him with his piety, which had been of no use to him, and by insulting his misfortune. Job, for all answer, said to her: Since we have received good things from the hand of God, why should we not receive evil also?

Three of his friends came to visit him and were to him consolers the more importunate in that they confounded the evils which the Lord sends to the just to try them with those which he inflicts on the wicked to punish them, and they strove to prove to him that if he suffered, it was because he had deserved it. Job justifies himself with calm and moderation, and God himself takes in hand the cause of his servant, makes his innocence shine forth, gives him back other children, goods more than he had lost, and heals him of his leprosy. After a long career, he died about the year 1500 before Jesus Christ, aged more than two centuries. Some authors have pretended that Job was an imaginary person, and that the book which bears his name was less a history than a fiction; but this opinion is contradicted by the authority of Ezekiel and of Tobias, who speak of him as of a person who really existed; the apostle Saint James, who proposes him as a model of patience, also combats this sentiment, which has against it all tradition, as well that of the Jews as of the Christians. The book of Job is written in verse in the original; it is also sparkling with poetic beauties of the first order.

No one (apart from those who have wished to take Job for a parabolic person) has doubted that he was buried in his own country; but everyone has not agreed touching what happened to his body. Among those who judge that he was never moved from the place of burial, some pretend that his tomb was preserved down to these last centuries at the extremities of Idumaea, where they place the land of Hus, near Bosra, a city of Arabia Petraea, and where the portion of the tribe of Manasseh formerly extended. One still shows to travellers and pilgrims of our time a pyramid which is said to have been erected near this tomb, to serve there as a monument to posterity, as the ancients were wont to do. Others have pretended that his body was transported to Constantinople. It is true that one saw in that city, in the 6th century, a church and a monastery of the name of Job, whose archimandrites or abbots made it considered by their merit; but history does not say that the relics of Job gave occasion to the building of these edifices. Also this opinion of the translation of the body of Job to Constantinople seems to be founded on an error which, in subsequent centuries, caused a Saracen or Arab of that name, Mahometan by religion, who was killed at the siege of Constantinople in the year 672, and who was buried at the foot of the walls of the city, to be taken for the holy man Job. It is from the tomb of this latter that the name of a suburb of Constantinople, called Job, came, rather than from the monastery of the holy man Job, although the Turks as well as the Christians of the quarter have let themselves be persuaded of the contrary.

The pretensions of those of the West to the relics of Job do not appear to have more foundation. Those who would have them at Rome from the 7th century have neglected to tell us when and how they had come there. They have advanced this only for the pleasure of feigning that Rotharis, king of the Lombards, who reigned from 638 to 653, had transported from Rome to Pavia the bodies of Job, of the two Tobiases, of the young Sara and of many other Martyrs of the new law. They were deposited, it is said, in the church of Saint John the Baptist, and they were exposed to public veneration in the chapel of Saint Raphael, archangel, where they remained until they were furtively carried off, without its being possible to know afterwards what the thieves did with them. Their intention was to steal true relics and to harm those who believed them such, and who

honoured them in good faith. So that it would diminish nothing of the enormity of their sacrilege to tell us that they were all false relics, that one never saw at Rome the bones either of Job or of the two Tobiases, and that moreover it is false that king Rotharis ever brought back relics from Rome, which would have been given him out of gratitude, as is said, for having succoured and delivered the city from the Barbarians; which is another fiction, capable of making those laugh who know that the Lombard kings never did anything but harm to the city of Rome.

Besides the tomb of Job which Alphonsus Tostatus, bishop of Avila, said still subsisted in his time near the Jordan, being always visited with great devotion by the peoples, it seems that his dunghill was respected also like relics, at least in the time of Saint Chrysostom. If one must take literally and without figure what this Father said to the people of Antioch, one will be obliged to recognize that this dunghill, altogether otherwise precious than the throne of kings and the bed of queens, drew to Arabia an infinity of pilgrims from beyond the seas and from the extremities of the earth, to see this theatre of the combats and of the victorious patience of the holy man, and to draw instructions from it.

Among the holy personages who have appeared before and after Jesus Christ, the Church knows hardly any who has merited more cult and veneration than Job, who had the advantage of being a Saint in all the states of his life, in repose and prosperity, as well as in calamities and sorrows, according to the testimony of God himself who willed to have him tried by Satan, that is to say by the enemy of mankind, the only one who dared to contest this holiness in Scripture. He is represented in Ezekiel as a friend of God, able to intercede for others, so far as to make of him, as of Noah and Daniel, a sort of proverb, to say that when there should be found among sinners and the impious just men as holy as these three, they would not prevent God from punishing in his anger the sin of others, but that their justice would serve them to save themselves. Job had already been received as intercessor in his lifetime with God for his three friends. Besides that he is proposed in the book of Tobias as a model of sanctifying patience, it seems that the apostle Saint James wished to canonize him again in his Epistle: “You see,” he says, “that we call the prophets Blessed for having suffered so much; you have learned what was the patience of Job, and you have seen the end with which the Lord crowned it.” The Church makes profession of honouring Job as a prophet, as a Martyr, and as the type or figure of Jesus Christ, the more perfect in that he joined sufferings with innocence. This is what is found explained by the holy Fathers, with as much extent and variety as the importance of the subject could demand, to form models for all the faithful. The Greeks and the Orientals have chosen the sixth day of May to keep the feast of Job in their churches: which is also practised among the Christians of Arabia, of Egypt and of Ethiopia, among the Russians or Muscovites and the other peoples who are governed by the rite of the Greeks. The Latins have preferred to assign his cult to the tenth of the same month. He is the first of the Saints of the Old Testament, after the Maccabee brothers, martyrs, to whom the Church of the West has undertaken to decree publicly these religious honours. The ancient martyrologies under the name of Saint Jerome use the terms of birthday and of deposition, but which signify nothing here. They give Job the quality of prophet; which has been observed in the following ones, from those of Ado and of Usuard down to the modern Roman. Saint Chrysostom had already attributed to him that of Martyr, as others have done again since. Some other martyrologies mark him only on the eleventh of the same month. A Julian calendar puts him at the ninth. And it is remarkable that all the churches of the earth have agreed in putting him in the same month, and within the space of six days; which is hardly found in those who have a cult extended in the East and in the West.

We know of no Saints among the Prophets and the other just men who preceded Jesus Christ in whose honour churches and chapels have been raised in greater number. One sees more of them in Italy than in any other country of the Latins. His office is of semi-double rite at Venice and throughout the diocese, as is that of the prophet Jeremiah. His feast is solemnized like that of the most celebrated among the saints who came after Jesus Christ, in several cities of Lombardy, of Tuscany, of the ecclesiastical State of Rome. He has

become there the patron of a prodigious number of hospitals. The sick of various kinds, principally those who were attacked with leprosy, with the leper-sickness, with scab and with the pox in Italy, put themselves under his particular protection to obtain either their healing, or the gift of patience which is necessary to them, by his intercession. Besides his public office received and approved by the Church, there was a votive Mass of the blessed Job against the evil of Naples, which the Italians have preferred to call the French evil. Although it was found in the missals, principally in the Roman, the blessed Pope Pius V did not fail to suppress it and to forbid it, but without harming the cult of the blessed Job in the places where it was established. This proper Mass was re-established nevertheless in the following century for the churches of Spain, where people are more troubled than elsewhere by the evil of the scrofula, which is included among the kinds against which the intercession of Job is claimed. This was done by the authority of the Holy See, and was renewed lastly under Pope Clement IX. The contestation which arose at Rome under Innocent XI, in 1680, on the occasion of the chapel of a hospital which they wished to dedicate under the name of the blessed Job, in the city of Albano, served only to authorize his cult the more.

France and the Low Countries have also admitted the public cult of Job, though with less extent and less brilliancy perhaps than Italy and Spain. One sees pictures consecrated to him on an infinity of altars, above all in hospitals. Cardinal de Bérulle, having drawn up a calendar and a breviary for the Congregation of the Oratory, which he had founded in France, had an office of semi-double rite composed with the Mass for the day of the feast of Job, on the tenth of May. He published it and had it observed by the authority of the Apostolic See, and the express permission of the bishops of the kingdom, after the affair had been long examined, debated, and confirmed in various assemblies and general chapters.

The holy man Job is naturally represented lying on his dunghill and covered with ulcers; his image multiplied above all in the 16th century, when the custom of invoking him against the venereal evil was perhaps spread by the memory of these words of Scripture: “The devil struck him with a malignant ulcer” (Job, ii, 7). Besides lepers and syphilitics, the holy man Job has for clients melancholy persons and those overwhelmed with grief; no doubt on account of the little consolation which his wife and his friends brought to his sufferings.

Cf. Baillet, Petin, Father Cahier.

Saints Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus, Martyrs; Saint Thecla, Saint Justina, Virgins,[1] and Saint Isidora

(About 255–260.)

The city of Lentini, in Sicily (Leontium), saw the birth of Thecla and Justina: they were first cousins and belonged to families as noble as they were pious. The mother of Thecla, Isidora, who merited by her pure life to be honoured as a Saint, brought them both up together in the fear and love of God. This woman, superior to the weaknesses too common in mothers even

Christian, knew how to inspire in these two young girls a sincere love of virginity. Thecla lost early this tender mother; but the two cousins were ready for the great combat of life. Remaining heiresses of great goods, they lived in a strict spirit of poverty, used their revenues for the relief of the poor and notably of Christians persecuted for the faith, tending them in the prisons, ransoming their bodies after the torment and procuring them a burial worthy of the members of Jesus Christ.

The Lord, who measures trials by the degree of holiness to which he wills to raise the souls his right hand has chosen, permitted Thecla to fall into a paralysis which lasted six years and Justina to lose an eye by accident; but God, who chastises only to reward, was to manifest, even in this world, his power in their favour. — The intrepid confessors of the faith, Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus, having come, at a moment when the persecution had slackened, to visit and console the two virgins, betook themselves to prayer for them, and,

armed with confidence in God, marked them with the sign of the cross. By one of those marvels to which the prayer of the martyrs had accustomed the Christians, the eyes of Justina were opened and the limbs of Thecla came back to life. The two virgins resumed from that time, with a new ardour, the course of their good works: they had to relieve in particular their benefactors who passed two whole years in prison before undergoing the glorious torment which was to send them to heaven. One died by the sword and the other two by fire. Justina and Thecla piously gathered their bodies, which had been thrown into the water, and buried them with veneration. Denounced for this very act to Tertullus, that ferocious governor who made so many victims in Sicily, Thecla appeared before him: but God did not will yet to deprive the earth of this support of the Christians and of the poor. Tertullus died and Thecla was set at liberty. Always sharing half in her good works with her holy fellow-labourer Justina, she laboured at the work of God by all the means a woman can dispose of; she furnished the subsistence of the ministers of the altar, raised churches and oratories, propagated the cult of the Mother of God: she obtained even the erection of a bishopric at Lentini and provided for its endowment. Justina and Thecla, both arrived at the term of their career and of their benefactions, received, from the three martyr brothers, the warning to prepare themselves: a month after, they were in heaven among the number of the spouses of the spotless Lamb. The holy Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus are, after Our Lady, the patrons of Lentini. The Italians call Saint Adelphus Saint Alûo.

We have found nowhere traces of the cult of Saint Isidora, of Saint Justina and of Saint Thecla.[1]

Saints Gordian, Epimachus, Marina and Januarius, Martyrs

(362.)

Julian, surnamed the Apostate, not wishing, on his accession to the empire, to deprive himself entirely of the reputation of a good-natured prince, dissembled for some time the hatred he had against the Christians. But although he did not declare himself openly their enemy, he nevertheless had all sorts of cruelties executed against them by his lieutenants, sending for this purpose, into the provinces, those whom he knew to be the greatest enemies of the faith, in order that the excesses they should commit might be imputed rather to their particular hatred than to the orders he might have given them. Gordian was one of these judges, and Julian gave him the vicariate of the city of Rome, under the prefect Apronian, that he might satisfy the hatred he had against the faithful. There was then in the prisons a venerable priest, named Januarius, with whom this judge often held conversations. God touched his heart at last by his ministry: he opened his eyes to the rays of the divine light and resolved to become a Christian; he was baptized by Januarius, with Marina, his wife, and fifty-two persons of his family. Clementianus, tribune of the people, having learned of it, informed the emperor at once, who dismissed Gordian and gave his charge to the informer. The latter, having become judge of Gordian, had him brought before him, reproached him with his ingratitude toward the emperor and made great threats to him if he did not consent to sacrifice to the idols. Gordian remained firm and unshaken in his faith, mocking Julian and his false gods. Clementianus had him scourged with a cruelty unworthy not only of a Roman citizen, but even of a barbarian and of a Scythian; he had his bones broken with leaded cords, and, having had his head cut off, he ordered that his body should be exposed on the highways, with prohibition to render him the duties of burial. However divine Providence permitted that it should be guarded by the dogs. He was five days in this state, at the end of which a servant of Gordian, assisted by some Christians, took it away by night and buried it in the same vault where that of Saint Epimachus had been deposited.

Saint Epimachus had suffered martyrdom at Alexandria, about 250, with another Christian named Alexander. They were first both cast into a frightful prison: they were afterwards taken out of it to be scourged and to have their sides torn. At last they were burned in quicklime. The relics of Saint Epimachus were brought from Alexandria to Rome. They are today with those of Saint Gordian, in the diocese of Augsburg, in the abbey of Kempten, which forms part of the kingdom of Bavaria. The Church joining in her office this other

Blessed with Saint Gordian, we believe we ought to add a word in passing. Several martyrologies make him a native of Rome, and place his torment in that capital of the world, like that of Saint Gordian. But the Breviary and the Roman Martyrology state that he endured death at Alexandria, as we have just said, and that having been consumed there by fire, his ashes were brought to Rome by the Christians and deposited in the grotto where the body of Saint Gordian was afterwards buried. As for Marina, wife of Saint Gordian, she was condemned in ignominy to till the earth in a place formerly called Aquas Salvis, and today the fountains of Saint Paul, she ended her days there in the confession of Jesus Christ. As for Saint Januarius, he was marked on the face for infamy; the rest of his torments and the manner of his death are unknown to us. This is all that is known of the martyrdom of Saint Gordian, of whom mention is made in all the martyrologies, with Saint Epimachus, on 10 May. Cardinal Baronius speaks of it in this place and in the fourth volume of his *Annals*, where he does not fail to remark the error of several authors who describe this martyrdom as if it had passed in the presence of Julian, although this emperor was never at Rome during his reign.

Saint Mathurin of Montchaude

On 21 February 1872, M. Gayraud, curate of Montchaude, canton of Barbezieux (diocese of Angoulême), had the kindness to send us on Saint Mathurin the information which will be read: “Saint Mathurin, honoured at Montchaude, is the object of an immemorial pilgrimage. Every year, on 10 May, one sees arrive, from the first hours of the day, numerous strangers, several of whom have sometimes made, on foot, more than ten leagues, in the hope of obtaining, for themselves or for those dear to them, spiritual or bodily favours. For the nine years that I have exercised the holy ministry in this parish, I have always seen a great concourse on this day. The church has never been able to contain the crowd. I cannot estimate at less than four thousand the number of persons who, in 1866, repaired to this ceremony. That year, the feast of our Saint coincided with the feast of the Ascension. From six or seven o’clock in the morning, pilgrims betake themselves to the church to have blessed either objects of piety, or little loaves, wine, cakes, etc., etc., or to have Gospels said over them. At nine o’clock, the procession is organized and proceeds, singing the Litanies of the Saints, toward the tomb of the Saint, which rises in the form of an altar, surmounted by a stone cross, in the middle of a little wood, at a distance of about a kilometre from the church. There, the antiphon *Hic vu-*, taken from the office of a confessor not a pontiff, is sung, followed by the versicle and the Collect. After the blessing of the various objects placed on the tomb and the offering, during which a picture representing a solitary religious is offered to be kissed to all who take part in it, the procession resumes the road to the church, where the Mass *Os Justi*, of a confessor not a pontiff, authorized by the Ordinary, is celebrated at once. The Mass having been sung, there is a blessing of the objects that are presented, readings of Gospels and the ceremony is finished. It is not only on 10 May that the tomb of Saint Mathurin attracts pilgrims, it is still visited in the course of the year; one finds there sometimes ex-votos and one sees candles lighted there during the night. Tradition does not say whether the tomb has ever been opened to examine the state of the relics of the Saint.

“In spite of my researches, I have been able to find nothing written on the life of Saint Mathurin of Montchaude, nor on the origin of his cult. Tradition says nothing precise either, either on his life or on the epoch of his life. It is claimed that he dwelt in a village, near his tomb, which still exists today and which is called Chez Maran. After a holy and solitary life, his body is said to have been deposited at the place where rises the poor monument of which I have spoken. His cult cannot be explained without the existence of marvellous facts which will have burst forth during his life and above all after his death and which are still renewed from time to time. I have myself been witness of some astonishing cures, on the occasion of novenas made to Saint Mathurin. The curate of Sainte-Lheurine (Charente-Inférieure), related to me that one of his parishioners, whom her parents had been obliged to mount and to conduct on a cart, had been suddenly cured on the day of Saint Mathurin, and that she had been able to return on foot. I have seen this person two or three times at Montchaude, on 10 May. She came to communicate and to visit the tomb of Saint Mathurin

in thanksgiving.”

Local notes.

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[1] See, for more details, the Acts of Saint Callistus, pope, on 14 October.

[2] Saint Cataldus is the patron of Taranto, where he has dethroned Saint Peter and Saint Mark. His cult dates from the finding of his relics, which took place about the middle of the 11th century, at the rebuilding of the cathedral. He was formerly honoured at Genoa, at Mondovì, and in the diocese of Sens, where the parish of Saint-Cataud has evidently borrowed its name from Saint Cataldus.

[3] The notices which we give here on the two Saints of the name of Pallais, bishops of Bourges, are extracted from the *Acta Sanctorum*. Dom Piolin, Benedictine of Solesmes, to whom we owe several corrective notes which have taken their place in this work, observes to us that the first of these Saints was the eleventh, and not the ninth bishop of Bourges, and that he died about 450, instead of 384; that the second was not bishop of Bourges. As the learned religious does not prove his assertions, we content ourselves with reporting his opinion to show at least with what deference we receive all that comes to us from him.

[4] See 9 May.

[5] He is still called Vulbaud and Bourbas, in Latin *Vulbandus* and *Vibaldus*.

[6] *Cf. Hagiological History of the Diocese of Belley*.

[7] The Irish legend relates that Saint Comgall, having numerous guests to receive and not finding the wherewithal to entertain them suitably, was succoured by Angels who drove a great quantity of fish toward his abbey. It is also reported that he carried in his hand a stone heated white without suffering any injury, and that another time, having fasted in vain — let the force of these expressions be noted — against a king insensible to his preaching, he split a pebble in four by the mere contact of his saliva. After this miracle, the king was converted: these facts may serve to characterize the Saint in art.

[8] Old chronicles call her Solange or Soulange; her native place no longer exists; one sees in the middle of the Pré-Verdier the ruins of a house which Saint Solange inhabited, it is said. This meadow is half a league from the borough called by the name of the Saint since her death, and formerly Saint-Martin du Cros. (*Life of Saint Solange*, by the Abbé Oudoul, p. 6.)

[9] *Ut vidit, ut perit*.

[10] Cabinet of Prints, at Paris, vol. ix, f. 103.

[11] *Ibid.*

[12] Frieze of Saint Vincent de Paul, at Paris, by Hippolyte Flandrin. It is an innovation, and Father Cahier is of opinion that one must not depart from the popular characteristic when one exists.

[13] Cabinet of Prints, at Paris, vol. ix, f. 103.

[14] *Ibid.*

[15] *Ibid.*, vol. iii, f. 20.

[16] *Ibid.*

[17] We have mentioned Saint Thecla and Saint Justina on 10 January; but, as their life is connected with that of the three martyrs Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus, we have referred their notice to this day.

[18] After having read the 46 folio pages which the Bollandists consecrate to these Martyrs, our conviction is that of these learned hagiographers: that is to say that the Acts which concern them have been interpolated and that nothing certain is known with regard to them: one thing only is beyond doubt, it is the celebrity of their cult among the Sicilians and the Greeks. There was a time when the Acts of the Martyrs were a theme for romances: those of the holy Adelphus, Philadelphus and Cyrinus have had the ill fortune to serve as a ground for embroideries. Hence the difficulty of distinguishing the true from the false. We have attempted it, and we think that one may hold to our abridged narrative.

11 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, on the Salarian way, the feast of Saint Anthimus, priest, who, after a life full of virtues and of marvellous preachings, was cast into the Tiber, during the persecution of Diocletian, and was drawn out of it by the help of an angel who carried him back into his oratory; he had then his head cut off, and flew victorious into heaven. 4th century. — The same day, Saint Evellus, martyr, of the household of Nero, who, seeing the constancy of Saint Torpes[1] in his torments, believed in Jesus Christ, for whom he was also himself beheaded. — At Rome again, the holy martyrs Maximus, Bassus and Fabius, executed under Diocletian on

the Salarian way. 304. — At Camerino, the holy martyrs Anastasius and his companions, who were put to death in the persecution of Decius, under the governor Antiochus. — At Osimo, in the March of Ancona, the holy martyrs Sisinnius, deacon, Dioclus and Florentius, disciples of Saint Anthimus, priest, who were stoned, and thus accomplished their martyrdom under Diocletian. — At Varennes, Saint Gengulphus, martyr. 760. — At Vienne, Saint Mamertus, archbishop, who, to avert a scourge which threatened his people, instituted in his city three days of solemn litanies before the feast of the Ascension of Our Lord, which the universal Church has since received and approved. About 477. — At Souvigny, Saint Mayeul, abbot of Cluny, whose life was illustrated by holy actions. 994. — At San Severino, in the March of Ancona, Saint Illuminatus, confessor. — At Grottaglie, a borough of the diocese of Taranto, Saint Francis de Girolamo, confessor, of the Society of Jesus, a man of marvellous charity and patience in procuring the salvation of souls, whom Gregory XVI has placed in the number of the Saints; his feast is celebrated at Naples with a great concourse of people, in the church of the professed house of the Society where his body reposes.[2] 1716.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Agen, feast of Saint Eutropius, bishop of Saintes. The Proper of Agen places the mission of Saint Eutropius in the 1st century. — At Ax, in the diocese of Pamiers, Saint Udaut, priest and martyr, whose body has been transferred to Ripoll, in Catalonia. 452. — At Sens, Saint Lissière or Léthère, virgin and martyr, whose relics reposed in the church of Saint-Pierre-le-Vif. — At Metz, the holy bishops Ruf and Agatombre. Ruf was the ninth and Agatombre the twentieth bishop of Metz. A native of Greece, Agatombre passed first into Italy whence the persecution of the Gothic king, Theodoric, drove him. Having retired to Metz, his virtues caused him to be given as successor to Bishop Gramatius. He laboured to adorn his cathedral and died holily. His remains went to sleep in the crypt of Saint-Clement (530). As to Saint Ruf, he is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on 7 November. — At Séez, Saint Milchard, bishop.[3] — At the monastery of L'Esterp, in the diocese of Limoges, Saint Walter, canon regular and abbot, who shone by his virtues and his miracles. 1070. — In Hainaut, Saint Waubert and Saint Bertilia, father and mother of Saint Waltrude and of Saint Aldegonde. 1160. — In Dauphiné, the translation of the body of Saint Anthony the Great, from Constantinople, to the borough which bears his name, where was built in his honour a celebrated commandery, chief place of all the houses of his Order. — At Pontigny, the blessed Guy, elder brother of Saint Bernard, who saw him at his death going to enjoy blessed eternity. — At Tours, the feast of the Protection of that city by Saint Martin. — At Amiens, the feast of Saint Ache and Saint Acueul, whose entry into heaven is marked on 1 May. — At Blois, the feast of Saint Béat or Bié, named in the Roman Martyrology on the 9th of this month. — At Montpellier, the feast of Saint Pontius of Thomières, named in the Roman Martyrology on the 14th. — At Reims, the feast of Saint Gibrian, already named on the 8th of this month. — At Verdun, the feast of Saint Possessor,[4] who succeeded Saint Pulchronius. A contemporary of the Frankish, Vandal and Hunnish invasions, he consoled his people in those days of the heavenly wrath, by mingling his tears with theirs, by drawing them to the feet of the altars and by pouring alms into the bosom of the poor. His body, first deposited in the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, is today venerated in his cathedral. End of the 5th century. — At Croix-Gente or Gentille, near Montendre, in the diocese of La Rochelle, blessing, in 1862, of the new sanctuary destined to receive the statue of Our Lady of Pity. This sanctuary, ruined at the time of the wars of religion, was entirely razed at the time of the Revolution. According to popular accounts, the foundation of the chapel is due to a touching fact. A father, who had had the grief to lose his child, made a vow to build a chapel on the very spot where the child should be found. The divine Mother had pity on this poor father and restored his son to him in the place where the chapel of Croix-Gente has just been rebuilt.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Among those of the Lateran, Saint Walter, abbot of the monastery of L'Esterp…

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — Saint Peter, martyr, mentioned on 29 April.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — At the monastery of Bellevaux, in the diocese of Besançon, Saint Peter, of the Order of Cîteaux, who, from abbot of the monastery of Tamié, in Savoy, became archbishop of Tarentaise, and who, laden with every kind of merit, went to heaven on 14 September 1174.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Cracow, in Poland, Saint Stanislaus.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — Saint George, martyr, whose feast the Church celebrates on 23 April.

Martyrology of the Conventual Minors. — At Recanati, in the March of Ancona, the blessed Bienvenu Marene, confessor, of the Order of Minors, remarkable for his admirable piety and for the brilliancy of his miracles. Pope Pius VII confirmed the immemorial cult of this holy man, and permitted his feast to be celebrated with the office of the Mass: his blessed death took place on the 5th of this month.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Randazzo, in Sicily, the feast of the blessed Aloysius Rabata, of the Order of Carmelites, admirable for his regularity, his charity and his love of his enemies. 1490.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At the monastery of Saint-Lambert, in Styria, the translation of the holy Roman martyrs Cyril, Eleutherius, Marcian and Dorotheus, which took place in 1650. — At Constantinople, Saint Mucius, priest and martyr, who was put to death in the cruellest manner for having overthrown an idol of Bacchus by making the sign of the cross. Constantine the Great had a church raised which was dedicated to him. It was in this church that the condemnation of Nestorius was read. — At Altino, in Italy, Saint Nepotian, priest, whose eulogy was written by Saint Jerome, who was very much attached to him. About 396. — In England, Saint Frémond, king of a portion of that country and martyr. About the 8th century. — At Naples, the blessed Nicholas, hermit, who was killed in that city by one of the servants of Mary, queen of Jerusalem, of Sicily and of Hungary, whom the princess charged with the care of carrying her alms to the holy hermit. 1310. — At Zell, near Worms, in the Palatinate, Saint Philip, hermit. English by birth, he left his country and made a pilgrimage to Rome. He came afterwards to settle, near Worms, in a village which, after his death, was called Zell or Celulle. His mortal remains were preserved in the church of Zell until 1531; his feast was celebrated on 11 May in the ancient bishopric of Worms, as it is still done today in the new diocese of Speyer. The hermitage of Zell was, in the 12th century, changed into a priory dependent on the rich abbey of Hornbach, near Deux-Ponts. In the 13th century, the priory was erected into a collegiate church, and, in the 14th, a Confraternity was formed in honour of Saint Philip, whose rich revenues were, at the time of the Reformation, incorporated by Julius II into the University of Heidelberg. Saint Philip of Zell lived in the 8th century.

Displaced note to the Martyrology of the Carmelites (11 May)

Note to the entry “At Randazzo, in Sicily, the feast of the blessed Aloysius Rabata, of the Order of Carmelites, admirable for his regularity, his charity and his love of his enemies. 1490.”:[5]

Saint Udaut, Priest and Martyr, Apostle of the Huns of the Danube and of the Pyrenean Valleys of the Ariège

452. — Pope: Saint Leo the Great. — Emperors of the West: Honorius; Valentinian III.

> *Let those who have the charge of souls not calculate the dangers of their mission; let them say with the Apostle: Woe to me if I keep silence.*
>
> *— 1 Cor., ix, 17.*

In the centre of the valley of the upper Ariège, furrowed by the limpid river which the Roman generals had named Aurigera, which the Visigoths and the Franks, who dominated there after them, called Arrega,[1] whence comes, by corruption, the name of Ariège, seven kilometres downstream from Ax, one sees standing out from the flank of the mountain a massive, quadrangular tower, pierced with several rows of twin bays, whose construction, without ornaments and of a rather primitive style, alone announces its antiquity. This is the belfry of the old priory of Unac. This tower, still solid and full of life, became, almost eight hundred years ago already, the belfry of a new church which was joined to it after the destruction of the first. This new church, notwithstanding its small dimensions, attracts, more than the old tower of its belfry, the attention of tourists, by its proportions and its architectural ornamentations, and has deserved to be classed among the monuments whose preservation the French government protects.[2] This old monument of two epochs appears surrounded by an agglomeration of poor dwellings, which is called the village of Unac.

It was during the conquests of Charlemagne over the Saracens, during the organization of the Marches, by himself or by his lieutenants, completed under the government of his son Louis the Debonair, reigning at Toulouse under the title of king of Aquitaine, that is to say from 778 to 812, that the priory of Unac was founded.

Unac is situated at some distance from Ax, the city of thirty-nine thermal springs, whose walls the martyrdom of Saint Udaut illustrated.

Saint Udaut, we read in the old Chronicles summarized by the pious Abbé Authier, curate of Unac,[3] came into the world in the year 405. He died martyred for the faith of Jesus Christ on 11 May 452, at Ax-sur-l'Ariège, today a town of France in the diocese of Pamiers, and then a town of the diocese of Toulouse, in the ancient Roman province of Narbonese Septimania, kingdom of the Visigoths, under the reign of Thorismond. Clothed with the priestly character, Saint Udaut exercised the apostolic ministry principally in that part of the Pyrenees which rise in the dioceses of Elne (today of Perpignan), of Vic d'Ausona (today of Vich), of Urgel and of Toulouse, labouring with zeal for the conversion of the pagans who existed in great number in those regions, encouraging the Catholic faithful, persecuted by the Arian Visigoths, masters of that country; and he suffered martyrdom there in the accomplishment of these holy duties, by the hand of the Ostrogothic kings of the army of Attila, whom he had already evangelized with the Huns in their encampments of the Roman provinces on the banks of the Danube.

Saint Udaut was born in Italy, of one of those noble pagan families of the barbarians who, having fought for a long time under the generals of the Roman empire, had obtained lands there, and had served the emperor Honorius, to stop, under the command of Stilicho, a Vandal whose daughter he had married, an army of two hundred thousand Goths in the mountains of upper Italy. While Udaut was forming himself, in his adolescence, to the hard life of the camps by the exercises of the chase, he was led one day to a holy hermit of the name of Pancras, by a doe which he wished to pierce with his arrows. The beast of the woods, keenly pursued, had come to crouch at the feet of the Saint, like the hunter's dog when it is surprised and pursued by the wolf thirsting for its blood. At the sight of the holy hermit, who received him with kindness, Udaut, far from killing the doe, was struck as by a miraculous vision. All that he had learned of the Christian religion with the children of his age in their temples comes back to his mind: it is God who calls him to himself. Faithful to prevenient grace, he was disposed to do the will of heaven. He asks therefore of the holy hermit permission to remain in his hermitage, to instruct himself better in the religious truths, and a short time after he received baptism.

Become a child of God and of his Church, Udaut consecrated himself wholly to the service of both, but he had his apprenticeship to make. It was made hard then. Saint Pancras took care to warn his disciple of it. Nevertheless this hermitage in Italy, so near the house of the idolatrous parents of Udaut, did not appear to the holy director a safe place to protect his neophyte of a day. He wished to put him beyond reach of flesh and blood and of temptations to discouragement. The two companions left their solitude in Italy, and having

arrived on the seashore, Saint Pancras, showing Udaut a galley ready to set sail, asked him whether he persevered in his promises of baptism. On his affirmative answer, they asked passage in this ship and came to land at its destination, at Port-Vendres, not far from the ancient episcopal city of Elne. This was about the year 423. The Arian Visigoths, governed then by their king Theodoric I who defended so valiantly Toulouse, his capital, against the Roman general Litorius, and was killed later in the celebrated battle of the Catalaunian fields, fighting against Attila, were masters of the whole eastern and central part of the chain of the Pyrenees. It was there that Udaut passed the finest years of his life, it was there that was the theatre of his rough penances and of his first labours in the apostolic life. Scarcely had the two hermits arrived in the first caverns of these mountains when the natural sentiments of the barbarian began to awake in Udaut: already he was taking a disgust to the contemplative life; he repented also of having abandoned his parents. Without seeking too long to do himself violence, he had even opened the cell of Saint Pancras to bid him farewell, when he found his director, warned in prayer of his discouragements, addressing fervent prayers to God to obtain for him the grace of perseverance. At the same time a clap of thunder was heard, a light brilliant as a star came to illumine for a long time the venerable head of the old hermit. Terrified by this new prodigy, as he had been impressed by the meeting with the doe, the young man was instantly cured of his illusions. He prostrated himself with his face to the earth to ask pardon of God and of his servant for his ingratitude and the failing of his faith. They then plunged deeper into the desert country of the mountains, in order to give themselves there to more intimate prayers and to rougher macerations.

Saint Pancras, so full of the spirit of charity, could not dwell long in the neighbourhood of the cottages which still sheltered pagan natives without labouring for their conversion. When he was better known with his disciple, it was the inhabitants of the towns who hastened in crowds to the solitaries of the rocks. They themselves had also to carry them the lights and consolations of the Christian faith, as had been done, among their ancestors, by Saint Saturninus, first bishop of Toulouse, who had evangelized this region immediately after the Apostles. Since then, the faith had never been extinguished in these mountains, but it had few adherents there. Udaut, for his part, with his knowledge of the barbarous idioms of the invading Goths, employed himself actively with those of that nation for the general good. It is permitted to believe that it was in the course of these labours that the holy director of Udaut presented his disciple for priestly ordination. Was it to Lampius, bishop of Barcelona, who had already imposed hands for the priesthood on Saint Paulinus, bishop of Nola, or to some other bishop of the region? the old historian of the Saint does not tell us. But Salazar,[4] one of the writers of his life in the seventeenth century, does not fear to affirm that our Saint died priest and martyr, and it is the opinion of all the churches which venerate him, since they have always represented him on their altars clothed with the insignia of this sacred character.[5] The apostolic fatigues, joined to his macerations, exhausted the strength of Saint Pancras. Full of merits, he fell asleep in the peace of the Lord.

From that moment, the spirit of faith which begets prodigies passed from the old hermit into the heart of his disciple, as the spirit of Elias passed into the heart of the prophet Eliseus, when they separated for ever on the banks of the Jordan. Under this divine direction, Saint Udaut wished to prepare himself for greater labours, by a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Saturninus whose protection he had very often invoked in his missions. He had also the intention of obtaining relics from the inhabitants of Toulouse, to offer them to the grateful veneration of the descendants of the Spaniards whom he had begotten to Jesus Christ.

On arriving at Toulouse, the missionary priest learned there that the faithful of that Church, having lost their first pastor, Saint Exuperius, were ever since prevented by their Visigothic kings from designating a successor to him, although they had not too much to suffer from them, by flagrant persecutions, for fear these Arian kings had of alienating the heart of their Catholic subjects. He was received there by the priest John and by his companions in the sacred ministry, Raymond and Vincent, who directed the faithful of Toulouse. These holy priests had come to meet him on a supernatural warning. For his part, Saint Udaut received from

God the power of revealing to the faithful of Toulouse how much he enjoyed heavenly favours, by raising from the dead among them one of their children, of the name of Profanus.

Saint Udaut remained a short time in the city of Toulouse. Several of his most fervent Christians were on the eve of going to visit the Holy Places of Rome; they expressed to him the happiness they would feel if he would decide himself to guide them through the barbarians they would be exposed to meet everywhere on their road. Their entreaties, joined to the desire which he had often felt of visiting the tombs of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, made him understand that he would do the will of God in giving them this satisfaction. He set out from Toulouse and arrived in the capital of the Christian world in the year 444.

The great news of the moment, the most frightful, was the progress of Attila with an army of the most formidable, in Moesia and Pannonia, in the environs of the Danube, marching on Constantinople and soon on Rome. “Among the kings who followed him like slaves, there were two whom Attila distinguished above all; they were: Ardaric, king of the Gepidae; the other, Valamir, king of the Ostrogoths, accompanied by his two brothers Theodemir and Videmir. These last three princes, nobler than he whom they acknowledged for master, were of the race of the Amali, the most illustrious of the Gothic nation. Valamir made himself commendable by his discretion, by his gentleness and by a frankness which, joined to bravery, forms the true character of heroes.”[6] By this citation we make known the three kings who martyred Saint Udaut at Ax, some years later.

It needed no more than this to inflame the apostolic zeal of Saint Udaut. He separated himself therefore from the Toulousans, his companions of pilgrimage to Rome, to obey his inspirations, by directing himself toward the army of Attila. Those of the inhabitants on this side of the Danube who had been spared by the invading army were treated there as slaves. To all the evils with which they were already overwhelmed, God had added a plague of venomous reptiles or insects which made them perish in great numbers. Saint Udaut applied himself to console and encourage these Christians, delivering them, by his prayers, from this surplus of misfortunes. The gratitude and admiration of the Christians for the holy missionary did not fail to attract the attention of the barbarian chiefs. They perceived that the Saint, by his preachings and his miraculous healings, made himself proselytes in the very families of their subjects.

King Wuillielm, elder brother of Attila, submitting, like many other secondary kings, to the ascendancy of his younger brother, was charged first to chastise this enemy of the jugglers of the camp, who had more credit by himself alone than all of them by his prodigies. He condemned him to the torment of the iron-hooked whip. This instrument of torment, called today the knout, has remained in use among the Russians, from whom it is to be hoped that Christian civilization will end by making it disappear. It has still been applied, with much cruelty, in the full nineteenth century, to the Poles who remained faithful to their country and their religion. “The knout[7] is a long and narrow thong, boiled in a sort of essence, and strongly coated with metallic filings. Thus prepared, the thong acquires an extreme hardness and weight. But before it hardens, care is taken to fold back upon themselves the edges, thinned on purpose, and which form in this manner a groove along the whole length of the strap, terminated by a little iron hook. If the executioner knows his trade, the victim loses consciousness at the third stroke, and expires after the fifth.” Saint Udaut was fastened on the plank called the *kobila*, his back bare, his head resting on the upper edge, his feet fixed to the lower part, and his hands bound, embracing the plank. In this position, the heavy thong, lashed vigorously by the executioner on the flanks of the Martyr, with its concave side, cuts the flesh like a knife, and, drawn back horizontally by the same executioner, brings back, by means of the hook and in long strips, the detached parts of the bleeding flesh. The blows were repeated until Wuillielm, seeing the flanks of Saint Udaut stripped of flesh and supposing him dead, gave the signal for the end of the spectacle.

Detached from the *kobila*, the holy Martyr was left as a corpse on the scene of the execution. He was only in a swoon. After a miraculous healing, Saint Udaut directed his steps and his apostolic labours toward the division of the Ostrogoths. It was the turn of Valamir to put an end to it. Led before the tribunal for the same

motives which had made him appear before that of Wuillielm, the second judge, informed of the relapse, condemned him to the same national torment, accusing the too great indulgence of the king of the Huns, who had not had executed the regulation law of the prescribed number of strokes of the knout. Wishing even to render the spectacle more attractive, Valamir condemned the impious man to drink, to the health of the gods, a cup full of molten lead, if he did not succumb in the torment of the whip. On the day fixed for the execution of this judgment, Saint Udaut endured with the same apparatus and the same cruelty, in the camp of the Ostrogoths, the legal number of one hundred and one strokes of the knout without yielding the last breath; but rising to his feet like a bleeding skeleton, after having been detached from the *kobila*, he blessed, with his apostle's faith in the virtue of the sign of the cross, the burning cup of molten lead that a second executioner offered him, and swallowed it like a comforting liqueur. The penalty inflicted by the judgment was undergone. The just Valamir was not angered. Deeply moved by what had just passed of the horrible and the marvellous before his eyes as well as before those of his army, he did not have his head cut off. Had he done so, his reputation for equity would have lost something of its prestige before his subjects. He contented himself with having him driven far away from the army of Attila.

On leaving the camp of Attila, Saint Udaut returned toward the Pyrenees, to those dioceses to which he had been destined and attached by his ordination. He had much still to do there.

We have said that in undertaking a pilgrimage outside this country where were the liveliest affections of his heart, Saint Udaut had had the intention of endowing it with some relics of the body of Saint Saturninus, first bishop of Toulouse, to deposit them under the altars which the apostolic sweat of the holy bishop had caused to be raised there. So he hastened, on arriving in the capital of the Visigoths, to ask for a pearl of that precious casket which the faithful of Toulouse preserved with so much vigilance. These faithful Christians whom he had edified on his first passage, those above all whom he had accompanied in their pilgrimage to Rome, and who had seen him depart toward the army of Attila, seeing him again escaped from the teeth of that lion, all covered with the traces of its cruel bites, had nothing to refuse him; his request besides was so just!

The diocese of Toulouse, ascending the course of the Ariège, was then adjoining that of Urgel, by the valley of Andorra. It was by this road, the most direct and the easiest, that Saint Udaut crossed the summits of the Pyrenees, carrying the precious relic of Saint Saturninus. One of his first cares, on arriving in the country of Urgel, was to build there a church at the place of Tavernolas, which he dedicated to the holy first bishop of Toulouse, and where he deposited his relic. It was in this place and near this church that there rose, soon after, a very celebrated monastery, at the beginning of the ninth century, under the name of Saint-Saturninus of Tavernolas, to which several others were united at the beginning of the tenth century.

Returned to his mission in the Pyrenees, Saint Udaut occupied himself there exclusively in gaining souls to God. These apostolic labours lasted seven years until his death.

In the spring of the year 452, after having repaired the losses he had suffered in the plains of Châlons, Attila appeared in Italy. He had charged himself with chastising the Romans with his man of execution Ardaric, king of the Gepidae, and the bulk of his army. There, Valamir, with his Ostrogothic division, separated from him and, following the course of the Rhône, came to fight the Visigoths in their own States. Valamir and all his had sworn long since an irreconcilable hatred to the Visigoths of France and of Spain.

On 11 May 452, the Ostrogothic army of Attila commanded by three of his lieutenants, whom the legend of Saint Udaut calls kings, was encamped at Ax, in the centre of the Pyrenees, ready to cross the highest summits, boundary between the Gauls and Spain, at a distance of twenty kilometres from the pass of Puymorens, the most practicable, five kilometres from the narrow defiles of Mérens, guarded by the Visigoths. It was a critical day for it. Valamir wished to offer sacrifices to the god Mars, to stimulate the avidity of his warriors and their animosity against the Visigoths. Saint Udaut, finding himself on the spot, did

not fail to turn away from these sacrilegious sacrifices the proselytes he had made to the Christian faith in the army of Valamir, before his martyrdom in the Danubian provinces, as Saint Maurice turned away the Theban legion on a similar occasion. Warned of a schism in his army over the offering of sacrifices, the Ostrogothic king did not let his severity burst forth by decimating or massacring in a body the refractory Christians: he was too much interested in sparing them; but he discharged his anger upon Saint Udaut, whom his officers had led before his tribunal at the foot of the altars, as the instigator of this disorder. The piercing eye of the barbarian king recognized at once the Christian apostle who at Faste, capital of the Huns on the Danube, had gone to announce the Gospel to the subjects of Attila. He was troubled by it. But he hastened to address him, calling to him with vivacity. “Are you not,” he said to him, “that Udaut whose whip has already torn his body; the man branded by my order? You were able, by your sorceries, to swallow without dying my cup of molten lead! Must I still find you here sowing indiscipline among my children, to draw upon us the wrath of our great protecting god! Repair your impieties and your treacheries by offering incense to the god of war, or disappear for ever from this world!” Saint Udaut answers him calmly: “I never turned your soldiers from their duties, prince; but I fear your severities no more than in time past, and I will not sacrifice today to your impotent idol…” He was about to speak further, when Valamir orders that he be immediately shut in a cask in which the wine of the sacrifices had been contained. He then has nails driven into this improvised instrument of torment, and orders that it be rolled from the height of the meadows where his tribunal stood, near the walls of the old town of Ax. Thus he makes the blood of the holy Martyr stream before the standards bearing the image of the sword of Mars set at intervals in the ranks of his horsemen, as far as the place where, drawn all bloody from his cask, a dagger is plunged into his heart.

The oral tradition of the inhabitants of Ax on the martyrdom of Saint Udaut, wrought in their city by three kings, who had him rolled in a cask bristling with nails, is incontestable. The place of his burial after the martyrdom has always borne the name of Saint-Udaut and is still today adorned with an iron cross sealed in the stone. The retable of an ancient altar decorated with a statuette in bas-relief designated by his name is an irrefutable testimony of the cult which the inhabitants of that city have rendered him. This place is situated between the two rivers of the Ause and the Ariège and between two rocks, outside the town. A hundred and twenty-nine years later, when the first kings of France had overthrown at Toulouse the throne of the Visigoths, in the year 581, under the reign of Chilperic and Childebert, while Duke Desiderius governed the country, the inhabitants of Ax obtained permission from their bishop Saint Germerius or Magnulphus, his successor, to exhume the body of the holy Martyr, to deposit it honourably in their parish church, and venerated him there as a secondary patron. In the supplement to his Gallican Martyrology, Du Saussay, bishop of Toul, says that he became celebrated there by divine prodigies. He was the safeguard of this city, in this valley so exposed to depredations, as a strategic road, particularly in the wars of Charlemagne and of Louis the Pious against the Saracens.

In 978, religious of the abbey of Ripoll were sent to Ax to make the solemn translation of the relics of Saint Udaut, from Ax to Ripoll; this latter place was more in the centre of the country which the Saint had evangelized with so much zeal.

It is there that there still reposes today the priest-martyr whom the Lord has crowned. His relics are deposited there in a magnificent urn of silver, on which several of his miracles are portrayed in bas-relief. The devotion to Saint Udaut became popular in the Middle Ages in the Marches of Spain, and it has not yet weakened there in our days. It has spread to the rest of Spain and has been carried by the Catalans as far as Mexico. We find the most authentic proof of it in what is said by the author of an abridgment of his life, printed at Vich in 1863, at the head of a little pamphlet containing, with the prayers and canticles to Saint Udaut, the order of a novena enriched with indulgences by the diocesan bishop of Vich, by his metropolitan of Tarragona, and by other bishops of Spain and of Mexico. “There is celebrated,” this writer tells us, “at Ripoll the feast of the martyrdom of Saint Udaut on 11 May, with the greatest solemnity and with a great concourse of the

neighbouring populations, who all regard him as their benefactor and their protector, because on every occasion God has granted by his merits an infinity of miracles. Every time his relics are uncovered, his devout servants breathe a delicious odour which no perfume could produce. His assistance is manifest every time he is invoked in fevers or other maladies. (Let him who, like myself, shall have made the experience of it not fail to proclaim it!) In times of drought, when his holy body is carried in procession outside the temple, God does not fail to hear his servant. But the most manifest protection of the holy Martyr is experienced in difficult childbirths. There is then no woman who does not find him propitious, if she invokes him with fervour."

Historical and Religious Studies on the Country of the Upper Valley of the Ariège, by the Abbé Authier, curate of Unac; Toulouse, printing house A. Chauvin and son, 1870.

Saint Mamertus, Archbishop of Vienne in Dauphiné

417. — Pope: Saint Simplicius. — Invasion of the Gauls by the Franks.

> *If scourges are in the hands of God the rod that chastises men, prayer is in the hands of man the force that can appease God and bring down his benefits upon the earth.*

Antiquity has left us few details on the life of Saint Mamertus. But he made himself very famous by the establishment of the Rogations. It is not that he is the first author of these holy processions, which are made to draw down the blessings of God on the fruits of the earth; but, in his time, they had almost fallen into desuetude, or else were made without devotion. Mamertus re-established them, and, adding fasting to prayer, ordered that they should be made on the three days which precede the Ascension. This pious reform was first received by all the Churches of France, according to the decree of the first Council of Orleans, held under Clovis the Great, and was afterwards by the Church of Rome, by the authority of Leo III.

Here is on what occasion Saint Mamertus had this pious thought: he occupied worthily the archiepiscopal see of Vienne, in which he had succeeded Saint Simplicius, in the middle of the 5th century. Besides the public calamities of all the Gauls, which were then exposed to the irruptions of the barbarian nations, especially of the Huns and the Goths, the city and country of Vienne saw themselves afflicted by particular misfortunes which threatened them with a universal desolation: this city was often shaken by such frightful earthquakes that its inhabitants were compelled to abandon it, for fear of being crushed under its ruins; besides, certain fires blazed underground, and, making the mountains and forests smoke, drove out the stags, the bears, the wild boars and the other wild beasts, which saved themselves in terror into the boroughs and the towns, where their presence spread terror. The vigilant pastor consoled, encouraged his people by eloquent discourses: he showed in these misfortunes so many strokes of the rod of an angry father, whose clemency was to be implored by submission and by fervent and continual prayers. It happened moreover that, on the night of Easter, fire caught a public building of Vienne, and continued there with such violence that everyone expected a general conflagration. Mamertus, who had already wrought similar prodigies, prostrated himself before the altar, and his tears, his prayers, stopped the fire. Saint Avitus says expressly that the flames were extinguished in a miraculous manner.[1] It was in this frightful night that Mamertus conceived, before God, the project of the Rogations, regulated the psalms and the prayers of them; he added to them fasting, confession of sins, tears, compunction of heart. As to the aim of these salutary processions, here it is, according to a homily which is believed to be by Saint Mamertus, and which is found among the sermons attributed to Eusebius of Emesa: "We shall pray there," he says, "the Lord to deliver us from our infirmities, to turn his scourges from us, to preserve us from every misfortune, to guard us from plague, from hail, from drought and from the fury of our enemies; to give us a favourable season for the health of bodies and for the fertility of the earth, to make us enjoy peace and calm, and to pardon us our sins." Such is nearly all that is known of Saint Mamertus. Saint Avitus names him his godfather: *spiritualem a baptismo patrem*.[2] He built at Vienne a new church in honour of Saint Ferreolus, martyr, whose body he had transferred, after having discovered it.

One sees a bishop Mamertus at the council of Arles of 475. It is probably our Saint. He died, it is said, in 477. His body, buried at Vienne, was afterwards, by order of Pope John III and King Gontran, transported to Orleans and deposited in the cathedral of that city, where it was in great veneration. The Protestants burned it in the 16th century.

The Monk Mamertus Claudianus

Saint Mamertus had a younger brother. This was Mamertus Claudianus, monk, then priest and faithful cooperator of the bishop of Vienne. He lived in the middle of the 5th century and died between 470 and 474. Sidonius Apollinaris regarded him as the finest genius of his century. He was at once poet, philosopher and theologian: he could answer all sorts of questions and combat all errors; but his modesty and his virtue made him still more commendable than his learning. He taught to the clergy of his brother the holy Scriptures, ecclesiastical chant and the liturgy, which he enriched with several hymns, among others that of Passion Sunday:

Pange, lingua, gloriosi Lauream certaminis, … my tongue, the glorious combat of the suffering Christ.

His most important work is his treatise in three books on the *Nature of the Soul*. The aim of Mamertus Claudianus is to refute Faustus of Riez, in Provence, who denied the incorporeality of angels and of human souls and admitted only the incorporeality of God. He dedicates his writing to Sidonius Apollinaris, still a layman. No one had yet reasoned so well on the nature of the body, on that of the soul and on the distinction of these two substances. The author teaches clearly *animism*: “The soul is the life of the body in this life; it is equally in the whole body and in each of its parts; it is not local, it is as much in each part of the body as in the whole.” He proves, by ten excellent syllogisms, that the soul is incorporeal. No one speaks much more solidly or more clearly today when the psychological science has made incontestable progress.

Saint Gengoul,[3] Martyr

760. — Pope: Paul I. — King of France: Pepin the Short.

What is agreeable to God is that one endure, in view of pleasing him, the pains one suffers unjustly.

— 1 Ep. of Saint Peter, ii, 19.

An evil woman is more bitter than death.

Saint Gengoul may serve as a model to those whose household is troubled by infidelity.

Saint Gengoul was of a very illustrious house of Burgundy; his parents, who had no less virtues than riches, took great care of his education. He passed his childhood and the first years of his youth in a perfect innocence, joining to the study of letters, in which he succeeded extremely, the exercises of Christian piety. There was nothing so honest or so modest as he: he fled the company of libertines and the sight of all the objects which could tarnish the flower of his chastity. His pleasure was to visit the churches, to hear the word of God, to meditate it in the secret of his heart, and to read spiritual books capable of instructing him in the pure maxims of the

Gospel. One never heard come out of his mouth indiscreet words, nor even useless ones. His face, by its modesty, inspired devotion in those who had the happiness of conversing with him.

His parents being dead, he saw himself master of many lands and lordships; but, far from dissipating these goods by criminal or superfluous expenses, he administered them with as much prudence and wisdom as if he had been an old man consummate in the art of economy and of domestic government. The churches and the poor had a large share in them, and he thought that he could testify his gratitude toward God, who had given him these riches, only by returning to him a part of them by the assistance of his ministers and of those whose indigence he wishes us to consider as like his own. Being of an age to marry, he took a wife who was

also of a noble and rich house, but she suited him little besides in the qualities of mind and heart: she had not the piety of our Saint; she was vain, worldly, light. God permitted so unequal a union to try the virtue of his servant and to purify him in the crucible of afflictions.

Gengoul, who was one of the principal lords of Burgundy, and who had much bravery, took a great part in the numerous wars which King Pepin the Short made; he passed for having lent the help of the secular arm to the preaching of the Gospel in Friesland; which would explain the devotion of which he has been and still is the object in Holland.

Pepin esteemed him singularly, on account of his fine feats of arms and of his holiness, which he saw shine forth even by prodigies. He loved him so much that he made him sleep in his tent. One evening, when they were both in bed, the lamp, which had been extinguished, lighted itself again. The king, having awakened, was surprised at this light; he rose and blew out the lamp, which lighted itself again; the prodigy was renewed three times, and convinced Pepin that a saint reposed in his tent. The history of Gengoul relates a marvel much more extraordinary: he was returning to Burgundy, to rest there from the fatigues of war; passing through the Bassigny, he stopped in a delightful place, to take refreshment there: it was on the edge of a fountain, whose waters were very beautiful and excellent. He bought it and paid for it to him who was its possessor. God willed to punish the avarice of the latter: for he thought he had both the fountain and its price, not seeing how the Saint could transport it to his lands. Gengoul, arrived at Varennes, his habitual residence, planted his staff in the earth and made a magnificent fountain spring from it: it was that which he had bought, for it ceased to exist in the land of the avaricious seller.

We have already said it, Our Lord destined Gengoul to be a great model of patience, another Tobias, another Job. His wife mocked his piety, insulted his virtues; at last, she became unfaithful to him. The Saint, having perceived it, was plunged into a keen grief and a great perplexity, finding it equally painful and fatal to punish this crime and to leave it unpunished. He was still in this embarrassment, when one day, walking alone with the guilty woman, he said to her: “For a long time rumours have been running against your honour. I did not wish to speak to you of them before knowing whether they were founded; but today it is no longer permitted me to keep silence: I remind you then that a woman has nothing dearer in the world than her honour; she ought to do everything to preserve or recover it.”

This wretched wife answered him with impudence “that there was nothing more unjust than the rumours that were spread against her; she had kept her faith to him until then and she would always keep it to him; it was unfortunate for her to be the victim of such calumnies.” — “If it is so,” replies the Saint, “here is a limpid water which is neither hot enough nor cold enough to harm (they were then on the edge of a fountain). Plunge your arm into it: if you feel no harm from it, you will be innocent in my eyes.” The guilty woman, considering this trial as a stroke of her husband’s simplicity, hastened to furnish so easy a testimony of her innocence, and plunged her arm into the water as far as the elbow. She was much surprised when, as she drew it out, the skin, detaching itself as if it had been flayed, came hanging down to the ends of her fingers in a horrible manner: she felt excessive pains. Confused, speechless, she no longer dared to lift her eyes on her husband; and nevertheless, pride still hindering her from avowing herself guilty and asking pardon, she remained in a shameful silence, except for the cries which pain wrung from her. Then Gengoul said to her: “I could deliver you to all the severity of the law; but I prefer to leave you the liberty of expiating yourself, in penance and tears, the adultery of which heaven has just convicted you. However I will not remain longer with you; withdraw to the land which I have assigned you for your dower, strive there to appease the anger of God justly irritated against you, compensate by good works the iniquities you have committed; and, for myself, I too shall withdraw, so that the company of an adulteress may not make me a participant in her crime.”

Thus Saint Gengoul placed his wife in one of his lordships, and assigned her a certain revenue for her subsistence; he, on his side, withdrew to a castle which he had near Avallon, a city of Burgundy, on the

Cussin, between Auxerre and Autun. From there, he continued to watch over the conduct of her whom her infidelity had made unworthy of his cares: he exhorted her often, by letters, to return into herself and to expiate her past faults by a better life. But his remonstrances were quite useless. This libertine woman, seeing herself separated from her husband, profited by it to continue her disorders. She was not content with living publicly in adultery; but, fearing that her husband might give all his goods to the poor, to whom he already made great alms, or even might punish her with all the rigour of the laws, she resolved his death, with the accomplice of her disorders, who charged himself with the execution. This assassin goes therefore secretly to the residence of Gengoul, and, having found means to enter his chamber when he was alone and still in bed, takes the sword which was hanging near his bedside and raises his arm to discharge a great blow on his head. But Gengoul, having awakened at that moment, parries the blow, which strikes him only on the thigh. The wound was nevertheless mortal. The Martyr of justice and of chastity had time to receive the last Sacraments before falling asleep in the Lord, on 11 May 760.

He had two aunts of signal virtue, whom he had left at Varennes: the one was called Villetrude and the other Villegose. These holy women, having learned the death of their nephew, wished that his body should be buried in the church of their borough: it was the more just, in that he was its founder and had given great revenues for the maintenance of the clerks who served it. They took with them all the clergy, and, still followed by a part of the inhabitants, they betook themselves in haste to the place where he had died. They could not be refused his body: it was therefore conducted to Varennes with much solemnity and in the midst of torches and ecclesiastical chants, which scarcely ceased during all that road, which is of several leagues. What rendered this funeral pomp very brilliant was that Saint Gengoul made appear, by several miracles, the glory which his soul already enjoyed in heaven.

God continued to manifest by numerous miracles the virtue and holiness of the Martyr. France, the Low Countries, Germany raised altars to him. Switzerland placed several of its churches under his invocation; and at the foot of the Alps, on the shore of the lake of Geneva, in the diocese of Annecy, a village which bears the name of Saint Gingolph is dedicated to Saint Gengoul. Tradition reports that he sojourned there for some time retired among the rocks, like an anchorite, and giving himself to contemplation, prayer and penance.

For the rest, the murder of Saint Gengoul did not remain unpunished: the adulterer who had assassinated him, having returned to his infamous mistress to give her notice of his homicide, was seized on the spot with violent colics and died in a place worthy of him, in the midst of the most atrocious pains. The wife of the Saint, who added to her crimes that of mocking his miracles, was chastised by a shameful infirmity which lasted her whole life. Saint Gengoul is represented in the costume of a baron, armed at all points, with a cross on his shield, his hand placed on the hilt of his sword, whose point makes a spring come out of the earth.[1] Saint Gengoul is one of the patrons of Haarlem, in Holland, of Florennes, in the province of Namur, of Toul, of Varennes, in Champagne, of Montreuil-sur-Mer, etc.. He is specially invoked by the ill-married.

Relics of Saint Gengoul

His holy relics were in the sequel transferred to Langres, where a church of the Carmelites has borne his name. Many other places glory in possessing or in having formerly possessed some part of them, above all the city of Florennes, near Philippeville, Gerard, canon of Reims and afterwards bishop of Cambrai, built a celebrated house in honour of this illustrious Martyr. It was first occupied by canons and then by religious. The miracles which were wrought there were described by Gouzon, who was its fourth abbot.

M. Henriot, curate of Varennes, wrote us on 23 December 1858: “The church of Varennes has only a particle of the bones of Saint Gengoul. The Abbé Carré possesses a larger, but which cannot be considered as notable. The bishopric of Langres has a considerable fragment of the coat of mail of the Saint. The curate of Les Loges possesses also a fragment of this coat of mail. This is all that I know of the relics.

"The fountain of Saint Gengoul is in the crypt of a chapel formerly much frequented by pilgrims. A good number of persons still living have seen, hung on the walls of the crypt, crutches and ex-votos of the preceding century. Unfortunately the chapel has been converted into a dwelling and the crypt into a cellar. The fountain has been covered with masonry, and the water has been diverted from it by a conduit or drain. Devotion has no longer an object in this chapel. This chapel adjoins the village. It is of the 15th century. Its height is divided into storeys; but no degradation has altered its character. Little would be needed to restore it, and, if I had not had to raise the parish church from its ruins, I should already have made this restoration." And M. the Abbé J.-L. de Blaye, curate of Imling, on 19 December 1862: "Saint Gerard, bishop of Toul, obtained for the collegiate church which he had founded in honour of Saint Gengoul, relics of this holy Martyr, which were preserved until the Revolution. This church, now parochial, no longer possesses, under this title, more than a fragment of skull of which the certainty is far from complete: indeed, it is in a state of deterioration advanced enough for it to be permitted to doubt that it belongs to the same skeleton as the head and the numerous bones preserved at the cathedral of Langres. These, whose provenance is of incontestable notoriety, show a strong development, are of an almost ivory-like preservation, and have a reddish brown tint.

"The faithful of Montreuil formerly went on pilgrimage to the chapel of Saint-Gengoul, situated in the parish of Saint-Josse (Pas-de-Calais). This devotion has since been transferred to a church of the suburb, together with his equestrian statue. The cult of this Saint has persisted at Bernay. There are relics of him at Saint-Wulfran of Abbeville. The relic (nape of the neck), obtained from the chapter of Toul, in '071, and preserved at Montreuil-sur-Mer, was burned in 1793; it has been replaced since by another which Mgr Parisis gave to the present chapel."

The celebrated Hroswitha composed, in the 10th century, a Latin poem, extremely curious, on the passion of Saint Gengoul. An analysis of it will be found in the *Review of Christian Art*, vol. xiii, p. 136. Several authors speak honourably of Saint Gengoul: the Roman Martyrology gives him the quality of Martyr; Surius and Bollandus report his Acts, drawn from various manuscripts.

Saint Mayeul,[2] Fourth Abbot of Cluny

906–994. — Popes: Sergius III; John XVI. — Kings of France: Charles III, called the Simple; Hugh Capet.

> *We love ourselves too much to wish to be damned; but we do not live Christianly enough not to be so. It is strange that there are people who do not fear what they believe.*
>
> *— Father Croiset, 11 May.*

Saint Mayeul was born about the year 906, of a noble and opulent family of Valensolle, a small town of the diocese of Riez. He lost his parents very young. Fulcher, his father, had given to the abbey of Cluny twenty lands, with the churches that depended on them. There remained to our Saint immense possessions, which were ravaged by the Hungarians and the Saracens. Mayeul, on account of the incursions of these barbarians, left Provence and retired into Burgundy, to Mâcon, to a rich lord, his relative. Bernon, bishop of that city, having determined him to enter the ecclesiastical state, made him a canon of his cathedral, and sent him to study philosophy at Lyons, a celebrated school, under a skilful master named Anthony, abbot of the monastery of Île-Barbe.

On his return to Mâcon, Mayeul was promoted, through all the degrees, as far as the diaconate, by the bishop, who even made him archdeacon. He acquitted himself of this charge, under Bernon and his successor Maimbeu, with the piety and charity of a new Stephen: he had no less care of the poor than of the altars; he was not content with distributing to them the alms of the faithful, as his employment required; he joined his own to them, that is to say that he consecrated to it all his revenues, reserving only the strict necessary for his daily subsistence. His steward reproached him with what he called his improvidence. During a famine,

Mayeul could no longer give, nor borrow, nor hardly feed himself and his people; his resources were exhausted. He held firm nevertheless against the murmurs and the discouragement of those who had not in God the same confidence as he. He implored Providence; his faith was rewarded: he found near his chamber a purse in which there were seven pieces of silver. A scruple similar to that of the holy man Tobias made him fear that this purse might belong to some other person and not be destined for him. He had it announced, throughout the city, by a public crier, that he was ready to hand over this sum to him who had lost it: no one came to claim it. He distributed it to the poor entire, although he was himself reduced at that moment to the last indigence. The next day, there came to him, from a place from which he expected nothing, wagons full of provisions, which at last put an end to the complaints of his steward and of his servants.

Some time after, he was charged with teaching philosophy and theology to the clerks of the church of Mâcon and to others who should come to follow his lessons. He acquitted himself of it with great success and gratuitously: which had not yet been done before him. It was not as easy for him to avoid applause as fees; but he gave no more place in his heart to vainglory than to avarice. Expecting his reward only from God, he would have wished to be known only to God. But he could not hinder his reputation from spreading afar. The archbishopric of Besançon having become vacant by the death of Guifred, the clergy, the people and the prince named Mayeul to occupy this see. But our Saint refused to acquiesce in this election, and, to put himself beyond the dangers of ambition and the illusions of the world, he entered the abbey of Cluny, which was very flourishing under the government of Aymard, its third abbot (943). Virtuous as he was, Mayeul had scarcely anything but the habit to change in order to lead the monastic life. He made there progress which drew all eyes upon him, as upon a model.

The abbot made him librarian and apocrisiary. He acquitted himself of the first charge by filling the library of the monastery with good books; he excluded the profane poets from it, and did not even allow the religious to read Virgil. The office of apocrisiary included at once the functions of secretary of the Order, of procurator and of treasurer. He was thereby obliged to make numerous journeys, in which he acted only through obedience and remained always recollected. Going to Rome, when he was at Ivrea, he healed by the anointing of the holy oil the monk Heldric (an ancient courtier of the king of Italy), who accompanied him.

In 948, the abbot Aymard, feeling himself old and blind, had Mayeul named abbot in his place, who was obliged to accept this charge, so as not to disobey his superior, the Chapter of the Order and some bishops assembled for this purpose.

Obliged to sign, as abbot of Cluny, the acts on which he had to put his name, he regarded himself nevertheless only as the vicar of the old abbot, or rather as the servant of all the religious of the house. Never was he seen more humble, more obliging, more exact, more regular in doing what he was obliged to command others.

Meanwhile scarcely anything was done any longer except under his authority: the old abbot, having entirely lost his sight, judged himself altogether useless to the government, and retired into the infirmary, where, preserving his title, he was left to enjoy the repose which his infirmities and great age demanded. Although he was humble in his sentiments, patient in his afflictions and very submissive to the orders of God, he did not appear insensible to chagrin and jealousy, when he remarked that people were growing accustomed to forget him, and he imagined that they despised him. One day when he sent to ask for cheese for his meal, the cellarer, embarrassed by several things at once, refused to give any to the brother who served him, and answered rather sharply that two masters in the house were too many, and that one could not obey at once so many abbots who meddled with commanding. The old man, to whom the serving brother had the indiscretion to report this harshness, fell into a downright anger. The next day, he had himself conducted to the Chapter by the brother; and, addressing Mayeul, he told him that if he had raised him above himself it was not to be persecuted by him; that he had given him his authority only as a father may give it to his son; that he had not sold it to him, and that he did not pretend that he should use it to treat him as a slave. “Are you my master or

my religious?" he added. The abbot Mayeul answered, with the gentleness natural to him, that he was always his religious, and that he would never regard himself otherwise, making profession of obeying him to the end. "If that is so," replied the blind old man, "leave the rank of abbot and resume your former place among the brothers." Mayeul obeyed on the instant; and Aymard, declaring himself sole abbot, comported himself as the judge and president of the Chapter. He accused at once the cellarer who had offended him, had him prostrate on the ground, gave him a severe correction, and imposed on him a penance as rough as he judged fit. After having thus acted as judge for half an hour, he came down from the seat and ordered Mayeul to go up to it again. Our Saint obeyed with the same facility and the same indifference that he had shown when he came down from it, and gave, by this conduct, very solid proofs of his humility and of the little attachment he had for a post which he occupied only against his will. From that time, which the old abbot Aymard scarcely survived, Mayeul governed his house and his Order with the reputation of the holiest man of his century, and God contributed to confirm this opinion by various supernatural graces, with which he took pleasure in loading him, to reward, or rather to increase his virtue. Unceasingly applied to the needs of his religious, he provided no less zealously for those of the poor and of strangers, and he had still more ardour for the salvation of souls than for the preservation of bodies. Unceasingly, either he instructed by word of mouth, or he exhorted by letters, or he made regulations of religious discipline, or he answered consultations of conscience, or he prayed, or he read: for he was so enemy of idleness and of loss of time that he always had the book in his hand, even when he was on horseback to make his journeys. This assiduity in study made him very well versed in the science of the holy Scriptures and of the Canons. He had also made himself very skilful in civil law and philosophy, and he did not think he did injury to his profession, nor lost the time he owed to his religious, by sometimes still reviewing the books of the ancient philosophers: he regarded these branches of knowledge as captives, from whom it sufficed to remove what they had of the foreign or the harmful, to make them serve the truth of our religion or the regulation of our morals. He enjoyed great consideration with the popes, the emperors and the kings of his time, several of whom had occasion to know his rare merit, when the affairs of the Church and of his Order, and sometimes even charity, obliged him to go to their court. Otho I and the empress Alix or Adelaide, his wife, charged him with reforming the monasteries of Germany and the others that were found in the lands of the empire. He laboured there with much success at Ravenna, at Pavia, and in other places of Lombardy; in the country of the Swiss, in Swabia, then in some other monasteries of Germany, where he re-established or caused to be received anew the institute of Cluny. He reformed also a great number in France, among others Marmoutier in Touraine, Saint-Germain of Auxerre, Saint-John of Réomé or Moûtier-Saint-Jean, Saint-Benignus of Dijon, Saint-Maur des Fossés, near Paris. Some years later, Pope Benedict VII had that of Lérins or of Saint-Honoratus put into his hands, to establish the same reform there. The authors of his Life, who, in the judgment of Baillet, deserve to be listened to as admissible witnesses, some because they lived with him, others on account of their learning and their probity, report various marvels that God wrought by his means to authorize the things he did to his glory, or to the advantage of the Church, or for his own sanctification. One of his favourite devotions was to go on pilgrimage to the places where it was published that God granted extraordinary graces under the invocation of his Saints. He satisfied his piety and his charity, along the roads, by praying and by scattering the alms of which he made good provision before leaving his abbey. One day when he was visiting out of devotion Our Lady of Le Puy-en-Velay, a blind man told him he had had a revelation from Saint Peter that he should recover his sight by washing his eyes with the water in which the abbot Mayeul should have washed his hands. The humble abbot sent him away with a strong reprimand, and, knowing that he had asked for this water from his servants, he forbade them, with threats, to give him any. The blind man was not discouraged: after having been repulsed several times, he waited for the abbot on his return from Le Puy, on the road, on a neighbouring mountain, named Mont-Joie, took his horse by the bridle and swore that he would not leave it before having obtained what he asked; that there might be no excuse, he carried water in a vessel hung at his neck. Mayeul, touched by so lively a faith, dismounted, and, having blessed the water, made with it the sign of the cross on the eyes of the blind man; then, having prostrated

himself with all his suite, he prayed with tears to the Mother of Mercy. His prayer was not finished when the blind man cried out: “I am cured.” — “Return then in peace to your home,” replied the holy abbot, “and relate the miracle that the power of the holy Virgin has wrought in your favour.” It appears that it is on account of this miracle that the feast of Saint Mayeul is celebrated in the church of Le Puy.

Passing one day, on the way to Rome, through the city of Chur, in the country of the Grisons, the bishop Alpert, sick to the extremity, begged him to visit him. Mayeul came therefore to see him and exhorted him to patience and to submission to the orders of God. The bishop desired to confess his sins to him. Mayeul heard him, and prescribed the remedies he judged most proper to heal the wounds of his soul. The bishop conceived from it some hope also for the healing of his body, and besought this great servant of God to ask, by his prayers, that he might be in a state to make the holy Chrism for the day of Easter, which was approaching. The faith of both was heard: the bishop was healed. During this journey, a religious who accompanied him, having gravely disobeyed him, asked his pardon for his disobedience, and submitted to whatever penance it should please him to impose on him to expiate it. “Is it quite seriously,” said the Saint, “that you ask for penance?” — “Yes,” answered the brother. There was there a leper who was asking alms: “Approach then this leper,” resumed the Saint, “and kiss him.” At this order, the religious embraced the leper, who was horrible to see. He kissed him without showing any repugnance; and God, to make known how agreeable this obedience was to him, restored health to the leper by this kiss. On the return from Rome, Saint Mayeul was met by a troop of Saracens who exercised their brigandage in the Alps, and who occupied all the passes of Italy. He was taken with all his suite, which was numerous, at the foot of the mountain which we commonly call the great Saint Bernard, between Savoy and the Valais; and, after having been robbed and beaten, he was kept prisoner in the village of Pont-Oursier (on the Dranse, which goes to discharge itself into the Rhône at Martigny). He consoled his companions, and excited them by his exhortations and his example to bear this disgrace generously. Having perceived one of the barbarians who was raising his sabre to split the head of one of his servants, he ran to hold back his arm, and saved the life of this unfortunate man; but he was himself wounded in the hand, and the scar of it remained to him for the rest of his days. He refused to eat meat, and he kept his institute as regularly as in his cloister. He made a place of prayer of the frightful cavern into which the Barbarians threw him loaded with chains, and he led those who were held with him to sanctify all this time of their captivity by prayer and the other exercises of piety which their state allowed. The Barbarians had left him, by oversight, a book, the *Treatise on the Assumption of the Virgin*, attributed already then to Saint Jerome. This was a great consolation to Mayeul. He prayed the Mother of God to obtain his deliverance before the feast of her Assumption, which was still twenty-four days distant. Having fallen asleep after this prayer, he found on waking his irons broken. He was permitted to send one of his companions to Cluny to seek his ransom, which was to be a thousand pounds’ weight of silver. This sum was soon furnished by the monastery of Cluny and the surrounding country, where the news of Mayeul’s captivity had excited the liveliest grief and made tears flow. The Saint was delivered before the Assumption. The books he was bringing back from Rome were restored to him. But the most important fruit of his captivity was the conversion of several Saracens whom he instructed in his chains, and who were so touched by the sight of his holiness that they asked for baptism. His deliverance caused great joy, not only to the religious of his Order, but also to the great ones of the age: for they had a rare veneration for him; but no one honoured him, loved him more than the emperor Otho II, who seemed to have inherited the sentiments of his father. The Saint profited by his influence over this prince to reconcile him with the empress Adelaide, his mother. In 974, the Holy See having become vacant, the emperor made every effort to decide Mayeul to accept the tiara: no one was more worthy of it than he; he refused nevertheless constantly, and, what is not less admirable, he never drew vanity from a refusal which seemed bound to be so glorious to him; he continued to humble himself unceasingly before God, to whose glory he referred all his thoughts and all his actions. It was for the glory of God that he laboured to increase and to strengthen his Order: he hoped that God would be served and honoured there in the manner he wishes and ought to be by those whom he should

choose, by withdrawing them from the corruption of the age. He had drawn up as many as nine hundred and fifty-nine charters or titles, in favour of his house and of his Order, during all the time of his government until the year 991: which has caused him to be considered as the second founder of Cluny.

In that year (991), feeling himself more and more bowed down under the weight of old age, and not far from his end, he made choice of Saint Odilo, his disciple, to be his successor. He followed in this the footsteps of his predecessors: thus the blessed Bernon, the first founder of Cluny, had had Saint Odo put in his place in his lifetime: and we have seen that the abbot Aymard had done the same with regard to our Saint. Odilo, after having been elected by his care, with the general consent of the congregation, blessed by the bishops, approved by the princes and lords, remained his coadjutor with the quality of abbot, as Mayeul had been in the lifetime of Aymard. These first abbots of Cluny did not thus choose their successors themselves except to better assure the future of this institute, by entrusting it to capable and pious superiors. It is for the same motive that they applied themselves also to having their election approved by the kings and the great ones of the country and by the prelates. The government of this great Order was to meet with much fewer obstacles, having the agreement and protection of the ecclesiastical and secular powers: troubles and divisions were thereby avoided. For the rest, Saint Odilo was not long in justifying, by the wisdom of his conduct, the choice of Saint Mayeul, who lived three years longer. He continued to exercise his functions as abbot during that time, and to labour still with a vigour which the decrepitude of his age could attribute only to a quite particular assistance from heaven. His bodily strength having entirely failed in the year 992, he abstained from going out any more and would no longer appear in public. The king of France Hugh Capet, who was ignorant of his state, had him begged urgently to come to Paris to put the reform in the abbey of Saint-Denis and make the spirit of Saint Benedict live again there. The Saint had still lost nothing of his zeal, although he had lost his strength: seeing that the prince repeated his entreaties from day to day, he set out on the way, and bade farewell to his brothers, persuaded that he should see them no more. Having arrived at Souvigny in Bourbonnais, one of the first five priories of the Order, fourteen leagues from Cluny, in the diocese of Clermont in Auvergne, he was detained there by the illness whose end was that of his labours and the beginning of his eternal rest. He died there the death of the just in the arms of his brothers, on the eleventh day of May of the year 994, on the Friday, the day after the Ascension, aged about eighty-eight years.

Saint Mayeul may be represented receiving from a divine hand, from an angel probably, seven pieces of gold to reward him for not having picked up seven others which he had found, for fear of wronging him who had lost them: this act of virtue was, as we have said, the more meritorious in that the monastery of the holy abbot was in need; received by the emperor Otho II and Saint Adelaide who wish to have him elected Pope.[1]

Saint Mayeul is the patron of Souvigny in Bourbonnais and of several places of Lombardy.

Relics and Cult of Saint Mayeul

Mayeul, abbot of Cluny, died at Souvigny in 994. The monks, who had come with him from the mother house, wished to carry away his body. This news, soon known in the city, excited a pious riot. “Let us keep our Saint!” was cried on all sides, “let us keep our Saint!” A thousand arms from the neighbourhood united and formed an impregnable sheaf. A watch is kept, a guard is set at all the issues of the monastery: it was therefore necessary to leave the venerable dead, who was buried at Souvigny, in the old basilica of Saint Peter. The peoples hastened in crowds before these precious remains. Miracles burst forth, miracles so evident that Beggon, bishop of Clermont, did not hesitate to erect an altar over this tomb, which heaven covered with so many favours. This was, as is known, the way of canonizing at that epoch. A hundred years after, in 1093, Urban II raised from the earth the body of the venerated Benedictine: he wished thereby to expose it more solemnly to the cult of the faithful. Mayeul was one of the Saints to whom people addressed themselves with the most confidence: the marvels wrought at his tomb explain the cause to us. Peter the Venerable did not fear to say “that, after the holy Virgin, there was no Saint in Europe who had wrought

more miracles than Saint Mayeul." This confidence has survived the loss of the relics of the wonder-worker. A few years ago, a Christian of Souvigny, following a novena to Saint Mayeul, obtained a cure which was regarded everywhere as miraculous.

The cult of Saint Mayeul began at his death and has been perpetuated from century to century down to our days. Already, in the time of Peter the Venerable, people hastened from all parts of Europe[2] to this tomb, which became the goal of one of the most celebrated pilgrimages. For centuries there was seen a crowd of visitors, Popes, kings, princes, lords, people of all classes and all professions.

The inhabitants of Souvigny regarded Saint Mayeul above all as their Patron and their Protector.

The University of the cathedral of Le Puy-en-Velay rendered him the same honour in 1210: the vicars-general wrote to the religious of Souvigny to ask for some relics of this personage, in whom the diocese of Le Puy had so much confidence. They were sent a part of the scapular which had belonged to the humble abbot. There are kept in the archives of Souvigny the letters and minutes which were, on this occasion, exchanged between the Chapter of Le Puy and the priory of Souvigny. One sees there what precautions were then taken to preserve the authenticity of relics. Not only Bourbonnais and France, but the peoples of Italy had a particular veneration for the illustrious son of Saint Benedict. In 1682, the grand duke of Florence thanks the prior of Souvigny for the precious relic he has received of him. The clerks regular of the Congregation of Somasca, in Italy, honour Saint Mayeul as a Saint of their Order, or rather as one of their Patrons, since the church and monastery of his name at Pavia, in Lombardy, were given to them.

Four holy bodies have reposed in the beautiful church of Souvigny: Saint Leger, Saint Principinus, Saint Odilo and Saint Mayeul. Their images figure on the frontispiece of the work of Dom Marcaille. Saint Leger has been transferred to Ebreuil; Saint Principinus to Hérisson, where was the place of his martyrdom (Chateloi); the other two remained in the church which had received the deposit. But the Revolution of '93 came. The head of Saint Mayeul and his body, as well as what belonged to Saint Odilo, in a word all that the treasury of the priory church contained of precious, all was then sacrilegiously burned. Some persons believe they possess fragments of the tunic or scapular of the Saint; but we have the regret to say that nothing is authentic in this regard. Of all these precious objects, the shrine alone is preserved today in the church of Souvigny. One sees, in a piece of furniture of the sacristy, an instrument of rudimentary form, to which not enough attention is attached: it is the comb of Saint Mayeul. Liturgical combs were still employed in the Middle Ages; the priests had to use them immediately before ascending to the altar. At one of the extremities of the town of Souvigny, there was seen lately the legendary tree of Saint Mayeul; it has fallen from age. A cross of very good taste has replaced that which the secular elm shaded, and every year, at the Rogations, a procession is made to the cross of Saint Mayeul. It has the privilege of attracting a recollected and numerous crowd, so lively is the memory of the Saint still in the country. Ancient minutes, deposited in the archives of the same monastery, speak of some processions in which the heads of Saint Odilo and Saint Mayeul were carried. What faith, what enthusiasm in all these feasts! Who does not know the church of Souvigny, the glory and the wonder of Bourbonnais? To those who will be astonished at the vast extent of this monument, we shall answer: "This is not the oratory of thirty or forty monks, it is the basilica of Saint Mayeul." The cult of this great Saint demanded a vessel in harmony with the immense number of faithful who repaired there to pray. This place was, besides, the Saint-Denis of our dukes of Bourbon. Nobles and princes came there to bend the knee during their life; and, after their death, they wished to repose under these majestic vaults, near him who possessed so much power in heaven.

For the present state of the abbey of Souvigny and of its relics, see, on 1 January, the end of the Life of Saint Odilo.

Notes furnished by M. Boudant, curate of Chantelle (Allier).

Notes restored to "Relics and Cult of Saint Mayeul"

For the "" after "the priory of Souvigny": "Unpublished documents."[3] For the "'" after "the precious relic he has received of him": "Manuscript of the ancient priory of Souvigny. Unpublished documents."[4]

For the "3" after "before ascending to the altar": "Monumental Bulletin, edited by M. de Caumont, year 1861."[5]

Saint Gautier, Canon Regular, Abbot of L'Esterp, in Limousin

990–1070. — Popes: John XVI; Alexander II. — Kings of France: Hugh Capet; Philip I.

Not everyone can leave his affairs and his house for ever; but … there is no one who ought not to withdraw for some time from his temporal affairs, to occupy himself solely with the affair of salvation.

— Father Croiset, 11 May.

Saint Gautier was born about the year 990, of one of the best families of Aquitaine; several of his ancestors had been honoured with the consular dignity; his father, Raymond, and his mother, Galburge, enjoyed, both of them, great consideration. They dwelt in the castle of Gonfolens, at the confluence of the Vienne and the Goire. His maternal great-grandfather, sprung from a noble Frankish family, had had under his command three important towns of Aquitaine. The youth, the very childhood, of young Gautier were so well inspired by wisdom that, from the most tender age, he could serve as an example even to old men. After he had received from his pious mother the cares and the education of earliest childhood, the moment came to send him to a monastery that he might study letters there, as most children of noble families did: it is to the abbey of Le Dorat that he was entrusted, thanks to the reputation of Saint Israel. Scarcely among the canons of Le Dorat, young Gautier shone among all their pupils by his quickness of mind, by the sweetness of his manners and by the elegance of his bearing. Seizing obscure sentences with ease, he retained them with a great certainty of memory. It was not enough for his mind to have assertions which rested only on the sole authority of the master; but, in every question, he sought evidence, he consulted the lights of his reason. By this method he passed, with extraordinary rapidity, the limits of the first elements which were taught to him and even those of his age. Putting, after the example of his fellow-pupils, numerous questions on matters analogous to those of the teaching, he learned, so to speak, more than was taught him. "Never," says his biographer, "did he need, like most other children, to be forced to work by the whip"; for his voluntary love of science increased his ardour for study every day: neither the games nor the lightness of childhood ever diminished his eagerness for his books and for his tablets.

A mere schoolboy, he was already, by his conduct, a living example: he regarded it as a shame for one who studies the laws of language to be ignorant of the far more useful rules that ought to direct conduct, and he carefully avoided everything of which one ought to blush, not only in his actions, but even in his words; his conversation turned only on useful things. He had in horror anger and envy, as well as pride, which is the father of both. Never did he lend his tongue to the least detraction. He yielded willingly to those who were inferior to him either by birth or by knowledge, and he won the friendship of his rivals. All his steps bore in themselves such a character of perfection that one felt there far less the work of nature than that of grace. One day the community of Le Dorat was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a great personage who came, in passing, to ask it for hospitality: it was Hervée,[1] treasurer of the monastery of Saint Martin of Tours, whose celebrated basilica he was rebuilding. All the conversations of the canons and of their pupils turned naturally on the eminent qualities of Hervée, and principally on his fervour, so well known that on all sides people commended themselves to his prayers, as we can still see today by several letters of his contemporaries. These conversations inflamed the ardour and the curiosity of little Gautier, who, wishing to become powerful too by his prayers before God, resolved to steal from Hervée the secret of making them more efficacious.

At the moment when this personage was entering the church to prostrate himself before the Blessed Sacrament, little Gautier slipped furtively into the inside of the prie-Dieu which had been prepared for him in the choir, and from there lent an attentive ear to surprise the words and the formulas of prayer which Hervée

would address to God. But the holy man, penetrated with emotion and happiness at finding himself again in the sanctuary after several days of travel, shed abundant tears without making any word heard, without emitting any articulate sound. Gautier understood thereby that sighs and tears were worth more before the Lord than the most learned words, and it is this kind of prayer that he practised afterwards.

This pious prank could not remain secret: Hervée, having had knowledge of it, admired in so tender an age this ardent desire of spiritual progress; then he showed to his suite and to those of the canons who surrounded him that a model of perfection lay hidden under the modest exterior of this young child, and he announced the greatest things of him. “How remarkable indeed is such an intention in a child! While the lightness and dissipation of the other schoolboys abused, to give themselves up to games, the presence of a venerable guest, Gautier alone, thanks to the maturity of his judgment, would not have the passing, even rapid, of a pious man useless to his soul.”

Gautier became, later, a canon of Le Dorat. Whether he was in choir, or whether he was at home, he was always occupied with the presence of God in prayer. He continually mortified his flesh by fasts, the hair-shirt, vigils, and by the cutting off of everything that could have been capable of flattering the senses. He soon lost his master, the blessed Israel, but he was already walking with so firm a step in the narrow ways of evangelical perfection that, with the grace of God, he never departed from them, and never went back. Although he was regarded by his confrères as their model, he did not fail to observe them in order to study their virtues and imitate them; he even knew how to profit by their defects to correct his own, and to watch over himself with a continual precaution.

Having incurred the indignation of the abbot or prior of his church, for having tried to soften the fierce temper with which he treated the canons, and seeing that all he did to win his heart served only to embitter him against himself, he withdrew to the borough of Conflans or

Confolens, whose principal inhabitants were his relatives. The reputation which his virtue had acquired for him soon made him known to the Canons Regular of L’Esterp, an abbey of the diocese of Limoges, eight leagues from that city, eleven from Angoulême, fourteen from Poitiers. These religious omitted nothing to draw him into their community, and they had no difficulty in succeeding. He was no sooner entered there than he became the object of their admiration in all his conduct; and they conceived the design of choosing him for their superior as soon as their abbot should fail. A pilgrimage of devotion, which he then made to the Holy Land, did not make them lose this resolution, and God, to make them execute it, permitted that the return of Gautier and the death of the abbot should happen at the same time. Our Saint at first refused this charge: his resistance was long, but it was overcome at last by the violence they did him, and by the authority of Aymard, lord of the country. He was then about forty-two years old; he applied himself to governing his community less by his authority than by the examples of his life, the lights of his instructions and the heavenly helps which his continual prayer drew down upon himself and upon the others. He considered himself only as the last among them; he saw in his rank of superior the obligation to walk first in the painful and narrow way of religious perfection, and to make the others follow him. He watched over all as exactly as if he had had but one to lead; he studied their temperament, their strength, their inclinations, and made himself all to all; he modified or sometimes changed the general regulations in favour of individuals, persuaded that what is useful to one may become harmful to another. He knew so happily how to discern what was vice from what was nature, that he rooted out the one while sparing the other, with more skill and assurance than the most able physicians have in removing dead and corrupt flesh without injuring that which is living and sound.

In spite of the continual care of his monastery, he did not neglect the surrounding populations. He made, in all seasons, great distributions of alms; he fasted to have wherewith to appease the hunger of the poor, and suffered cold to be able to cover their nakedness and guard them from the rigour of the winters; severe only to himself, he refused himself everything to give everything to others. He was not content with ill-treating his

body by the ordinary austerities of penance, he rose in the night, and tore himself with strokes of the whip in the darkness and without witness. This torment was not to punish, for any revolt, his flesh, which had long been very submissive to him, but to put it out of a state ever to revolt. When he perceived that this rough discipline no longer made him suffer enough, because of habit, and also because his arm lacked strength to give it to him, he made a secret bargain with a robust man to lend him his own. Pope Victor II learned what fame published of the great talents which God had given to our Saint for working at the salvation of others; in order that his services might be more useful to the Church, he sent him the power to hear the confessions of all those who should wish to present themselves to him, to bind and loose according to his prudence, and even to exclude from the Church by excommunication, and to bring sinners back into it by absolution. Gautier gave ground to believe that God had attached the salvation of several persons to the use he made of this power: he used it to bring back an infinity of sinners into the ways of penance, to guard some from despair and others from presumption. In the midst of all his occupations, God purified his virtue from time to time by the fire of adversities and tribulations. He exercised, lastly, his patience by the privation of sight, which he lost seven years before his death. After having long tried him in this manner, and having found him always equal in his constancy and fidelity, he called him to the eternal reward on 11 May of the year 1070. He was then eighty years old, and, during his last days, neither age nor sickness could take from this intrepid soul its vigour. Death was for him only a function which he discharged like all the others, as a calm and fervent Christian. He began with a great discourse of consolation to his brothers, had given to him the sacrament of Extreme Unction and that of the holy Eucharist. Then he had himself carried to the church, and there, lying on ashes, before the altar of the Mother of God, while some verses of Holy Scripture were being read to him, to excite the flight of his soul, it flew away to God. His body was buried in the same church, in the midst of an immense crowd, which had hastened at the news of his death. God honoured his tomb with various miracles which served to confirm the opinion that was held of his holiness. Gautier had also wrought some in his lifetime for the healing of bodies. But, according to the remark of the author of his life, they must be of very small consideration beside those which he had obtained from God to heal souls of their vices. His feast was established from the year 1091; but, although his cult has always been public since the beginning of the “xme” century, it appears nevertheless that it was hardly in use except among the Canons Regular.

See Baillet and the Bollandists, May, tome “n”, page 701 and following. Lives of Saint Israel and Saint Theobald, canons of the collegiate church of Le Dorat; History of their relics and of their cult, by M. the abbé Rougerie, professor of theology at the minor Seminary of Le Dorat: 1 vol. in-8°; Le Dorat, Suréneau, bookseller-publisher, 1871.

Saint Francis de Girolamo,[2] of the Society of Jesus

1642–1716. — Popes: Urban VIII; Clement XI. — Emperors of Germany: Ferdinand III; Charles VI.

If God is for us, the Blessed Francis often repeated, who shall be against us?

If the saints are stars with which Our Lord adorns the firmament of the Church, to enlighten us in our dangerous navigation, on a sea full of reefs, it seems to us that their light is more useful to us when they have shone in times nearer to ourselves. This it is that engages us to write the history of Saint Francis de Girolamo, who lived in the “xvme” century and who has been canonized in our days. A little village, near Taranto, in Italy, bearing the name of Grotailles, will be for ever celebrated for having seen our Saint born, on 17 September 1642. His parents, John Leonard de Girolamo and Gentilesca Gravina, were still less distinguished by the honourable rank which they held in their country than by the virtue and the excellent education which they gave to their children, eleven in number: Francis was the eldest; one could, from childhood, glimpse in this plant blessed of heaven all the virtues, like flowers through their opening buds; one admired above all a judgment which outran the years, a sweet submission, an entire obedience to his parents, a virginal modesty, an ardent love of prayer and retreat; his charity for the poor was without bounds;

he had not the courage to send away a beggar without relieving him; he spread with full hands money, victuals and all he could procure: which God showed to be agreeable to him by a great prodigy; for his mother surprised him one day in a pious theft, at the moment when he was carrying off, to distribute it to the poor, bread which he had taken in the house; she reproached him with stripping his family for strangers, forbidding him to do so in future; the child answered, with the blush on his cheeks, but with eyes radiant with confidence in God: “Do you think, mother, that alms ever leave us without bread? look at the cupboard, satisfy yourself and see.” She looks there at once and sees that not a loaf is wanting; she then throws herself on his neck, her eyes bathed in tears, withdraws the prohibition she had made him, and gives him full liberty to dispose at his will of all that was in the house. His dispositions shone no less for study than for piety: he grasped especially the truths of religion with an admirable facility; all this led his parents to consecrate him to the Lord like another Samuel. There was, in the village, a society of ecclesiastics who lived holily, without being bound by vows, under the protection of Saint Cajetan: Francis was received into this holy community where his piety soon became the admiration of everyone and the subject of all conversations. The superior, charmed with his excellent qualities, charged him with giving catechism to the children and keeping the church in order; he fulfilled this task so admirably that the archbishop of Taranto gave him the tonsure at the age of sixteen. As he had finished his humanities, his parents sent him to Taranto to follow the course of philosophy and theology; he received there the minor orders, the subdiaconate and the diaconate. Then he betook himself to Naples to learn canon law and civil law, in company with one of his brothers, named Joseph, who, showing a marvellous taste for painting, came to study this art under an eminent master. But what occupied our Saint’s thoughts most was to complete the sacrifice which he wished to make of himself to God. Having therefore procured a dispensation from the Pope on account of his age, he received, on 18 March 1666, with transports of joy impossible to describe, the order of priesthood, from the hands of Don Sanchez de Herrera, bishop of Pozzuoli.

Although he lived in the world as not being of the world, he aspired from then on to tear himself from its dissipation, from its pestilential air, and to seek science and perfection in solitude; heaven condescended to his desire. A place of prefect having become vacant at the college of nobles of the Society of Jesus, he obtained it, and it was even permitted him to keep his brother with him. The young people entrusted to his care were not long in perceiving that it was a Saint who had been placed at their head: they saw it by his air, his bearing, his amiable manners, his conversation full of sweetness and piety, the austerities and mortifications which he did not succeed in hiding entirely, and above all his patience, of which we must give an example here: an irritated schoolboy, after having vomited forth against him a torrent of insults, went so far as to strike him on the face. Although taken by surprise, he showed not the least emotion, uttered no complaint; but, falling on his knees, he humbly presented the other cheek to him who had struck him. Afterwards he was never called anything but the Holy Priest. After five years’ residence in this place, in the post of prefect, our Saint, then aged twenty-eight, following the will of God who called him to the Society of Jesus, triumphed, by dint of prayers, over the resistance of his father, who opposed this pious design. There had never been a novice more humble, more fervent, more mortified, more obedient: to prove the gold of his virtues in the crucible of afflictions and crosses, his superiors subjected him to the roughest trials, even to forbidding him, for his pretended sins, to say Mass more than three times a week: this blow, the roughest for his heart, whose whole joy was to unite himself to his Saviour, could not draw from him the least murmur. But Our Lord knew well how to compensate him for this sacrifice which he imposed on himself by obedience: he visited him in person, and with his divine hand distributed to him the bread of angels. Such rough exercises so annihilated in him the old man, and the new man grew in such a way, that at the end of a year he could spring like a giant into the apostolic career; his superiors sent him on mission with the famous Father Agnello Bruno. For three years these holy missionaries travelled through all the villages of Apulia and the land of Otranto, converting sinners and strengthening the just, so that it was usual to say of them: Father Bruno and Father Girolamo seem to be, not mere mortals, but angels sent expressly to save souls. Recalled to

Naples in 1674, to complete his studies of theology, this learned director of souls, this eloquent preacher put himself back on the benches with the joy and docility of a child, protesting that he knew nothing, that he had need to learn, although his notebooks of theology were greatly sought after and esteemed; he consulted his fellow-students and lost no occasion of passing for ignorant. To maintain his zeal, his superiors permitted him to preach on Sundays and feasts in the public squares: which he did with marvellous success. His studies finished, he was, by a particular disposition of divine Providence, named preacher at the church called the Gesù Nuovo, in 1675, where he began the labours of that apostolic career which he continued for forty years, without interruption, to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. During the first three years, it is true, he had no other charge than to make the invitation or exhortation to communion, as was practised in that church, on the third Sunday of each month. This work and a crowd of others, to which he gave himself up wholly, could not quench his thirst for the salvation of souls. At the news that the mission of Japan was about to be opened anew, he asked to go and shed his blood for Jesus Christ; but Jesus Christ answered him by the mouth of his superiors that he must consider Naples as "his Indies and his Japan," and be content with the thorns of martyrdom by an absolute renunciation of his inclinations, without gathering the rose. From then on he regarded the kingdom of Naples as the portion of the Lord's vineyard where he was to spend his sweat. Here is on what occasion he began the cultivation of it:

To deliver the kingdom of Naples from the calamities which desolated it, public prayers had been ordered for eight days, and each day a procession of penance was to repair, through the streets of the city, to the cathedral, to hear the word of God there. Father Sambrosi, the greatest preacher of the time, was charged one day with giving the sermon, and Father Francis with directing the procession, and addressing to it from time to time words of penance. When the procession had entered the church, the tender pastor of Jesus Christ, seeing a part of the flock outside, excluded from the divine pasture because it was impossible for it to enter, was inspired by the Holy Spirit to appease their hunger: he climbs upon an eminence which overlooked the crowd, then, raising his voice, he thunders against vice with an energy so full of fire and terror, at the same time that the zeal and majesty of a prophet shone in his eyes, that a general cry of fear arises among his hearers, as if they saw hell open to devour them: they fall with their faces to the ground, they shed torrents of tears, they make the air resound with their groans, they send cries of sorrow toward the throne of mercy: so that it was difficult to say which, of the discourse pronounced in the church or of that which had been outside, produced the most good. This happy incident determined the superiors, in 1678, to entrust the whole mission to Francis; it comprised three duties: The first was to maintain the zeal of a confraternity whose members, attending all the processions, were like the right arm of the missionary; he established among them the custom of frequenting the Sacraments every Sunday and every feast of the Blessed Virgin; the practice of mental prayer as well as vocal prayer; that also of public penance and humiliation; the exercise of the stations or Way of the Cross, in which he ordinarily shed torrents of tears himself; finally, the visit in procession of seven churches, in memory of the seven journeys of our divine Redeemer. At each church, the Saint made an exhortation, and the pious ceremony ended with a consecration which each made of himself to Our Lord Jesus Christ and to his holy Mother, with vows of perpetual fidelity. The second duty was to preach in public. This is how our Saint behaved in it: every Sunday he first spent two hours in prayer, after which he struck himself long and roughly with the discipline (a practice which he observed every day on rising); then he said Mass, afterwards recited the canonical hours, bareheaded and on his knees, sometimes before the Blessed Sacrament; he spent the rest of the morning at the confessional, or with his congregation. After dinner, he employed the recreation in great part in spiritual conversations with his beloved ones, and left it only to discourse and meditate for an hour on the Passion of Our Lord. At the appointed hour, the Saint and his companions went out into the streets, walking in procession; then, directing themselves to different sides, they set about preaching to the people. Francis ordinarily mounted a platform, near or opposite the mountebanks and charlatans, who fled at his approach. After the discourse, he fell on his knees at the foot of the cross and struck his shoulders with the discipline; then he returned to the confessional, where he

remained until the moment when the doors of the church were closed.

The third duty attached to his charge was the invitation to communion: during the nine days which preceded the third Sunday of each month, he went through the streets of the city, shaking a little bell and repeating in a loud voice some sentences drawn from Scripture, to invite souls to feed on the bread which gives eternal life. One cannot imagine his pains and privations when he thus traversed the environs of Naples: often under a devouring sun or a beating rain, across marshes, over rocks, often at the peril of his life and limbs. He always travelled on foot, until the last period of his life, when he was obliged to go on horseback; but he was well rewarded for his fatigues when, the day come, he could introduce into the banqueting hall, to eat the Lamb who saves from eternal extermination, as many as twenty thousand guests. But, before entering into new details on the apostolic career of our Saint, it is well to say something of the quality which made him work so many marvels, that is, of his rare eloquence; his voice was strong and sonorous, his style simple, abundant and impressive: sometimes he insinuated himself into the heart of his audience by graceful and attractive manners; sometimes he overwhelmed minds under the weight of the strongest arguments. He was accustomed to speak with so much vehemence that blood sometimes came to his lips. His ordinary method was to paint first the enormity of sin and the terrors of the divine judgments in colours so striking that he excited in sinners alarm and indignation against themselves; then, changing his tone with a master's skill, he spoke of the sweetness and goodness of Jesus Christ, in such a manner as to make hope succeed despair and to carry conviction into the most hardened hearts. This was the moment which he chose to address to them an appeal so tender and so moving that they were seen to fall on their knees before their crucified Saviour, and to solicit, by the precious channels of grace, that is, by his still bleeding wounds, shedding tears and uttering sobs, their pardon and their reconciliation. He was accustomed to add at the end some striking example of the chastisements or of the graces of God, to leave a deeper impression in souls. Before speaking to men, he took care to converse with God at the feet of the crucifix; like another Moses, he came out all on fire from this sacred colloquy. Heaven inspired him, on various occasions, with words of supernatural effect: in 1707, an eruption of Vesuvius darkened the air, the trembling people gather in the square, the Saint appears there and cries in a mournful tone: "Naples, in what time art thou? Naples, in what time art thou?" In 1688, in an earthquake, he cried also to the frightened people: "Cease to sin! if you wish the chastisement to cease." Many sinners confessed their sins and afterwards led a religious life. His sermons were ordinarily followed by the repentance and conversion of five or six and even ten women of lost morals, who came, tearing their hair and shedding bitter tears, to solicit permission to go and expiate their faults in some convent. One day, a wretched woman of this kind, before whose house the servant of God was preaching, did what she could to interrupt him, uttering all sorts of discordant sounds: our Saint did not even pay attention to it and continued his discourse to the end. Some time after, passing before this house and seeing it closed: "Ah!" said he to one of those at his side, "what has become of Catherine?" — "She died suddenly yesterday," was the answer. — "Dead!" added Francis, "let us enter and see her." Then entering, in fact, into the house, he went up the stairs and found the corpse laid out, according to custom. Then, in the midst of the silence of the assembly: "Catherine!" he cried, "tell me where you are?" and twice he repeated the same words. But when for a third time he had spoken in a tone of authority, the eyes of the corpse opened, its lips moved in sight of everyone, and a feeble voice, which seemed to come from a great depth, answered: "In hell! in hell!!!" At once, all who were present, seized with terror, fled from the room, and the holy man, in withdrawing, repeated several times: "In hell! in hell! Almighty God, terrible God! in hell!" This circumstance and these words produced so much effect that several did not dare to re-enter their homes without having confessed. Thus he profited by all circumstances to soften hardened souls. Another time he depicted in terms so strong the outrage done to God by sin that a child began to weep bitterly: the Saint has him come near him, embraces him with tenderness and cries: "This innocent child sheds tears, while so many sinners remain insensible." Then, enlightened by a supernatural light, he said to the child: "But thy father, what does he do?" Now this father was a great sinner, and, as he was present, he was so touched by the tears of his son, by the reproaches of the

Saint and above all by grace, that he hastened to throw himself at the foot of the crucifix crying mercy for his sins. His repentance seemed to communicate itself to the crowd, and several sinners were converted. A woman, who had for many years led a life of disorder, had at last been converted after a sermon; Francis said to her in public: — "My poor daughter, what have you gained by sin? what goods, what pleasure?" — "Nothing," she answered, all in tears; "the very garments I wear are not mine! They are hired." — "God, do you hear it?" cried the Saint, "such is the lot of every sinner!" One day when he was preaching before an ill-famed house, a carriage was seen, in the very midst of his discourse, preparing to go out; those who were in it were begged to wait a few moments and not to interrupt the servant of God; but these persons, paying no heed to it, cried to the coachman to drive on: "Divine Jesus," cried our Saint, holding the crucifix in his hand before the horses, "since these goddesses have no respect for you, these beasts without reason will at least render you homage." At that very instant these animals fell on their knees and would not stir until the discourse was finished. One cannot explain, without miracle, how Saint Francis could suffice for labours which would have occupied the life of several apostles: he was seen continually in the hospitals, the prisons and the galleys, and, besides, he went into houses to visit the sick; he provided for the spiritual needs of monasteries, of asylums or houses of refuge, of confraternities and schools; he went to preach even by night in the haunts of vice. Once, at the moment when he was at prayer in his room, he felt himself suddenly inspired to go and preach: he does so in the darkness, at the corner of a street, taking for subject the immediate correspondence with divine grace, and returns without knowing for what design and with what fruit the Holy Spirit had made him speak. The next day, a young woman came to confess to him; she had been frightened when he had made resound in the night the threat of divine vengeances and the danger of deferring one's conversion at the very moment and in the very place where she was disposed to sin; her accomplice, who mocked her fears, had died suddenly, his soul having already flown to the tribunal of God, when the words of blasphemy were still on his lips. Nothing could stop so ardent a zeal. He was often ill-treated by those whom he wished to draw out of hell, but he never drew back, not even before death, and God always protected him.

We regret that we cannot relate all the admirable conversions which are reported in the life of this holy missionary; but we cannot refrain from citing this one, which in some sort interests our country. There was at Paris a Protestant named Francis Cassier. This man had married a good Catholic, named Magdeleine Olivier, by whom he had two daughters. He would gladly have brought them to Protestantism, but the mother had always preserved them from this apostasy: so he overwhelmed them with ill-treatment and had taken them in terrible hatred. After the death of his wife, he resolved to take his children to Geneva, to have the better of them more easily. He forces them to put on men's clothes and sets out with them. One day when they were tired with walking, they begged their father to permit them to rest a little. The father consents, feeling tired also: he lies down on the grass and falls asleep. It was in a solitary place; the unhappy girls, led astray by the ill-treatment they had long endured, profit by his sleep, gently take his pistols, kill him and hide his corpse under bushes. After this horrible crime, they leave France, always keeping their men's clothes, and go and enlist at Milan, in the service of Charles II, king of Spain, to whom that duchy belonged. Their company, whose captain was Don Emmanuel de Arriéta, was sent into garrison at Messina, then at Naples, whence it set out for an expedition against the bandits who had withdrawn into the Abruzzi. The two sisters fought valiantly: but one, having been killed in an encounter, the other took care to bury her corpse, for fear that by stripping it the sex might be recognized, which would have caused the fraud to be discovered. She who remained had taken the name of Charles Pimentel. After the extermination of the bands of brigands, she returned to Naples, where the grace of God awaited her.

One day when Charles Pimentel was on guard with his company, on the square of the Château-Neuf, the Saint perceived him, and after the sermon he made him a sign to come and speak to him. — "What can this man want with me?" the soldier said to himself. "I do not know him and have nothing to do with him." However, the Saint having called him anew, he went, and the Saint said to him, taking him aside: — "I

should like you to go and confess." — "Confess!" answered the soldier, "and why? Have I committed some great crime that has deserved the rope? In good conscience, I know no sins of mine." And saying this, he turned his back on him abruptly. The Saint stopped him. — "But how canst thou say that thou hast not committed sin," he resumed? "Art thou not a woman who hides under these men's clothes? art thou not Marie Cassier, born at Paris, whence thou camest to Italy? dost thou not have thyself called Charles Pimentel ? It serves thee nothing to deny it, for he who told me is that Lord Jesus whom thou seest there on the cross. Wilt thou have me tell thee more? Is it not thou who, in agreement with thy sister, didst cruelly kill thy father?" At these words so plain, the soldier, quite stunned, grew pale and began to tremble from head to foot. He would not confess, however: — "But, Father," he resumed after a moment's silence, "I know not who can have made you such a tale." Then, reflecting that he must prevent the Father from speaking, he promised him to go and find him the next day to confess. The Saint waited two days, but in vain; he set about seeking him, and having met him, said to him: "Is it thus that thou keepest the word thou hadst given me?" — "Father, believe me," replied the soldier, "I could not; besides, it is impossible for me to go to you now, for, by order of the viceroy, we are going to embark at once; we are leaving for Tuscany." The Saint reflected some time. "No, you will not leave," he resumed; "swear to me then on this Christ that thou wilt come to find me to-morrow morning. Fear nothing, for I have great hope that God wishes to save thee." In effect, the order of departure was revoked the same day, as he had predicted, and the soldier betook himself at once to the church of the Gesù Nuovo to fulfil his promise. When the Father perceived him, he thrilled with a holy joy. "What!" he said to him, "thou wouldst escape from the hands of God! But it is a father who loves thee and wanted thee for himself." The Saint then heard his confession; he disposed him to receive absolution that very morning and made him approach the holy Table. The soldier spent that happy day in the church, in exercises of devotion. In the evening, the Saint had him conducted to the house of the marchioness of Santo-Stéfano. This lady, who was very pious, received him wonderfully. She made Marie Cassier resume the clothes of her sex, kept her for four months and then established her in a little house where she lived on an allowance of six ducats a month, which the Saint had obtained for her from the military chest, and which was the retreat of invalid soldiers.

This so extraordinary conversion took place in the year 1688. Marie Cassier died only in 1727, and she confirmed its details under oath for the process of canonization. She always remained in the most humble and repentant sentiments, weeping for her fault and doing penance for it every day. The Saint had placed near her one of his brothers, named Cataldo. He was a man wholly occupied with his salvation, of good counsel and of an exemplary life. Marie Cassier served him and nursed him in his illnesses, which were very frequent. One day, he was seized with so ardent a fever that it was soon known he could not resist it. Cataldo understood the danger in which he was: he willingly made to God the sacrifice of his life; he regretted only one thing, that his beloved brother was not there to help him in this terrible passage. Saint Francis de Girolamo was himself ill at that moment, and his superiors had sent him five leagues from Naples, to the borough of Récalé, renowned for the salubrity of its air. Now, two days before Cataldo died, Marie Cassier, being in a neighbouring room, heard him utter a loud groan. She ran to bring him help, but she stopped, all frightened, at the entrance of the room, on seeing Saint Francis de Girolamo who was tenderly embracing the sick man and saying to him: "My brother, go full of courage and with confidence there where God, your good father, calls you, and where the Saints await you. Remember that he renders a hundredfold what has been given him, and know that I shall not be long in following you." He then took Marie Cassier aside. "My daughter," he said to her, "Cataldo is walking with great strides toward eternity: take care to assist him faithfully. He will die next Friday, at the fourth hour of the night. I must leave him now; but I hope to see him again before his death." It is believed that he saw him again, in fact, for the sick man, a little before his death, gave so many signs of an extraordinary joy that Marie Cassier was persuaded that he had had the happiness of dying in the arms of the Saint, although the latter had remained invisible to her. Besides, on the day he had come, he entered and went out, although the doors of the house were closed, and two brothers who were with

him in the borough of Récalé affirmed that he had not left them for a minute, that he was not even in a state to do so on account of his great weakness.

Among the boldnesses to which the Holy Spirit impelled him, we shall still cite one of the most marvellous: in a procession, he stopped before the door of a house; moved by a sudden inspiration, he knocks loudly, crying: “Open, infernal woman, schoolmistress of hell, open!” A few moments after, there was seen to appear a wicked woman, withered, hideous, disfigured; inside the house were perceived half a dozen young men and an equal number of young persons whom this wretch had assembled for crime and who were on the point of sacrificing their virtue. “Behold,” cried the Saint, “the school of Satan, the antechamber of hell. How dare you,” he said to these young men, “attempt the virtue of these innocent souls, for whom God has shed his blood? Out of here!” He thus drew these unhappy girls from the abyss, and procured them a place in an asylum where they could save their souls. Several times he stopped young men at the door of these haunts of vice, or drew them out of them by entering himself with the crucifix in his hand. We should never finish if we had to relate the marvellous conversions in which our Saint was the instrument of grace. A man had not frequented the Sacraments for twenty-five years, when, warned in a dream, several times, to have recourse to our Saint, he at last took courage and obeyed, to his great happiness and for the glory of Our Lady, to whose protection he was indebted for this warning. Another, of whom the Saint, at the beginning of his confession, asked how long it was since he had confessed, began to dissolve in tears and to beseech the Saint not to send him away because he was a great sinner; and the Saint, recommending him not to lose courage, asked him whether it was ten, twenty or fifty years: “Precisely, father,” said he, “it is fifty years that I have been far from God.” — “Far from God!” resumed Francis, “why have you abandoned so tender a Father, a Saviour who shed his blood for you to the last drop? Ah! rather be converted to him, and go to meet him who has run so long after you.” An assassin, who had been paid to kill some persons, crossing a group of hearers before whom the Saint was preaching, stopped, saying to himself: “May not him whom I seek be among this multitude?” He stood there therefore to observe and could not help hearing the discourse of our holy preacher, and, hearing it, he could not defend himself from remaining to listen to him, as if he had been held in that place by enchantment, when suddenly these words resounded in his ears: “Thousands of penitents weep for their past faults, and thou, wretched sinner, thou meditatest new crimes! Unhappy man, whom neither the arm of God raised to launch his thunderbolts, nor hell open under thy feet to swallow thee, can turn aside from crime!” His conscience was torn with remorse, his heart turned away from evil, he confessed his iniquities, and from a murderer he became a Saint. Naples was not the only theatre of the zeal of our holy apostle; he travelled through all the provinces of the kingdom, with the exception of Calabria, and gave more than a hundred missions; wherever he went, the clergy and the people came to meet him, he began at once with an opening discourse and an invocation to the holy patron and to the guardian angels of the place. At the end, before leaving, when he exhorted the faithful to perseverance, all, with one voice, promised to keep their engagements inviolably, and when he gave them his last blessing and made them his usual farewell, which was to find them again in heaven, words cannot express, nor imagination represent, the emotions of the multitude. The demon, it is true, furious to see so many souls snatched from the snares of hell, neglected nothing to molest Francis and make him fail, by raising against him clouds of enemies who decried his conduct; but his conduct, better known, refuted all the calumnies, and his patience discouraged the outrages.

He had sometimes to struggle against obstacles of another nature: the bishop of Chieti, capital of the Abruzzi, of whom he asked permission to preach, said to him: “Truly, yes; but, Father Francis, I must warn you that the people of our city is a spiritual and cultivated people, accustomed to weigh at their just weight the force of reasons and capable of doing so; you will feel, therefore, at once that certain practices proper to speak to the senses, such as the exposition of the Cross or of images of the Blessed Virgin and of the other Saints, things admirable in themselves, would be here altogether out of place and of a nature to do more harm than good.” — “Your Grace’s wishes will certainly be regarded,” said the humble Saint, “at least until you judge it fitting to derogate from them.” Soon after, the prelate felt an acute pain of which he could not give himself

an account. Yielding to the remorse of his conscience, he sent word to the Saint that, as to what had been the subject of their conversation, he left it to his discretion, and he had more than once occasion to ascertain the fruits of those practices which he had at first condemned.

We shall not undertake to treat in particular each of the virtues of our Saint. However, we cannot pass over in silence his fervent love for Jesus Christ: he honoured and adored him more particularly in the mysteries of his holy infancy, of his holy passion and of his adorable Sacrament. When he meditated on these mysteries, he was always absorbed and penetrated with love, and when he approached the Sacrament of the altar, his face was inflamed as if he had been before the fire; he could not bear irreverences toward the divine Eucharist; he reprimanded a lady of quality who had remained seated during the consecration. He had also a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin: for twenty-two years, he was in the habit of preaching a sermon in her honour and praise every week. It was to youth especially that he took care to recommend this devotion as the surest preservative of innocence and the best remedy for sin, saying that it was difficult to be saved if one did not feel devotion to the Mother of God. Mary was his counsel in doubt, his consolation in his pains, his strength in all his undertakings, his refuge in danger; he felt inexpressible delights every time he recited the rosary of our tender Mother. He had likewise a quite particular devotion to his Guardian Angel, to Saint Francis Xavier, to Saint Januarius and above all to Saint Cyr; he placed all the missions he made under his patronage: it was a perpetual contest between the Martyr and the Saint as to which should procure more honour to the other; Francis had recourse to Saint Cyr in all his undertakings; Saint Cyr favoured, on his side, all the undertakings of Francis; he never visited a sick person without blessing him with the relics of the holy Martyr, and the relics of the holy Martyr always obtained health of body or of soul,[1] according to his desire. He was not content until he had obtained the necessary permissions to establish a feast in honour of this holy Patron, that public honour might be rendered to him. The third Sunday of May was the day fixed for this.

The charity, the humility, the obedience of our Saint were no less admirable: God did not refuse him either the precious gifts with which he is pleased sometimes to favour his servants. Here are some examples: he experienced frequent ecstasies, often in the presence of several witnesses; one day especially, when he was making an exhortation to communion, his face shone, at moments, with so radiant a brightness that, like that of Moses, it dazzled the eyes of those who saw it. It was not either by natural means that his voice, when it was hoarse and feeble, made itself heard distinctly at immense distances; he had the gift of making himself present in several places at once and at the same time; as for that of prophecy, he exercised it sometimes seriously and openly, sometimes as if in jest and in an enigmatic manner, as if it should not be believed that he had this favour. A young girl, being in doubt whether she should marry or enter the religious state, consulted the Saint: “You will run greater dangers by remaining in the world,” he said to her, “and do not let yourself be terrified by the thought that you will have to lead a long and laborious life. What age are you?” — “Seventeen years,” she answered. — “Just as many years again, and you will be at the end of your pilgrimage.” Which the event showed to be true; for this young person, withdrawn into a convent, died there in the odour of sanctity at the end of seventeen years.

A poor woman lost a child of one year, and, not having the means to have it buried, she carried it to the church and placed it in the confessional of Father Francis. On entering the church, the holy man, who had seen everything by a supernatural light, addressing the celebrated penitent Marie-Louise Cassier, said to her: “See in my confessional, you will find an abandoned child there; take charge of it until I find a way to place it suitably.” She obeyed at once; but, raising the cover which wrapped it, she turned to the Saint and said to him: “Father, it is dead!” — “No, no,” he answered, “it is asleep”; and at the same time he made the sign of the cross on its forehead and applied holy water to its lips, and behold the child opens its eyes and begins to breathe. “Come,” added the Saint, “call the mother, who is at the bottom of the church.” The poor woman at first refused to come, and, at the sight of the child, she could not believe that it was hers; but when it stretched out its little arms and showed that it recognized her, she clasped it to her bosom with raptures of

joy; and, after having received from Saint Francis an abundant alms, she returned home. A young religious having presented herself before our Saint to make her confession: “Go,” he said to her drily, “I can neither hear you nor will.” — “What!” she cried with astonishment, “you fly in search of women of bad life and you would reject a spouse of Jesus Christ?” — “Do you come to confess,” resumed Francis, “without examination, without contrition, without firm purpose of changing your life and without the least spark of devotion?” This answer made the religious enter into herself, and, recognizing her disorders, she changed her life. He gave honour to Saint Cyr for all the miracles which heaven granted him. There was, in a monastery, a religious afflicted with horrible convulsions; they sent at last to seek Father Francis: “I bring you good news,” he said on entering, “a physician who cures all ills”; then he gave her the relic of Saint Cyr to kiss, saying: “Have you confidence in this physician? will you invoke him and have devotion to him henceforth?” And as she answered in the affirmative: “You are already cured,” he said, “rise and go at once to the choir, to give thanks to God.” And immediately, to her great astonishment and her great consolation, as to all who were present, she did what he had commanded.

But it is time to relate the end of so beautiful a life: our Saint was warned of it by a divine inspiration. At the death of his brother, he let these words be heard: “A year from now, we shall find ourselves reunited.” And when he was still in full health, he said on taking leave of the religious of Sainte-Marie-du-Divin-Amour: “My dear daughters, it is for the last time that I speak to you to-day; forget me not in your prayers. Farewell, until we see each other again in paradise.” During his illness, he said, as the feast of Saint Cyr drew near: “I shall not be alive to see it.” At last, when the physician who attended him made his last visit, he thanked him for his attentions and added: “We shall not see each other again henceforth on this side of the grave: for Monday will be the last day of my life.” One cannot express the cruel sufferings which Our Lord sent him to complete his purification, that his soul might enter more resplendent into glory, and yet never did a murmur escape him; he only repeated: “Blessed be God, the father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who consoles us in all our tribulations!” When anyone approached to sympathize with his sufferings, he, who did not find the chalice full enough beside that of his Saviour, joined his hands on his breast, crying out: *Crescant in mille millia*: “May they increase without end!” He was spoken to of the good he had done: “Nothing, nothing,” he would answer, “the fault I have most to fear is my sloth.” As he was exhorted to invoke Saint Cyr to obtain the restoration of his health and obtain some years of life to consecrate still to the service of God: “Ah! no,” said he, “the Saint and I have come to an understanding on this point; the affair is now concluded.” The favour he asked was to see completed the statue he had undertaken in honour of his holy Patron; it was granted him: “Now,” said he, “I die content.” On the day of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, after having made a general confession, he received the holy Viaticum, and, six days after, Extreme Unction. All through the night, he let his heart pour itself out in full liberty, and these were the words that he was heard to repeat: “Let us bless the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; let us praise and exalt him for ever! The Lord is great and infinitely worthy of praise, in the city of our God on the holy mountain!” Then, kissing the wounds of the Crucifix, weeping, he cried: “Remember, divine Jesus, that this soul cost you, for its ransom, to the last drop of your blood!” The infirmarian, urging him to pray from the heart rather than with the lips, on account of the difficulty he had in speaking: “Ah! my dear brother,” he answered him, “whatever we may think or say of a God so great, his greatness is beyond all thought and all expression!” Then, his eyes fixed on the pious image of the Blessed Virgin, he spoke to her in these so humble terms: “Ah! Mary, my dearest mother, you have always cherished me as a tender mother, though I was for you but too unworthy a child. Fill up now the measure of your goodness toward me, by obtaining for me the love of your divine Son!” Then, as if he had already found himself at the door of paradise, he thus breathed forth his ardent desires to enter it: “How great is the house of the Lord! blessed are they that dwell in thy house, Lord; they shall praise thee for ever and ever. Holy angels, why delay ye? open the gates of justice, I will enter and praise the Lord!” In spite of the desire which our Saint had so many times expressed that he should be left alone, it was impossible to stop the crowd that pressed to see him one last time, to kiss his hands and receive his last

blessing. He blessed them all with an amiable sweetness, and, seeing their tears flow: “Do not weep,” he said, “I go to heaven, where I shall remember you and be better able to be useful to you.” The demon made a last effort to snatch, at the decisive moment, the victory from the hands of him who had so often struck him down. God permitted it to add to the shame of the evil spirit and to the glory of the Blessed. In the severity of the struggle, his whole person was seen to be violently agitated: uttering a cry, he called to his help Our Lord, Our Lady and all the Saints; he answered those who asked him the cause of this horrible convulsion: “I fight, I fight! In God’s name, pray for me that I may not succumb!” Then, as if he were repelling his enemy, he said: “No, never; begone, I have nothing to do with thee!” His face, at last, resumed its brightness, and he repeated gently these words: “It is well, it is well!” and at once he began to sing the Magnificat and the Te Deum, to thank God for his victory; finally, he went to receive the eternal crown on 11 May 1716, in the seventy-fourth year of his age and the forty-sixth of his religious life.

The infirmarian, wishing to keep some relics of so holy a man, dared, before vesting him in the priestly garments, to cut off a piece of the skin which covered the soles of his feet, so often sanctified in running after the straying sheep; but, in spite of his precautions, the pious theft was soon discovered; for the blood began to flow so abundantly from the wound that not only were the linens stained with it, but a phial containing three or four ounces was filled. Numerous miracles honouring his precious relics indicated the glory which his soul enjoyed in heaven; he was beatified by Pius VII in 1806, and canonized by Gregory XVI in 1839, at the same time as Saint Alphonsus Liguori, Saint John Joseph of the Cross, Saint Pacificus of San Severino and Saint Veronica Giuliani. This circumstance has led to these Saints being represented united in one picture. In his quality of missionary, a Crucifix is put in the hand of Saint Francis; in the distance Vesuvius is placed, to recall that Naples was the principal theatre of his apostolic labours. Saint Francis is one of the numerous patrons of Naples.

His body is preserved under a side altar which is dedicated to him, in the beautiful church of the professed house of the Jesuits, at Naples, called the Gesù Nuovo. Above the altar, one sees, in a niche, his statue of natural size.

We have drawn his life from the account which Cardinal Wiseman has given us.

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[2] The same as Saint Tropez, honoured in Provence, whose Life we give elsewhere.

[3] Some religious Orders celebrate today the feast of Saint Alexander I, pope. See his Life on 3 May.

[4] See the Life of Saint Serenicus and Saint Serenus above.

[5] All that is known of Saint Possessor is reduced to saying that he occupied a distinguished rank in the magistracy of Verdun, that he strongly engaged his fellow-citizens to choose Saint Pulchronius for their bishop, and that after the death of the latter, he succeeded him on the episcopal see (470–486). See the Life of Saint Pulchronius on 30 April.

[6] The cult of the blessed Prior of Randazzo was approved by Gregory XVI. His relics are in the church of the Carmelites of that city.

[7] From *Ar-rieg*, “river from above,” it is said.

[8] The classification of this Romanesque church dates from the year 18— (the last figures are worn away in the printed copy).

[9] Pamphlet in-8°, printed in 1870 at Chauvin’s, at Toulouse.

[10] In the Spanish Martyrology [*En el Martirologio español*], for the day 11 May, vol. iii, page 138.

[11] The Gomma family of Ax, of which we see a member figure on the catalogue of the consuls of this town at the end of the 15th century, carefully preserves an ancient altar whose retable offers in bas-relief a small statuette of this Saint painted and gilded, and designated by his name Udaut. It is clothed with the cope, the stole and a black biretta. This altar is too decorated to have been made during the Terror of 1793. It belonged to some chapel, either public or private, of Ax, since there are seen there also the two statuettes of the Apostles sons of Zebedee, Saint James and Saint John, venerated, the one in his ancient church of Saint-Jean-d’Ause, and the other in his old leper-house. The ancient inhabitants of Ax venerated therefore Saint Udaut also as a priest at the same time as a secondary patron.

[12] Le Beau, *History of the Lower Empire*, bk. xxxiii, par. 20.

[13] *Martyrs of Siberia*, ch. 12, by A. de Laniotlit.

[14] Hom. de Rogat..

[15] *Ibid.*

[16] Gengou, Gengoux, Gigou, Genf, Gandoul, Gingolph, Gangulfus, and in Germany, Golf.

[17] See the works of Callot, in the Cabinet of Prints at Paris, vol. viii, f. 20.

[18] Maïeul, Majolus.

[19] Saint Mayeul is represented on the frontispiece of the book entitled: *Bibliotheca Cluniacensis et Catalogus abbatum*, in-fol., 1614. One finds on the same title the portraits of several illustrious men and women of the Order of Cluny: Saint Odo, Saint Odilo, Saint Hugh, etc.

[20] *Ancient Bourbonnais*, p. 116 of the *Picturesque Journey*.

[21] Unpublished documents.

[22] Manuscript of the ancient priory of Souvigny. Unpublished documents.

[23] *Monumental Bulletin*, edited by M. de Caumont, year 1861.

[24] We gave in April the life of the Blessed Hervéo.

[25] Or also de Geronimo and de Hyeronimo: Girolamo is the Italian translation of Hyeronimus, Geronimus.

[1] Saint Cyr suffered martyrdom on 31 January, in the year 288 of Jesus Christ; see his notice on that day.

12 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, on the Ardeatine way, the holy martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, brothers, who were first relegated for Jesus Christ to the island of Ponza with Flavia Domitilla, whose eunuchs they were; then afterwards scourged most cruelly; at last, as Minucius Rufus, consular, wished to force them to sacrifice to idols, by the torture of the rack and that of fire, and they said “that, having been baptized by the apostle Saint Peter, it was impossible for them to sacrifice,” they had their heads cut off. Their holy relics, together with those of Flavia Domitilla, were solemnly transferred, by order of Pope Clement VIII, on the eve of this day, from the diaconate or sacristy of Saint Hadrian, into their own ancient title, now restored, where they had formerly been deposited and preserved. 1st century. — At the same place, on the Aurelian way, Saint Pancras, martyr, who was beheaded at the age of fourteen, under the empire of Diocletian. 304. — At Rome again, Saint Dionysius, paternal uncle of the same Saint Pancras. — In Sicily, Saint Philip of Agira, who was sent into that island by the Roman Pontiff, and converted a great part of it to Jesus Christ. His holiness appears especially by the power he has of delivering the possessed. Epoch uncertain.[1] — At Salamis, in Cyprus, Saint Epiphanius, bishop, illustrious for his extensive erudition and his knowledge of the holy letters, while he was admirable for his holiness, his zeal for the Catholic faith, his liberality toward the poor and the power he had of working miracles. 403. — At Constantinople, Saint Germanus, bishop, whom his virtues and doctrine have made famous, and who generously reproved Leo the Isaurian when he published his edict against the holy images.[2] About 732. — At Trier, Saint Modoald, bishop. 640. — At Calzada, in Castile, Saint Dominic or Domingue, confessor. 1109.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Meaux, Saint Vaubert, bishop. — In the diocese of Dax, in Guyenne, Saint Macarius, abbot. — At Marchiennes, in Flanders, Saint Rictrude, widow and abbess of that monastery. 683. — At Anderlecht, near Brussels, the decease of Saint Guido, sacristan of Our Lady of Laeken, then pilgrim. 1012. — At Tours, the reception of the relics of Saint Maurice and his companions. — At Tarbes, Saint Hygin, confessor. — At Comminges, the passing of Garsias de Horto, twenty-sixth known bishop of that see, who died in the odour of sanctity. Before the battle of Muret, fought by Simon de Montfort against the Albigensians, and whose success saved Catholicism in the south of France (13 September 1213), the servant of God, Garsias de Horto, taking from the hands of the bishop of Toulouse a relic of the true Cross, blessed the Catholic soldiers with the redeeming wood, and promised them heaven if they fell in that battle where they exposed their lives for the faith. 1218. — At Celettes, in the diocese of Blois, feast of Saint Mondry, who founded, two leagues

from that city, on the bank of the Beuvron, a church and a village called Celettes in memory of his first cell.[3] The Blessed One died there and reposed in the humble sanctuary which he had erected. His cult and his relics have subsisted to this day. 6th century. — At Entrains, in the diocese of Nevers, Saint Vibius, apostolic man, who was buried alive for having preached the faith in Jesus Christ.[4] Epoch uncertain. — At Lincoln, in England, Saint Rémi, religious of the abbey of Fécamp, who counselled the foundation of the monastery of Saint-Étienne of Caen. 1091.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Salamis, in Cyprus, Saint Epiphanius, bishop, of the Order of Saint Basil.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Rome, on the Ardeatine way, Saint Pancras, martyr, whose head is preserved in the basilica of the Lateran.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At the monastery of Aveiro, of the Order of Friars Preachers, the birth into heaven of the blessed Joan, virgin, infanta of Portugal, daughter of King Alphonsus V. On account of her great virtues, Pope Innocent XII, with the advice of the venerable cardinals of the Congregation of Rites, permitted her memory to be honoured in the whole kingdom of Portugal and in the whole Order of Friars Preachers, by the celebration of the Mass and of the office of the common of a virgin not a martyr.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Bettona, in Italy, the saints Chryspolite, bishop, Barontius, ox-driver by profession, Tutela, sister of the preceding, and twelve other women, as well as a spy converted by them, all martyrs. The first is said to have been sent to that country by Saint Peter, according to a later biography; but they appear rather to have suffered under the reign of Maximian. — At Rome (probably), the saints Cyriacus, Maximus, Gradus, Sothere, virgin, Rothere, John, Achilles, Moïsée, Aphrodite and five hundred and four others, as well as the saints Alexander, Moïsète and Lucius, all martyrs, mentioned in the Martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Palma, in Sicily, translation of the relics of Saint Felix, child martyr, whose body was found at Rome in the catacomb of Saint Callistus in 1675. — In Thrace and in Macedonia, Saint Germanus Hegumen, founder of the monastery of Cosinitre, and distinct from Saint Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, kept on the same day. Before the 9th century. — At Bologna, Saint Daiao, priest, who lived as a solitary in a little chapel situated in the parish of Saint Mary of Amola. He is invoked against epilepsy and above all against hernias. The Bolognese represent him in priestly vestments, surrounded by sick persons who present him with girdles to bless.[5] 1184. — In the same city, the blessed Imelda Lambertini, virgin. Here is her epitaph: “To the most good and most great God. The blessed Imelda Lambertini, virgin, born of an illustrious family, was still more illustrious by the precocious holiness of her life. Inflamed with devotion toward the holy Eucharist, she had scruple of approaching the holy table on account of her youth: she had scarcely reached her eleventh year. As she poured herself out in tears and prayers, divine mercy deigned to console her: a host was sent to her from heaven: she expired immediately after having taken it, in the year of the Lord 1333.”[6] — At Sulmona, in Italy, the blessed Gemma, virgin recluse. Daughter of poor peasants, she was keeping the few sheep which formed all the possessions of her family, when she was carried off by the servants of a certain Roger, count of Celano. Gemma tried to move her ravisher. God gave so much eloquence to her prayers and her tears that the count, not content with respecting his victim, caused to be raised, to repair his fault, a church in honour of Saint John the Baptist and, quite beside it, a reclusory where Saint Gemma passed the last forty-two years of her life. The church of Saint John the Baptist took, afterwards, the name of Saint Gemma. 1429. — In Spain, the blessed Catherine of Cardona, virgin, who astonished the world by her penitent life. Born at Naples, she was first governess of Charles, infante of Spain. The corruption of the court obliged her to resign her functions. Saint Peter of Alcantara, whom she consulted on her projects, permitted her to retire into a solitude where she put on the habit of the Hermits: she remained three years in the desert under the eye of God,

unknown to men. Afflicted with various illnesses, she took refuge in a cave, near a monastery of Discalced Carmelites where she passed the last seven years of her life. Saint Teresa proclaimed her a great Saint. 1577. — On 12 May 1850, at Rimini (Italy), in the venerable house of the missions, an image of the Blessed Virgin representing Our Lady of Mercy, painted on canvas, alternately opens and shuts its eyes. More than thirty thousand persons hasten there and are witnesses of the prodigy. The Blessed Virgin is represented on the canvas with her eyes closed; she is seen, at intervals, to raise them to heaven, to turn them to right and left, to fix them on those present with the expression of the sweetest compassion. Many persons who did not believe in miracles believe in them henceforth. In Rimini the emotion is general, blasphemies cease, striking conversions take place.

Saints Nereus, Achilleus, Flavia Domitilla the Younger, Euphrosyne and Theodora, Martyrs

First century.

> *The just shall stand with great constancy against those who have afflicted them, and who have taken away their labours.*
>
> *The wicked, seeing it, shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the suddenness of their unexpected salvation.*
>
> *— Wisdom, v, 1, 2.*

The memory of Saint Nereus and Saint Achilleus is very famous in the Church, and their cult is very ancient. They were brothers; placed in the service of the princess Domitilla, niece of the emperor Domitian, while still very young, they had the happiness of being instructed in the faith, and of being baptized by Saint Peter himself, with that holy and illustrious family, all of whom gave their blood for Jesus Christ.

The piety of Nereus and Achilleus won the esteem and affection of their mistress, who, charmed with their exact probity and their zeal for religion, made them her chamberlains and gave them all her confidence.

The most ancient acts of the life of these two Saints say that, seeing one day with what care and study their mistress adorned herself to present herself at the house of Count Aurelian, to whom she had just been betrothed, they were vividly pained; and, animated with a holy zeal for her salvation, they took the liberty of representing to her, very respectfully, how unworthy of a soul which they had always believed destined to be the spouse of Jesus Christ was this desire to please a mortal man. This respectful remonstrance, which was only the effect of a wise and disinterested zeal, made an impression on the heart and mind of the princess. The two Saints profited by so happy a disposition; they represented to her that her religion and her virtue promised her a greater fortune; they spoke to her with so much energy of the vanity of the honours and goods of this world, of the emptiness found in all pleasures, of the brevity of our days, and above all of the bitternesses and hard subjections of the state of marriage; they painted to her in a manner so vivid and so pathetic the price and merit of virginity, that Domitilla protested that she would never have any other spouse than Jesus Christ, whom alone henceforth she wished to please; and, addressing herself to these two Christian heroes: “Since God has made use of you,” she said to them, “to inspire me with the desire of being his spouse, hasten to obtain for me the honour of bearing the marks of it, and of receiving the grace of it.” She spoke of the blessing which virgins then received, and of the veil which the bishop gave them as a sign of their consecration to Jesus Christ.

Saint Nereus and Saint Achilleus, thrilling with joy, and charmed with the blessing which God had given to their zeal, run to Saint Clement, who had succeeded Saint Peter, and declare to him the resolution in which the princess Domitilla was never to lose the precious treasure of her virginity. The venerable Pontiff, blessing the Lord, goes to the Saint, and finding her determined to wish for no other spouse than Jesus Christ: — “Have you well considered, my daughter,” the holy Pope said to her, “the rough combat you will have to

sustain? and will you have courage enough to carry off the victory? Aurelian, irritated at the refusal you make of his alliance, will not fail to accuse you of being a Christian before the emperor: to what furious temptations will not your faith be exposed; and shall you and we be able to avoid martyrdom?" — "And is not that," answers the Saint, "the greatest happiness that can befall us? I count little on my own strength, but I expect all from the all-powerful grace of my divine Spouse, and persecution will only advance our happiness and our glory." Saint Clement, moved by this generous answer, and still more edified by the eagerness which the Saint showed to be consecrated to the Lord, blessed her with solemnity and put the veil on her head.

What the holy Pope had foreseen was not long in being realized. Aurelian, informed of the course Domitilla had taken, became furious; and, after having employed uselessly both promises and threats to determine her to change her resolution, he had seized all those whom he suspected of having helped her with their counsels, denounced them to the tribunals as Christians, and employed all his credit to have them condemned to the last torture. Saint Nereus and Saint Achilleus, confidants of the princess, were the first arrested. The count thought that, if he could win them, he would soon get the better of the Princess. Everything was put in work to surprise their religion and to tempt their fidelity: caresses, hopes, promises, solicitations, nothing was forgotten, but nothing could shake the faith of the servants of God; their constancy irritated his spite. He obtained that they should be stripped and torn with strokes of the whip in the most cruel manner. The joy they showed in this horrible torment made the tyrant lose hope of perverting them. They were declared Christians, and thereby enemies of the emperor and of the State. The fear that their firmness in the faith would render the constancy of Domitilla more unshakable caused them to be sent to Terracina, that the consul Minutius-Rufus might conduct their trial. The formalities were soon fulfilled; they were ordered to renounce Jesus Christ and to offer incense to the idols. They answered, with a boldness which astonished the tyrant, that, having been baptized by the apostle Saint Peter, and enlightened by the lights of faith, they acknowledged no other god than the God of the Christians; that they deplored the misfortune and blindness of the pagans who forged for themselves almost as many divinities as there were men, and who adored, in all these false gods, only their own passions.

An answer so precise and so striking irritated the consul; he had them put on the rack, and, after having had their sides torn, he commanded that their wounds should be burned with torches. The violence of the pain served only to make their joy and their ardent love for God burst forth. But the tyrant, fearing that this spectacle would produce too favourable an impression on the mind and heart of the pagans, had their heads cut off. This glorious martyrdom took place on 12 May of the year 98; the bodies of the Saints were taken away by Auspice, their disciple, and buried on the road to Ardea, half a league from Rome, where a church was afterwards built, an eternal monument of the triumph of these glorious Martyrs.

Saint Gregory the Great delivered there a homily which is the twenty-eighth on the Gospels; he exhorts the faithful in it to imitate these great saints, whose bodies were present, and to despise, after their example, the world and the deceitful vanities of this life.

The faith of the illustrious virgin Domitilla was not shaken by the death of these two generous Christians; her birth, her name, her beauty, her merit, led the emperor to spare her; he contented himself with relegating her to the island of Ponza, near Terracina. But Aurelian, not despairing of winning her, had her recalled some time after. He found the means of placing beside her two young ladies, her foster-sisters, named Euphrosyne and Theodora, wise in truth, but filled with the spirit of the world and the desire of settling in life. The promise of finding them an advantageous match, if they determined the princess to marry the count, made them employ all that art and wit can find that is most seductive: now they asked her whether they could be Christians, and whether, to be saved in her religion, it was necessary to be virgins; now they said to her: If marriage is lawful, why do you refuse an establishment which, not hindering you from being a Christian, gives you the means of converting one day your husband, his family and his servants? Saint Domitilla easily discovered the spirit which made them speak, and, having answered their questions in a manner to suffer no

reply, she asked them in her turn whether, having been promised to two rich lords, they would be disposed to listen to the proposal that vile slaves should make them? No certainly, they answer, unless we had lost our wits. And why, then, resumed the Saint, do you cry out if I am as wise? By consecrating my virginity to God, I have become the spouse of his only Son Jesus Christ; this august alliance must last throughout all eternity; the advantages of this happy state are infinite. What think you? honoured with this happy quality, ought I to prefer to the only Son of the living God the alliance of a mortal man? She spoke with so much grace and force that Euphrosyne and Theodora, touched and convinced by her reasons, appeared shaken; nevertheless they still hesitated. If what you say is true, replied Theodora, I have a brother who has lost his eyes, cause your divine Spouse to restore his sight. Your brother is absent, answers the Saint, the miracle would come too late: but you have a young dumb girl who serves you, make her come, the power of Jesus Christ will shine out more promptly, and you will be sooner convinced of it. The girl presents herself; Saint Domitilla prays, the dumb girl recovers speech, and the first use she makes of it is to publish that there was no other god than the God of the Christians. At this prodigy Euphrosyne and Theodora throw themselves at the feet of Saint Domitilla, publish that they are Christians, and declare that they will have no other spouse than Jesus Christ.

Aurelian, having learned what had happened, kept no more measure; he won over the consul, a cruel man and mortal enemy of the Christians, who had fire set to the house where Saint Domitilla was shut up with her two servants. Immolated as pure victims to the living God, they thus consummated their glorious martyrdom. The deacon Saint Caesarius came the following day to gather up their ashes, and found them prostrate on the ground on their faces, as if they had been at prayer; the fire had taken their life without burning them, or touching a single hair of their head. In art, a crown is often given to Saint Flavia Domitilla on account of her relationship with Domitian.

Cult and Relics

M. de Rossi has just discovered (1874), in the cemetery of Domitilla, at Rome, the primitive tomb and the sepulchral inscription of the holy martyrs Nereus and Achilleus. As to their relics, Pope Gregory IX withdrew them from the catacombs (13th century), as well as those of Saint Flavia Domitilla, and transported them to the diaconate of Saint Hadrian. They received there for several centuries the eager homage of the faithful, when the immortal Baronius, titular of the urban church of the holy Nereus and Achilleus, had this basilica restored and obtained from Pope Clement VIII the permission to transport there the bodies of the holy martyrs. There are nevertheless many other churches, as well of France as of Spain and the Low Countries, which glory in having some parts of these holy relics. Of this number is the parish church of Satilieu (diocese of Viviers).

Saint Flavia Domitilla, virgin and martyr, must not be confounded with her aunt, Flavia Domitilla, surnamed the Elder. This one was daughter of Domitilla, sister of the emperor Domitian. This prince married her to Saint Flavius Clemens, her first cousin, who was son of a brother of Vespasian. Flavius Clemens, having been put to death for the faith, Domitilla was accused of the same crime by the pagans, frightened to see Christianity invade so quickly the imperial family; but as she was thought sufficiently punished by the death of her husband, Domitian ordered her only, at the end of three or four days, to marry another. On her refusal, he banished her to the island of Pannataria (today Santa Maria), near Pozzuoli. It is probable that she returned to Rome, or at least to the continent, when Domitian had been assassinated. She had had by Saint Flavius Clemens two sons. As Domitian destined them to succeed him, he had made them take the names of Domitian and Vespasian, and had entrusted the care of their education to the celebrated rhetorician

Quintilian. The rest of their history is unknown. It is believed that Flavia Domitilla the Elder had also had a daughter who bore the same name, and was married to Flavius Onesimus. — P. Croiset; Baillet; Godescard, and Martigny: *Bulletin d'Archéologie chrétienne*.

Saint Pancras, Martyr

304. — Pope: Saint Marcellus. — Roman emperor: Diocletian.

> *The death of the just is the condemnation of the life of the impious, and the wisdom of youth that of a criminal longevity.*
>
> *— Wisdom, iv, 16.*

The 12th of May is still famous for the martyrdom of Saint Pancras. He was a child of illustrious birth, of Synnade, in Phrygia; having lost his father early, he had remained under the tutelage of Dionysius, one of his uncles, of whom the Roman Martyrology also makes memory to-day as of a holy confessor. This excellent guardian always considered our young Saint as his son and took great care of his education. When he saw him aged fourteen years and in a state to bear the fatigues of a journey, he brought him to Rome with him; there, having addressed themselves to Pope Saint Caius, they asked him earnestly to receive holy Baptism, and to be fully instructed in the mysteries of the Christian religion. This holy Pope granted them with joy what they asked. They conceived then a great desire to shed their blood for Jesus Christ; but Dionysius died before having been able to obtain this happiness. Pancras was taken and brought to the emperor Diocletian, who made every effort to persuade him to sacrifice to idols: he treated him at first with kindness, because he had been the friend of his father, and because he was charmed with his beauty. The holy child answered him: "That he was astonished how an emperor so enlightened commanded him to have esteem for gods who were only men whose life had been so corrupt that, if his slaves did not live better, he would have them punished exemplarily." The emperor, irritated by this answer, ordered that his head should be cut off: which was executed on the Aurelian way. A holy woman, named Octavia, secretly carried off his body by night, embalmed it and buried it in a new sepulchre, on 12 May 304, according to Cardinal Baronius.

The attribute of Saint Pancras is the sword; it is also that of the saints Nereus and Achilleus.

Relics and Cult of Saint Pancras; His Various Names

There is at Rome a church of his name, and the gate anciently called Aurelia is to-day named Saint Pancras. Saint Gregory, pope, speaks of his tomb and his relics in Homily 27 on Saint John and in the third book of his Register, epistle 18. Saint Gregory of Tours, who lived before him, relates a perpetual miracle which God wrought there by the merits of this holy Martyr: those who went to take some solemn oath in the church dedicated to him were visibly punished by God when they did not tell the truth: either they fell dead on the spot, or they were possessed by the demon, who tormented them by a thousand kinds of torments in sight of everyone.

"There has been made," says Baillet, "a great distribution of the relics of Saint Pancras in divers churches of Europe: and as it is quite ordinary to see that when one has some considerable bone of a Saint one boasts of having his body, one should be less surprised to hear it said that the body of Saint Pancras is found in fifteen or twenty different places, without being obliged to have recourse to the mystery of reproduction. Besides what has remained of his relics in the church of his name, at Rome, his head is seen in that of the Lateran, where his office is made double, putting off that of the saints Nereus and Achilleus to the first free day which follows. Some parts of his relics are also found in that of Saint Clement and in other churches of the city. They are shown likewise at Albano, a town of the Roman Campagna; in three different churches of the city of Bologna, where it is not possible that his name has not been given to some foreign body, since there is produced, among these relics, a head of Saint Pancras, besides that which is in the basilica of the Lateran. There would perhaps be reason to think the same of those kept under the same name at Venice, with the nuns of Saint Zachary; in the Milanese, although it be true that Saint Gregory the Great sent some from the tomb of our Saint to Fortunatus, bishop of Milan; at Lauiosca, in Piedmont, in the county of Nice; in several other towns of Italy, where he is called Saint Brancas or Brancaccio; in divers places of Sicily: at Avignon, in two different churches; in France, whither the popes Pelagius sent some from Rome, for Marseilles and Tours;

Saint Gregory the Great for Pallade, bishop of Saintes; others to Saint-Riquier, to Saint-Malo and elsewhere. One cannot number all the places of the kingdom which boast of having some, but the most part without title. The celebrity of his cult is so great there that there is hardly a province which has not formed for itself a particular Saint by diversifying his name by the corruption of their language. For it is he who is found called Saint Blancat, Saint Planchas or Planchais, Saint Plancari, Saint Crampas or Cranpace, by metathesis, Saint Brachs, Saint Branchais, Saint Blancliars, Saint Blansé, and perhaps still otherwise. Saint Pancras is called Planchers in Normandy. Pope Vitalian sent some of his relics to Saint Wandrille, abbot of Fontenelle, who built a church under his invocation: this double circumstance spread his cult in the diocese of Coutances and the neighbouring dioceses. The Low Countries are hardly less provided with relics which bear the name of Saint Pancras. Some are seen at Ghent, at Douai and at Malines; some were also seen at Utrecht and at Leyden, before the change of religion in the United Netherlands. Some are shown at Cologne in several churches, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, in the duchy of Berg, at Trier and even at Prague, in Bohemia. Some have also been seen in England, where the first church consecrated to God since the conversion of the English by the monk Saint Augustine, missionary of Saint Gregory the Great, was dedicated under the name and invocation of Saint Pancras, in the city of Canterbury. It was nevertheless only more than fifty years after that relics of this holy Martyr came into that island. It was Pope Vitalian who sent some, about the year 656, to Oswy, king of Northumberland, to increase still more the cult which the Roman missionaries had established there, or rather to acknowledge and reward the services which that prince rendered to the church of the country. Most of the churches which keep relics under the name of Saint Pancras have some particular feast on different days of the year, to celebrate their reception or their translation: but they unite in solemnizing that of his martyrdom on 12 May, although they are not all persuaded that what they have is truly of him. The 12th of May, on which his feast is marked in the Martyrologies under the name of Saint Jerome, in that of Bede, those of the 9th century and the following, is the day of his burial rather than that of his death. The Roman Calendar of the 4th century makes no mention of him, but he is in that of the 8th century and in the following and in the ancient Sacramentaries since the 6th century.”

— P. Croiset, Baillet, Godescard and all the hagiographers.

Saint Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, and Doctor of the Church

310–403. — Popes: Saint Eusebius; Saint Innocent I. — Emperors: Constantine; Arcadius.

> *The holy Catholic Church is the pivot of the universe.*
>
> *— Panarium, book i, ch. 5.*

Saint Epiphanius was born in a little village of Palestine called Besanduc, in the neighbourhood of Eleutheropolis, of parents so poor that his father earned his living by tilling the earth, and his mother by spinning flax. The latter remained charged with him and with a daughter named Callitrope, by the decease of her husband, who died when Epiphanius was still very young. But God is above all the Father of those who have none: by an effect of his Providence, a Jew named Tryphon, extremely rich, asked little Epiphanius of his mother, and took charge of him, assuring her that he would some day have him marry his only daughter. He treated him as he had promised; the death of his daughter did not change Tryphon’s dispositions toward Epiphanius: he continued to regard him as his adopted son and left him, at his death, heir of all his goods. Instructed in the Christian truths (one knows not at what epoch nor how), Epiphanius received baptism with his sister; then, having resolved to follow Jesus Christ and to labour seriously at his perfection, he discharged himself of the conduct of this sister upon one of his aunts, called Veronica, giving them, for their maintenance, a part of the goods he had inherited from the Jew; having sold all the rest, he distributed the money to the poor, reserving nothing but a very modest sum, to buy the books necessary to his studies. They were very extensive; he knew divers languages, above all Hebrew, Egyptian, Syriac and Greek. He made thereby the understanding of the Scriptures easy to himself. He applied himself no less to instructing himself

in piety; to this end he often visited the solitaries of Palestine and Egypt, whose life he led from an early age. Some Gnostics, with whom he found himself in relation, tried to seduce him by women who belonged to their sect; but this new Joseph avoided the danger by flight. When he was formed to the monastic life, he returned to his native country, was ordained priest and founded a convent over which he long presided in the quality of abbot. Having learned, in Egypt, in a conference with a holy religious, that he would one day be bishop of Cyprus, he embarked secretly to withdraw to another place, in order to avoid this honour, which he regarded as a misfortune to him. However, a contrary wind threw him in spite of himself upon that island; he found there the prelates assembled to make the election of a bishop of Salamis, capital of the whole kingdom, and he was raised to this dignity by a disposition of heaven. This was about the year 367. Salamis was then called Constantia. The care of this Church did not make him abandon that of his monastery of Eleutheropolis; he returned there from time to time. He continued to live as a solitary and to wear the habit of one. He preferred the practice of virtues to bodily austerities, charity to abstinence: in his old age, he drank a little wine. One day when Epiphanius was receiving at his table the illustrious cenobite Hilarion, his friend, the latter having said: “Since I have worn the habit of a solitary, I have never eaten anything that had life.” — “And I,” replied the bishop of Salamis, “since I have worn the same habit, I have never suffered anyone to fall asleep in the evening having in his heart something against me, and I have never fallen asleep myself having in my heart something against my neighbour.” Hilarion confessed that the practice of Epiphanius was better than his own. The greatest pleasure of our Saint was to relieve those who were in need: many rich and charitable persons passed their alms through his hands; of this number was Saint Olympias. A deacon having murmured against the holy bishop, because he employed the ecclesiastical revenues in relieving the poor, was severely punished for it by God himself.

Our Saint enjoyed a universal consideration. As soon as he appeared in public, the people pressed around him, pulled threads from his garments, to keep them as relics, and kissed his hands and feet. Mothers begged him to bless their children. He had the gift of miracles. He was the only orthodox bishop whom the Arians dared not attack, when, supported by the emperor Valens, in 371, they undertook a cruel persecution against the Catholics; and yet never had the heresies a more implacable enemy: he sought them out, studied their characters, denounced them to the other bishops, and he wrote against them his principal work, of which we shall speak farther on.

He made the journey to Rome in 382, to assist at a council convoked by Pope Damasus: he lodged with Saint Paula, and he had, in 385, the consolation of offering her, in his turn, hospitality for ten days, at Salamis, when she was going to Palestine.

Saint Epiphanius has been reproached with certain acts in which he is said to have shown more zeal than prudence, such as having made ordinations and preachings outside his diocese. He justifies himself on this subject: “It is the fear of God which made me act in this way; I proposed to myself only the utility of the Church. I do not complain when a foreign bishop thus labours for the glory of God in my diocese.”[1] One sees by these words that his intention was always pure and holy. As to the acts themselves, this is not the place to set forth the circumstances of them, nor to judge them: we do not write an ecclesiastical history.

We shall relate only one fact of this kind which took place in 401. Epiphanius, excited, circumvented by Theophilus of Alexandria, went to Constantinople to have the works of Origen condemned there; he treated at first as an Origenist Saint John Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople, who, being more moderate than he in this question, offered hospitality to Epiphanius; the latter refused it and rejected all communication with him. But having recognized that he had had on his part in this conduct excess of zeal and precipitation, that he had let himself be deceived by the enemies of Saint John Chrysostom, he resolved to leave this city at once; he said, before embarking, to the courtier bishops: “I leave you the city, the palace, the spectacle: as for me, I depart, I have no time to lose.” In speaking thus, he thought of his death, which Saint John Chrysostom had predicted to him. He died, in fact, during the crossing (403). His disciples built, in Cyprus, under his

name, a church, where they put his image with many others. The ancients have granted much praise to Saint Epiphanius. Well instructed in the Catholic doctrine, he followed it in all its integrity.[2] He was an admirable man,[3] full of God.[4] The greatest saints took authority from his example to justify their conduct.[5]

Saint Epiphanius is represented giving alms, by allusion to the following fact: A swindler agreed with another to counterfeit the dead man and obtain from the Saint wherewith to meet the expenses of the funeral. The bishop granted what was asked of him, but it happened that the false dead man really died. The survivor ran after Saint Epiphanius, and asked the resurrection of his comrade. The Saint answered that, having done his duty, he had no more to intervene. In this case a corpse is stretched at the feet of the pontiff; but that does not signify that he renders him the duties of burial, as some authors have said. — His costume is most often that of hermits. "It seems," says Father Cahier, "that he should be painted barefoot," if it is true, as Metaphrastes reports, that having lost one of his sandals in the baptistery, he resolved to wear shoes no more. Saint Epiphanius shares with Saint Barnabas the patronage of the island of Cyprus.

Writings of Saint Epiphanius

1° The *Panarium*, or Book of Antidotes against all heresies, which appeared in 374. The Saint sets forth in it and refutes all the heresies which had preceded the birth of Jesus Christ, and those which had arisen since the promulgation of the Gospel. He is not always exact in speaking of Arianism; but one knows how difficult it is to discover the truth on points where the spirit of revolt had so much interest in confusing it. Saint Epiphanius refutes heresies by Scripture and tradition. "One must," he says, "necessarily admit tradition; one cannot learn everything by Scripture: that is why the Apostles have transmitted to us some truths in writing, and others by the way of tradition, *Haer.* 60, c. 6, p. 511." It is by tradition that he justifies the practice and proves the obligation of praying for the dead, *Haer.* 76, c. 7, 8, p. 911. He adds that he cannot sufficiently wonder how Arius has the audacity to abolish the fast of Wednesday and Friday "which is observed throughout the whole earth and which is supported on the authority of the Apostles, *ibid.*" Saint Epiphanius counts eighty heresies up to his time, from the origin of the world; twenty before Jesus Christ, and sixty after. The idea which serves him as a basis is that the Catholic Church is from eternity or from the beginning of the ages. Adam was not created circumcised, nor did he adore any idol; but, being a prophet, he knew God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. He was therefore neither Jew nor idolater, but showed already the character of Christianity; as much must be said of Abel, of Seth, of Enos, of Enoch, of Methuselah, of Noah, of Eber, down to Abraham. Until then there was no principle of action but piety and impiety, faith and unbelief: faith with the image of Christianity, unbelief with the character of impiety and crime; faith without any heresy, without any diversity of sentiments, without any particular denomination, all calling themselves men, like the first; the same faith that the holy and Catholic Church of God still professes to-day, which, existing from the origin, has revealed itself anew in the sequel. From the first man to the deluge, impiety showed itself in violent and barbarous crimes: first phase, which Saint Epiphanius calls barbarism; from the deluge to the time of Abraham, it showed itself in savage and fierce manners, like those of the Scythians: second phase, which he calls Scythism, using this distinction of Saint Paul: In Jesus Christ there is neither Barbarian, nor Scythian, nor Hellene, nor Jew. Hellenism or idolatry began about the time of Serug, great-grandfather of Abraham, and Judaism at the circumcision of that patriarch. Abraham was first called with the character of the Catholic and apostolic Church, without being circumcised. From Hellenism were born the heresies or systems of Greek philosophy; from the union of Hellenism and Judaism, the heresy of the Samaritans, with its various branches; from Judaism, the heresies of the Sadducees, the Scribes, the Pharisees and others; from Christianity, sixty had come forth until then, among which he counts and refutes those who denied the divinity of the Holy Spirit, and the Apollinarists: proving, against the former, that the Holy Spirit is co-eternal and consubstantial with the Father and the Son, and that he proceeds from the one and the other; and against the latter, that the Son of God, in becoming incarnate, took really a body and a soul like ours. As to the Blessed Virgin, there were heretics who denied her perpetual virginity; others, on the contrary, adored

her as a divinity: he establishes against the former that she remained always a virgin, and against the latter that she must be honoured, but God alone adored. He ends the whole work with the first thought: that the Catholic Church, formed with Adam, announced in the patriarchs, accredited in Abraham, revealed by Moses, prophesied by Isaias, manifested in Christ and united to him as his only spouse, exists at once before and after all the errors. In this work, as in his *Anchorat*, he says that Peter, the prince of the Apostles, in spite of his denial, is the solid and immovable rock upon which the Lord built his Church in every sense, and against which the gates of hell, otherwise the heresies and heresiarchs, shall not prevail. It is to him that the Lord, in saying: Feed my sheep, entrusted the guard of the flock, a flock which he governs as is fitting by the virtue of his master.

T. i, p. 500; t. ii, p. 14 and 15.

After having set forth the faith of the Church, he adds its general discipline. The foundation of it is virginity, which a great number of the faithful kept, then solitary life, next continence, after which widowhood, finally an honest marriage, especially if it is single. The crown of this whole is the priesthood, which is recruited most often among virgins, or at least among monks, or, in their default, among those who abstain from their wives, or who are widowers after a single marriage. He who has married again cannot be received into the priesthood, whether in the order of bishop, priest, deacon or subdeacon. The assemblies ordered by the apostles were held generally on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday; on these last two days they fasted until None, except in Paschal time. It was not permitted to fast on Sundays nor on the feast of Christmas, on whatever day it fell. Except Sundays, they fasted the forty days before Easter; during the last six they took only bread, salt and water, and toward evening. The most fervent passed several, or even all six without eating. Memory was made by name of the dead in the prayers and the sacrifice. Several had the particular devotion of abstaining from more or fewer things otherwise permitted. The Church forbade, in general, everything that was evil, superstitious, inhuman, and recommended to all hospitality, alms and all the works of charity toward everyone. Such is the substance of the great work of Saint Epiphanius. He sent it, at their request, to priests and abbots of Syria, with a letter which contains the summary of it and which has been wrongly divided into two. The style of the *Panarium* is little polished, according to Godeau, *Eulogies of Illustrious Bishops*, c. 37, p. 228; but the doctrine it contains is pure and excellent. It may be compared to those diamonds which, without being cut, shine by their natural beauty. We have great obligations to Saint Epiphanius for having left us the history and the refutation of the ancient heresies. It is true that they are known now only by name; but others have succeeded them, and will succeed them until the end of the ages. The spirit of heretics is always the same; it always drags in its train pride, obstinacy and attachment to its own thoughts.

2° The *Anchorat*, so called because it is like a kind of anchor which must fix minds in the true faith, lest they float and be carried about by every wind of doctrine. The holy doctor establishes in it and gives abridged proofs of the principal articles of the Catholic faith.

3° The *Anacephalaeosis*, or abridged recapitulation of the *Panarium*, and not of the *Anchorat*, as Godescard has believed, as well as many other authors.

4° The *Treatise on Weights and Measures*. The author shows much erudition in it; he speaks in it of the weights, measures and customs of the Jews, to facilitate to the faithful the understanding of the Bible.

5° The *Physiologus*, or collection of the properties of animals, with mystical and moral reflections. It is only the reflections that can be attributed to Saint Epiphanius.

6° The *Treatise on Precious Stones*. The holy doctor tries in it to explain the qualities of the twelve precious stones which were on the rational of the high priest of the Jews.

7° Two *Letters* addressed, one to John, bishop of Jerusalem, and the other to Saint Jerome. In the first, the Saint answers the various complaints that John made of him. He says there that, having seen in the church of Anablate, in the diocese of Jerusalem, a veil which hung at the door, and on which was painted an image of Jesus Christ or of some saint (he no longer remembered whose it was), he tore this veil and sent another. It would be wrong to conclude from this passage that Saint Epiphanius did not wish images to be honoured, and that the cult which is rendered to them is of recent date; the contrary is attested by the most authentic monuments. Eusebius speaks of the miracles wrought at the celebrated statue of the woman healed by Jesus Christ of an issue of blood, which was at Paneas in Palestine. It is seen also by Saint Gregory of Nyssa, by Saint Prudentius, by Saint Paulinus, by Saint Ephrem, etc., who lived at the same time, that the use of images was then universally received in the Church. Le Clerc agrees to it himself. The conduct of Saint Epiphanius proves therefore only that he had discovered abuses, or at least that he feared that the paintings in question might be an occasion of falling, either for the Jews or for the newly converted pagans. It is known that in a like circumstance it is sometimes prudent to forbid in certain places a practice of discipline. This remark is Salméron's, in i Joan., c. 5, disp.

In his letter to Saint Jerome, Saint Epiphanius gives him notice of the condemnation of Origen by Theophilus of Alexandria. There are still some works of Saint Epiphanius which are doubtful or supposititious. (See the *Greek Patrology* of M. Migne, vols. xli, xlii, xliii.) We remarked above that Saint Epiphanius had neglected polish of style. His aim was to put himself within reach of the less intelligent. For the rest, this defect and the others which are reproved in his writings have not prevented him from being regarded as one of the principal Doctors of the Church.

Acta Sanctorum and Patrology.

Saint Rictrude, Wife of Saint Adalbaud of Douai

About the year 688. — Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Theuderic III.

> *O God, who hast enriched the blessed widow Rictrude with such a treasure of grace that she sanctified, in sanctifying herself, her husband and her children, grant that, at the*
>
> *remembrance of so great a virtue, we may walk with a straight step in the path of justice. Amen.*
>
> *— Proper of Auch, 1753.*

The life of this Saint offers us all the virtues which distinguish the young virgin, the virtuous wife and the Christian mother; and as if God had wished to give in her person an accomplished model for all conditions, he permitted that, having become a widow, she should enter soon after into a monastery to give there still the example of religious perfection. A Christian woman is a precious treasure in the family; her virtues, though less brilliant ordinarily than those of man, never fail to exercise a considerable influence on the whole of society, and it would be easy, in developing this thought, to recognize that often the most astonishing and marvellous results have had for their first principle the holiness of a woman, of a wife and of a mother. Saint Rictrude was born in the Basque country, of an opulent and illustrious family; she belonged to that lively and warlike race of the Gascons or Vascons which struggled so long against the Franks of the North, and whose national hatreds and antipathies are pursued so far in our history. At the epoch of which we speak, these peoples were still in part idolaters; the proof of it is found in the lives of several Saints of the seventh century, and in particular in that of Saint Amand. Rictrude, by a special favour of divine Providence, received the light of day from Christian and virtuous parents, and she grew up, says the biographer, in the midst of her nation like a rose which springs from the midst of thorns. She had for father the noble and powerful Ernold, her mother was called Lichia[1] (about 605).

From her first years this child gave marks of great holiness, it seemed that God took pleasure in developing in her, with the graces and charms of her age, all the virtues and fine qualities which were to form in her an

accomplished woman. “Sweet and modest in her conduct, bearing imprinted on her brow the innocence of her soul, full of charity and thoughtfulness for all, the young Rictrude grew in age and in grace before the Lord, and scarcely at the dawn of her life, she already shone like a brilliant star of justice and wisdom.”

She was still in adolescence when God permitted that Saint Amand should go and preach the faith in this country. This holy missionary, in fact, having not feared to represent to King Dagobert that the disorders of his conduct were a great scandal to all his subjects, that they would infallibly draw down upon him and his kingdom the wrath of God, this holy liberty had earned him exile: he directed his steps then toward Gascony, and Providence soon led him into the family of Saint Rictrude, a young and beautiful star which took a new brilliance from the splendour of the new star which presented itself to her.

Recent studies having fixed the country of origin of Saint Rictrude among the Basques,[2] it will not be useless to the clearness of our narrative to show what was the political state of this country in the seventh century, and in consequence of what circumstances this princess married a leude of the north of France.

Saint Gregory of Tours reports that in 581, under the reign of Chilperic II, the Vascons having begun to make incursions into Novempopulania, the duke Bladastes went to attack them, in their own country, on the other side of the Pyrenees, but that he lost there the major part of his army, with all his baggage. Some years after, about 588, these same Vascons, says the same historian, “rushing from the height of their mountains, descended into the plains, ravaging the vines and the fields, giving the houses to the flames and bringing away numerous captives, with all the flocks. The duke Austrovaldus pursued them, but drew from it only a feeble vengeance.”[3]

Saint Gregory of Tours, who died in 595, says no more of the Vascons.[4] But the history of this little people is continued by Fredegar, chronicler of the seventh century, who informs us that in 602, Theudebert and Theuderic, kings of the Franks, directed their armies “against the Vascons and that, having defeated them, God helping, they subjected them to their empire, made them tributary and set at their head a duke, named Genialis, who governed them happily.”[5]

Genialis died, after an administration fairly long and always tranquil. Under the government of his successor, Aighinan, the Vascons revolted, in agreement with Senoc, bishop of Eauze and metropolitan of Novempopulania. It was then that they recognized for their duke Amand, one of the great men of the epoch, but whose origin has remained unknown. Amand crossed the Adour and succeeded, in spite of the kings of France, in making his authority accepted over all the country which extends to the river Garonne.

Meanwhile, Dagobert mounted the throne, in 628, and made for his brother Caribert a little kingdom of Aquitaine, with the city of Toulouse for capital. This kingdom, bounded on one side by the Loire, on the other by the Garonne, enveloped, on the south, the country where the Vascons had just established their domination. But Amand, having given in marriage his daughter Gisela to the young king of Aquitaine, the latter acquired then, either by a simple family arrangement, or even by force of arms, the sovereignty of the duchy of the Vascons.[6] The Vascons had to undergo a great war in 637. Caribert was no more, Dagobert hastened to retake the kingdom of Aquitaine, to the prejudice of two orphans, Boggis and Bertrand, sons of Caribert and grandsons of the duke of the Vascons by Gisela, their mother. There is reason to believe that, the Vascons having accepted, as has been seen, the suzerainty of Caribert, king of Aquitaine, Dagobert wished in his turn to place them under his sceptre and that the duke Amand refused, were it only to preserve this remnant of inheritance for his young wards. The fact is that, according to the report of Fredegar, the Vascons revolted and made ravages in “the ancient kingdom of Caribert,” that is to say in the second Aquitaine. To put an end to these depredations, the king of the French sent, under the orders of the referendary Cnadoind, a great army composed of ten corps, each having a duke at its head, not to speak of several counts, as powerful as dukes. At the approach of this army which already, says Fredegar, “filled all Vasconia, the Vascons, coming out from the height of the rocks and the depth of the valleys, ran to the

combats…."[7]

After the death of Caribert and the conquest of Vasconia by the great army of Chadoind, the officers of Dagobert arrived in numbers in the Pyrenean valleys, which no longer presented any danger to them. Now, one of these young lords, by the name of Adalbaud, duke of Douai, in Flanders, had occasion to see Rictrude and asked her in marriage. Some near relatives of the young girl opposed this project, from a sentiment of hatred for French blood, perhaps also because Adalbaud was a Christian; but Ernold and Lichia gave their consent willingly. Rictrude was then in the flower of age, and she passed for a model of candour, wisdom and innocence; nothing more amiable than her conduct, nothing sweeter than her words, nothing more reserved than all her steps; so never was a fairer alliance, more agreeable to God, contracted at the face of the altars, nor under such happy auspices. The holy ceremonies of marriage were accomplished in the most perfect recollection. "Adalbaud offered to his young spouse hereditary virtues, illustrious blood, a manly beauty, a wisdom and prudence which had outrun the years. Rictrude brought him in return modest and chaste charms, a noble birth, great goods, and above all, a pure and spotless life." Fair and holy union of two hearts that God had destined for each other, and which, in spite of the distance of places, he knew how to unite for the accomplishment of his providential designs. Thus Adalbaud, by the innocence of his youth, deserved to find a virtuous wife. "Full of holiness and modesty, she has a grace which surpasses all beauty, she will be the portion and the precious treasure of those who fear the Lord. Therefore her husband puts all his confidence in her. She opens her mouth to wisdom, and words of clemency rest upon her lips."[8] Some time after, Saint Rictrude came with her husband into the country of Ostrevent where he had very vast possessions and where his family dwelt: it is there also that Saint Amand, returned from his exile, came sometimes to rest from his apostolic journeys and to give wise instructions which inspired piety in all.

Already the blessing of the Lord had filled the desires of the two spouses: four children were growing under their eyes and came to add to the family a new charm by their innocent games, their naive docility and their budding virtues. Maurant, the eldest, was held at the baptismal font by the holy apostle Riquier, who was preaching the word of God in rather near regions. Nanthilde, wife of Dagobert, had served as godmother to Eusebia, the eldest of the three daughters. Saint Amand had baptized the second, Clotsende, who later replaced her mother in the monastery of Marchiennes; the youngest, Adalsende, was still in the cradle.

Saint Rictrude, like her virtuous husband, had well understood all the holiness and gravity of the duties of marriage; she knew that henceforth her principal occupation must be to form her children to wisdom and that she would answer one day before God for this precious deposit which was confided to her. So they both hastened "to choose sincerely religious men to give to their young family the lessons that form to science and above all to virtue." They themselves brought to it all their time and solicitude: they were not ignorant that the first and most important instruction which parents owe to their children is the instruction of example: they therefore took care to confirm by all their conduct the words which came from their mouth, and to practise, in the presence of their children, the duties of religion, and sometimes also by their own hands the works of Christian charity.

Thus the dwelling of Rictrude and Adalbaud became truly like a school of piety, of virtues and of good works: it was in some sort the rendezvous of all misfortunes and of all necessities. There they assist the indigent, and soften his labours and fatigues; he whom hunger and thirst press always finds with them relief; they give the poor man wherewith to cover his nakedness, and never refuse to the stranger the bread and hospitality he asks. Sometimes also they are seen to go out from their tranquil dwelling, surrounded by their young children who give themselves at their side to the innocent games of their age; with them they penetrate into the house of the sick and the infirm, to bring consolation and help there. Their hands do not refuse to enclose in the funeral shroud the remains of the Christian, and they might even be surprised sometimes seeking to recall repentance and peace into hearts hardened by crime or ulcerated by hatred."

Far and wide around spread the good odour of the Christian virtues practised in this religious family, and their sweet influence extended over all who approached it: rich or poor, weak or powerful, the man who was in joy as he who wept, all had but one voice to extol and bless the charity and beneficence of Saint Rictrude and of her husband.

Such was the conduct of the noble lady in the days of her prosperity and happiness; but God willed to try her by adversity, and to purify still more this soul already so holy and so agreeable in his eyes. At this epoch Adalbaud, her husband, made a journey into Gascony, whither perhaps some military expedition called him, or else a pressing order of the king, who had great confidence in him.

It was then that men, who belonged probably to the family of Saint Rictrude herself, wished to get rid of him. Already, at the time of his marriage, they had testified a lively discontent, and their anger had only increased on seeing this alliance consummated of a Frank of the North with an illustrious princess of their blood and of their country. This fury awoke suddenly when they saw him reappear in the midst of them. The amiable and brilliant qualities of Adalbaud, the grief in which they were about to plunge Saint Rictrude, his wife and their kinswoman, could not stifle the desire of vengeance in these ardent souls. Having therefore assailed unexpectedly the noble Leude, in the solitudes of Périgord, they put him cruelly to death.

Saint Rictrude, who, at the moment of Adalbaud's departure, had her mind so filled with sad presentiments that she could not tear herself from his arms, soon learned this lamentable news, which plunged her, her children, her servants and all the inhabitants of the country into the most profound consternation. She had the honours of burial rendered to her worthy husband with great magnificence, put on mourning, as did all her household, and began to lead the life of a Christian widow, solely occupied with the care of her children and servants, and the practice of good works. It was then also that she manifested the project, which she already nourished in her soul, of withdrawing from the world, to consecrate herself entirely to God in the religious life. As prudent as pious, she failed not to consult some venerable persons, and particularly Saint Amand, who had become the guardian of the family since the death of Adalbaud. By his counsel, Rictrude resolved to defer her departure until her son Maurant should have reached the robust age required for being admitted to the court of the king of the Franks. While waiting for that epoch, she gave herself with ardour to all works of piety, in the midst of her family, where Saint Amand came often to give advice and consolations. "It was indeed the greatest pleasure of this wise pastor of souls to give lessons to this holy family, letting flow there his teachings, sweet as honey, while the widow found a sea of delights in the meditation of the divine mysteries, to bathe herself in it at leisure, and lived on tears of devotion, as the bee on dew. All of them gave their hearts to be handled by the holy pontiff, just as wax, which the artist's hand moulded into holy men and wise virgins: the little Maurant and Eusebia already took their flight toward the religious life under the wings of their mother. She was the generous eagle who guided them in the air, making them look at the fair sun of justice without dazzling of the eyes."[9]

When, some time later, Saint Rictrude saw her son at court, esteemed and cherished by all, still more for his wisdom and brilliant qualities than for the fair name of his family, she thought that the moment had come to retire to the monastery of Marchiennes with her daughters. Already the eldest of the three, Eusebia, was at Hamage with her venerable grandmother Saint Gertrude; the two youngest, Clotsende and Adalsende, burned also to consecrate themselves to God. Their mother rejoiced in the secret of her heart, seeing this innocent eagerness of her children, and she sighed after the day when their common desires would at last be fulfilled. But God willed to put her vocation still to the most delicate and difficult trial. In effect, the king, who was full of affection and benevolence for Adalbaud and his family, had felt a lively grief when he learned his cruel and unexpected death, and he continued to give marks of it by all the regards with which he surrounded young Maurant. Out of respect for the affliction of a tearful widow, he hid his intentions from Rictrude for some time; but, one day, he made known to her that his desire was to see her take for husband one of the noble Leudes of his court. One understands all that was painful and embarrassing in such a proposal, made

by the king himself, whose wishes, in such a circumstance, were the more inflexible in that almost always it was policy or the interest of the royal power which determined them.

Soon even, whether the monarch had communicated his thoughts to some lords of the palace, or whether his words had reached their ears, several presented themselves to the illustrious widow of Adalbaud, soliciting her to yield to the king's intentions, and to choose a husband capable of defending her family and making it happy. Rictrude answered with much wisdom and declared that a step of this importance required on her part time and reflection: thus she momentarily put aside all importunate solicitations.

From the first declaration of the king she had hastened to inform Saint Amand of this unexpected obstacle which her vocation still met, and to ask the help of his lights and counsels. With his accustomed prudence, the holy missionary engaged her to wait for a more favourable time to execute her design of embracing the religious life. Providence soon brought this occasion, and Saint Rictrude seized it and profited by it with skill.

One day, then, when the king, travelling through various parts of the kingdom, had arrived in the country of Arras, where she had vast possessions,[10] Rictrude invited him, with all his suite, to a great feast. She spared nothing to give this reception all the suitable magnificence and sumptuousness, so that Clovis II could regard it as a testimony of the disposition in which the noble widow was to conform to his wishes. In the midst of the meal, which had been animated by the frankest and most cordial gaiety, Saint Rictrude, rising from table, asked the king, with much dignity and respect, whether in her own house it was granted her to do what she desired. The monarch, who doubtless believed that, to celebrate his welcome and that of the principal lords of the kingdom, she wished to offer the cup and present a new and more generous wine, answered her graciously that everything was permitted her in her house. This word pronounced, Rictrude draws from her bosom a black veil, which had been blessed by Saint Amand himself, puts it on her head and conjures aloud the Lord to help her keep it to the end of her life. At this sight, the king enters into a great anger, goes out abruptly from the banqueting hall, then, accompanied by his people, leaves the castle, indignant against himself for the involuntary consent he has just given to an act which thwarts his projects. During this time, the pious family, without letting itself be troubled, committed its lot into the hands of God and hoped that soon its wishes would be granted.

In these grave circumstances, Saint Rictrude hastened to call to her her wise and prudent counsellor, Saint Amand: he alone could bring about a desirable reconciliation between the monarch and the noble widow. He came in all haste, and betook himself at once to court, while the charitable lady, to draw down the blessings of heaven, distributed a part of her goods to the poor, and gave herself with fervour to all sorts of good works.

Arrived at the palace, Saint Amand represented to the monarch, with much moderation and prudence, that the venerable Rictrude had conceived for a long time the desire of living far from the world, that she had acted in all things only with wisdom, that it was God truly who called her to this new kind of life, and that it was just that the desires of the kings of earth should yield before the will of the King of heaven. The prince yielded to these so religious and wise words, and the reconciliation was effected. Saint Rictrude could at last fly toward the solitude after which she had sighed so long.

Some days after, the inhabitants of the Castrum of Douai saw, for the last time, the holy wife of Adalbaud directing herself with her children toward the temple consecrated to the Mother of God,[11] and then take with joy the road to Marchiennes. It is there that Saint Rictrude gives herself in all liberty to the inspirations of her religious soul, and that she consoles herself for the loss of a cherished husband by the hopes of faith. Under the direction of Saint Jonat, one of the most worthy disciples of Saint Amand, she passes there tranquil days, in the midst of the holy maidens who have followed her into her retreat. Unceasingly her soul rises to God, by prayer and pious meditations, and she draws from the sacred books the lights which enlighten her mind

and the sentiments which strengthen her heart. The time was not far off when she would still have need of this courage inspired by religion, to bear a new loss very sensible to her maternal heart.

Saint Rictrude had entered the solitude of Marchiennes, accompanied by her two little daughters, who grew at her side, and who filled her heart with an ineffable joy. Suddenly, a violent and obstinate illness carries off under her eyes the young and innocent Adalsende, at the moment when, on earth, all was in rejoicing. On all sides resounded the triumphal cry of the angels: “Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.” It was the Nativity of the Saviour, the touching solemnity of Christmas.

During three days, Saint Rictrude knew how to restrain her tears and her grief so as not to trouble the feast, but when, on the day of the Innocents, the tearful mothers of Rama made their lamentations heard, she could no longer repress her own. The sacred mysteries accomplished, and the hour of taking the first meal having come: “Go, my beloved sisters,” said Rictrude, “go take, with thanksgiving, the nourishment of your bodies; as for me, after the example of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem, I go to weep for my innocent little daughter Adalsende, whom death has ravished from me at so tender an age.” At these words speech expires on her lips, and, directing herself at once to a retired place, she gives free course to her sobs, her groans and her tears. Touching tribute of nature, which is softened in Christian souls only by the sentiment of faith and of heavenly hopes. A new and last trial was still reserved for the venerable Rictrude; but this time it was to change promptly into joy: it was the determination which her son suddenly took to consecrate himself to the service of God, and to build, far from the court, a monastery, where he would retire with other Christian heroes, animated by the same dispositions. This news, which Maurant communicated at once to his holy mother, filled her at first with disquiet and perplexity; she feared that this beloved son, who had, by her care, preserved his innocence and the purity of his manners, might make an illusion to himself, and expose himself by these irrevocable engagements to bitter regrets, and perhaps to guilty wanderings.

Saint Rictrude therefore called to her the venerable Saint Amand, “her counsellor and the physician of anxious and troubled souls.” The holy bishop betook himself in all haste to the monastery of Marchiennes and easily calmed the apprehensions of this virtuous mother, by representing to her all that had passed at the palace between Maurant and himself, and with what prudence and what discretion this young man had acted in all things. The liveliest joy then succeeded sadness, and it was complete when Maurant arrived at the abbey of Marchiennes, beside his mother, to expose to her himself the motives of his conduct. There, in the chapel itself of the monastery, Saint Amand celebrated the divine mysteries and gave to the young Leude, who voluntarily stripped himself of all the insignia of warriors, the tonsure of clerics. Saint Maurant retired afterwards to the monastery of Bruël (Merville), built by his care on lands which belonged to his family.

After the retreat of her beloved son, Saint Rictrude, henceforth free from all disquiet, was occupied with God alone; she advanced with great strides in the ways of salvation, practising with fidelity all the virtues of religious life. Nothing could stop her in her ardour for the accomplishment of the duties of her charge of abbess; she was truly for her religious a mother full of goodness, seeking every means of being agreeable to them and of making them advance in the perfection of their state. It was in the midst of these pious exercises that she fell asleep peacefully in the Lord, about the year 688, at the age of about seventy-six years, leaving Clotsende to replace her in the direction of the monastery of Marchiennes.

Cult and Relics of Saint Rictrude

The memory of Saint Rictrude has always been in great veneration in all the country where she passed the last part of her life: the high opinion that was held of her virtue, the fine actions which marked her life, the sweet remembrances she left in the world where she had lived, all contributed to conciliate to her after her death the respect and homage which miracles, wrought near her tomb, have still increased from day to day. Several parishes in the dioceses of Cambrai and Arras are placed under her invocation. In the church of Marchiennes, one sees a very beautiful side chapel consecrated to her and which has been almost entirely

restored for some years. Besides a statue of the holy Patroness, there is also a monument of polished stone which appears to have belonged to the ancient abbey of Marchiennes. This piece, of about two metres in length by seventy-five centimetres in width, is raised three feet above the ground: it represents Saint Rictrude lying with her arms crossed on her breast.

"The rich shrine which enclosed the body of Saint Rictrude," reports Canon Parenty, in his *History of Saint Bertha*, p. 17, in the note, "was sent from Marchiennes to the Mint of Paris, in 1793.[12] An employee of this establishment, M. Desrotours, deposited later these relics with those of several other saints at the archbishopric of Paris. They remained there until 29 July 1830, the epoch at which they were dispersed during the pillage of the palace of Mgr de Quélen. There is now found only a small fragment preserved in the church of Notre-Dame." "Saint Rictrude," says M. Menjoulet, "is, in the North of France, one of the best-known and most invoked Saints.

"How then does it happen that she is so little so in her own country? How have the Basques been able to forget this national illustration, and how is it that, for the most part of them, the glorious apostle of their ancestors, Saint Amand, is in some sort a stranger? Such an indifference, so little conformable to the habitual constancy of popular traditions, would seem bound to invalidate the truth of the preceding narratives, if the quite particular situation of our Basques, in the midst of the surrounding populations, did not give a very plausible explanation of it. Let us observe, in effect, that while they preserved, by language and by manners, the ever distinct seal of a common origin, the Basques were separated from one another in the ecclesiastical order and in the civil order. In this latter respect, the Labourdins and the Souletins belonged to Guyenne, which continued the duchy of Vasconia, while Lower Navarre was one of the Merindades (or districts) of the Kingdom of Navarre, in Spain. In the ecclesiastical order, the fractioning was still more sensible; the Soule formed part of the Béarnais diocese of Oloron; Labourd formed the major part of the diocese of Bayonne; as to Lower Navarre, it finds itself cut in two parts: the South (Baïgorry and Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port) depending on the cathedral of Bayonne, and the North (Iholdy and Saint-Palais) depending on the diocese of Dax.

"It is to this parcelling of the Basque population that its forgetfulness of Saint Amand must be attributed. The Catholics of the Soule had found in the diocese of Oloron a patron already in possession of public veneration, Saint Grat, born on the confines of their beautiful valley; and each year, on 19 October, they went in crowds to venerate his relics at Oloron itself. The Labourdins had for beloved protector Saint Leo, who shed his blood at the gates of Bayonne. There remained Lower Navarre which, subject to two different churches, naturally underwent the prescriptions of their special liturgies. Ah! if the Basques had formed one and the same diocese, they would have been more faithful to their remembrances; but separated, as they were, they could not escape the influence of the traditions which dominated in the different spheres where they were as if englobed.

"Let us add that the Basques have never had either national history or literature. The bishops of the three dioceses on which they depended were themselves ignorant of the religious origins of these quarters, deprived of historical monuments, and it was necessary to wait until the seventeenth century, the exhumation of the old chronicles of the north of France, to awaken, in the South, the memory of the apostle of the Basques. But, let us say it with joy, as soon as our prelates were enlightened by the discoveries of hagiographical science, they thought of repairing the forgetfulness of their predecessors; the new breviaries of the province of Auch, and notably that which Mgr d'Arche believed he could publish, in 1753, for the use of the clergy of Bayonne, carried an office in honour of Saint Arnaud, on 6 January, and another in honour of Saint Rictrude, on 10 May. Let us not complain that the legends of the two offices do not sufficiently respect the nationality of the Basques, whom they also confound with the Gascons; it suffices to find in them an important homage, though tardy, rendered by grateful posterity to two saints who deserve to be honoured as the true patrons of a part at least of our dear mountains.

“The Basque country belongs to-day entirely to the diocese of Bayonne, of which it is, without contradiction, the most profoundly Catholic portion; testimony of a Béarnais who wishes to be equitable before all. Well! will it be permitted to the author of this dissertation to express the desire that the cult of Saint Amand and Saint Rictrude may spread in our beautiful diocese? Why should their feast not be celebrated anew among us, with the same solemnity as those of Saint Julian, Saint Galactorius, Saint Grat and Saint Leo? Why should there not be seen, above all in Lower Navarre, deprived of all devotion to a national saint, rising, if not some church, at least some chapel under the title of Saint Amand and Saint Rictrude? Why should these two Saints not become popular, the one as special patron of men of zeal and devotion, the other as assured protectress of Christian mothers and widows?

“There has been made, quite recently, a first reparation to these holy memories. It is a work of art, executed by the skilful and sympathetic brush of M. Romain Cazes, in the church of Sainte-Croix of Oloron, a monument of the eleventh century. At the bottom of the splendidly decorated sanctuary, in the arcature, with seven blind bays, which ends the apse and surrounds the altar, one sees, under the name of Gallery of the Saints of the country, beside Saint Julian, Saint Grat, Saint Galactorius and Saint Leo, Saint Amand, apostle of the Basques, Saint Rictrude, Vasconian lady and abbess, with Saint Adalbaud himself. But Oloron is in Béarn; the Basque country will not wish to remain disinherited of its purest glories.

“For some years the diocese of Bayonne has had the happiness of recovering the liturgy of Rome, which does not celebrate the feast of our two Saints. Let us wish that episcopal wisdom may find it opportune to introduce into it, according to all the canonical rules, the office of Saint Amand and that of Saint Rictrude.”

We have borrowed this Life from the *Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras*, by the abbé Destombes: we have nevertheless modified it with regard to the topography and the history of the contemporary political events, with the help of the pamphlet several times cited of M. Menjoulet.

Saint Modoald, Bishop of Trier (640)

Modoald was a native of the province of Aquitaine. He was allied to Pepin, mayor of the palace at the court of Dagobert, king of France. Pepin had married Itta, sister of Modoald, and of their marriage was born Gertrude, a virgin of high holiness, honoured at Nivelles. Modoald received from his parents an excellent education, in respect of knowledge as in that of piety. He was received at the court of Dagobert, where he met several personages of great virtue, such as Arnault, of Metz, and Cunibert, of Cologne. The licence which reigned at court made him lose nothing of his piety, wherefore Dagobert chose him to raise him to the archiepiscopal see of Trier. When, after the feast of Saint Arnoult, the king had let himself go to the most dissolute life, our Saint, while carefully watching over his flock, ceased not to warn the king and to recall him to respect for himself and to the observance of the law of God. His counsels at last bore their fruits, God having touched and changed the heart of the prince, to the great advantage of the Catholic faith and of religion. From this happy change, Dagobert, weeping the faults of his past life, always regarded Modoald as his father, and he called him by that name, adding to his marks of affection rich gifts destined for the ornament and enlargement of the Church of God. It is with these liberalities that Modoald erected numerous monasteries in honour of Christ and of his holy Mother, and that he richly endowed others. He founded also several Congregations of religious women, always with the largesses of Dagobert, all the better disposed for this kind of institution as he himself had two daughters of very great piety, and very zealous for the solitary and religious life. One of them, Irmina, founded a monastery at Horren, near Trier, and lived there with other virgins under the direction of Modoald. The other, named Adela, after the death of her husband, followed the example of her sister, and shut herself up at Polotiolum, another monastery of women. Modoald did not stop at these foundations; he built, on the banks of the Moselle, a third monastery of maidens which he placed under the invocation of Saint Symphorian of Autun. Could the holy bishop better entrust the guard of the chaste spouses of Jesus Christ than to the young martyr who had united so much courage to so much

innocence? He established as first abbess of the community Severa, his sister: and this pious virgin sanctified herself there by taking for her model the holy patron of her monastery. There, without shedding her blood for Jesus Christ, she too nevertheless was a voluntary victim, not of her faith, but of her love: for, each day, did she not immolate on the altar of charity, by the sword of mortification, her body, her will, her heart? The fervent abbey which she governed, following the counsels of her brother, with a firmness tempered by the most amiable gentleness, was simple and modest. Instead of gold and silver one saw shine there like jewels, says the hagiographer, all the religious virtues on which the white pearl of virginal purity shed its soft brilliance. What a delicious flower-bed in the eyes of the angels was that holy house where, in the midst of all the others, the admirable abbess rose like a fair lily and blossomed under the regards of God and of Saint Symphorian, exhaling her heavenly perfume! Saint Severa is honoured on 20 August, and her brother, Saint Modoald, on 12 May. Both wished to repose after their death side by side in the church of Saint Symphorian, after having loved each other, adds the historian, like Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica. This monastery was destroyed during the invasion of the Normans.

Saint Modoald attained to a high perfection: his modesty, his simplicity, his patience, his charity toward God and neighbour were equal to those of the greatest Saints. When he had thus not only practised piety for his part, but had made religion make great progress in all his diocese during more than twenty years that he governed it, he departed from this world to go to God.

Modoald has been at all times honoured as the father of the poor and the refuge of the unfortunate. His head was formerly kept with great veneration in the archiepiscopal chapel of Trier.

Saint Modoald is represented with a church on his hand, to recall the foundation of the monastery of Saint Symphorian.

Proper of Trier; *Cult of Saint Symphorian*, etc.

Saint Dominic or Domingue of Calzada (1109)

This Saint owes his name to the Causeway[1] which he caused to be made across the country where the present town of San Domingo de la Calzada is found, in Old Castile, on the road to Saint James of Compostela.

Born among the Basques of Spain, he left his native country and went to knock at the door of several monasteries, but in vain. His unprepossessing exterior and his ignorance caused him to be rejected everywhere.

The Saint then took the resolve to make himself a hermit. The pilgrims of Saint James had to cross the solitude of the Rioja, infested by robbers. Dominic undertook to render it practicable for travellers. He built first a hut, built near it a chapel in honour of the most holy Mother of God, set about clearing the forest, levelled the road, paved it with his own hands and had a hospice built to receive pilgrims. The facility of the road, by multiplying travellers, brought population into this region then almost deserted. Such is the origin of the little town of San Domingo de la Calzada or Saint Dominic of the Causeway, formerly seat of a bishopric which has been transferred to Calahorra and whose principal church is still dedicated to our Saint. Saint Dominic died about the year 1109.

His attributes in popular art are a cock and a hen which he holds in one hand and a hangman’s rope which he holds in the other. This deserves explanation: it is related then that a French family, composed of the father, the mother and a young man, going to Saint James of Compostela, stopped at an inn at San Domingo de la Calzada. The daughter of the house fell in love with the young Frenchman and made him proposals which were rejected. The ardent Spanish girl resolved to avenge herself: she had a silver cup hidden in the hood of the young man. When the pilgrims had left, the girl cried thief and declared that the theft could have been committed only by the French who had been lodged the day before. They ran after them, and in fact the cup

was found. The young man was brought back to the town and hanged high and short. His parents, desolate, continued their pilgrimage. But what was not their joy on their return to find their son hanging on the gibbet still alive and to learn from his mouth that Saint Dominic had preserved him from death: they went to find the judge and begged him to take this heavenly favour into consideration to have the innocent man taken down. The man of law was on the point of sitting down to table. Not believing in a miracle, he said to the parents: “Your son is as alive as the cock and the hen you see there and of which I am going to make my meal.” Scarcely were these words pronounced when the fowls leaped upon the dish and re-feathered themselves with a white plumage, symbol of innocence. They went therefore to verify the fact and the first sentence was reformed. This story has been told by a great number of authors; the glass-painters of the Middle Ages have often reproduced it. Commemorative medals of the event were struck: one of these medals has been found, in our days, in the Seine, at Paris, where it had doubtless been brought by a pilgrim of Saint James. Finally the arms of Calzada have preserved the trace of it and fix the theatre of the event. In the arms in question, a bridge and a town enclosed by walls, placed under the feet of the Saint, recall the foundation of the city. The care which Saint Dominic took of pilgrims has also caused the pilgrim’s staff to be attributed to him.

Acta Sanctorum, new translation; Characteristics, by Father Cahier.

Saint Joan of Portugal, Virgin (1490)

Joan was daughter of Alphonsus V, king of Portugal. From her earliest years, the remembrance of the Passion of Our Lord made her shed tears of tenderness. Early she fasted on bread and water every Friday and all the days of Holy Week. Having reached adolescence, she redoubles her austerities; but God alone knew them. Joan applied herself to appearing outwardly as a king’s daughter ought to appear. Heaven willed to reward so much holiness united to so much prudence: each day, her beauty acquired new graces. Asked in marriage by several princes, she constantly refused them her hand. At a time when the king, her father, and the infante John, her brother, made more lively instances with her, God revealed to her that she would be delivered from these importunities by the death of him to whom it was wished to give her as spouse. Victorious over flesh and blood, she entered the monastery of Aveiro of the Order of Saint Dominic: there she made it forgotten, by her humility and obedience, that she was a daughter of kings. She immolated her body for the conversion of sinners; but the principal work of her zeal was the redemption of the captives of Africa: often she was seen distributing the bread of religious instruction to those unfortunates.

She rendered her holy soul to God, on the 4th of the ides of May 1490, carried off by a cruel illness, whose pains she bore with invincible patience.

Innocent XII, on the report that was made to him of the miracles and the reputation of holiness of the blessed Joan, permitted the churches of Portugal and the Friars Preachers to celebrate each year the anniversary of her entry into eternal rest.

Saint Joan is the patroness of Aveiro. The Bollandists give her life and reproduce her authentic portrait in their Appendix, on 12 May. She is represented either in secular dress or in religious habit; in the latter case, a crown of thorns is placed on her head and a crucifix in her hand.

Proper of Portugal and Acta Sanctorum, new translation.

Saint Hygin, Patron of Lectoure (Epoch Uncertain)

Génie or Hygin is honoured solemnly at Lectoure as one of the principal Patrons of that city. According to his life, written by an author ancient in truth, but not contemporary, and which Bernard de la Guionie has collected, it appears that he was born of an illustrious family, that he was adorned with all the Christian virtues, and endowed with a marvellous eloquence, that his apostolic labours brought a great number of

idolaters to the faith; that, for this, he was exposed to persecutions, but that he saved himself by a miracle in consequence of which thirty soldiers, sent to take him, themselves embraced the faith of Jesus Christ. There was anciently at Lectoure a church and a monastery of Saint-Génie. The site of it was given, in 1076, to Saint Hugh, abbot of Cluny.

Proper of Tarbes.

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[1] He is represented carrying the book of exorcisms or receiving the blessing of the Pope: the legend relates that Philip, who knew only Greek, began to speak Latin as soon as he had received this blessing. — *Acta Sanctorum*.

[2] See a notice on Saint Germanus, in the Life of Saint Gregory II, on 13 February, and the question of the holy Images, in the *General and Particular Councils*, by Mgr Guérin, vol. "n", p. 39.

[3] *Cella S. Munderici*.

[4] A sepulchral stone, placed on the spot where his body rested, bore this laconic inscription: *Vibius hic effossus est quia prædicavit.*

[5] *Acta Sanctorum*.

[6] The blessed Imelda is the patroness of first communicants. We shall give her life on 16 September, the day on which the Dominicans celebrate her feast.

[7] Epist. ad Joan. Hieros.

[8] Augustine, Epist. 35.

[9] Ephrem, apud Photius, cod. 228.

[10] Damascene, *de imag.*

[11] John the Almoner, Bollandists, 23 January, p. 505.

[12] Ernold, Arnaud; Lichia, Lucie.

[13] M. Garât (*Origins of the Basques*, Paris, 1839) distinguishes the Vascons from the Basques and the Gascons. According to him, the Vascons are the Béarnais, the allies of the Basques in all their wars; the Basques are the continuators of the Cantabrians, a Semitic colony brought into the Basses-Pyrénées on the vessels of the Phoenicians: the Vascons or Béarnais would have given their name to their friends the Cantabrians, who from then on are called Basques, and to their enemies the Aquitanians, who took the name of Gascons. M. Menjoulet, for his part (*Saint Amand, Apostle of the Basques*, 1869), makes of the Vascons and the Basques only one people. But the result indicated by the two authors is the same, namely that the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, Vascons, Basques or Cantabrians, imposed their suzerainty and their name on the part of Aquitaine comprised under the name of Novempopulania and to-day of Gascony. We have no reason to combat a theory according to which the Cantabrians are the ancestors of the Basques in direct line, without displacement of populations; the Béarnais are the Vascons conquered by Crassus and enemies of Clovis, and finally the Gascons are the same as the Aquitanians, except that they have taken the name of the Vascons and the allied Basques who subjected them to their suzerainty. Once more, we have no wish to contradict this theory; but we should like proofs, and M. Garât gives none.

M. Menjoulet seems to us closer in his argument; but then what becomes of the Cantabrians? They must not nevertheless be effaced from history.

[14] Greg. Tur., *Hist. Franc.*, book vi, chap. 12; book ix, chap. 7.

[15] He mentions Vasconia in one of his letters (*Patrol.*, vol. lxxi, col. 1463) and he then writes this word with a double W: *Wasconia*. It is the spelling which has since prevailed among the chroniclers.

[16] *Anno vii regni Theuderici… Theudebertus et Theudericus exercitum contra Wascones dirigunt ipsosque, Deo auxiliante, dejectos suæ dominationi redigunt et tributarios faciunt. Ducem super ipsos, nomine Genialem, instituunt, qui eos feliciter dominarit.* (Fredegar, *Chronic.*; *Patrol.*, vol. lxxi, col. 617, no. 21.)

[17] Fredegar, chap. 57; *History of Languedoc*, book vii.

[18] One sees the distinction indicated previously between the territory which constitutes the duchy of Amand, and the people which gave its name to this territory: Vasconia is covered entirely by the French army and the Vascons are still shut up in the defiles of the mountain.

[19] Prov. xxxi.

[20] *The Saints of the Province of Lille, Douai, Orchies*, by Martin l'Hermite, p. 96.

[21] Bolland., 12 May. — The place in question is called to-day Boiri-Sainte-Rictrude, canton of Beaumetz, arrondissement of Arras. A priory dependent on Marchiennes and served by religious of this monastery was established in this place. — In the *Acta Sanctorum Belgii*, vol. iv, p. 487, it is proved that this fact must have happened under Clovis II.

[22] Buzelin, *Gallo-Flandria*, book i, chaps. 31, 41, *passim*. — This church had been repaired formerly by the care of Adalbaud and Erchinoald, his brother.

[23] There still exist old pupil boarders of the abbey: they remember having seen carried off, amid the tears and groans of the whole community, the two shrines which enclosed the relics of Saint Rictrude and of Saint Eusebia.

[24] Calzada.

13 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the dedication of the church of Saint Mary of the Martyrs (Our Lady of the Rotunda), which the blessed Pope Boniface IV, after having purified that old temple dedicated to all the gods which was called the Pantheon, consecrated in honour of the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and of all the martyrs, in the time of the emperor Phocas. About 611. — At Constantinople, the blessed Mucius, priest and martyr, who, under the emperor Diocletian and the proconsul Laodicius, endured first, at Amphipolis, many pains and torments for the confession of Jesus Christ, was then led to Byzantium where he had his head cut off. 211. — At Heraclea, Saint Glyceria, martyr, a native of Rome, who was executed under the emperor Antonio and the president Sabinus.[1] 162. — At Alexandria, several holy Martyrs, whom the Arians massacred in hatred of the Catholic faith, in the church of Saint Theonas. 372. — At Maestricht, Saint Servatius, bishop of the church of Tongres, whose merit divine Providence made seen to everyone, in that the snow, which in winter covered all the country round, never fell on his tomb, until the zeal of the inhabitants had built a basilica over it. — In Palestine, Saint John the Silentiary. — At Valladolid, Saint Peter Regalatus, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, restorer of regular discipline in the convents of Spain, and placed in the rank of the Saints by Pope Benedict XIV.[2] 1456.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Auxerre, Saint Marcellian, bishop and confessor, successor of Saint Peregrinus. About 314. — At Soissons, Saint Onesimus, bishop, who compensated in his person for the lack of martyrdom by the rigours of an incredible penance. His body has been transferred to Douai with that of Saint Gurdinella. End of the 4th century. — At Poitiers, Saint Agnes, abbess of Sainte-Croix, and Saint Disciola, religious of the same monastery, who have honoured it both by their innocence, their virginal purity and their exemplary holiness. 6th century. — At Coincy, in Tardenois, in the diocese of Soissons, Saint Rastragena, virgin and martyr, of whom only the cult is known which was formerly rendered to her relics in the church of the priory of that place. — At Villiers-la-Poterie, between Fosses and Marchienne-au-Pont, in the deanery of Bouvines, near Namur, Saint Rollande, Dolende or Rolleinde, daughter of a French prince named Didier, who, “esteeming all things as dung beside the love of Jesus Christ,” resolved to go and hide herself in the monastery of Saint Ursula, at Cologne, in order not to marry a prince of Scotland. She died on the way in the cottage of a charitable peasant. The holy Patroness of Villiers is invoked against gravel and colic. 7th century. — In the Order of Saint Dominic, the memory of the venerable Thomas, called of Cantimpré, first canon regular in the abbey of that name, then Dominican religious and suffragan bishop of Cambrai, celebrated for his piety and his writings. — At Bayeux, the feast of Saint Marcoul. — At Séez, the feast of Saint Serenicus, whose decease is marked on the 7th. — At Autun, the feast of Saint Flavian or Flavius, bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône. 595. — At Auch, the feast of Saint Génie, whose decease is marked on 3 May. He is also named Hygin. — At Viviers, the feast of Saint Andeolus, whose decease is marked on the 1st of this month. — At Auxerre, the feast of Saint Hellade, mentioned on the 8th of this month in the Roman Martyrology. — At Orléans, the feast of Saint Sigismund, named on the 1st of this month in the Roman Martyrology.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Constantinople, Saint Germanus, bishop, of the Order of Saint Basil.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — Saint Peter, martyr, whose birth into heaven is on 29 April.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Cremona, the blessed Albert of the town of Ogna, in the territory of Bergamo, of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, illustrious for his miracles, whose burial took place on 7 May.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Valladolid, Saint Peter Regalatus, confessor, restorer of regular discipline in the convents of Spain and placed in the rank of the Saints by Benedict XIV.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — Saint Nereus, Saint Achilleus, Saint Domitilla, virgin, and Saint Pancras, of whom the Church makes memory on the eve of this day.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — The feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Help.

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Catherine of Siena, whose birth into heaven is on 30 April.

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — Saint Pius V, inscribed in the martyrology on 5 May; but his feast is celebrated to-day in our Order.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Drizipara, in Thrace, Saint Alexander, Roman soldier, martyr under the reign of Maximian. — At Ascoli, in the March of Ancona, in Italy, Saint Christantian, martyr, who is invoked against hail and storms. — At Como, in Italy, Saint Dominica, virgin, sister of Saint Agrippinus, bishop of that city, with whom she was buried. 6th century. — At Synnada, in Phrygia, Saint Pausicacus, bishop. 7th century. — At Milan, Saint Natalis or Noël, archbishop. 751. — At Constantinople, Saint Sergius, confessor, who died in exile, during the persecution of the Iconoclasts. — In Ireland, Saint Moëldod, abbot. — At Villamagna, near Florence, the blessed Gerard, solitary, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. — At Foligno, in Italy, the blessed Anthony the Hungarian, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. 1398. — At Como, the blessed Magdalen Albrici, abbess of Brunate, of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine. 1465.

Saint Servais, Bishop of Tongres

384. — Pope: Saint Damasus. — Emperor of the West: Valentinian II.

> *My profession is to believe, love and serve God.*
>
> *— Answer of Saint Servais to the Huns.*

The origin of Saint Servais is unknown. Haribert, abbot of Lobbes, who made the abridgment of his life, says only that he was of great birth, that he was brought up with much care, and that his conduct always bore the mark of the nobility and generosity of his blood. Other authors, reported by Chapeauville, say that he was born, on the frontiers of Persia, of a Jewish family related to Saint Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin; that he was brought to Tongres by an Angel; that, speaking only one language, he was understood by all sorts of nations; that his abstinence was so admirable that often he lived only on the holy Eucharist; that he possessed also the grace of healings; the sick who could either touch him, or have remains from his table, or even drink the water in which he had washed his hands, were assured of their cure.

His zeal for the Catholic faith appeared principally in three councils. The first was that of Cologne, held in the year 346, where he had condemned and deposed the bishop of the same city, guilty of the heresy of the Arians: it is probable that this bishop, condemned for heresy, was not Euphratas, as some authors have believed, but his predecessor. The terms used by Saint Servais, in giving his opinion in the council, are so important that they well deserve to be reported: “I know certainly,” he said, “what this false bishop has taught; I do not speak of it by hearsay, but for having myself heard it. As our churches were neighbours, I often opposed his false doctrine when he denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. I did it not only in private, but also in public, in the presence of Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, and of several priests and deacons; my opinion is that he cannot be bishop of Christians, and that those who shall have communications with him

cannot bear the name of Christians." In these words he speaks of Saint Athanasius as of a faithful witness of the blasphemies of this bishop, because this holy Patriarch, having been exiled to Trier, from 336 to 338, could easily have heard him at Cologne or in some other neighbouring place.

The second council, where Saint Servais made his faith and his zeal for orthodox truth shine forth, was that of Sardica: there was confirmed the consubstantiality of the eternal Word with his Father, which the council of Nicaea had defined, and Saint Athanasius, the most generous defender of this consubstantiality, was absolved there of all the calumnies which the Arians had forged against him. This council was held in the year 347. Finally, the third council was that of Rimini, held in the year 359, where our Servais, assisted by Saint Phoebadius, bishop of Agen, resisted, with an intrepid courage and a marvellous force, the power and malice of the enemies of the faith, without fearing either exile, or hunger and thirst, or prison, or even the death with which he was threatened. It is true that, after a long resistance, he was at last deceived by the Arians, who made him sign a formula which, appearing altogether orthodox, had nevertheless a heretical sense of which they afterwards availed themselves; but this surprise only animated him the more against them; and, when he had returned to France, he laboured with an indefatigable zeal to banish their heresy from it and to make the orthodox faith reign there, which Saturninus, bishop of Arles, and Paternus, bishop of Périgueux, had undertaken to ruin.

In the interval which separated these two councils, the tyrant Magnentius, who had had part in the murder of the emperor Constans, and had caused himself to be proclaimed emperor in his place, knowing the incomparable merit of Saint Servais, and how much strength and eloquence he had to persuade what he wished, sent him, with another bishop, named Maximus, to the emperor Constantius, brother of the deceased, to arrange an accommodation with him and to make him agree that he should keep the purple and be associated in the empire; but the event shows us that they did not obtain what Magnentius desired; they had besides undertaken this journey only by force, and to prevent that tyrant from tormenting the churches if they refused him this good office. While Saint Servais, after the council of Rimini, was labouring to maintain the Catholic faith in his diocese and to banish vice from it, which attracts heresy, God made him know that the Huns, a barbarous and cruel people, would soon enter the Gauls and that, among many other cities, they would sack and destroy that of Tongres. This revelation filled him with extreme sorrow; nevertheless, taking it at first rather as a threat which could be averted by prayers and tears, than as an absolute and inevitable prediction, he mounted the pulpit, exhorted his people to penance, in order to snatch the rods from the hand of the Almighty. He offered also himself in sacrifice for his children, and, by austerities and continual groans, he tried to render God propitious to a people for whom he had the tenderness of a mother. But, seeing that heaven was inflexible and that all his sighs did not touch it, he resolved to make a journey to Rome to interest more efficaciously the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul in the protection of his city. He went there therefore, and passed several days in fasting and prayer near their tombs. He prayed also for the city of Metz, because Saint Auteur, who was bishop of it, and who could not accompany him on this journey, had conjured him, in his passage through his episcopal city, to intercede for it as well as for that of Tongres. Saint Peter appeared to Servais and said to him "that the irrevocable decree was given against the country of the Gauls; the Huns would descend into it and would sack the cities and provinces; that of Tongres would be enveloped for its crimes in this inundation; but Saint Stephen had so powerfully interceded for that of Metz, of which Auteur was bishop, that it had still been pardoned for this time; as for him, he would not see the evils with which his country was threatened: he must return promptly, prepare the things necessary for his burial, withdraw to Maastricht and there await the will of God." It is said that the prince of the Apostles gave him also as pledge of his affection, and as assurance of what he told him, a silver key, made by the hand of Angels, which has since wrought many miracles. But there are authors who believe that the key called Saint Servais's was given to him by the Pope, and that it is one of those keys in which a little filing of the chains of Saint Peter was placed, and which the Popes gave out of devotion to the illustrious pilgrims who came to Rome. This is a conjecture which has some likelihood; but, being supported by no proof, it cannot be as

strong as the tradition of the churches of Maestricht and of Liège, which holds that this key is a present from Saint Peter. On returning from Rome, he fell into the hands of the Huns who were already ravaging Italy. They threw him first into a deep pit, while they deliberated among themselves on what they would do with him; but God, who never abandons his servants and who descends with them into the darkest dungeons, made appear in the midst of the night, in this prison, so great a light that these barbarians, being frightened, thought themselves too happy to deliver their prisoner and set him at liberty. He converted even some of them, because a marvellous splendour which appeared on his face, and an eagle which covered him with one of its wings during his sleep and refreshed him with the movement of the other, made them know that the God he adored was the Master and sovereign Lord of all things. When he was at liberty, he set out again and crossed Italy and the mountains of Savoy. In the Vosges he caused a fountain to spring miraculously, with which he quenched his thirst, and which has since served for the healing of several sick. Saint Auteur, bishop of Metz, having come to join him at Worms, he betook himself to his city to announce to the clergy and the people what he had learned at Rome by the apparition of Saint Peter. He declared to them therefore that their punishment was deferred; but that they must merit this grace and remove more and more from their walls the indignation of God and the rigour of his chastisements by penance and the change of their manners.

When he arrived at Tongres, his diocesans received him there with incredible joy. But this joy was soon changed into a torrent of tears when he made known to them the irrevocable decree which God had pronounced against them. Their grief greatly increased when he told them that he was obliged to leave them and to pass to another city to find the peace of the tomb there. They surrounded him, as formerly the faithful of Ephesus and of Miletus had surrounded Saint Paul, to conjure him not to leave them orphans. But although his heart was touched by the tears of his children, he could not dispense himself from obeying the order of God. He went out therefore from Tongres, carrying with him what was necessary for his burial. It is said that he carried also the sacred bones of his predecessors and of some other holy personages, honoured with a public cult in his diocese, that they might not be exposed to the profanation of the barbarians, and that the diocesans who should take refuge at Maestricht, after the ruin of Tongres, might find there by their means a long and continual protection. These Saints, who had preceded him, are: Saint Valentine, Saint Navitus, Saint Marcellus, Saint Metropolus, Saint Severinus, Saint Florentius and Saint Martin. Before leaving, he had healed a part of the sick of the city; the others were reserved to receive health after his death by the touch of his body.

He was not long at Maestricht without seeing the effect of the prediction of Saint Peter. Scarcely had he placed decently the holy relics which he had brought from Tongres, marked the place of his sepulture and made his last dispositions, when, being at the altar, where he was celebrating the divine Mysteries, he was warned by an Angel of the day and hour of his decease. A fever seized him at once, and, at the end of three days, after having received the last Sacraments, exhorted his people to the fear of God and prayed earnestly for their salvation, he died peacefully, in the midst of a great splendour which surrounded him. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, which is the hour of None, on 13 May of the year 384.

His decease was accompanied by several miracles: an Angel descended from heaven and brought a veil of silk with which he covered him. A heavenly music was heard in the air, celebrating the victories he had won over the powers of hell. All the sick of Maestricht and those of Tongres who assisted at his funeral were healed. Finally, he wrought such great miracles that his memory was made famous in all the Gauls. He was buried near the bridge of the public Dyke, and it was remarked that the snow never covered his tombstone, although it fell abundantly all round. The Roman Martyrology does not forget this prodigy, reported by Saint Gregory of Tours.

The same year, the Huns made an irruption into the Gauls and sacked the city of Tongres, which could never entirely rise again from this disaster. Our Saint had no successor until a hundred years after, when Saint Remi, after the baptism of Clovis, re-established the churches of Flanders and provided them with pastors.

He whom he gave to Maestricht and to Tongres was Saint Agricole, who, by a singular respect for Saint Servais, had a church built over his sepulchre. In 581, Saint Monulph had another much more magnificent built, in his honour, in which he transported his body, as Saint Gregory of Tours says, in the book of the Glory of Confessors. Saint Hubert, after the celebrated victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens (732), on the day of Saint Servais, made a new translation of his precious remains. His body was found entire; the face, being uncovered, appeared so resplendent that it filled the whole vault with light. There was found also the key which he had brought from Rome, with the veil which the angels had placed over him after his decease. He was transferred into a shrine of gilded silver, and placed above the high altar. Afterwards, the emperor Otho had it transferred to Quedlinburg, into a church dedicated under his name; but it was soon brought back to the city of Maestricht, where it has wrought very great marvels.

The eagle which used its wings as a fan to refresh the Saint during his sleep; the angel who leads him from Armenia or Persia into Belgic Gaul; the key which Saint Peter gave him, or which the Pope would simply have given him; a dragon expiring near him, symbol of his struggles against Arianism; a fountain which he makes spring forth under his pastoral staff; the mitre which he receives from the hand of an angel; the snow which respects his tomb, while it covers the surroundings of it, are so many attributes which have served to characterize Saint Servais in popular art. Saint Servais is one of the three Saints of snow: the other two are Saint Mamertus, 11 May, and Saint Pancras, 12 May. Experience has established that whatever the previous temperature, it falls on one of these three days: this phenomenon has not yet been explained scientifically; but gardeners acquainted with their trade take good care not to bring out hothouse plants, for example, before the feast of Saint Servais.

In several places Saint Servais is invoked against pain in the legs (even of animals), for the good success of undertakings; against rats and mice. All the Latin martyrologies make an honourable memory of Saint Servais. His Life was written, as we have said, by Haribert, abbot of Lobbes. Giles, monk of Orval, made some additions to it. John Chapeauville, canon of Liège, inserted them in his first volume of the *Deeds of the Bishops of Tongres, Maestricht and Liège*. Father Giles Buchère, Jesuit, made a dissertation on the history of the same bishops, where, in chapter 4, he examines the chronology of Saint Servais, and the other difficulties which are found in his Acts. It is at the end of the same volume of Chapeauville.

Saint John the Silentiary, Bishop

454–558. — Popes: Saint Leo the Great; Pelagius I. — Emperors of the East: Marcian; Justinian I.

> *He that knoweth how to keep his mouth and his tongue spareth his soul many anguishes.*
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> *— Prov. xxi, 23.*

Saint John was born at Nicopolis, in Armenia, on 8 January of the year 454, under the empire of Marcian, a very religious prince. Encratius, his father, and Euphemia, his mother, counted among their ancestors generals of armies and governors of provinces. Being not less pious than illustrious, they brought up John in the fear of God. They died when he was only eighteen years old. Having become possessor of a considerable fortune, our Saint consecrated it to pious uses; he built at Nicopolis a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and a monastery in which he shut himself up with ten persons animated by the same fervour, who consecrated themselves entirely to God under his direction.

His first cares were to mortify his body by temperance and to abase his mind by a true humility, knowing that it was by this that one could preserve the purity of body and mind, without which one can do nothing in the exercises of the spiritual life. He applied himself also very exactly to regulating his tongue well, having learned from Saint James that “he who thinks himself pious, and nevertheless restrains not his tongue, has but a vain and imaginary piety.” He governed for twenty years this little community of servants of God with so much prudence that, without burdening them with many austerities, he took care to give to their body and

mind occupations which made them worthy of so holy a vocation. This wise conduct soon made known the merit and holiness of John; wherefore after the death of the bishop of Colonia, in the patriarchate of Constantinople, the inhabitants of this diocese begged the archbishop of Sebaste, their metropolitan, to give them for pastor this holy abbot, who was already a priest. This prelate, who knew his virtue, had him come under another pretext, and consecrated him bishop, whatever resistance he offered. This new dignity changed nothing in his manner of living, and he continued to practise, in the episcopate, what he had practised in his monastery. He made there always the same prayers and the same mortifications, in order to preserve inviolably the chastity of his body and the purity of his heart. It is remarked that he would never make use of baths, so ordinary in that time, but which would have alarmed his modest eyes, that he might not see himself. The example of his virtue touched Pergamus, one of his brothers, and Theodore, one of his cousins, both of whom had honourable employments at the emperor's court. They led a holy life in the midst of honours and riches. But John did not receive the same consolation from his brother-in-law Pasinicus, governor of Armenia. This man, when his wife was dead, had no more regard for the holy prelate: he even put trouble in his diocese, hindered the ecclesiastics from discharging their ministry, and violated the right of asylum which the churches enjoyed. John employed first, to disarm his oppressor, prayers and remonstrances, which were useless. He went then to Constantinople to carry his complaints to the emperor Zeno, from whom he obtained justice. But fearing for the future new embarrassments, he resolved to renounce his bishopric: he embarked unknown to the priests and other persons who made up his suite, and passed to Jerusalem to live unknown there. He lodged first in the hospital of Saint George, martyr, to serve the poor old men who were maintained there, and who, for that reason, were called Geronocomion, and by abbreviation Gerocomium.

Saint John remained there some time, praying unceasingly Our Lord, with tears, that he would deign to make known to him his will, and discover to him a place proper for occupying himself only with the work of his salvation. As he was passing a night in prayer and raising his eyes to heaven, he perceived a star of an admirable brightness, in the form of a cross, heard a voice which said to him: If thou wouldst save thyself, follow this light. He obeyed these words, and, going out at the very hour, he followed this star which led him into Palestine, to the monastery of Saint Sabas, called the Great Laura: this place was full of separate cells where lived a hundred and fifty solitaries. Their head, Saint Sabas, received the blessed John, without knowing his merits or his dignity, and told the steward to give him one of the charges which depended on his own. The new hermit acquitted himself of it worthily, rendering to this steward and to all the other Fathers a perfect obedience, executing all that was commanded him with humility, with promptness and with joy; he went to fetch water from the torrent; he cooked the provisions necessary for the workmen who were building; he worked himself like a labourer. He had afterwards the charge of receiving guests; the Saint served them as he would have served Jesus Christ himself. In this place so dangerous, even for the most perfect, his soul remained always recollected: everyone admired his modesty, his sweetness, his charity. Afterwards, Sabas furnished him with the means of advancing in the exercises of contemplation by permitting him to live in a cell separated from the others. He remained there three years without being seen by anyone during the first five days of each week. On Saturday and Sunday he went to the church, where he entered always first and went out only last: there, with a respectful fear, a modest gravity and a fervent piety, he sang the psalms according to the Rule. His compunction was so great that when the divine Sacrifice was offered he shed a great abundance of tears; the Fathers could not sufficiently admire this gift which he had received from God. At the end of three years, he was established steward of the Laura; he acquitted himself of this charge so well that it was seen sensibly that God poured his blessings on this community by his ministry. At last, Saint Sabas finding in the blessed John a perfect religious and of eminent virtue, wished to have him ordained priest, not knowing that he was one. He led him for this purpose to Jerusalem, to the holy patriarch Elias; when they had arrived at the church of Mount Calvary, where John was to receive orders, he asked the patriarch for a secret conversation: having obtained it, he told him that he was a bishop, and that he had retired into solitude to do penance there for his sins and to await the mercy of God. The patriarch, admiring

the virtue of John, promised him secrecy, and, calling Saint Sabas, told him that this solitary had declared to him things which prevented him from ordaining him; the two solitaries returned, John to his cell, and the abbot to a cavern thirty stades distant from the Laura,[1] where, weeping bitterly before God, he said to him: "Why, Lord, have you permitted that I should be deceived in the person of John, judging him worthy of the priesthood, whereas he does not deserve to serve your altars?" He passed the night groaning thus. An angel appeared to him in the morning and said to him: "Sabas, console thyself, John is not a useless vessel: he is, on the contrary, a vessel of election; but he who is already a bishop cannot be ordained priest." It would be difficult to describe what was the joy of Saint Sabas when he learned this secret, and with what respect he went at once to find his blessed disciple in his cell. Our Saint begged him to say nothing to anyone of what God had discovered to him, because otherwise he would constrain him to withdraw: and the holy abbot promised it to him.

Our blessed one remained afterwards four years shut up in his cell, speaking to no one, except once when the patriarch Elias, having come to make the dedication of the church of the new monastery of the Laura, under the name of the most holy Virgin, wished to see him and conversed with him some time with extreme satisfaction. The sedition of some monks having obliged Saint Sabas to leave his Laura in 503, our Saint, who would not remain with these rebels, fled into the desert of Rube. He passed nine years in silence there, conversing only with God and living only on fruits and wild roots. Nothing could decide him to return to his revolted Laura: neither the prayers of the solitaries, nor famine, nor the annual return of the feast of Easter, nor the invasions of the Saracens in his desert. God rewarded his faith and constancy: unknown persons brought him provisions. A lion, which prowled round the cave inhabited by John, preserved him from the approach of the Barbarians.

Sabas was recalled to govern the Laura, in 510; he went at once to seek the Saint in his solitude and brought him back into the community. John re-entered therefore his former cell, where he continued, during forty years, his silent and angelic life.

Nevertheless, he did not refuse his instructions to persons who came to consult him: of this number was his biographer Cyril, who began to write the life of the Saint in his lifetime, when he was a hundred and four years old. He had still his mind very lively and his face cheerful. God had granted him the gift of prophecy and that of miracles. Here are three examples reported by Cyril: "I was about sixteen years old," says this author, as learned as judicious, "when I went to consult Saint John, who was then ninety, on the state I should embrace. He advised me to consecrate myself to God in the monastery of Saint Euthymius. I chose another among those which were situated on the bank of the Jordan; but I was no sooner arrived there than I fell sick. My state becoming more dangerous, I began to repent of not having followed exactly the counsel of the servant of God. He appeared to me during the night, and after having reproved me gently for my attachment to my own sense, he told me that if I betook myself to the monastery of Saint Euthymius, I should recover my health there. I rise, I partake of the holy Mysteries, I take nourishment, I feel strong, I set out on foot toward the monastery of Saint Euthymius, to the great astonishment of all who knew that I was sick." From this epoch Cyril always conducted himself by the counsels of John. Let us hear him relate to us still another miracle wrought by the Saint. "One day when the servant of God was communicating to me, by the window of his cell, the heavenly doctrine, a man, called George, brought him his son who was possessed by the demon, and having placed him before his window, withdrew. The child lay there weeping. John saw his unhappy state and was touched with compassion. He prayed for him, anointed him with blessed oil, and delivered him from the evil spirit." A lord, infected with heresy, having been presented to our Saint by a fervent Christian, named Theodore, who said: "Father, bless us"; John answered: "You, Theodore, I bless with all my heart; but I cannot bless your companion, so long as he will not renounce heresy." The lord, surprised and persuaded that these circumstances could be known to John only by revelation, was converted. The Saint reconciled him with the Church and gave him the holy Eucharist.

A cousin of the convert, named Basilina, desired ardently to converse with the blessed solitary; but as he did not receive women, she sought by what means she could obtain this favour. The Saint, having known it by revelation, appeared to her during her sleep, and said to her: “Here I am on the part of God: if you have any counsels to ask me, do so.” He answered, in effect, all the questions which Basilina put to him; for which she rendered great thanks to God.

Saint John died in 558. He had passed seventy-six years in the desert: his solitary life was interrupted only by the short duration of his episcopate. The iconographic attributes of Saint John the Silentiary are the finger placed on the lips to indicate his love of silence; the lion and the luminous crucifix. We saw in his life that a star in the form of a crucifix appeared to him to indicate his road. As to the lion, it has likewise been seen that the king of the deserts had given himself the mission of protecting the Saint against the Saracens.

Taken from his Life written by the monk Cyril. Cf. Godeau, Eulogies of Illustrious Bishops.

Saint Onesimus, Bishop of Soissons (End of the 4th Century)

Onesimus, contemporary of Saint Hilary of Poitiers and of Saint Martin of Tours, those illustrious pontiffs who cast so much glory on the church of the Gauls, imitated their zeal in labouring to root out of his diocese the remains of idolatry which had survived the apostolic efforts of the first bishops, above all in the countryside, in the forests and on the banks of rivers where the Druidic cult long preserved some empire. It may even be said that it could never be so abolished that there did not remain some reminiscence of it in the superstitions of which certain fountains and extraordinary stones are still to-day the object. For the rest, to transform the idolatrous cult rendered to ancient trees and to rocks by the ancient Gauls into a less superstitious cult, the bishops placed relics there, figured crosses there, or attached to them the memory of some Saint who would replace the divinity to which they were primitively dedicated. But the Druidic beliefs, transported into the religious and naive usages of the people, at the diffusion of Christianity, did not remain the less strongly tainted with superstition. Those enormous sandstones, those sacred stones, which are seen near churches, at Brétigny, at Neuilly-Saint-Front, at Bitry, at Caisue, have been venerated at all times. They are, it is true, according to popular belief, saints who have touched them, who have rested on them, who have left the imprint of their steps there, as on the Saint Martin stone, at Autrèches; but the confidence which is had in their virtue, more than problematical, recalls but too much the gross errors of our fathers before their conversion to the faith. “Onesimus applied himself therefore to subjecting to the light yoke of the Gospel the Soissonnais country where the power of the demon still dominated. Everywhere the altars of the false gods are overthrown, and the pagan temples destroyed.” He administers baptism to numerous neophytes and he works, in the valley of Soissons, many miracles necessary to the tender infancy of this nascent Church. He strove also to preserve it from the Arian heresy which had gained the Gauls. The Gallo-Roman bishops succeeded the more in their undertakings for the advancement of Christianity in that they were the better seconded by the imperial power. Julian the Apostate had indeed attempted some efforts for the restoration of paganism, but, besides that this absurd cult could not hold against the lights of faith, Theodosius soon made these passing attempts forgotten by decreeing the closing of the temples and the definitive proscription of the old dying cult (393–395). Onesimus, like his colleague Martin of Tours, joined to the ardent word of an apostle an exemplary piety, the love or rather the passion of sufferings, the contempt of riches and the aversion to pleasures. Of a weak and sickly constitution, he knew how to dominate by the power of his soul the infirmities of a body worked upon by pain. He had vowed to himself a hatred which made of his life a continual martyrdom. His death was so edifying and so full of merits that the faithful who had regarded him as a Saint during his life canonized him with one voice after his decease, which happened in extreme old age, on the 3rd of the ides of May (13 May), toward the end of the fourth century. He was buried in the chapel of Saint George situated in the cemetery of that name, in the fisc of Crouy. According to the historian of the metropolis of Reims, the body of Saint Onesimus was, afterwards, transferred into the church of the

monastery which rose on the site of the imperial domain of Crouy, and it remained there ninety years, after which it was conducted into the church of Saint Amand, of Douai, whose monks, in the tenth century, gave a part of it to the priory of Donchery, near Sedan, dependent on the abbey of Saint Médard.

In the absence of every historical monument, one may conjecture that it was Saint Onesimus who built, at the end of the fourth century, about 388, on the site of the ancient oratory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the basilica of Saint Gervase and Saint Protase, when Saint Ambrose, having made the discovery of their precious relics, distributed, according to Gregory of Tours, a part of them among several cities of the Gauls and of Italy.

According to all probabilities, this basilica, dedicated from time immemorial to the Blessed Virgin and to these two Saints, was from then on the Mother Church (*Matrix Ecclesia*), the head of the city and of all the diocese, that in which the bishop sat in his chair (*cathedra*), surrounded by the elite of his clergy, the cathedral, in a word, of which authentic mention is made only in 646 and which appears to have always existed, through all its architectural transformations, on the spot it occupies to-day, in the pure splendour of the grand style of the Middle Ages.

Extract from the Annals of the Church of Soissons.

Saint Agnes and Saint Disciola, Virgins at Poitiers (588)

Saint Agnes, the very dear daughter, in Jesus Christ, of Saint Radegund, was brought up near that queen from her most tender infancy. When Radegund withdrew from the court with the permission of the king, and consecrated herself to God in the monastery which she founded at Poitiers, Agnes followed her into that retreat. Her progress in Christian perfection was such that the queen, admiring her virtues, venerated her as her mistress and as her mother, and wished to place herself under her direction with all the virgins of the greatest families who flocked to the monastery. Wherefore, with the consent of the sisters and of all the prelates of the province, Agnes received the abbatial blessing from the bishop of Paris, Saint Germanus, whom Clotaire had brought with him to Tours and presented to the pious queen. She made the journey to Arles with Saint Radegund, and adopted, for the new monastery of Poitiers, the Rule drawn up by Saint Caesarius for a Congregation of virgins which his sister Césane directed.

Agnes showed in her government as much prudence as zeal, as much firmness as gentleness. She soon had two hundred religious under her conduct. Yielding at last to her pressing prayers, Merovech, bishop of Poitiers, accepted the high direction of the monastery. Saint Fortunatus, who afterwards mounted the see of Poitiers, and who exercised in the abbey the priestly ministry in the lifetime of Agnes and of Saint Radegund, has left us in his poems precious testimonies of the virtues of the holy abbess. He represents her as the model of virgins by her fidelity to the heavenly Spouse, as the example of abbesses by the zeal of her duties, and speaks of her only in the terms of a pious veneration. Saint Agnes flew into the bosom of heavenly beatitude on the 13th of May, in the year 588, nine months after Saint Radegund; she was buried in the church of Saint Mary, outside the walls, to-day of Saint Radegund. Among the religious whom the example and conversations of Saint Radegund attracted in great number into the monastery governed by Saint Agnes, there was one who shone in a particular manner by her humility, her modesty, the simplicity of her manners, by the attentive observance of the Rule: this was the blessed Disciola, niece of Saint Salvius, bishop of Albi. Feeling herself near death, she said to her sisters assembled about her and whom the expectation of her last breath saddened: “Retire a little that I may rest.” They left her therefore, though not going away from her cell, and were able to perceive the ardent desires of heaven which she expressed by her fervent aspirations. After her death, precious before God, her body shone with an extraordinary brightness.

The remains of Saint Agnes and Saint Disciola were deposited near the tomb of their mother, already venerated then as a Saint, and who had preceded them by a short time into blessed eternity. Placed, the one

on the right on account of her dignity of abbess; the other on the left of the illustrious queen, they seemed to consecrate together, in the crypt of the church built by her, the pious remembrance of their religious intimacy. There, both were and are still the object of the prayers and veneration of the populations of Poitou, to which come to join themselves, each year, those of all the neighbouring provinces, attracted toward them by a confidence which brilliant miracles have justified a thousand times. Often, doubtless, there were drawn from these two tombs numerous portions of these precious relics; for, at the repairs of the crypt and of its surroundings, restored, in 1854, to their primitive state by the orders of Mgr Pie; when it was given to him who traces these lines to draw from their fourteen-century-old obscurity the two stone coffins which had enclosed the sacred bodies of the holy maidens, there were found in them only some rather rare fragments mingled with remnants of stuffs of silk and gold. What there was of note had therefore disappeared through some causes of which there is no remembrance; but the last remains, whose authenticity was then canonically recognized, cease not to sanctify by their presence the subterranean church, where Saint Radegund too has now only a portion of herself. To the principal altar of the holy queen, fixed in the eastern apse of the crypt, two others have been annexed and occupy each one of the two other arms of the cross: that of the north, to the right of Saint Radegund, consecrated under the title of Saint Agnes; that of the south, under that of Saint Disciola. They cover the sarcophagi, and, as in the primitive church, the holy sacrifice can be offered there upon the venerable remains of the friends of God.

Proper of Poitiers, and M. the abbé Anbert, canon, historiographer of Poitiers.

Saint Flavius, Bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône (about 595)

Saint Flavius was not less distinguished by his virtues than by his birth.[1] The high consideration he enjoyed determined Saint Gontran, king of Burgundy, to choose him for his referendary or chancellor. He entrusted to him therefore the royal seal, and the care of distributing alms. This honourable charge required a just, zealous, vigilant, firm and charitable man. Flavius united all these qualities, and the choice of Gontran did as much honour to the king as to his minister. After the death of Saint Agricole, in 580, the clergy and people of Chalon elected for bishop the pious chancellor. It was thought that his talents for administration, and the habit of treating important affairs, would facilitate to him the exercise of the pastoral charge. The king of Burgundy consented to it, happy to see a bishop chosen from among his principal officers. The historians of the time vaunt the eloquence of Flavius, strong and sweet, equally powerful to thunder down vice, and to charm hearts by the attractions of virtue. This pious bishop assisted at the first two councils of Mâcon, in 581 and 585, at the third of Lyons, in 583, and at the second of Valence, in 584. He is seen again assisting at Nemours, Nemptodurum, at the baptism of the young Clotaire, son of Fredegund, with Aetherius of Lyons and Saint Syagrius of Autun.

Saint Flavius founded or at least restored the abbey of Saint Peter, in 584. As this monastery holds a great place in the annals of Chalon, it is fitting to retrace its history briefly. The abbey of Saint Peter was placed on an eminence, to the north of the city, in a place where a holy hermit had raised an oratory near the public cemetery.[2] Destroyed by the Saracens, the bishop Gilbold re-established it in 887, under the Rule of Saint Benedict, and chose there his burial-place and that of the canons. It was much damaged by fire from heaven, on 29 August 965. Rich and superb in its buildings, it was like a fortress surrounded by walls and ditches. The abbot of Saint Peter had received from Clement V the right to carry the crosier and the mitre. The bishops of Chalon, on their first entry, were entertained at the abbey for a day and a night; but the abbot obliged them to swear the preservation of the privileges and exemptions of the monastery. Pillaged by the Calvinists, in 1562, it was, the following year, changed into a citadel, by order of Charles IX. The monks, dispersed, having refused the castle of Germoles, from fear of being insulted there by the Huguenots, gathered together in the commandery of Saint Anthony, whose house was adjudged to them by the king. But on the opposition of the Antonines, they withdrew to the Carmelites. After having vainly attempted to unite

with the Chapter of Saint Vincent, they built a church which was consecrated by Pontus de Thyard.

This abbey was united to the congregation of Saint-Maur, in 1662, under the abbot Claude Espiard. All the religious were noble; they had their novitiate at Chapèze. The Benedictines, in 1692, laid the foundations of a new basilica, dedicated on 29 August 1713, by Mgr François Madot. It serves to-day as parish church.

Saint Flavius died before the end of the sixth century, and was buried in the church of Saint Peter. Raised from the earth by the bishop Gilbold, he was canonized by John VIII, in 879. His head, which was preserved at the abbey in a reliquary of silver, was profaned and pillaged by the Huguenots. These unhappy iconoclasts carried off also the head of Saint Lupus, which has since been found, ten magnificent shrines where were the holy bodies, the statues of Our Lady, of Saint John the Baptist, of Saint James and of Saint Lupus, placed on the pillars which supported the vault of the choir, and all covered with fine gold and azure.

There is found in several ancient missals of France, and in some Autun missals, manuscript or printed, anterior to the seventeenth century, a hymn composed by Saint Flavius of Chalon, for the washing of the feet, on Holy Thursday. A very ancient customary of the church of Cluny affirms that Saint Flavius is really the author of this interesting piece which begins with these words: *Tellus et æthra jubilant / In magni cœna principis.* The Supper of the great King fills heaven and earth with joy…

This hymn surrounds the evangelical fact with some poetical embellishments, which faith and piety easily explain. — On one of the capitals of Saint-Lazare, as in this hymn, Jesus Christ, washing the feet of Saint Peter, is represented assisted by angels.

Note of M. Devoucoux; Legendary of Autun.

The Blessed Albert of Ogna, Labourer (1279)

This holy man was born in the thirteenth century, at Ville-d'Ogna, a place in the territory of Bergamo, of parents who were ploughmen and who brought him up very Christianly. Faithful in corresponding to the graces he received, Albert showed, from his first youth, much attraction for piety. Being as yet only seven years old, he fasted three times a week and distributed to the poor the food of which he deprived himself. When he was able to work, his parents occupied him at ploughing; he gave himself to it with ardour; but, while his hands cultivated the earth, his mind nourished itself with the meditation of the truths of salvation, uniting thus in his person, by a happy accord, the functions of Martha and the repose of Mary. A respectful and submissive son, he engaged in marriage by the counsel of the authors of his days. More free then, he set almost no more bounds to his charity for the poor, whom he assisted generously on every occasion. His wife, less perfect than he, found it bad that his alms were so abundant, and more than once made him sharp reproaches for it; but Albert bore this vexation with patience and justified his conduct by prodigies. One day, among others, when he had given to the indigent the dinner which was prepared for him and his family, he found it miraculously on his table. The servant of God was proprietor of some fields which came from the paternal inheritance. Rich and powerful men disputed the possession of them with him and ended by stripping him of them. Reduced to indigence, he was obliged to renounce ploughing and went to settle at Cremona, where he earned his living by his labour. Although his new state scarcely offered him wherewith to suffice for his needs, he still shared with the poor the little he earned by carrying wine, which was his most ordinary occupation. He continued also his divers practices of piety, proving thus, by his example, that the duties of religion can easily be allied with the most assiduous and fatiguing labours, when one seeks God in the sincerity of one's heart. His devotion led him to Rome and to Saint James of Compostela. In these pilgrimages, he gave himself to work: when his resources failed, and as soon as he had received his wages, he hastened to distribute a part of them to the indigent. Not content with assisting them bodily, he became for them an apostle, by the zeal with which he exhorted them to patience, to the confession of their sins and to a sincere conversion. It was to the poor of the hospitals that he addressed himself above all, and he tried to

bring them to the practice of virtue by his charitable exhortations. The blessed Albert died at Cremona on 7 May 1279,[1] and was buried in one of the churches of that city, where a public cult was soon rendered to him, which was approved by Pope Benedict XIV, on 9 May 1748. He is honoured in several cities of Italy and among the Dominicans, because he had embraced their Third Order.

Among other marvels which are told of the blessed Bergamasque peasant and which have served to characterize him in the arts, it is told that a priest, delaying to bring him the Viaticum, a dove flew toward him, holding in its beak a host to communicate him. He is given also for attribute the scythe: having set out on the way to Rome, he came to be short of money and hired his arms for the harvest. His fellow-workers, jealous that he went faster in the work than they, placed an anvil in the grass which he was to mow; but it happened that the anvil was cut like a stalk of grass, without notching the holy man's scythe. Finally, he is represented also crossing from one bank of the Po to the other, on his cloak, because the boatmen had refused him passage.

The blessed Albert is the patron of labourers.

See the Bollandists, vol. "n" of May, and the Dominican Breviary, printed at Rome in 1771; Godescard (Brussels edition).

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[2] The Greeks, among whom the cult of Saint Glyceria is very celebrated, join to her Laodicius, her gaoler, whom she converted.

[3] He is painted presenting bread to the poor and showing the crucifix, because alms-giving was to him an occasion of preaching Jesus Christ.

[4] 5 kilometres 548 metres 66 centimetres, if it is a question of the Olympic stade; 6 kilometres 390 metres, if it is a question of the Oriental stade based on the Philetaerian foot.

[5] Breviary and history of Chalon.

[6] Courtépée, vol. iv, p. 473.

[1] The Bollandists make him die in 1190, pretending that he was contemporary and friend of Saint Homobonus; but, following the opinion of Benedict XIV, the date of 1279 is the most certain.

14 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The triumph of Saint Boniface, martyr, who having suffered death under Diocletian and Maximian, at Tarsus, in Cilicia, was then transported to Rome and buried on the Latin way. "i s.". — In Gaul, Saint Pontius, martyr, who by his preaching and zeal converted the two Caesars Philip to the faith, and won under Valerian and Gallienus the palm of martyrdom. 257. — In Syria, the martyrs Saint Victor and Saint Corona, executed under the emperor Antoninus. Victor was first tormented in several ways equally horrible by the judge Sebastian. Corona, wife of a soldier, admiring his constancy, began to praise him and to proclaim him blessed; and at the same time she saw two crowns descend from heaven, one for Victor and the other for herself, which she declared aloud in the presence of everyone: wherefore the judge had her torn asunder between two trees, and had Victor's head cut off. "n» s.". — In Sardinia, the saints Justa, Justina and Hénédine.[1] "n« s.". — At Rome, Saint Paschal, pope, who drew from the crypts several bodies of the holy Martyrs and placed them honourably in different churches. 824. — At Ferentino, in Tuscany, Saint Boniface, bishop, who, according to the report of Saint Gregory, pope, began from his childhood to shine by his holiness and by his miracles. 6th century. — At Naples, Saint Pomponius, bishop.[2] About 536. — In Egypt, Saint Pachomius, abbot, who founded several monasteries in that country, and wrote for his monks a Rule which an angel dictated to him. 348.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Apt, in Provence, Saint Augia, virgin and martyr, of whom nothing is known save that her relics were formerly in great veneration at Apt and at Aix. She suffered probably under the pagan emperors. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Aproncule, bishop, who worthily filled that see, which Saint Sidonius Apollinaris had just left vacant by his death. Born at Autun, he had been previously bishop of Langres, but had been driven from it by an unjust persecution which Gondebaud, Arian king of the Burgundians, raised against him. Gondebaud, suspecting the holy bishop of plotting an uprising in favour of Clovis, had given order to his assassins to kill him. Aproncule had himself let down during the night from the height of the walls of Dijon and fled to Clermont where Sidonius Apollinaris, dying, designated him for his successor. He had walked before the Lord in peace and justice; he had turned many souls away from iniquity, for the lips of the pontiff are the depositaries of science, and it is from his mouth that the explanation of the law is to be heard.[3] 488. — At Fontenelle, in Normandy, Saint Erembert, bishop of Toulouse, who died in this monastery, where he had been long a religious; he was a native of the village of Pecq, near Saint-Germain-en-Laye. 678. — In the dioceses of Séez, of Chartres and of Blois, Saint Gildéric or Joudry, solitary.[4] — At the monastery of Saint-Bertin, the venerable

Godescalc, abbot of that house, who received, with great marks of respect and charity, Saint Thomas of Canterbury, who landed in France as an exile. 1176. — In 1620, 1720, 1820, secular feast of Our Lady of Gray, established in memory of the first prodigy wrought by the miraculous statue which that city possesses. The statue of Our Lady of Gray is made of wood from the celebrated oak of Montaigu, in Belgium. From 1620 to 1624, more than two thousand five hundred miracles are counted as wrought at Gray: Mary continues to show herself favourable to the numerous pilgrims and the pious faithful who still go to visit her in our days. In 1849, Cardinal Mathieu consecrated the whole diocese of Besançon to Our Lady of Gray, and the cholera ceased. The statue which was, before the Revolution, entrusted to the guard of the Capuchins, is to-day in the parish church. — At Saint-Léonard de Rubempré, in the diocese of Amiens, translation of the relics of Saint Victorinus, child martyr at Rome.[5] 1846.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — In the city of Saint-Laurent, in Calabria, Saint Gerasimus, monk of our Order.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Canterbury, in England, the torment of several martyrs of the Order of Canons Regular, who shed their blood for the faith of Jesus Christ.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Fabriano, in the March of Ancona, the blessed Francis of Fabriano, confessor, of the Order of Minors, an excellent preacher, illustrious for the glory of his virtues and his miracles, who flew to heaven on 22 April: Pope Pius VI approved the cult which was rendered to him from time immemorial.

Martyrology of the Conventual Minors. — The blessed Gerard of Villamagna, knight of Jerusalem, of the Third Order of Saint Francis, illustrious for his love of contemplation and penance. 1267.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Florence, Saint Antoninus, bishop, of the Order of Friars Preachers.

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Stanislaus.

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — Saint Paschal, pope.

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — The blessed Giles of Saint Irene or Santarem.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Venice, the translation of Saint Barbarus, martyr, brought from Modon, in Greece, to that city. He suffered under Julian the Apostate. — At Antwerp, the translation of Saint Claudius, martyr, whose body

was sent from Rome to that city in the year 1656. — At Genoa, Saint Ampelius, solitary. 5th century. — At Perugia, Saint Bevignat, monk and anchorite. Saint Bevignat is one of those so numerous Saints unknown during their life and whom God has been pleased to glorify after their death: a temple rose to receive his relics, and the cathedral honoured itself by sheltering a part of them. About the year 500. — At Salerno, Saint Bonosus, bishop. — At Lismore, in Ireland, Saint Cartag. Disciple of Saint Comgall, he founded, in West Meath, the great monastery of Ruithin which became the most celebrated school of sciences and piety that there was in Ireland in the seventh century. The persecutions of a neighbouring king having obliged him to take flight, he withdrew, after having governed forty years the monastery of Ruithin, into the province of Leinster, where he founded another monastery at Lismore of which he is regarded as the first bishop. 637. — In Norway, Saint Halward, who was put to death on a journey which he was making in Gothland for commercial affairs, because he had taken the defence of a woman unjustly accused of theft. The legend says he was cousin of the king of Norway, Saint Olaf. He would therefore have lived about the year 1000. — At Santarem, in Portugal, the blessed Giles, of the Order of Friars Preachers. 1265. — In England, Saint Julian of Norwich. It is probable that nothing more would be known of her, if there did not exist a book in which she gives an account of the revelations with which God favoured her. Julian says, in her preface, “that she was but an ingenuous young girl, without instruction and without experience.” In her prayers she asked above all three graces: “To experience a true sorrow for the passion of Jesus Christ; to be attacked by a bodily illness, that she might suffer for the glory of God; to feel a desire more and more intense to be united to God.” At the age of thirty, she fell gravely ill. All the rest of her life was passed in a sort of agony or lethargy, without her ever recovering her senses. 1342. — At Regensburg, the blessed Tuto, first a monk at the convent of Saint Emmeram, secretary of the emperor Arnulf and bishop of Regensburg. Conrad, who succeeded Arnulf, having come to Regensburg, wished to carry off the book of Gospels, adorned with precious stones, which his predecessors had made as a present to the episcopal church. Tuto had to yield before violence; but, in placing the book on the altar, he said: “May Saint Emmeram accuse, on the day of justice, the author of this removal.” The chastisement followed close upon the crime. As soon as Conrad was mounted on horseback, he felt violent pains in the lower belly. He had the book restored at once; but he carried his illness as far as the country of the Franks where he died. As to Tuto, he lost, later, his sight and made this affliction turn to his spiritual advantage. 931.

Saint Boniface, Martyr

4th century. — Pope: Marcellus. — Emperors: Galerius; Maximian.

> *How profound is this history of the martyr Boniface!*
>
> *How one feels in it that divine nostalgia of the soul which has been exiled and which wishes to return!*
>
> *Listen to the humble and strong answer of a sinner. Through weakness transgressing the law of God in his works, he would not at least abjure it. It was said to him: “You, and the most part of yours, you are vanquished. This austere law of Christ, it is too hard for you also, and you do not observe it.” — “Yes,” said he, “but we groan over it, and we condemn ourselves, and we shall obtain from God this grace not to let ourselves be ignorant that we have need of martyrdom.”*
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> *— Perfumes of Rome, vol. ii, p. 271, edition of 1867.*

At the time when Diocletian, proclaimed consul for the fourth time, and Maximian for the third, governed the world, a great sedition arose among the Gentiles, on the occasion of the persecution which raged against the Christians. It was a question of forcing all the true adorers of Christ to bow the head before infamous idols. The tyrants, on their side, had chosen one of the officers attached to their persons, and had invested him with all powers; he was a cruel, crafty and perfidious judge, named Simplicius. They sent him to the East, to the city of Tarsus, metropolis of the province of Cilicia, with the mission of making undergo an interrogatory, in public audience, without distinction of sex or age, all those who confessed the name of Christ. He was at the

same time to employ all tortures, to make them promptly yield to the mad impieties of the emperors. There was at Rome a wealthy woman, named Aglae. She was daughter of Acacius, a personage of an illustrious family and who had himself been proconsul. Three times she had given the public games at Rome, and enjoyed the honours reserved to the prefect of the city. She had under her hand seventy-three stewards for her domains, with a chief above this army, to command it. He was named Boniface; he was the accomplice of all the disorders of his mistress. Addicted to wine and debauchery, he loved all that God detests. Nevertheless he had three excellent qualities: he was hospitable, generous and accessible to compassion. If, by chance, he met a stranger or a traveller, he invited him with eagerness and affection, and served him himself. By night, he went through the public squares and the streets, distributing help to all who were in need. At last, after long years, the Roman lady, touched by the grace of God, sent for her steward, and said to him: “Boniface, my brother, thou knowest in how many crimes we have plunged ourselves, without ever having reflected that we shall have to present ourselves before God, and render him an account of all the evil we shall have done in this world. But, to-day, I have heard Christians say that, if anyone assists the Saints who fight and die for the glory of Christ, he will have part in their reward, on the terrible day of the just judgments of the Lord. At the same time, I have learned that servants of Christ fight in the East against the demon and give up their bodies to torments, so as not to deny their master. Go then, and bring us relics of the holy Martyrs, so that, by honouring them and building them oratories worthy of their combats, we may be saved by their intercession, we and a great number of others.”

The servant took with him at once a great quantity of gold to buy relics of holy Martyrs, to distribute it at the same time to the poor, and also to honour the holy martyrs: he chose twelve horses, three litters and perfumes of every sort. On the point of departure, he said pleasantly to Aglae: “Mistress, if I find relics of holy Martyrs, I will bring them; but if my own relics reach you, receive them as those of a Martyr.” Aglae answered him: “Leave off thy drunkenness and thy extravagances; depart and forget not that thou hast to bring the relics of the holy Martyrs; and I, a wretched sinner, await thee soon. May the Lord, the God of the universe, who deigned to take for us the form of a slave and to shed his blood for the salvation of the human race, send his angel before thee, may he direct thy steps in his merciful goodness and may he accomplish my desire, without regard to my crimes.”

Boniface departed therefore, and, on the road, he said to himself: “It is just that I taste not even meats and that I drink no wine, since, in spite of my unworthiness and my crimes, I am to bring the relics of the holy Martyrs.” Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed thus: “Lord God almighty, Father of thy only Son, come to the help of thy servant; direct the way by which I am to walk, that thy holy name may be glorified for ages of ages. Amen.” This prayer ended, he continued his road.

After some days of journey, Boniface arrived in the city of Tarsus: he learned that at that very moment the holy athletes of Christ were fighting the glorious combats of martyrdom, and he said to the servants who had followed him: “My brothers, go and seek an inn, and let the beasts rest there. I am going to visit those whom my heart loves and above all desires to meet.”

He went therefore to the stadium where the holy Martyrs were fighting; he saw them in the tortures. One was hung head downward above a great fire; another had his four limbs attached to stakes which held them violently apart; this one was crushed by executioners who stifled him; over that one a sharp iron was passed which tore him; another had had his hands cut off; yet another had his throat pierced by a stake which was fixed in the ground; a last, finally, with feet and hands bound behind the back, was beaten with sticks by the executioners. All the spectators, at the sight of these torments, were frozen with fear. What do I say! hell was vanquished, for the servants of Christ fought generously.

Boniface, having approached the holy Martyrs, gave them all the kiss; they were twenty in number; then, raising his voice: “Great is the God of the Christians,” he cried, “great is the God of the holy Martyrs! I conjure you, servants of Christ, pray for me, that I may have the happiness of becoming the companion of

your glory, fighting with you against the demon." Then, sitting at the feet of the holy Martyrs, he embraced their chains and kissed them, saying: "Courage, O you, the athletes of Christ and his Martyrs; fight, trample the demon under foot; yet a little patience, the pain will not be long, and the rest is without end. The tortures are little, when the reward is eternal. Here below your body is torn by the executioners, but in the age to come it will be served by the angels."

Meanwhile the governor, casting his eyes over the crowd, perceived Boniface, and said at once: "Who is this man who dares to speak thus, and to devote to contempt us, the gods and me?" He had him brought before his tribunal, and addressing him: "Tell me who thou art, to insult the sanctity of my judgments." Boniface answered: "I am a Christian, Christ is my master, and I despise thee, thee and thy tribunal." The governor said: "What is thy name?" Boniface answered: "I have already said it: I am a Christian; but if thou wishest to know the name the vulgar give me, I am called Boniface." The governor said: "Before torture tears thy flanks, approach and sacrifice." Boniface answered: "I have already repeated it to thee several times: I am a Christian, and I do not sacrifice to demons. If thou wouldst punish me, strike; my body is in thy hands."

At this discourse the governor, inflamed with anger, had him hung up, head downward, and had iron claws passed over all his body; it was done with so much violence that all the flesh was taken off and the bones laid bare. But the Blessed One let no word escape; his looks were fixed motionless on the holy Martyrs. The governor, at last, had him unfastened and set on his feet again: and after leaving him an hour of respite, he said to him anew: "Sacrifice, wretch, and have pity on thy soul." The Blessed One answered: "And thou thyself, thrice wretched, thou blushest not to repeat to me unceasingly: Sacrifice! Seest thou not that the very name of thy vain idols is a torment to me which I cannot tolerate?" The governor, furious, ordered reeds to be sharpened and driven under the nails of his hands; but the Saint looked at heaven and suffered in silence. The governor, indignant to see him insensible to these torments, commanded that his mouth should be opened and molten lead poured into it. Then the blessed athlete of Christ, raising his eyes to heaven, made this prayer: "I give thee thanks, Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God; come to the help of thy servant and lighten my sufferings; permit not that I be vanquished by this sacrilegious governor; thou knowest that it is for thy name I endure these torments." And when he had finished his prayer, he cried to the holy Martyrs: "I conjure you, servants of Christ, pray for your servant." The Saints answered him all with one voice: "Our Lord Jesus Christ will send his angel; he will deliver thee from the hands of this sacrilegious judge and in a short time he will finish thy course, to inscribe thy name among the first-born." After they had thus prayed and said Amen, a long groan was heard in the crowd; all repeated weeping: "Great is the God of the Christians! great is the God of the holy Martyrs! Christ, Son of God, save us; we all believe in thee; it is in thee we seek our refuge: anathema to the idols of the Gentiles." At the same time the whole people ran to the altar, overturned it and wished to stone the governor. He rose, frightened at the tumult, and fled before the storm which threatened him. But the following day, from morning, he was seated again on his tribunal, and had the Saint brought before him: "Wretch," he said to him, "whence comes to thee this folly of wishing to put thy hope in a man, and a man crucified as a malefactor?" The Martyr answered him: "Be silent, and open not thy impious lips to name Our Lord Jesus Christ. Cruel serpent, thou envelopest thy soul in a dark veil, thou hast grown old in evil days: anathema to thee! If Jesus Christ, my master, has borne all torments, it is because he wished to save the human race." The governor, irritated, ordered a cauldron to be filled with pitch, and, when it should be boiling, the Saint to be thrown into it, head first. The holy Martyr of Christ was in fact thrown in; but he had made beforehand the sign of the cross. An angel of the Lord descended from heaven and touched the cauldron. It melted at once like wax, at the first impression of the fire. The Saint had no harm, but several of the executioners were burned.

The governor, terrified at the power of Christ, and astonished at the patience of the holy Martyr, condemned him to have his head cut off by the sword. The sentence was conceived in these terms: "He has not obeyed the laws of the emperors; by virtue of our power, we will that he undergo the capital penalty." At once the

guards hastened to tear him from the praetorium. The holy Martyr having made anew the sign of the cross, begged the executioners to give him some moments to pray. Then, standing toward the East: “Lord God almighty,” he said, “Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, come to the help of thy servant; send thy angel, and receive my soul in peace, that the cruel and murderous serpent, in his rage, may not hinder me from going to thee; that I may not be the sport of his seductions. Give me rest in the choir of the holy Martyrs, and deliver, Lord, thy people from the tribulations with which the impious overwhelm them; for to thee belong glory and power, with thy only Son and the Holy Spirit, for ages of ages. Amen.” When he had finished this prayer, the executioner cut off his head; at that moment, the earth was shaken by a shock so violent that everyone cried: “Great is the God of the Christians!” And several believed in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Meanwhile the companions of Boniface sought him everywhere: and not having found him, they began to say to one another: “He is now in a house of debauch or in a tavern, leading a merry life, while we torment ourselves to seek him.” Now, while they were reasoning thus, they met by chance the brother of the gaoler, and said to him: “Have you not seen a stranger coming from Rome?” He said to them: “Yesterday, a stranger was martyred; his head was cut off. — And where is he?” the others resumed. He answered: “In the stadium; it is there that he suffered. But what appearance had he?” They said: “He was a man of strong stature, with broad shoulders, with a well-furnished head of hair; he wore a scarlet cloak.” The brother of the gaoler resumed: “The man you seek has undergone martyrdom before our eyes.” These answered: “No, the man we seek is addicted to wine and debauchery, and he does nothing that can merit him martyrdom.” The other said: “What have you to fear? Come as far as the stadium; you will recognize him.”

They followed him therefore to the stadium, where he showed them the mortal remains of Boniface, stretched lifeless. And they said to him: “We conjure thee, show us his head.” He left them at once and brought them the head of the Martyr. This head fixed a look on its former companions, and, by the virtue of the Holy Spirit, a smile was painted in its features. At this sight, his companions recognized him, they weep bitterly, and say: “Remember not our sin and the evil we have said against you, servant of Christ”; then to the officer: “It is indeed he whom we sought; we pray you to give him to us.” The officer answered them: “I cannot deliver this corpse to you gratuitously.” The companions of Boniface paid the officer five hundred pieces of silver and received, on that condition, the body of the Martyr. They embalmed it with rich perfumes, and wrapped it in shrouds of great price; then they put it on a litter, and resumed their road with joy, blessing God for the happy end of the holy Martyr.

Meanwhile an angel of the Lord had appeared to Aglae, and had said to her: “He who was thy slave is now our brother; receive him as thy master, and give him a place of rest worthy of his glory. Through him, all thy sins shall be pardoned thee.” At once Aglae had risen: she had taken with her pious clerics, and, all together, singing prayers and bearing tapers and perfumes, had come to meet the holy relics. They were deposited at fifty stades from Rome, in a place where Aglae had an oratory built worthy of the combats and the glorious triumph of the Martyr. Afterwards, the relics of Saint Boniface were transported to Mount Aventine, into the church which bears the name of Saint Alexis. The two Saints are placed under the same altar, the hero of angelic virginity beside the hero of penance, become an angel again by the baptism of blood, *angelicatus homo*. Meanwhile Aglae renounced the world, she distributed all her goods to the poor, to monasteries and to hospitals, freed all her slaves; then, with some of her daughters who, like her, wished to renounce the age, she consecrated herself to the service of Christ. Heaven honoured her sacrifice; she received from the Lord the power to cast out demons and to heal, by her prayers, every kind of infirmity. She lived thus in the exercises of Christian life for thirteen years, at the end of which she fell asleep in peace.

Such are the acts of the combats which merited the crown of victory to the illustrious martyr Boniface, for the glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, for ages of ages. Amen.

The Greek Menology represents the beheading of Saint Boniface. The attribute of Saint Aglae might be a necklace of pearls which she tramples under foot.

Acta Sanctorum, 14 May.

Saint Pachomius, Abbot

292–348. — Popes: Saint Caius; Saint Julius I. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian; Constantine II, Constantius II, Constans.

> *Obedience is the first degree of humility.*
>
> *— Rule of Saint Benedict.*

Pachomius was born in 292, in Upper Thebaid, in the bosom of idolatry, like a rose in the midst of thorns: for although his parents brought him up in the superstitions of paganism, he had as it were an instinctive horror of it. His stomach could not bear the wine offered to idols. One day, when his parents had led him to the sacrifices that were made to obtain oracles, his presence prevented the demons from speaking.

At the age of twenty he was enrolled in the imperial troops. He was embarked, with other soldiers, on a vessel which descended the Nile. In the evening they arrived at Thebes or Diospolis, capital of the Thebaid. There was in this city a great number of Christians. These true disciples of Jesus Christ, who sought all occasions of consoling and assisting those who were in misery, had pity on the new soldiers who were kept closely shut up, and who, moreover, were very ill treated: they lavished on them the same cares that they would have lavished on their own children; they distributed to them all the help that depended on them. Pachomius understood nothing of such a charity: he asked who these so hospitable people were, and what moved them to be so good toward strangers. He was told they were Christians, that is, persons who believed in Jesus Christ, only Son of God, and applied themselves to doing all possible good to others, above all to strangers, to be rewarded for it in another life. The young soldier felt love born in his heart for a religion so holy; grace enlightening him, touching him, his soul disengaged itself little by little from earthly thoughts; he made this prayer: “O my God, creator of heaven and earth, cast upon me a look of pity; deliver me from my miseries; teach me the means of rendering myself agreeable in your eyes: all my desire and all my study shall be to serve you and to accomplish your holy will.” From that day, when he felt himself drawn by the attractions of voluptuousness, he resisted this temptation by remembering that he had promised God to consecrate himself to his service. The war ended, and the Egyptian soldiers dismissed, Pachomius returned to his country. He withdrew into a borough of the Thebaid, where the Christians had a church. There he put himself among the catechumens, and a short time after received the grace of baptism. A vision, in which it seemed to him that a heavenly dew fell upon him, showed him the effects of this sacrament and inspired him with the liveliest desire to consecrate himself to God. Having learned that an old man, named Palemon, served God in the depth of the desert, he went at once to find him and begged him to receive him as his disciple.

The solitary represented to him that the life which he led was hard and painful, and that several had already tried in vain to follow it. He advised him then to make trial of his strength and fervour in some monastery; and to show him that he was not at present capable of living with him, he said to him: “Consider, my son, that bread and salt make all my nourishment; the use of wine and oil is unknown to me. I pass half the night singing psalms or meditating the holy Scriptures. Sometimes it happens to me to be the whole night without sleeping.” Pachomius was astonished, but not discouraged. He answered that he felt strength enough to undertake all that could contribute to his sanctification, and at the same time he promised the old man to do what he should order him. Palemon, charmed with this answer, balanced no more; he received him and gave him the habit of a solitary. They led together the eremitical life, that is, a life of penance and prayer; they joined to it the work of the hands, to earn wherewith to live and assist the poor.

Pachomius, in his prayer, which was continual, asked above all a perfect purity of heart, that being entirely detached from creatures he might love God with all his affections. To stifle even the germ of the passions, he

formed himself, before all, to the practice of humility, patience and gentleness. Often he prayed with his arms placed one over the other in the form of a cross, a posture which was then much in use in the Church. In the beginning, he was subject to drowsiness during the night office. Palemon awakened him by these words: “Watch and pray, my dear Pachomius, lest the enemy triumph over you and take from you all the fruit of your labours.” He ordered him also sometimes to carry sand from one place to another, until the desire to sleep was entirely passed. It was thus the young novice strengthened himself in the habit of watching. He took care also to apply to himself all that he read or heard read that was edifying, and to make it the rule of his conduct.

Palemon told him one Easter day to prepare dinner. Pachomius, having regard to the greatness of the solemnity, seasoned with a little oil and salt the wild herbs which they were to eat with their bread. Palemon made his prayer and sat down at table; but at the sight of the oil, he struck his forehead, saying with tears: “My Saviour was crucified, and I should flatter myself to the point of eating oil?” He could never resolve to taste it. Pachomius went sometimes into a vast desert named Tabenne, and situated on the banks of the Nile.[1] One day when he was making his prayer there, he heard a voice which ordered him to build, in the place where he was, a monastery destined to receive all those who should be sent there by God to serve him faithfully. About the same time, an angel gave him, some say by word of mouth, others in writing, the Rule which his religious were to follow, called afterwards Tabennites. Having returned to Palemon, he told him what had happened to him. They betook themselves both to Tabenne, and built there a little cell, about the year 325, some twenty years after Saint Anthony had founded his first monastery. At the end of some time, Palemon returned to his solitude and promised his disciple to come and see him every year; but he died there a short time after. He is named in the Roman Martyrology under 14 January.

The first disciple that Saint Pachomius had was John, his elder brother. This one being dead, many others came to him, so that he was obliged to enlarge his monastery. He saw himself in a short time at the head of a hundred monks. He wore almost always a hair-shirt. He was fifteen years without lying down, sitting on a stone to take the little rest he granted to nature; yet he reproached himself with the short space which sleep took from him. He would have wished to give himself without interruption to the holy exercises of divine love. Since his conversion, he had never made an entire meal. By the Rule which he gave to his disciples, fasting and labour were proportioned to the strength of each. They ate in common and in silence, having in the refectory the head covered with their hood, that they might not see one another. This hood was made of coarse cloth, as was their tunic which had no sleeves. They covered their shoulders with a white goat-skin, to which they gave the name of melote. They communicated regularly on the first and last day of the week. The novices were severely tried before taking the habit, a ceremony which was then regarded as monastic profession and which was followed by the emission of vows. Saint Pachomius sent none of his religious to orders; and his monasteries were often served by priests from outside. He received nevertheless priests who asked for the habit, and made them exercise the functions of the ministry. All worked; but there were divers kinds of labours. There was not a single instant which was not occupied. Great care was taken of the sick; Saint Pachomius consoled them and served them himself. The law of silence was so rigorous that when a monk had need of something, he could ask it only by signs. When they went from one place to another, they meditated on some passage of Scripture, and chanted psalms even while working. When death took one of the brothers, all the others solicited the divine mercy in his favour; the holy sacrifice of the Mass was also offered for the repose of his soul. Persons of weak health were not excluded from the monastery; the holy abbot received all who gave true marks of vocation and who showed a great desire to walk in the way of the evangelical counsels.[2]

Pachomius built six other monasteries in the Thebaid, but at little distance from one another. In 338, he chose for the place of his residence that of Pabau, situated in the province of Diospolis and on the territory of the city of Thebes. This monastery became still more numerous and more celebrated than that of Tabenne. The

Saint, by the counsel of Serapion, bishop of Tentyra, built also a church in a neighbouring village, in favour of the poor occupied in the guard of flocks. He acted there for some time as catechist. Nothing was more admirable than the piety with which he read the word of God to the people. The conversion of several infidels was the fruit of his zeal. His bishop wished in vain to ordain him priest; his humility made him always refuse the honour of the priesthood.

Saint Athanasius had a great respect for Saint Pachomius, and came to visit him at Tabenne, in 333. Pachomius, on his side, revered singularly this bishop, not only on account of his eminent virtues, but also on account of his attachment to the faith. He had, like him, much horror of heresies, and he opposed on all occasions the progress of Arianism.

Pachomius had a sister who, aspiring also to perfection, had come to see him at this monastery: he sent to tell her at the door that women could not enter and that it ought to suffice for her to know that he still lived. However, when he had learned that she desired to consecrate herself to God, he had built for her, on the other side of the Nile, a monastery which was soon filled with virgins zealous for the practice of all virtues. Nothing more grave, more holy, more touching at once than the relations between these religious men and these religious women. No one went to visit the latter without permission, except the priest and the deacon destined to serve them, and who went there only on Sundays. The religious who had some relatives in this community obtained permission to visit them, accompanied by another religious of the oldest and holiest. They saw first the superior, and afterwards their kinswomen in presence of the superior and the principal religious, without making her or receiving from her any present, and without eating in that place. When there was some building to do at the religious women's, or some other service to render them, the religious came there, conducted by one of the wisest and gravest; but never did they eat or drink with them, returning always to their monastery at the hour of the meal. The abbot sent to the religious women flax and wool, of which they made the stuffs necessary for themselves and for the religious men. When a religious woman died, her sisters carried the body as far as a certain place, where the religious men, singing, came to take it, then they went to bury it on the mountain where was their cemetery.

Obedience was the virtue which Pachomius counselled most to his religious. He deposed two procurators from their office, the one because, having found wheat cheap, he had bought more than he had been commanded; the other because he had sold mats dearer than he had been ordered. God wrought miracles to justify this conduct of the Saint. Having remarked that a fig tree tempted the religious by its beautiful fruits, Pachomius ordered it to be destroyed; nevertheless the gardener, by dint of supplications, obtained the revocation of this order; but one day the fig tree was found dead. He strove also to maintain in his community the practice of patience and humility. Theodore, one of his dearest disciples, who succeeded him after his death in the government of his monasteries, was tormented by a continual headache. Some brothers having solicited Pachomius to ask of God his cure, he answered: "It is true that abstinence and prayer are very meritorious, but patience in illness is infinitely more so."

A monk made one day double his ordinary work, two mats instead of one, and placed them in a spot where he knew they would be seen by the abbot. Pachomius saw them in fact, and guessing the motive of the brother: "Behold," said he, "much labour and pains for the demon." He repressed afterwards this vanity by salutary humiliations. The religious was further condemned to keep his cell for five months, without other nourishment than a little bread, salt and water.

Except this article of obedience, on which Saint Pachomius was inexorable, because it is the support of the religious state, he had in every other thing much gentleness and condescension in bearing the weaknesses and defects of his brothers. A religious, called Silvanus, having resumed, a short time after his entry into the monastery, the manners, language and tastes of the world, scandalized all the community; the oldest begged the holy abbot to take from him the religious habit and make him leave the monastery. But Saint Pachomius did so much by his prayers to God and by his sweet and charitable remonstrances that this religious became

the best of the community, for he had the gift of tears for the space of eight years, and died like a Saint. Pachomius protested to all the religious that he had seen his soul mount to heaven, accompanied by an innumerable multitude of blessed spirits.

The mother of a young novice, called Theodore, having come to the monastery to take her son out of it, by virtue of certain letters which she had obtained from some bishops, Saint Pachomius said simply to this religious that he should go and find his mother, since those prelates so ordered. Theodore replied to him: "Assure me then, my father, that I shall not be reproved at the judgment of God for this visit that I shall go and make to my mother." The holy abbot, satisfied with these words, pressed his novice no further, and this resolution of the son profited the mother so well that she herself became a religious. Theodore led so fervent and holy a life that he merited to be put, after his death, among the saints, in the Menology of the Greeks, on the 15th of this month.

Another religious, burning with an indiscreet zeal to suffer martyrdom, begged Saint Pachomius to procure him the occasion. The abbot did what he could to take this thought from him; he set before him that it was a pure temptation, since the Church, enjoying then peace, one ought not to wish that it should be disturbed by persecutions; nevertheless, seeing that this religious continued to make him the same entreaties, he told him at last that he would satisfy him, provided he had the courage of martyrdom when the occasion should present itself. Two days after, he sent him to seek wood in the forest, after having reiterated his warnings. This rash man went there, full of a presumption which was soon changed into a cowardly infidelity; for savages, who dwelt on neighbouring mountains and still sacrificed to idols, having made him prisoner, he showed at first some resolution of wishing to suffer and die for Jesus Christ; but when he saw them take arms and threaten him with them, he surrendered at once and ate of what had been immolated to idols. He escaped, by this means, from their hands: but he was seized with so great a trouble of conscience that he was near falling into despair, had not the paternal gentleness of the holy abbot stopped his tears and raised his courage by the imposition of a salutary penance.

The spirits of darkness attacked and tormented Saint Pachomius by all the artifices they employ against great saints. They undertook first to inspire him with vanity: when he came out of prayer, they came in troops, under human figures, to meet him, and, pretending to applaud him, they said one to another: "Room, room for the man of God!" At other times, during his prayer, they presented themselves to him in ridiculous postures, to distract him and excite him to laugh, and, when he took his refection, they appeared to him under the form of immodest young persons who begged him to receive them at his table. But whatever the demons could do, they never gained anything against this servant of Jesus Christ; he preserved always the same gravity, the same calm, the same recollection, equally insensible to their praises, their antics, their seductions. They attacked him then openly, and often they scourged him with so much cruelty that they left his body all covered with wounds. A good religious, named Apollo, who came to see him, was witness of these bloody executions; but he encouraged him and urged him to perseverance, assuring him, on the part of God, that the storm would soon cease, as happened. God gave him even a great power over demons, as well as over diseases. A poor father brought him one of his daughters, cruelly tormented by one of the infernal spirits; but, as it was not permitted to women to enter the convent, Saint Pachomius asked for one of the garments of the possessed girl to bless it; then having learned, by revelation, that her conscience was in a bad state, he had her warned of it, and, after having made her promise to amend, he cured her with a little blessed oil which he sent her. He delivered also a young possessed person by making him eat a morsel of blessed bread. A woman, afflicted with an issue of blood, begged a good priest, named Dionysius, to draw, on occasion, the holy abbot into his church. Pachomius went there, and this sick woman having approached him gently, and having touched with great faith the hem of his robe, after the example of the woman with the issue of blood in the Gospel, she found herself at once cured. One of his religious having been stung by a scorpion during his prayer, without however interrupting it, was likewise cured as soon as he had asked health from the holy

abbot.

The grace of healing the sick was not the only one with which God favoured Saint Pachomius; he had also the gift of prophecy, and that of penetrating the secrets of the heart. Conversing one day with the abbot Theodore, he warned him that the brothers charged with the bakery, who were obliged to keep silence, and to occupy themselves with holy thoughts while they made the loaves destined for the holy sacrifice of the Mass, amused themselves nevertheless with chatting: this infraction was verified, which was real, and it did not remain without punishment. Another time, he gave notice to the Father Vicar that a religious, who was sleeping in his cell during the exhortation, was undergoing a violent temptation; in effect, he succumbed to it, and at once left the habit and religious profession. God made known to him, in a vision, the future state of his Order: that several would relax there from strict observance; the imperfect having made themselves masters there, the charges would be filled only by policy and human respect, and not by consideration of the merits and capacity of persons; the best religious and the most worthy being excluded from them, everything would go into decay and fall into great disorder. As the holy man was extremely afflicted at so many misfortunes, Our Lord appeared to him with a crown of thorns on his head, and consoled him. Pachomius afterwards made it known to his religious, in a long and pathetic exhortation which he made to them on this subject.

One might add to these two gratuitous graces that of the gift of tongues: a religious of Italy having gone to find him to discover to him the state of his conscience, the holy abbot could not understand him, because he knew only his mother tongue, which was that of Egypt; he had recourse to God, and made this prayer: “Lord, if, for want of knowing languages, I cannot help strangers, why do you send them to me? And if it please you that I serve them, give me what is necessary to me to execute your will.” He continued this prayer for the space of three hours; and at the end, he received from heaven a full understanding and a perfect use of the Greek tongue and the Latin tongue.

Thus Pachomius obtained miracles, not only for others, but also for himself. He walked on serpents and trampled scorpions under foot, without receiving any harm; and when he had to cross some arm of the Nile, to visit his monasteries, the crocodiles presented themselves to him and carried him across on their back. In short, all his life was but a continual miracle. In effect, is it not a marvellous thing to have lived so long, almost without eating, and absolutely without sleeping; for, during the temptations of which we have spoken, he asked the grace of Our Lord to be no longer subject to sleep, in order to be incessantly under arms to fight the enemy. What is not less marvellous is the humility with which this venerable old man received the remonstrances of the least novices. One day when he was visiting his monasteries and working at mats with the others, a young brother, perceiving that Saint Pachomius did not plait them according to the ordinary method, said to him freely: “Father, you do not do well; the abbot Theodore wants it in another fashion.” — “Well then, my child,” the Saint replied gently, “show me how it must be done.” And, having learned it, he changed his manner of working.

In the year 348, the plague ravaged the monasteries of Saint Pachomius, and carried off a hundred religious from him. He himself fell sick after the feast of Easter; he was extremely exhausted and weakened; but his face remained always cheerful and as if shining with a holy joy, which made sufficiently known the candour and purity of his soul. Two days before his decease, he exhorted his religious to perseverance and to the practice of what he had taught them. He warned them above all to flee heretics, particularly the Arians, the Meletians and the Origenists, and to converse only with persons whose conversation could edify them and bring them to perfection. At last, he exhorted them also to elect for their superior, in his place, a holy religious called Petronius, to whom he commended, though he was absent, the whole company; then he perceived his guardian angel near him, and, after having contemplated him with an eye all filled with joy, he made the sign of the cross and rendered his fair soul to God on 14 May of the year 348. His disciples passed the night in the continual chanting of psalms and hymns, and buried him the following day on the mountain, as he had ordered.

Saint Pachomius is represented in the costume of a Hermit, receiving from the hands of an angel the book of his Rule; crossing the Nile on the back of crocodiles, etc.

As to Saint Palemon, he is found winding skeins; which is perhaps founded on this circumstance that he employed his religious in weaving hair-shirts.

The Order of Saint Pachomius subsisted in the East until the eleventh century. The Life of Saint Pachomius was written a short time after his death by a monk of Tabenne. See Rosweyde, vol. i, p. 114; Papebroch, vol. iii of May, p. 287; Tillemont, vol. vii; Ceillier, vol. iv, Vivès edition; Hélyot, vol. i, Migne edition.

Saint Paschal I, Pope

824. — King of France: Louis the Debonair.

Paschal I was raised to the sovereign pontificate, in spite of himself and of his resistance, scarcely two days after the death of Stephen V, his predecessor, by the unanimous wishes of the clergy, in the year of Our Lord Jesus Christ 817. He was a man of universal erudition, but above all very versed in the sacred sciences; he was of eminent holiness, of rare eloquence, of a piety so tender toward God, and of a charity so great for his neighbour, that his face lit up with a holy joy every time he distributed to the poor the material goods of this world; while he employed vigils, fasting and prayer in acquiring the spiritual goods of the future life.

From his childhood he had been brought up in the patriarchate of the church of the Lateran, under the eyes of the sovereign Pontiffs. He made such great progress in all virtues, in letters and in ecclesiastical discipline, that after he had received sacred orders, Leo III put him at the head of the monastery of Saint Stephen. There he became a model for the religious at whose head he had been placed; he received the pilgrims who came in crowds to visit the tombs of the Apostles with an incomparable kindness, furnished them with all that was necessary to them, and, after the example of the Saviour, rendered them the most humble services. These unequivocal proofs of piety and charity made him therefore judged the most worthy man to preside over the destinies of the flock of Jesus Christ, and over those of the whole Church. Nothing was wanting to him of what is necessary to govern perfectly the bark of Peter. He knew how to preserve in all its integrity, in the West, the discipline of the Church, which was then flourishing there. As to the Church of the East, which the emperor Leo the Armenian and the intruded patriarch

Theodore kept in a continual state of agitation by the propagation of the heresy of the Iconoclasts, he consoled it by means of his letters and the legates he sent to it. He gave also to the Greeks who took refuge at Rome the monastery of Saint Praxedes, which he had built, and endowed it with rich revenues. Theodore, wishing to consolidate his usurpation, sent deputies to the Pope to engage him to recognize him; but Paschal was not to be surprised by tricks nor intimidated by threats; he declared that he recognized no other patriarch of Constantinople than the legitimate pastor Saint Nicephorus, and he condemned in a solemn manner the persecutions raised against the orthodox.

The zeal which Paschal showed on this occasion and the continual embarrassments which the heretics raised against him did not hinder him from thinking of extending the reign of Jesus Christ in the countries which had not yet been enlightened by the lights of the Gospel. Ebbo, archbishop of Reims, having learned, at the court of the emperor Louis the Debonair, from deputies of Denmark, the relations which Paschal had had with the Danes, felt a lively desire to go and evangelize those peoples still plunged in idolatry. He went to Rome, where the holy Pope strengthened him in his generous resolution and gave him full powers for the mission he wished to undertake. Here is a remarkable extract from the powers which Paschal gave him. “The Pope, who is charged with watching over the salvation of all men, has learned that some peoples of the North, deprived of baptism and of all knowledge of the true God, are still plunged in the shadows of death. Therefore he sends his brother and colleague to preach to these peoples and to make them pass from darkness to light. If, during the accomplishment of his functions, any doubt should arise in his mind, let him address

himself to Rome, to have it removed (as Saint Boniface), and let him come to draw from this pure source of all lights…”[1]

He transported into the city a great number of holy bodies, which he withdrew from the cemeteries, after the example of Paul I, and following the revelations of Saint Cecilia who indicated to him the place where they had been placed, he caused new churches to be built, and he restored and adorned with great magnificence the ancient ones. He increased the goods assigned to the hospitals and to the monasteries of religious women. Finally, after having extinguished a fire by a striking miracle, he went to rest in the bosom of God, in the eighth year of his Pontificate (824), and was buried in the Vatican basilica.

It is agreed that the principal members of the clergy of Rome, who were called cardinals long before the pontificate of Paschal I, were publicly decorated with this title under his reign.

See Anastasius the Librarian, the Bollandists, Baillet and Baronius.

The Blessed Egidius or Giles, of Portugal

1190–1265. — Pope: Clement IV. — Kings of Portugal: Sancho II; Alphonso III.

Lord, if thou keepest an exact account of our iniquities, who shall be able to appear before thee? Ps. CXXIX, 3.

Toward the end of the twelfth century, under the reign of Sancho I, king of Portugal, there lived at court a lord of the highest rank, counsellor of His Majesty, governor of Coimbra, named Don Rodrigo de Vagliaditos. Egidius, his third son, was, according to the usage of that time, destined to the ecclesiastical state from his childhood, and his parents sent him to study at the university of Coimbra; he distinguished himself there so much by his talents and his precocious aptitude for the sciences, that his reputation reached even the ears of the king, who from then on gave him large benefices, for Egidius was preparing to enter orders. But when he was in his rich abbey, he profited by his leisure, much less to give himself to the study of the holy books, than to penetrate more and more into the profane sciences. All the time that the monks spent chanting in choir the praises of the Lord, passed for him in the library, where he had heaped up everything that was to serve his pleasures and his desire to learn. But seeing that he could not in his own country penetrate into human sciences as far as his ambition urged him, he resolved to go to Paris to study medicine, for it was there that the most renowned Faculty of all Europe was found. Deceiving therefore the confidence of his sovereign and the desires of his parents, he left his abbey, whose administration he had confided to a prior, and set out. He had been several days on the road, when one morning, while the reins floated on the neck of his fine charger and his mind caressed brilliant dreams of the future, he was accosted by a man of great and bony stature, with lips that sneered in a sinister fashion, and whose eyes regarded him with the expression of the bird of prey which swoops upon its victim.

The newcomer began the conversation thus: “I see, sir traveller, that you have a long road to make?” — “Yes,” answered Egidius, “I am going to Paris.” — “And to study medicine there, if I am not mistaken?” — Egidius, surprised to see this stranger acquainted with his secret plans, cried out: “How do you know it? I have spoken of it to no one.” — “No,” said Satan — for our readers have already guessed that this stranger was the demon, resolved to make a last and decisive effort to cast this wavering soul into the infernal abyss — “no, but I know a science which penetrates all secrets, which teaches one to read in the thought of others and to hide one’s own.” — “What is this science?” said Egidius in a voice ardent with desires; “tell it me, do you know it? can you teach it to me? I wish to learn it!” — Satan, seeing that the young man was about to succumb to the temptation, let escape a sardonic laugh and said: “This science which I can teach you is alchemy.” — Egidius trembled, a shudder ran through his veins; he remembered the religious teachings of his childhood and of his youth; the thought of renouncing Christ made him shudder with horror. But Satan, seeing his hesitation, added in an insinuating voice: “This science will make you the most learned man of the

whole earth; your reputation will become universal, and you will enjoy pleasures and honours of which you cannot have the least idea." — "It is done!" said Egidius, succumbing to this temptation of pride, "I am ready to become your pupil!"

At that instant Satan took him and carried him off through the air like a straw, then he came down again amid arid mountains sown with gaping precipices. At the approach of Satan a rock opened, and both entered into a vast cavern where a crowd of victims of the infernal spirit had groaned for many years. Satan then presented to him, that he might sign it with his blood, a bond on which were written these terrible words: "I renounce the title of child of God and I withdraw myself from his laws; I renounce my faith and I deny the vows of my baptism, to become the devoted slave of Satan, who, in return, will procure me earthly pleasures and honours…" The unhappy Egidius did not recoil at the sight of these impious words, he did not take flight… he opened a vein and signed them with his own blood!… He began from that time his hard apprenticeship under the cruel master he had given himself. During seven long years, he remained shut up in the frightful cavern, occupied night and day in learning, in the sweat of his brow, the diabolical secrets. He then experienced for himself how much sweeter the service of the Lord is than that of the demon; but the hardening of his heart and the despair which at the same time possessed him prevented him from seeking to come out of the iniquitous slavery to which he was delivered. At last, at the expiration of the seven years, he came out of the cavern possessing more natural and supernatural science than anyone whatever; all the occult forces of nature were known to him; he knew secrets and enchantments which no man had possessed before him, and he made use of them to satisfy his perverse inclinations and his guilty desires. Arrived at Paris, he distinguished himself there in the Faculty of medicine far more still than he had done at Coimbra; and the marvellous cures which he worked, thanks to his diabolical science, caused him to pass, with good reason, for the most illustrious doctor who had appeared on earth. But he had become like those whited sepulchres of which Our Lord speaks, which within are but dust and corruption: worldly science had killed faith in him, all was empty and sadness in his soul, and he could have said with Solomon: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, save to love God and serve him alone!" In the midst of the drive and heat of his passions, in spite of the tumult of the world which surrounded him and in spite of the demons who made his society, he had preserved, like a precious wreck in a total shipwreck, devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he prayed to her in secret, every day some Hail Marys mounted from his heart to his lips, and he had as it were an intimate presentiment that Mary would deliver him. For, in the midst of all this pomp, all these riches, the honours and the human glory which surrounded him, Egidius was far from being happy; his brow was careworn, an invincible sadness weighed upon him; he experienced for himself how heavy are the chains which Satan forges for his servants, and he recalled often, in the bitterness of his heart, and to regret them, those young and pure years when he enjoyed the sweet and holy liberty of the children of God. His soul, turned aside from its way, writhed in inexpressible anguish, and while many admired and perhaps envied the splendour attached to his name and his luxurious life, one might have heard him often cry out upon his rich sleepless couch: *De profundis clamavi ad te, Maria: Maria, exaudi vocem meam, fiant aures tuæ intendentes in vocem deprecationis meæ…* "From the depths I have cried to thee, O Mary: hear the voice of my supplications, O Mary!…" But Satan, jealous of his prey, suggested to the unhappy man some new thought of proud science, and urged him to try new and more powerful enchantments, and the too docile Egidius returned to his retorts and his alembics with a feverish activity.

One night when he had worked at his furnaces longer still than usual, fatigue finally overcame him, and he fell asleep on a seat placed in a corner of the room where he was. During his sleep it seemed to him that he was transported into the cemetery of his abbey, lit by the pale rays of the moon. He was looking at its fantastic shadows, when the sonorous bell began to swing in the belfry, and struck twelve strokes in the midst of the deep and solemn silence of the night. It was still vibrating when it seemed to him he saw a gaunt spectre come out of its tomb; he was clothed in a white shroud, the garment of the grave; his right hand held a scythe with a sharpened edge, and his left hand held an hourglass in its bony fingers; he walked impassive

in the alleys of the cemetery, passing before some tombs without interrupting his march, but suddenly he stopped before a tomb and cried out in a hoarse and harsh voice: “Rise, faithless monk, thou who hast violated thy vows, rise!” At once a spectre rises from this tomb and follows him who seemed to be the chief of this domain of death. He goes to another tomb and cries out: “Faithless monk, rise!…” And he spoke in the same way to all those of the deceased monks who had gravely sinned. When he had arrived at the place designated for the burial of the abbots and at the spot where the tomb of Egidius was to be placed, he cried out in a more strident voice: “Abbot Egidius, faithless monk, unworthy monk, thou who hast renounced thy God, thou who hast violated all thy vows, rise!”

But nothing came out of this tomb still without a guest. “Where then is he?” said the chief of the spectres. “Monk Egidius, has thine hour not yet struck?” He looked at his hourglass: some grains of sand still remained… “Till soon!” said he, and the spectres, quitting their shrouds, began their infernal round; one place was empty in their ranks, or rather was occupied by a being invisible to the eyes of Egidius. Suddenly the spectres break their round, disperse running without touching the earth or even bending the stalks of the verdant grass of the cemetery; they come toward him, surround him and stop. The chief cries out with a horrible accent: “Woe to thee, wretch, if thou changest not thy life!” and all the other spectres repeat in chorus: “Change thy life, wretch!” Egidius, at the height of terror, hopes now only in Mary; the chief approaches still nearer and gives him a stroke of the scythe in the heart. The cold of the keen steel awakens Egidius, who cries out: “Mary!” At this name all the spectres, like a troop of owls before the first ray of dawn, disappear crying: “Thou art saved!”

Egidius falls on his knees, thanks the divine protectress who has just broken his bonds; he takes all the books of profane science which had been the first cause of his fall, he breaks the phials which contained his philtres; then, abandoning all his iniquitous riches, he leaves furtively, stripped of everything, his sumptuous mansion, while his numerous servants still sleep; he goes out of Paris and takes on foot the road to Portugal. His journey was sad and painful. Pursued by remorse, by the memory of that bond signed with his blood and remaining in the power of his infernal enemy, he passed his nights without sleep, absorbed in his painful reflections. The pains, the hunger, the thirst, the fatigue, the privations of every kind, the illnesses which were the consequence, all appeared to him a first and just expiation of his crimes; his repentance alone equalled the desire he had to do penance, and nothing stopped him in his course.

After entering Spain, he arrived at Valencia, where a convent of Friars Preachers had just been founded; and the brothers, then in all their primitive fervour, were busy with their own hands building their convent. Egidius, succumbing under the weight of his sorrows and under that of his bodily fatigues, sat down upon a stone and contemplated mournfully the good religious; they went and came with activity; laden with stones, wood, mortar, with looks in which reigned at once modesty, patience and the holy joy which a pure conscience gives, they laboured to raise the walls and cloisters of their blessed retreat. He felt a deep emotion at seeing them give themselves with so much joy to labours so far beneath them; this spectacle had for him a charm which he could not define and which he found very great in comparing it with the infernal labours which he had accomplished during his guilty life. Mary no doubt spoke to his heart, for suddenly he said to himself: “It is there that I must pass the rest of my days, in obscurity, humility and penance!” Then, rising at once, he went to find the prior of the Dominicans. The prior received him with kindness and charity, listened to his long confession and did not hesitate to grant him absolution, for the sincerity of his accent and the abundance of his tears showed that his repentance was true. With what a weight was his soul relieved, when it was delivered from the burden of a life stained with crimes, when the chains which he had borne so long were broken by the efficacy of the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and when he understood the happiness there is in giving oneself to God body and soul! The next day, he came back to find the prior and threw himself at his feet, saying to him: “My father, I come to you as the prodigal child came back to his father; I return toward the house of God, my heavenly father; as the guilty child, I come to beseech you to receive me

in this convent among the number of your humblest servants; I beg you to give me for my portion the coarsest, the most painful and the vilest labours; I shall find them very honourable and very sweet when I compare them, to my just confusion, with the infernal labour to which I gave myself for so many years! I aspire now only to drink of the chalice of penance and repentance with as much avidity as a thirsty man who finds a fresh fountain in the desert. Too long have I sinned! Too long have I drunk of the cup of iniquity! Too long have I made a pact with Satan and lived with the infernal mammon. It is here the place I have chosen to do penance, if you deign to permit it me, and you will show me the road which must be followed to go to heaven!" The prior, moved, embraced him as he raised him up: "Yes," said he to him, "come with us, it is here that you will find the repose of your soul." Egidius went to prostrate himself before the altar of the merciful Virgin who had led him as by the hand to this port of safety, to exhale there the transports of his joy and of his gratitude. From that moment, one could see among the pious labourers a monk who surpassed his brothers by his ardour for work: it was Egidius, who from then on led the life of the Friars Preachers. A prompt obedience, a rigorous silence, charity, peace of soul, such were the elements of the new life which Egidius had embraced. His conversion was sincere and he expiated by a hard penance all the sins he had committed. Having made his profession in 1221, he was soon afterwards sent to the convent of Santarem, in Portugal, his native country.

But one must not think that the great tempter of men left him in peace; he raised against him the most violent temptations and sought to push him to despair by recalling to him unceasingly the terrible gift which he had made in writing of his soul. Egidius addressed without respite his fervent prayers to Mary to ask her help against his cruel enemy; at last, after seven years of austere penances and ardent prayers, his confidence in Mary was rewarded: one night when, after having long prayed to her, he had dozed off in choir, he found on the arm of his stall the impious gift which he had signed with his blood and which the power of Mary had just snatched from the demon.

Since then, he tasted without mixture the ineffable spiritual consolations with which the Lord often fills his favourite servants; and his chronicler, in relating several of his ecstasies and miracles, and the wholly divine rapture into which he entered when he heard pronounced the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, sacred names by which he dominated all hell, observes that there was there a much more powerful magic than that which Egidius had learned from Satan.

Our Blessed was employed with success by his superiors in the ministry of souls, for he was marvellously gifted to touch by his preachings the most hardened sinners. He exercised on several occasions the functions of provincial, which he discharged with a particular talent. At last, after having edified by his virtues even more than he had formerly scandalized by his disorders; after having been generally regarded as the greatest man of his Order, during his life; after having acquired, in seeking obscurity, a much higher reputation than in seeking earthly glory, he died the death of the just in 1265, to go and sing in heaven the mercies of the Lord.

Benedict XIV approved the cult of the Blessed Egidius on 9 March 1748, and his feast is celebrated on 14 May. An ancient journal of the kings of Portugal, cited in the *Acts of the Saints*, makes mention as follows of the death of the Blessed Egidius or Giles: "Saint Giles, of the Order of Friars Preachers, went to God on the fourteenth day of May, the day of the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the year of our salvation twelve hundred and sixty-five." — *Ann. Dom., May 1872, Acta Sanctorum*, and most of the hagiographers.

Saint Victor and Saint Corona

(Second century).

Victor of Damascus, in Syria, followed the career of arms under the emperor Antoniû. As he conducted himself openly as a Christian, he was summoned by Sebastian, his commander, in conformity with the edicts

of the emperors, to abjure Christ and to burn incense to the gods, with the threat, if he did not do so, of being severely treated. To this Victor answered that he was not only resolved to face all torments rather than renounce his religion, but that he would still hold it as a grace to suffer whatever they wished for the name of Jesus Christ. Irritated at this answer, Sebastian commanded that his fingers be broken, and that the joints, first laid bare, be then torn from the skin; and finally he had him thrown into a burning furnace, from which Victor, after remaining there three days, came out without the least harm. Next, having been forced, several times, to eat poisoned food, he took it with impunity, and even converted to the faith of Christ the man who had composed the poison. But the fury of the executioners did not stop there. By a new kind of cruelty, they tear the sinews from his body, pour boiling oil over his limbs; they bring flaming torches near his suspended body; they pour into his mouth a mixture of vinegar and lime; they put out his eyes; they leave him hanging by the feet, head downward, for three days: and, as, far from being shaken by so many torments, the Martyr did not seem even to feel them, he is flayed alive and abandoned thus all bloody, truly Victor, that is to say conqueror, since he had triumphed, by the virtue of God, over the weakness of nature, and the rage of the demons, and the cruelty of the impious.

A young woman of sixteen, named Corona, and married to a soldier, having admired the constancy of Victor, could not help praising him loudly, impelled by the spirit of God: at the same time, she declared publicly that she was a Christian, affirming that she saw two crowns descending from heaven, one for Victor and the other for herself, and that she was quite ready to merit it by a fair death. Wherefore, having been arrested and summoned to sacrifice to the gods, as she would not consent to it, she was tied with ropes to the branches of two trees bent toward each other with effort, and these trees being suddenly released, and returning to their first position, the body of the young woman was divided into two parts. As for Victor, he was at last struck with the axe, after having made several predictions which were accomplished. The heads of these two illustrious Martyrs were piously preserved in the cathedral of Dijon before the Revolution. In the year 1286, on a Sunday, the day after the feast of Saint Matthew, apostle, William, bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône, made, in the said church, the raising of the head of Saint Corona and of several other relics. The heads of our two Martyrs were carried one after the other in the processions of the Rogations, on Tuesday and Wednesday, to ward off bad weather.

Old Proper of Dijon.

Saint Pontius, commonly Pons, Martyr at Cimiez

(257).

Pontius was the son of a senator of the city of Rome. He studied polite letters and philosophy like the young men of his condition, and he did so with success. Once, having risen at the first light of day, he was walking about, going at random this way and that, when he heard

Christians chanting psalms at Matins. This thing, new to him, excited his curiosity, and, quite moved by the holy melodies which he had heard, he presented himself to him who presided over the assembly: it was the pontiff Saint Pontian (230–235). He received the young man with kindness, made him acquainted with religion, admitted him first among the catechumens, and shortly after plunged him in the saving waters of baptism. Pontius, become a Christian, had the happiness of giving the faith to him who had given him life; he converted his father with all his household. After the death of the senator his father, Pontius, who was called to succeed him and who already enjoyed the affection of the prince and the esteem of all his colleagues, disdained all these advantages, and, giving to Pope Saint Fabian all his goods to be distributed to the poor, he took the resolution to consecrate his life to the preaching of the Gospel.

He left Rome after the murder of Philip, at the moment when the persecution of Valerian and Gallienus broke out. He betook himself to Cimiez, a city situated at the foot of the Maritime Alps, which was later destroyed

by the Lombards, and near the ruins of which the city of Nice has risen. The president Claudius, who knew Pontius, having come to Cimiez to execute the orders which the emperors had given to destroy the Christian name to its last roots, had him brought before him to force him to sacrifice to the gods. Pontius answered that, being a Christian, it was impossible for him to make that sort of sacrifice. He was therefore hung on the rack, exposed to bears, placed on a pyre; but, not having been hurt by them, he accomplished his martyrdom by the edge of the sword.

The sepulchre of the Martyr was frequented by a great concourse of people, as is attested by Saint Valerian, bishop of Cimiez, who flourished in the time of Pope Saint Leo, and who delivered three homilies in praise of Saint Pontius, patron of his church. Later, Charlemagne had a Benedictine abbey raised over his tomb, near Nice: the site is occupied today by a convent of the Oblates of Mary. The present church was built by the Benedictine monks and completed about 1730: there was rebuilt, at about the same time, the little chapel which, on a rock a hundred metres distant from the monastery, indicated the precise place where Saint Pontius had suffered martyrdom. This chapel, destroyed by the

Revolution, has not been rebuilt. The church of Saint-Pons, in the diocese of Nice, possesses no more than insignificant fragments of the relics of its Patron.

In 936, Raymond Pons, count of Toulouse, built in honour of his patron, toward whom he had a great devotion, a monastery at Thomières, in the diocese of Narbonne, which was erected into an episcopal see by Pope John XXII. The greater part of the body of Saint Pontius was transferred to this church, but these relics were destroyed by the heretics in the sixteenth century. The Proper of Nîmes, from which we borrow the legend of Saint Pontius, makes no mention of the conversion of the two Caesars Philip, of which our Saint was the instrument according to the most authoritative authors: the Church herself admits this fact in her Martyrology: we can therefore, we too, admit it, without fear of offending reasonable criticism.

Proper of Nîmes and local notes furnished by the Rev. Father Pierre Caries, Oblate of Mary at Saint-Pons-Nice.

Saint Ampelus or Apelles, Blacksmith

(Fifth century).

This Saint was born in the fifth century, in Egypt, of honest and well-to-do parents, who had him given instruction, while having him learn a trade. The seed of the divine word did not fall on an ungrateful soil, but caused the happiest fruits to germinate in his heart. The trade of blacksmith, which he had learned in his early youth, procured him an honest fortune, of which he did not however use solely for himself, but which he employed in good works. He made three parts of it: of the largest, he made gift to the infirm or sick old men; the second was to serve for his own maintenance, and he reserved the third, as much to meet unforeseen needs, as to come to the help of his neighbour in cases of distress. Ampelus gave the example of all the Christian and civil virtues: he was obliging, peaceable, moderate in his desires, zealous and active; he never began nor finished his task without praying, and even while he worked, he knew how to raise his soul to God, observing thus what Saint Paul so earnestly recommends to us, to pray without ceasing. To preserve his soul from the impressions of vice, he avoided all the dangers which might have exposed its salvation. One day, however, he was unexpectedly surprised by temptation, on seeing a shameless courtesan enter his workshop, but he pursued her at once with a red-hot iron, and forced her to retreat.

His physical strength having insensibly diminished, and no longer able himself to direct his affairs, he resolved to separate himself entirely from men, and to occupy himself henceforth only with God and eternity. To accomplish his design more freely, he crossed the sea and came to Italy, in the neighbourhood of Genoa, where he led in solitude a life divided between mortification and contemplation, until the Lord called him to himself.

He is the patron of the blacksmiths, at Genoa, who have dedicated a chapel to him in the church of Saint Stephen. The anvil, the hammer, etc., attributes of his trade, the red-hot iron with which he pursues the courtesan, may serve to characterize our Saint.

Taken from Rœss and Weiss, vol. vi, p. 439. See the Bollandists at 14 May, and Lauber on the same day.

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[1] Saint Justina and Saint Hénédine pass for having been the attendants of Saint Justa. The latter gave her name to a city formerly episcopal in the island of Sardinia where her cult was very widespread.

[2] He founded the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is still in our days one of the most frequented of Naples, and was buried in it.

[3] Exodus, ii.

[4] See his Life in the Supplement.

[5] See on 1 May, note 1, page 158.

[6] In the diocese of Teatyrs or Deaderaa, a city situated between the great and the little Diospolis.

[7] Saint Jerome gave a Latin translation of the Rule of Saint Pachomius, which we still have.

[8] See Kruse, *Saint Anschar*, page 215 and following.

15 May

Martyrologies

15 May — Roman Martyrology

In Spain, the holy bishops Torquatus, Ctesiphon, Secundus, Indaletius, Caecilius, Hesychius and Euphrasius, who were ordained at Rome by the holy Apostles, and sent to preach the word of God in Spain; after they had announced the Gospel in various cities, and put under the yoke of faith innumerable multitudes, they died peacefully in different places of that country: Torquatus at Cadiz, Ctesiphon at Vierço, Secundus at Avila, Indaletius at Portilla, Caecilius at Elvira, Hesychius at Gibraltar and Euphrasius at Andujar. — At Evora, in Portugal, Saint Mancius or Manços, martyr. 6th c. — In the island of Chios, the birth into heaven of Saint Isidore, martyr, in whose church there is a well, where it is said he was thrown, and the water of which often heals the sick who drink of it.[1] 251. — At Lampsacus, in the Hellespont, the holy martyrs Peter, Andrew, Paul and Dionysia. 250. — At Fausine, in Sardinia, Saint Simplicius, bishop and martyr, who, in the time of Diocletian, was pierced by a spear-thrust under the president Barbarus, and thus completed his martyrdom. 4th c. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, the holy martyrs Cassius, Victorinus, Maximus and their companions.[2] — In Brabant, Saint Dympna, virgin and martyr, daughter of a king of Ireland, who was beheaded by order of her father, for the preservation of her faith and her virginity.[3] 8th c.

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

In the duchy of Cleves, Saint Gereberne, priest and martyr, who, having instructed, assisted and strengthened Saint Dympna, also had the happiness of sharing her martyrdom. It was in a borough of Brabant, named Gheel, near Tilmont, whence his body was taken away and carried to Sousbeeck in that duchy. — At Clermont, Saint Anatolianus or Antolianus, Saint Austremonius and six thousand two hundred and sixty-three others, martyrs, whose names are known only to heaven, who were the generous companions of Saint Cassius. They were buried partly in the church of the same Saint, partly in the church of Saint Venerandus. Saint Prix composed their history. The particular feast of Saint Anatolianus and of Saint Austremonius is still kept on other days.[4] — Again at Clermont, Saint Eufraise, who succeeded Saint Apronçule and showed a generous hospitality to Saint Quintian, bishop of Rodez, driven out by his people. 514. — At Bingen, in the diocese of Mainz, Saint Rupert or Robert, a prince of eminent holiness, whose life, though very short, was marked by a quantity of great actions. Saint Hildegard wrote it. 9th c. — In the same place, the Blessed Bertha, mother of Saint Rupert, who merited to be praised by the same Saint. — At Rouen, the feast of Saint Remigius, bishop of that see. — At Autun, the decease of Saint Rhetice, bishop of that city,

mentioned by the emperor Constantine in his letter to Pope Melchiades, and praised by Saint Jerome, by Saint Augustine and by Optatus of Milevis. About 334. — At Quimper, Saint Primael, priest and solitary. 5th c. Saint Primael was a priest whom the political revolutions of Great Britain drove from his country. He took refuge in French Cornouaille. There existed, near Quimper, before our great Revolution, a chapel placed under his invocation. Two parishes of the diocese of Quimper still acknowledge him for their Patron. — At Tours, Saint Avertin, confessor. — At Autun, the feast of Saint John,[5] bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône. — At Carcassonne, Saint Guimer or Germier, bishop. He was buried in the church of Saint Nazarius. A chapel dedicated to him has been built in the suburb of Carcassonne; it is believed to occupy the site of the house where he was born. 931. — At Vicoigne, the Blessed James, novice in the Order of Premonstratensians. — At Troyes, Saint Phal, abbot.[6] 549. — At Aix, in Provence, the Blessed Andrew Abellon. Born at Saint-Maximin about 1308, he entered the Order of Friars Preachers who, then as today, had the guardianship of the relics of Saint Mary Magdalene. The Blessed Andrew, contemporary of Saint Vincent Ferrer, was, like him, a great preacher. His actions are little known: he filled several important offices in his Order and occupied his leisure in painting. He died at the convent of Aix on 15 April 1540. The cult paid to him dates from the day of his decease. The dust of his tomb passed for miraculous, and eye-witnesses were able to certify that, in 1789, a lamp still burned continually before his tomb. The Dominicans are pressing to obtain approval of the immemorial cult which is paid to him. His relics were found again in 1845. — In the diocese of Dijon, Saint Waldalene, first abbot of Bèze. This abbey was founded by the munificence of Amalgaire, governor of Lyons and of its territory, and father of Saint Waldalene. About 680. — Saint Adalsinda, sister of the preceding, religious. About 650. — In the diocese of Nevers, Saint Francuy. — The venerable Thomas of Cantimpré, of the Order of Saint Dominic, fellow-student of Saint Thomas Aquinas at Cologne. He merited to see with the eyes of the body the features of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the state of a grown man. 1280.

Martyrologies of the religious orders

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Recanati, in the March of Ancona, the Blessed Bienvenu, confessor.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — Saint Pius V.

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Isidore, the labourer.

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, the translation of Saint Bernardine of Siena, which took place on 18 May in the time of Sixtus IV.

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — Saint Emygdius, bishop and martyr, whose feast takes place on the 5th of the month of August, but we celebrate it today by privilege.

Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites. — Saint Pius V.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Pavia, the holy Chrysanthus and Fortunatus, priests, ordained by Saint Syrus, first bishop of Pavia. 1st c. — At Verona, Saint Dimidrianus, bishop of that city. 3rd c. — At Sirmium, in Pannonia, Saint Timothy, and seven virgins, martyrs. — In Sardinia, Saint Rosula, martyr, whom several martyrologies join to Saint Simplicius, kept on the same day. — Again at Pavia, the holy Bonin, Soter and Paulinus, martyrs. Their relics were preserved in the church of Saint Gervase and Saint Protase, enclosed in the same urn as that which contained the remains of the holy Fortunatus and Chrysanthus. — At Soriano, in Tuscany, Saint Eutychius, priest and martyr, patron of Soriano and of Orta. Reign of Maximian. — At Rome, the holy Quirilla and Sophia, virgins and martyrs, whose bodies are preserved in that city. — At Benevento, Saint Liberator, bishop and martyr. His acts have perished: his relics are in such great veneration that the day of his feast is kept as a holiday at Benevento, at Sulmona, at Mantiana, where churches have been raised to him. — At Larissa, in Thessaly, Saint Achilles, bishop of that city. About the year 330. — In Italy, Saint Ilar, founder

of the celebrated abbey of Golliata situated in the Apennines, on the confines of Romagna. 496. This abbey was given to the Camaldolese in 1498. — In Persia, the holy Simeon, Isaac and Bactisoë, martyrs, who were left seven days in prison without food, and perished by fire. Persecution of Sapor. 4th c. — At Piacenza, Saint Domninus, deacon. 443. — At Castro, in Calabria, Saint Caesaria, whose history greatly resembles that of Saint Dympna, with this difference that her father could not become her murderer. Caesaria, having escaped by flight, ended the days of her exile in a grotto. Time uncertain. — At Fano, in Italy, Saint Ursus, bishop. 7th c. — At Constantinople, Saint Nicholas the Mystic, patriarch of that city, who was sent into exile for having opposed, in conformity with the canons, the fourth marriage of the emperor Leo the Grammarian. 925. — At Lucca, in Italy, the Blessed Dorotheus, hermit. It is related that the solitude chosen by him had neither shade nor fountain. He planted there his staff, which was changed into a leafy tree, and at the foot of this tree sprang up an abundant and limpid fountain. This hermitage was for a long time the goal of a pious pilgrimage. Time not specified.

SS. Peter, Andrew and Paul, and Saint Dionysia, Martyrs

250. — Pope: Saint Fabian. — Emperor: Decius.

Our own angel is always also with us and near us, though invisible; let us not forget it.

In the time of iniquity, when war was made on the servants of God, and when the earth, watered with the blessed blood of the martyrs, was everywhere covering itself with the flowers of holiness, in the territory of Lampsacus a young Christian named Peter was arrested. He was a heart generous in the faith, and he united to the charms of virtue an exterior full of grace. He was presented to the proconsul Optimus, who said to him: “What is thy name?” He answered: “Peter.” The proconsul said to him: “Art thou a Christian?” Peter answered: “Yes, I am a Christian.” The proconsul said: “Thou hast here before thine eyes the decrees of our invincible princes; sacrifice then to the great goddess

Venus.” Peter answered: “Proconsul Optimus, I am astonished that thou wouldst persuade me to sacrifice to a shameless and infamous woman, whose actions are so shameful that one could not relate them without blushing. Your own histories accuse her disorders; and you punish in men of debauchery the abominations which make up her life. If then you call her a courtesan and a woman without modesty, how dare you force me to honour by adoration and sacrifices a vile prostitute? It is therefore more necessary and more glorious for me to offer the sacrifice of adoration and prayer, of compunction and praise, to the living and true God, to the king of all ages, to Christ.” At these words, the proconsul had the delicate limbs of the young Martyr stretched upon the wheel and bound with iron chains. At the same time, pieces of wood were arranged all around, in such a way that, in the motion of the wheel, they were to strike the body and break the bones into a thousand pieces. But the more cruel the torture was, the more courageous and strong the servant of God showed himself. On his lips was a smile of pity for his persecutor, and his eyes were fixed on heaven with a look of hope. He said: “I give thee thanks, Lord Jesus, who hast deigned to give to my weakness patience enough to conquer this cruel tyrant.” The proconsul, witness of this marvellous constancy, and seeing his tortures useless, had his head cut off with a stroke of the sword.

About the same time, the proconsul was making the journey to the Troad, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant retinue. Three Christians were brought to him, Andrew, Paul and Nicomachus. He asked them whence they were and what their religion was. Nicomachus, too impatient, forestalls his brothers and cries out: “I am a Christian.” The proconsul said to Andrew and to Paul: “And you, who are you?” They answered: “We are Christians.” The proconsul said to Nicomachus: “Sacrifice to the gods, according to the orders of the emperor.” Nicomachus answered: “Thou knowest that a Christian must not sacrifice to demons.” The proconsul at once had him hung up and put to the torture. But, overcome by the violence of the pain and on the point of expiring, the wretch, raising his voice, cried out: “I have never been a Christian; I sacrifice to the gods.” The proconsul at once had him taken down. But, no sooner has he sacrificed, than the demon seizes

upon him; he rolls on the ground, bites off his tongue with his teeth, and expires.

In the crowd of spectators was a young virgin named Dionysia, aged sixteen, who cried out: “Ah! wretch, the most unfortunate of all men, how for one hour of life couldst thou buy eternal pains which human speech could not describe?” The proconsul, hearing these words, had the virgin brought before his tribunal, and asked her if she was a Christian. Dionysia answered: “Yes, I am a Christian; that is why I pity this unfortunate for not having been able to suffer a few moments more, which were to assure him a rest without end.” The proconsul said: “He has truly found the rest of which thou speakest, in accomplishing by a sacrifice the will of the gods and that of our invincible princes; for Venus and the great Diana have deigned to take him away to withdraw him from the reproaches with which those would have overwhelmed him who profess your vain superstitions. Sacrifice then like him, and be no longer in these shameful illusions which would force me to burn thee alive.” Dionysia answered: “My God is greater than thou. Therefore I fear not thy threats; he is powerful enough to give me patience in all the torments with which thou wilt overwhelm me.” The proconsul delivered her into the infamous hands of two young debauchees. As for Andrew and Paul, he had them thrown into prison. Meanwhile the young men had led into their dwelling the virgin, chaste spouse of her God. Until the middle of the night, they exhausted themselves in vain efforts to triumph over her modesty. Already the transports of their brutal passion were subsiding, when suddenly there appeared to them a young man, clothed in a dazzling light which lit the whole house. At this sight, as if struck down by fear, they fell at the feet of the young girl. Dionysia raised them up, and said to them: “Fear not; it is the defender and guardian that God has given me, because I was delivered into your hands by an impious judge.” The young men asked her to intercede for them, that no harm might befall them.

As soon as day appeared, the people betook themselves in crowds to the palace of the proconsul, demanded with loud cries that Andrew and Paul be delivered to them. This seditious tumult was excited by two priests of Diana, Onesicrates and Macedon. The proconsul, having therefore sent for the two confessors, said to them: “Andrew and Paul, sacrifice to the great Diana.” Andrew and Paul answered: “We know neither Diana nor the other demons whom you adore. We have never adored any but the one God.” The people, hearing these words, cried still louder that they should be delivered to them that they might put them to death. At last the proconsul, seeing that he could not triumph over the perseverance of the holy Martyrs, had them beaten with rods, and delivered them to the people to be stoned. But, while they were being stoned, the virgin of the Lord, Dionysia, was warned of it by the tumult; at once she utters a great cry, accompanied by sobs and tears, escapes from her prison and runs to the place of the torture. There, she throws herself upon the expiring bodies of the Martyrs, saying: “That I may be able to live with you in heaven, I wish to die with you on earth.” At this sight, they hastened to go and tell the proconsul how this virgin, whose virtue he had abandoned to the passion of two young debauchees, had been miraculously saved by a young man all shining with light, and how, escaping from the prison, she had come and thrown herself upon the bodies of Paul and Andrew, asking to be stoned with them. The proconsul, in order not to grant her prayer, ordered her to be taken away and beheaded in another place; which was done.

Thus these illustrious Martyrs, after having sustained together the same combats against the world, the demon and the proconsul Optimus, merited, by the grace of Christ, the honours of victory, each, it is true, in different torments; Peter after a thousand tortures, Andrew and Paul under the blows of stones, and Dionysia by the sword. This happened at Lampsacus, on the Ides of May, under the empire of Decius and the proconsulate of Optimus, Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning over the world; to him be glory, honour and power.”

Taken from the Acts of Dom Ruinart, translated by Drouet de Maupertuy, revised and published by the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of the Congregation of France.

The cult of these Martyrs is ancient among the Latins as among the Greeks. Their name is found in the martyrologies which bear the name of Saint Jerome; now it is known that these martyrologies are of the

fourth or fifth century.

Saint Rhetice, Bishop of Autun

About the year 334. — Pope: Saint Sylvester I. — Emperor: Constantine the Great.

No one is ignorant that baptism is the first indulgence which the Church uses toward us. It is there that we discharge ourselves of all the weight of our ancient crime. It is there that we wash ourselves of the ancient stains of our criminal ignorance. It is there, in fine, that we strip off the old man with what he brings of criminality in being born.

The only sentence which remains to us from the writings of Saint Rhetice, cited by Saint Augustine, in Jul., book I, n. 7.

Constantius Chlorus, having restored Autun, had made the study of eloquence flourish again there, by charging the famous Eumenius to give lessons in it to the youth, and had engaged the principal nobility of the Gauls to settle in that city. Rhetice was sprung from one of these illustrious families.[1] The young patrician, destined by Providence to be a great bishop, was brought up with care from the tenderest age by pious parents, more distinguished still by their faith than by their nobility, in the Christian doctrine and in all the evangelical virtues. He received at the same time a liberal education, conformable to his birth and his rank;[2] and his natural talents, cultivated by labour, protected by innocence of heart, soon attracted all eyes. But the noble and brilliant scholar never separated the study of the sacred letters from the study of profane letters, and his progress in piety surpassed still his progress in the sciences. Equally remarkable by the qualities of the heart and by those of the mind, which united harmoniously in him to form a perfect whole, embellished and supernaturalized by faith, he was the joy of his parents, the edification of the faithful, the admiration of all the world.

Meanwhile the time came when his family, of which he was the hope, wished to settle him. A young man so accomplished and distinguished by his personal merit as much as by his social position, could not fail to have to choose among many alluring matches, advantageous according to the world; but he took good care not to let himself be dazzled by a vain brilliance. Calling by prayer for the divine assistance, so necessary in such a circumstance; seeking before all things virtue, he merited to find a companion truly worthy of him, and he found her. His choice, directed by Providence, fixed upon a young person disposed to be less a wife than a sister capable of understanding him, of associating herself with his piety, of sharing his tastes, of living his life. Hence a pure and heavenly love presided at their nuptials: it was like the marriage of two angels, for their hearts united to love God the more and to support one another, leaning on each other during the journey of this lower world. The two young spouses passed long vigils together in prayer; together they planned, together they accomplished works of charity, visiting the sick, consoling the afflicted and pouring into the bosom of the poor abundant alms.[3] The pious couple passed thus several full and happy years in doing good in a modest calm, blessed by God and men. But the position and the virtues of a simple private person were not on a level with the soul of Rhetice. Providence, which destined him for greater things and wished to give him, for the good of the Church, a theatre worthy of his merit, seems to wish to begin by clearing the way. The sweetnesses of domestic life are suddenly taken from him. Ties as close, as sweet as sacred are unexpectedly broken; and the same blow which breaks them, in striking him to the heart, prepares his entrance into the new career into which the divine will urges him. His wife, the depositary of his thoughts, the associate of his virtues, the sweet companion of his life, the pious sister of his soul, is taken from him. As he was at the last hour bent over the couch of the beloved sick woman, weeping and keeping fixed, now on her, now on the image of Jesus crucified, a look sad but resigned, he heard her say to him in a dying voice full of tears: “Good and beloved brother, I am going to die. We are going then to part for a moment; but when you too shall have finished your course, take care that we be then reunited in the sepulchre, as we were on earth, as we shall be in heaven. A chaste love had drawn us together; let not death separate us. We have lived

in the same bed, like two lilies on the same stem; let us rest again together in our last abode. I pray you, promise to come and join me there." These were almost her last words, and Rhetice was happy to make a promise which his heart already inspired in him. Soon after, the wife who had been an angel in a mortal body went to rejoin the angels, awaiting in the sleep of the tomb the material part, and in the abode of glory the soul of him who had been her husband and whom she called still more justly her brother.

The pious Christian had scarcely dried his tears, when the universal esteem and veneration, which had long been turned toward him, came to tear him from his grief and from his solitary widowhood to put him at the head of the Church of Autun. His eminent merit had betrayed him unawares in his private life. Obliged to yield and to mount higher; recognizing the voice of God in the unanimous and spontaneous acclamation of the faithful people, he renounced generously, to take upon himself the labours of the episcopate, the calm and tranquil days which he might have spent. He sacrificed his repose, sacrificed himself, gave himself entirely; and soon one saw what a bishop can do, when to piety and zeal is joined in him that high influence which birth, talents and a virtue long recognized and proclaimed give. Besides, after the loss of his virtuous wife, was there another who was worthy of him, except the Church herself? The choice could not have been better: the elevation of Rhetice to the episcopate appeared even altogether providential in the circumstances in which the Church then found herself. Constantine had just succeeded Constantius Chlorus. This prince, it is true, walked in the footsteps of his father and showed even for the Aeduan city and for the Christians a still greater benevolence. But idolatry still counted at Autun zealous defenders, among whom Eumenius distinguished himself above all. The rhetor let pass no occasion of display without setting out in pompous discourses, amid his official declamations and his flat adulations of the Caesars, all the luxury of his mythological erudition.[4] It was needful therefore that the Christians should be able to oppose to him a man of high worth, esteemed and considered by all, distinguished by his social position, his merit and his oratorical talents, who could counterbalance, among his fellow-citizens and with the prince, the influence of the director of the Menian schools. Rhetice was that man.

Greg. Tur., loc. cit.

Called by the wishes of the Aeduans which Eumenius had transmitted to him, Constantine came to Autun in 311. He received with emotion a deputation of the principal citizens and accepted kindly their homage. Profoundly moved at the account of their misfortunes, he shed tears and hastened to console them by granting them great favours, remitted the arrears of taxes, lowered the imposts, granted new aids for the restoration of the public buildings and for the embellishment of the city, thus continuing the work already begun by his father. So that Augustodunum, a vast Gallo-Roman construction probably begun under Augustus, continued under Vespasian, restored under Alexander Severus, was almost entirely re-established under Constantius Chlorus and Constantine.[5] But this prince, although they had gone to meet him with the images of the gods, did not appear at the temples and troubled himself very little to raise them from their ruins.

Constantine, after leaving Autun, had betaken himself to Trier. There, putting himself at the head of his army, he came back with it to Chalon, where he had it refreshed and took the road to Italy. The emperor was therefore following the imperial way,[6] directing himself toward the Alps to go and deliver Rome and the world from the infamous and cruel Maxentius, when suddenly, after having addressed a fervent prayer to the God who was still for him the unknown God, a luminous cross appeared in the sky, a little below the sun, with these words in characters of fire: *By this sign thou shalt conquer*. It is done: soon the prince declares himself a Christian. He wishes even that the cross and the monogram of Christ should henceforth adorn his helmet and his crown, shine on the shields of his soldiers and serve as standard to his army. Thus was inaugurated the fourth century, that great epoch which rose upon the world with the finest generation of geniuses that the earth had yet seen.

After three centuries of combats and victories, Christianity had then at last its day of solemn triumph. It sat with Constantine on that same throne of the Caesars from which so many bloody edicts had gone forth; and Rhetice, for the good of the Catholic Church, for the eternal honour of the Aeduan Church, was mingled in this great work, in this prodigy of providential transformation: *Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi*. After having doubtless prepared, at Autun, the mind of the prince for his conversion,[7] he was further chosen to instruct him in the truths of the faith,[8] and merited to be called the first catechist of Constantine, *pratocatechista Constantini.* Miraculously converted by the apparition of the cross, not far, in all probability, from our country,[9] and surrounding himself at once with the lights of the episcopate, Constantine certainly wished to have near his person him who figured then in the first rank among the pontiffs of the Gauls, the prelate so learned, so distinguished, whose superior merit he had been able to appreciate during his stay at Autun. Such a prince was to be initiated by such a master into the knowledge of our dogmas and of our holy mysteries. These two men seemed made for one another: they knew how to understand each other as soon as they knew each other; and from then on the great bishop of Autun always enjoyed with the great emperor the highest consideration. Eumenius no longer appears: he is effaced and pales like his rhetoric. It is now the eloquent voice of Rhetice which dominates. It makes itself heard in the councils, and all the words it utters are gathered with respectful care.[10] The eminent prelate used the credit he had with the prince to exercise upon him the most salutary influence. The law by which Constantine forbade the marking of criminals on the forehead, for fear of defiling the image of God, having been enacted at Chalon about this time, one must think that the bishop of Autun was not a stranger to the publication of this wise edict, inspired by Christianity and already announcing a whole revolution.[11] The emperor showed his esteem for Rhetice by a special mention which he made of him, according to the report of Eusebius, in one of his letters by which, a short time after his conversion, that is to say on 2 October 313, he hastened to summon him to the council of Rome. The illustrious prelate, preceded in that city by his reputation for science and virtue, received the signal honour of being placed beside Pope Saint Melchiades, in this august assembly gathered to judge the cause of the Donatists.

One knows that during the last persecution, the Christians, in Africa especially, were forced to deliver up the holy Scriptures; now several, yielding to fear or to the violence of torments, had the criminal cowardice to submit to the demand of the persecutors. Caecilian, bishop of Carthage, was accused of having been ordained by *traditor* bishops. That is what they called those who had delivered up the holy Scriptures. Discontented, proud and turbulent spirits, at the head of whom was Donatus, put forward this pretext as false as it was frivolous, exploited it with all the bitterness that a hateful jealousy joined to a guilty ambition inspires, and succeeded in forming a powerful party against Caecilian. They separated from his communion, put Majorinus in his place on the see of Carthage, and thus cast trouble into the whole Church of Africa. The schismatics having refused to yield to the peaceful exhortations which Ancelin, proconsul of the province, made to them on behalf of the emperor, wished to address themselves to Constantine himself and wrote him a letter conceived in these terms: “Most powerful prince, you who are of a just race, you whose father took no part in the persecution, we pray you, since Gaul is a stranger to our affairs, to give us for judges bishops of Gaul…” The emperor, in the hope of putting an end to the schism, thought he ought to accede to their request. He wrote of it to Pope Saint Melchiades; and it was then that in concert with him he convoked that council of Rome, where he did not fail to call by name and in the first rank Rhetice of Autun, then Maternus of Cologne and Marinus of Arles, the three most holy and most learned prelates of the Gauls, to whom were joined fifteen bishops of Italy and twenty of Africa, ten of each party.[12]

The august assembly met in the palace of the empress Fausta, called the house of Lateran, examined in three sessions the cause which was submitted to it and pronounced against the Donatists a sentence dictated by an admirable wisdom. They, showing then all that fund of pride and bad faith which is found in all sectaries, refused to submit to the decision of the council, even slandered their judges and demanded new ones, although they had been given those they had asked for. Constantine, desirous of pacifying the Church of

Africa and carrying condescension further than the obstinate and perfidious schismatics deserved, assembled for the same cause, the following year 314, a council at Arles.[13] The new assembly was composed of thirty-three bishops, of whom thirteen were of the Gauls. The eloquent bishop of Autun was of the number. He went to it accompanied by the priest Amandus and the deacon Philomathius. Invited among the first to bring there, as at Rome the year before, the weight of his wisdom, his science and his universally recognized authority, he showed again on this important and solemn occasion, says one of our historians,[14] a profound doctrine, united to the force of eloquence, leaving a great admiration of his merit in the minds of all the assistants. The assembled bishops maintained and confirmed the judgment previously given against the Donatists and made besides twenty-two disciplinary canons.[15] Rhetice, the most illustrious of the pontiffs assembled at Arles, says a historian, governed the Church of Autun with the reputation and authority which his birth, his talents and his virtue had acquired for him.[16] Great by the importance of his see — for Autun was under Constantine one of the first, if not the first city of the Gauls;[17] — great by the esteem of the Pope and of the emperor; great in the senates of bishops of which he was the light; great by his eloquence, his merit and his almost universal celebrity like the Church, he seems to grow greater still in our eyes by the praises which two of the most illustrious doctors of his century, Saint Augustine and Saint Jerome, have lavished upon him. The first calls him a man of God.

The glorious and holy prelate, who was the light no less than the admiration of his century, was still so for posterity by the eloquent writings which he published and left after him, namely, according to Saint Jerome, a considerable treatise against the Novatians and commentaries on the Canticle of Canticles. Of the first work there remains to us only a passage relating to original sin and baptism, a precious fragment which makes one keenly regret the loss of such a treasure. Saint Augustine cites it twice with admiration, with confidence and as a preponderant authority.

As to the commentaries of Saint Rhetice on the sublime epithalamium called the Canticle of Canticles, they are likewise lost. All that has been preserved of them is reduced to a single passage relating to the Eucharist, mentioned by Sirmond and afterwards by Dom Ceillier and Dom Rivet. The works of Saint Rhetice still existed in the ninth century, and it is quite possible that they bear today the name of another author.

Rhetice, who, by his remarkable writings and by his whole life more remarkable still, had displayed so much zeal for the diffusion of the Gospel and the conversion of his people, for the instruction of the first Christian emperor and the interests of the universal Church, for the defence of truth and of the holy hierarchy, for the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline and for the explanation of the divine Scriptures on which he nourished his soul and then his flock, showed no less for worship and for the sacraments, those mysterious channels by which faith, piety, grace are spread in hearts. He was not content with having spoken admirably of baptism; he wished to render still more venerable in the eyes of the faithful this great act of Christian initiation and divine adoption, by causing water of the Jordan to be brought to mingle it with that of the baptistery of his church which rose in the midst of the tombs of the Via Strata.[18] It was a holy and useful thought. For what lively faith the sight and the contact of this water taken from the river where the Saviour himself had wished to be baptized to give the example to men, must have inspired in the catechumens! How striking must the exhortations have been which the holy bishop addressed to them at the moment of their immersion in the doubly sacred baptismal font! Did they not believe themselves to be, these new-born in Jesus Christ, on that same bank which the God-Man had sanctified by his presence? to see, they too, heaven open, the Holy Spirit descend upon them as he descended formerly upon Our Lord and to hear these words: “These are my beloved children”? This same water taken from the bed of the Jordan, by order of Rhetice, for the baptistery of Autun, produced not only the invisible prodigy of justification, it served also to work striking miracles. It was seen later in the hands of Saint Amator, bishop of Auxerre, to heal three lepers.

At last, after having rendered the greatest services to the Church of Autun, which he illustrated and raised already very high, to the Church of the Gauls, to the Catholic Church, which he enlightened by his doctrine

and edified by the eminent holiness of his life; after having shown himself the indefatigable promoter of piety, the avenger of the faith, the hammer of heresies; after having shone like a star in the Christian world, practised all virtues with a perfection equal to the height of the episcopal dignity and run through a long career of holiness and good works, full of days and merits, he rendered his soul to God, about the year 334, and went to receive from the Prince of pastors the eternal reward, leaving on earth a blessed memory, a name surrounded with public veneration, with an unlimited celebrity and an universally recognized authority.

At the moment of the funeral, heaven itself undertook to canonize by a miracle the great bishop and her who had formerly been the companion of his life, the associate of his virtues. The body had been washed and adorned by pious hands, and had just been placed on the funeral bier. When all was ready, the bearers set about carrying it to the holy place destined for the celebration of the funeral and the burial. But all their efforts were useless: impossible to impart to it the least movement. All the assistants, struck with stupor, looked at one another in silence, mute with fear and respect, not knowing what to do and what to think, when an old man recalled the promise which Rhetice had made to his dying wife to go and rejoin her in the tomb. At once they made ready to fulfil this sacred engagement, and only then did the Saint permit his body to be carried off. When he was near the beloved tomb, he revived and these words were heard: “Remember, tender wife, the request thou didst address to me on thy death-bed: I come at this moment to accomplish thy wishes and my promise. Make place for a brother whom thou hast long awaited. As I rested formerly beside thee; so I am going to rest again. For us the nuptial bed, thou rememberest, was no less virgin than is today the bed of the tomb.” The crowd, distraught, trembling, falls on its knees; and while it adores the power and goodness of God toward his Saints, the brilliant favour with which he rewards even on earth the angelic virtue, a new prodigy comes to increase the religious terror by which it is seized. They open the tomb; and behold the wife of Rhetice, reanimating her limbs long since chilled by death, and breaking the bands which fixed her hands along her body, makes a gesture of approval, a sign of affectionate invitation to him who was her husband, her friend, her brother.[19] They hasten to obey this marvellous call, they bring together the chaste spouses who awaited each other; and at the moment of contact the common tomb stirs: it seems to associate itself by a tremor of joy with the happiness of the promised and so desired reunion. Now that this vow of pure love is fulfilled, all at once returns into the mysterious calm, into the solemn immobility of the tomb: the two Saints had only to resume, side by side, their sweet sleep for a moment interrupted, awaiting in the peace of the Lord the awakening of the resurrection. Then the miraculous sepulchre was closed again with pious respect and ever since surrounded with a religious veneration. The dear and blessed memory of a man of God, and the memory of a prodigy, remained attached to it through all the centuries. It is still this same field, a place already so holy, already consecrated by very precious relics and neighbouring the tomb of Saint Symphorian, it is the cemetery of the Via Strata which had the honour of receiving the marble tomb in which were deposited, in the shadow of the church of Saint Stephen,[20] the remains of him who had been one of the greatest figures of his century and one of the brightest glories of the Church of Autun. There the pious and naive historian Gregory of Tours came to pray and gather this marvellous story. There, in the last century, one still saw the tomb of our great bishop, raised from the ground under an arch hollowed in the southern wall of the church of Saint-Pierre-l’Etrier, where it had been transported and where was read a relatively recent inscription.

A Spanish poet, Juvencus, who flourished in the same century, inspired by the marvels of the life and death of Saint Rhetice, consecrated to him at once the beginning of a poem where, after having sung our great bishop, he celebrates the glory of Jesus Christ and ends with the praise of Constantine. *Cf. Saint Symphorien and his cult, by the Abbé Dinet.*

Saint Dympna,[21] Virgin, and Saint Gereberne, Priest, Martyred at Gheel, in Brabant

Seventh century.

Virginity, unknown to idolaters, has always cast a very lively brilliance in the midst of barbarous peoples, from the first moments of their conversion to the faith: it contributed not a little to make them understand all the holiness and sublimity of Christianity, and at the same time to soften their hard and fierce manners. The life of Saint Dympna, in particular, offers an extraordinary example, but one which has been renewed more than once among those nations of whom Saint Jerome said that they knew no law in their alliances, and followed with a blind brutality all the instincts of their gross passions.

Dympna was the daughter of a king or prince of Britain: perhaps one must understand under this name the successor of a chief of the Angles or Saxons, who came to invade that island, in the fifth and sixth centuries. Her father was a pagan; her mother, of whom the acts say only this one word, was a Christian like her daughter. A holy priest named Gereberne, who lived in the neighbourhood of their dwelling, had baptized them both, and maintained them in the practice of religion. From an early age the young Dympna gave the fairest hopes, and her virtue, which developed in her with the years, already announced that she would know how, on occasion, to give proof of great courage. She was gentle, modest, full of reserve and of bashfulness, and sought in all things to please only God and the authors of her days. Dympna lost her mother at an age not yet advanced, and this loss, already so sad for her heart, became for her besides the occasion of a great and painful temptation.

In fact, her father, whom the death of his wife had filled with a profound grief, having afterwards formed the project of marrying again, ordered his officers to make known to him a person whose features might recall to him her who had been so dear to him. After long and useless searches in the country, they came to find him, and by an inconceivable forgetfulness of all modesty, they advised him to marry his daughter Dympna, whose resemblance of features to her mother was striking.

In spite of the horror which nature inspires for such alliances, the corruption and coarseness of these peoples did not always repel them: so one is only half astonished to see the barbarian king accept the proposal of his officers.[1] The young virgin shuddered at this word, and in spite of all the entreaties and all the promises that were made to her, she declared that she would never consent to it. As her refusals only irritated the desires of her father, she asked forty days to reflect. The king consented, not doubting that, this interval elapsed, she would yield to his solicitations; but the pious Dympna had in her heart a quite different thought.

She visited at once the holy priest Gereberne, who continued to direct her in virtue and the practice of her duties: there, she set forth to this venerable old man the critical situation in which she was placed. Gereberne, beside himself on hearing her speak thus, raised his eyes to heaven, and besought the Lord to make known to him his will in so pressing a danger. God heard this fervent prayer of his servant, and declared to him that the project conceived by the young virgin must be carried out as soon as possible, and that she must flee into a foreign country where she could serve him without hindrance. From that moment, Dympna made, with extreme precautions, all the preparations for her departure: she won over a servant of her father and his wife, who promised to accompany her with the holy priest Gereberne. All being arranged, they took advantage of a favourable moment and put to sea, abandoning themselves amid the waves to the Providence which had inspired them with this resolution. It did not abandon them; after a happy passage, they landed not far from the mouths of the Scheldt, near the places where the city of Antwerp is found today. Having at once set about seeking a retreat where they could rest from their fatigues, they stopped at Gheel.

This country was then little inhabited: one saw almost everywhere only brushwood or woods, in the midst of which they met a little church dedicated to Saint Martin. This place seemed suitable to them: they stopped there, and it is there that, from that moment, the holy priest Gereberne celebrated the divine mysteries. At some distance, they built, in the place called Zemmale, a little dwelling, where they lived the space of three months in prayers, fasts and the practice of all the virtues.

Meanwhile the father of Dympna was soon warned of the precipitate flight of his daughter, and he was pierced with grief at it: at once he sends in all directions people to seek to learn where she has hidden herself; he himself, accompanied by a great number of armed men, sets out in pursuit of her, and, embarking on his ships, he arrives near the mouths of the Scheldt where some indications seemed to make him hope to find the fugitive. He then orders a part of his men to disperse in the country, as they had done before in Britain, and to inquire everywhere whether his daughter had appeared in the region. Some of them having arrived in a village called Westerloo, quite near Zemmale, passed the night in an inn, then in the morning, at the moment of departure, they paid the host who had entertained them. He, on receiving from their hands pieces of silver, looked at them attentively and observed that they were quite like other pieces which he possessed: this reflection struck the envoys, who asked him from whom he could have received a foreign coin like that. “It is,” said the host, “from a young girl of Britain who leads a solitary and retired life not far from here, and who buys with these pieces the things necessary to life.” These words only increased the suspicions of the king’s officers: they questioned him again on the exterior of this person, her age and her features; the host answered these questions again; he added that she was accompanied by a venerable old man, a priest, and by several other persons; that, besides, if they desired, he could lead them in a short time to the place she inhabited. The envoys accepted this proposal with joy, and having accompanied their guide, they arrived in a deserted, uncultivated, wild place, where, among other persons, they perceived Dympna, whom they knew very well. At once they hastened to come and announce this news to the king, who set out with the people of his suite, and betook himself to the place indicated. Arrived near his daughter, he addresses to her in turn flattering words, reproaches and promises. “What were you thinking of, in fleeing thus from your father, and how could you abandon his palace, to come and dwell in this frightful solitude? Do you not know then what place is destined for you in my kingdom? Can the words of a decrepit old man without strength have troubled your mind so far as to make you lose sight of the honours which await you near me?”

The venerable priest Gereberne, who was present when the king spoke thus, could not help taking up the word: “O king,” said he to him, “how could passion thus pervert your thoughts? how can you conceive projects so contrary to your glory and to the virtue of your daughter? Are you ignorant then that purity is the most precious of all treasures, that it gives wisdom to the young, and to the old holiness? Cease to hold such language, unworthy of you, solicit your daughter no more, she persists and will always persist in her generous design.” Then, turning toward Dympna, he exhorted her anew not to listen to the criminal proposals which had been made to her. Full of fury on hearing this discourse, the king has the venerable Gereberne seized by his people, who overwhelm him with insults and blows; and seeing that he continues to protest in a loud voice against such violence, he gives a sign, and the soldiers strike him down lifeless. After new entreaties which provoke new and more energetic refusals on the part of Dympna, the king grows angry, threatens and declares to his daughter that if she does not renounce following the foolish thoughts which that wretched old man has suggested to her, who has just paid with his head for his audacity and insolence, she will herself feel the effects of his wrath. “My Father,” answers Dympna, “do not hope to obtain my consent, never will I give it.”

At these words, the furious king commands his people to kill her; but they dare not obey such an order given in anger. Seeing their hesitation, he seizes his sword himself, and, at one blow, he strikes off the head of his daughter, which falls at his feet bathed in her blood. The body of Dympna and that of the venerable Gereberne remained some days exposed to the beasts and birds of prey, which respected them; then pious inhabitants of the country laid them in the earth. Later, because of the miracles which were worked in that place, the clergy and the people sought the remains of the two martyrs, and found them enclosed in two tombs of an extremely white stone: which appeared the more astonishing as all the stones in that country are black. Perhaps God wished to manifest in this manner how agreeable to him had been the sacrifice of these two martyrs of chastity. There took place afterwards a great number of extraordinary cures at the tomb of the two Saints. From all sides people hastened there to implore their protection. It was then that the inhabitants of

Xanten on the Rhine sought to seize these relics, in order to keep them in the midst of their city; but having been surprised at the moment when they had just carried them off, they were forced to give them back. The principal inhabitants of Gheel then thought of enlarging the church in which the tomb was enclosed, and of placing the relics of Saint Dympna in a more beautiful shrine. One was prepared which was very rich, and in which the bishop of Cambrai transferred these venerable remains.

The precise epoch of the death of Saint Dympna is not known. Authors vary on the year, which may be placed about the middle of the second part of the seventh century. As for the day, the manuscript of Utrecht, which relates the life of the saint, fixes it on 30 May; but it is on the 15th that her feast is celebrated. The village of Gheel took great increase from the cult and miracles of Saint Dympna. One finds there afterwards a barony, a hospital, and a church which was erected into a collegiate church.

Saint Dympna is represented holding a demon in chains; it is that she is renowned for the deliverance of the possessed and the cure of madness and epilepsy; for what was possession among the ancients is regarded as madness or epilepsy among the moderns. On this title, there has been established at Gheel, under her patronage, a house for the insane, as celebrated in Belgium as Bicêtre among us: this house has existed from time immemorial.

If we are asked why Saint Dympna is invoked for the possessed, the insane or epileptics, we easily find the motive of this patronage in the senseless act of her father who, to his project of incest, added murder: by a comparison easy to conceive, it naturally came to the mind of the people to invoke against madness her who had been the victim of the fury and the dementia of her father.

We have borrowed this Life from the Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombes.

The Apostles of Spain; Saint Robert; Saint Franchy; Blessed James of Vicoigne

The Apostles of Spain

Saint Torquatus at Cadiz, Saint Ctesiphon at Vierço, Saint Secundus at Avila, Saint Indaletius at Portilla, Saint Caecilius at Elvira, Saint Hesychius at Gibraltar and Saint Euphrasius at Andujar (1st century).

According to the Roman Martyrology, the testimony of Gregory VII and a letter addressed to King Alphonso, the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul sent seven missionaries destined to evangelize Spain. They were already advanced in age and, after landing at Cadiz, tired from their journey, they stopped in a pleasant country place from which they sent to the town to buy the provisions they needed to live. There was, at Cadiz, a feast in honour of the false gods. On seeing these men, who appeared to be strangers, the idolaters feared that their ceremonies would be disturbed, and wished to outrage these unknown men, who withdrew in order to avoid the danger which threatened them. The idolaters returned in pursuit of them, but heaven intervened. A stone bridge presents itself, the Christians cross it, but scarcely have the Gentiles ventured upon this bridge than it collapses and is swallowed up in the waters with those it carried. The idolaters are struck by what they have just witnessed and they begin to regard the Christians with fear and with respect. Conversions began and multiplied in Cadiz. Saint Torquatus became bishop of the city, and his companions dispersed into different parts of Spain, which they enlightened with the lights of the faith. Nothing is known of the martyrdom of these apostles. It is told that an olive tree, planted by the hand of Saint Torquatus, before the church dedicated to him at Cadiz, flowered miraculously each year, on the day of the feast of the apostle, to the great astonishment of the idolaters. His body was formerly seen, and is perhaps still seen today, in a monastery of Saint Benedict, near the city of Orense, in Galicia. Avila possesses a church of Saint Secundus, and believes itself in possession of his relics, transferred into a magnificent chapel, built by the care of Bishop Jerome-Mary. Saint Caecilius is the patron of a parish of Granada. The Aragonese have a great devotion to Saint Indaletius, whose relics they possess. The body of Saint Euphrasius is in Galicia, where a church dedicated to him is seen, on the mountain of the Valley of Emmaus, near a convent of Saint Benedict.

The feast of these martyrs is celebrated on 15 May.

Proper of Spain.

Saint Robert, Confessor in the Diocese of Mainz

(9th century).

The maternal grandfather of Saint Robert[1] was a native of Lorraine, and had rich possessions near Bingen, there where the Nahe falls into the Rhine, below Mainz. He lived in the time of Charlemagne, he was considered among the princes of that time, and he married his daughter Bertha, the mother of our Saint, to a pagan duke, named Robolaus, a man of coarse character and bad conduct. Bertha received as dowry the goods which her father possessed on the Rhine. Robert was only three years old when his father died in a combat against the Christians. Bertha passed the rest of her days in perfect continence, and consecrated all her maternal care to her young son, who had received many gifts of grace, and who, at the age of seven, asked of his own motion to be instructed in the sciences.

From that time, one remarked in him the tenderest charity toward the poor: when he met indigent children, he brought them to his mother, saying: “Mother, behold thy children!” and then Bertha, welcoming them with kindness, replied: “My son, behold thy brothers.” Another trait of the life of the pious child deserves also that we cite it. He was only twelve years old when Bertha communicated to him the project which she had of having a church built in honour of God. “Do not do that, mother,” replied Robert, “let us observe first the words of the Holy Spirit; for the Prophet[2] says: Share your bread with him who is hungry, and bring into your house the poor and those who know not where to withdraw. When you shall see a man naked, clothe him; and despise not your own flesh.” The mother, touched by these words, raised some houses for the poor and the infirm.

He devoted himself for three years to the service of the unfortunate and the sick; he washed the feet of the poor and acquitted himself with joy of the lowest employments. After that, he took the resolution to leave the paternal house, to renounce all temporal goods and to consecrate himself, after the example of Saint Alexis, to the service of the Lord, in foreign countries. His mother, who loved him tenderly, fearing that her son, at an age still so tender, might fall into the snares of the world and of the enemy of men, employed prayers and tears to turn him from his project, and begged him to make to God the sacrifice of his heart, without separating from her. She granted him however the permission to make a pilgrimage to the tombs of the holy Apostles, where he stayed, in fact, for some time, giving himself to fervent prayers and austere penances. After his return to his pious mother, he passed some years more in the exercise of all virtues; he built several churches and died holily at the age of twenty years, under the reign of Louis the Debonair. His body rested beside that of his mother, in the convent of women raised in his honour on Mount Robert [Ruperts-berge], near Bingen, on the left bank of the Nahe.

Taken from Raess and Weiss, vol. vi, p. 459. See the Life of the Saint, written by Saint Hildegard. This Life was published by the Jesuit Busée, from a manuscript of the library of Mainz, by Nicolas Serarius, bk. i, Rerum Mogunt., ch. 35; translated into German by Jacques Kobel, secretary of the city of Oppenheim, on the Rhine, four leagues above Mainz, in 1524. See Trithemius, de scriptor. eccl. in Chron. Spanheim, ad ann. 1148, and in Chron. Hirsaugiensi, ad ann. 1150; Henschenius, vol. iii of May, p. 503; Johannis, Rerum Mogunt., vol. i, p. 186, ch. 35, and the Proprium Mogunt., ad 15 maii. — Godescard, Brussels edition.

Saint Franchy, Hermit in the Nivernais

(7th century).

Born in the Amagnes — or Lands of the Monks, so named because the monks had cleared them — Franchy withdrew early to the monastery of Saint-Martin de la Bretonnière. God permitted formerly the demon of jealousy to enter the terrestrial paradise; we must not be astonished if sometimes the same demon exercises his ravages even in the most perfect houses: this is what happened with regard to Saint Franchy. His wholly holy life, his love of discipline and all his virtues were the condemnation of the lukewarm and relaxed life of some of his brothers, and they were not long in laying snares for him. As he knew how to bend himself to all the needs of the house and to render himself fit for all offices, he was charged one day with making the bread necessary to the monastery; but his envious ones, desiring to put him at fault, hid all the instruments of the bakery. Franchy, not finding them, put his confidence in God: this confidence was not deceived; he made the sign of the cross, began his work, although he had not what was necessary, and the bread was ready at the hour and perfectly conditioned. In those times of continual wars, the monasteries were not spared; that of Saint-Martin de la Bretonnière was devastated and consumed by the flames. Franchy took the resolution to withdraw into a solitude: this he did with one of the brothers named Antony. There, they led the most mortified life, living on herbs and roots. Arrived at an advanced age, Saint Franchy resolved to return to his native soil; he set out therefore with Brother Antony, but his strength abandoned him and he was on the point of remaining on the road. However God willed that he should be after his death the protector of the places which he had edified in his childhood and during his life; two untamed bulls, says the legend, presented themselves: Antony prepared for them a yoke and a sort of vehicle, on which he placed the holy old man, who was able in this manner to regain his native country, where he died full of virtues and merits, about the middle of the seventh century. There was built, under the protection of the Saint, a monastery on the very spot where he had passed his childhood. In the ninth century, the church of this monastery had an abbatial title; it was burned a short time after; and, in 1031, Hugh II, bishop of Nevers, abandoned to the canons of his church all the dependencies of the abbey of Saint-Franchy. A church was rebuilt there, which became parochial. Several other churches of the diocese of Nevers are under his invocation, among others that of Amazy. The ancient parish of Poussignol, now united to Blismes, honoured him also as its patron. We have no details on the relics of Saint Franchy. We read in the Legendary of Autun that they were transported into the abbey of Saint-Symphorian of that city. The epoch of this translation is not indicated. The feast of Saint Franchy was formerly celebrated on 16 May; it has been advanced by a day on account of its coincidence with that of Saint Peregrinus.

Hagiology of Nevers.

The Blessed James of Vicoigne

(1279).

A pure and innocent soul, whom God filled with the most abundant blessings, to whom he inspired early the love of retreat and recollection and whom he hastened to call to himself in the heavens, such is, in few words, the account of the life of the Blessed James, religious of Vicoigne. He was still in the years of the novitiate and was preparing with an admirable fervour to make his religious vows, when he was attacked by a mortal illness. A few days before his decease, he was suddenly rapt in ecstasy; then, at the moment when he came to himself, one remarked on his features signs of an extraordinary joy. The master of novices and other persons who were present, having asked him the cause, he answered them that he had seen in heaven his place prepared in the midst of the choirs of virgins. At the same time, he begged them to sing with him this invocation which he had so often repeated with his brothers: “Hail Mary, hope of the world.” Almost at the same moment, the pious young man gave up his soul peacefully to God, in the year 1279. Three years later, in working at the foundations of a new church, at the monastery of Vicoigne, they found the virginal body of the holy religious still fresh and without corruption, although the linens in which he had been wrapped were spoiled. His face was so well preserved that one would have believed he still breathed. God, doubtless,

wished to manifest thus the great purity of his servant and how he cherishes chaste souls. The religious raised respectfully the body of their young and virtuous confrère, enclosed it in a beautiful sepulchre and deposited it in their new church, where it has received since then the homage of their respect and love.

M. l'abbé Destombes.

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[1] Today is celebrated at Rome the feast of Saint Isidore, labourer. See his Life on 10 May.

[2] The date of the martyrdom of Saint Cassius or Cassi, as they say in Auvergne, and of his companions is subject to discussion. We shall give our opinion on 1 November, the day on which we shall treat of all the Apostles of Auvergne.

[3] We give her Life elsewhere.

[4] See 1 November.

[5] This Saint succeeded Paul the Younger in the see of Chalon-sur-Saône. Sidonius Apollinaris relates that his exaltation took place to the shame of the wicked and amid the acclamations of the good, but without any opposition. He was consecrated by Saint Patient, archbishop of Lyons, assisted by Euphronius, bishop of Autun and the other suffragans. His people found in him a tender father and his clergy a model of virtues. He was put in the rank of the Saints by Pope John VIII, in the short stay which he made at Chalon, in the year 879. (Taken from the Proper of Autun.)

[6] See 16 May.

[7] *History of the Gallican Church.*

[8] Gregory of Tours, *De gloria Confessorum*, ch. 75.

[9] *Ibid.*; Bollandists, 19 July.

[10] *Oration for the restoration of the schools* and the *Panegyrics*, passim.

[11] *Memoirs of the Aeduan Society*, year 1845.

[12] Courtépée says that he embarked his troops on the Saône.

[13] For it was after his stay at Autun that Constantine is said to have prayed the true God to make himself known to him and to protect him. (Fleury, *Ecclesiastical History*.)

[14] Gagnare, p. 10.

[15] Several historians place in our regions, says M. Dinet of Autun, the place where the miraculous cross appeared to Constantine and to all his army. Father Longueval (*History of the Gallican Church*, vol. i, p. 167, edition in-4°, 1730) expresses himself thus: "It is not agreed upon the place where the prince had this miraculous vision. It appears only, from the account of Eusebius, that it was in the Gauls and before the passage of the Alps." An ancient panegyrist of Constantine evidently supposes the same thing. Moreover, a multitude of medals struck at Autun and bearing the monogram of Christ, the Greek cross which from time immemorial figures in the arms of the Chapter, the authority of Fathers Perry, Marin, Thomassin, would lead one to place not far from our regions the apparition of the prodigy which determined the conversion of Constantine. — "Some authors hold," says Saulnier, "that Saint Rhetice imprinted in the heart of Constantine the sentiments of the faith, and that the standard called Labarum, the figure of which he had carried in all the battles he fought, appeared to him in the territory of the church of Autun. The best authors distinguish the apparition of the cross from the dream which Constantine had at the gates of Rome. However, this question has remained a historical problem which has never been perfectly resolved. But what appears certain is the high esteem of Constantine for Saint Rhetice, the happy influence which this illustrious bishop exercised on this prince and the part he had in his conversion and in his instruction." (*Annals of Christian Philosophy*, vol. xx; Mgr Devoucoux, *Unpublished History of the Church of Autun*.) — Other authors place the apparition of the Labarum at Arles.

[16] *Audi fideliter quod ait homo Dei Rheticius, ab Augustoduno episcopus.* (S. Augustine, book i, *Oper. imperf.*, n. 55.) *Rheticium ab Augustoduno magnæ fuisse auctoritatis in Ecclesia*, etc. (*Id.*, book i, *Cont. Jul. Pelag.*, ch. 3.)

[17] *Datum XI kal. april. Cebelluno, Constantino quartum et Licinio quartum coss. Cod. Theod.*, book ii, *de Fœni.…*

[18] The letter of Constantine to Melchiades is still extant. (See vol. i, *Concil. Lab.*, p. 1405.) Constantine says that he chose these three bishops of the Gauls as the most capable of ending this affair and those whose life was as holy as their character.

[19] The emperor defrayed the costs of the journey of the bishops.

[20] Saulnier.

[21] *Concil. Lab.*, vol. i, p. 1425.

[22] Father Longueval, vol. i, book ii.

[23] *Id.*

[24] Perhaps to the water of another baptistery, that of Sainte-Marie (Saint-Jean le Grand), or that of Saint-Pierre (Saint-Andoche). It is not known whether they already existed.

[25] *Immensum dictu* / *Deprensa est lævam protendens fœmina palmam*, / *Invitans socium gestu viventis amoris. Appendix ad opera Juvenci*, Patrol. de Migne, vol. xix, p. 381.

[26] If the tomb of Saint Rhetice was not at first in the church of Saint Stephen, at least it was placed there later.

[27] And also Dympfcue.

[28] One may see in Saint Jerome (book ii, against Jovinian) what he reports of the manners of the Barbarians and of the alliances they contracted. After such examples, there is nothing which ought to astonish us in the one that we have here before our eyes. Certain authors, before crying out at the improbability, should at least examine these things.

[29] Otherwise Ropert and Rupert.

[30] Busée and Serrarius are mistaken in saying: *dicit enim Christus;* for the words which follow are from Isaiah, lviii, 7.

16 May

Martyrologies

16 May — Roman Martyrology

At Gubbio, in Italy, Saint Ubald, bishop, illustrious for his miracles. 1160. — In Isauria, the triumph of the holy martyrs Aquilinus and Victorian. — At Auxerre, the passion of Saint Peregrinus, first bishop of that city, who, having been sent into the Gauls with other clerics by Pope Saint Sixtus II, accomplished there the duty of evangelical preaching, and, having been condemned to have his head cut off, merited the crown of eternal life. — At Uzalis, in Africa, the holy martyrs Felix and Gennadius. 3rd c.. — In Palestine, the martyrdom of the holy monks killed by the Saracens in the laura of Saint Sabas.[1] 614. — In Persia, the holy martyrs Abdas, bishop, seven priests, nine deacons and seven virgins, who were tormented with divers torments under King Isdegerdes, and accomplished a glorious martyrdom.[2] 351. — At Prague, in Bohemia, Saint John Nepomucene, canon of the metropolitan church, who, for having constantly refused to violate the secret of confession, was thrown into the river Moldau, and merited the palm of martyrdom. — At Amiens, in France, Saint Honoratus, bishop. About 600. — At Le Mans, Saint Domnolus, bishop.[3] 581. — At Mirandola, in Emilia, Saint Possidius, bishop of Calama, disciple of Saint Augustine, and the historian of his life. — At Troyes, Saint Fidolus or Phal, confessor. 540. — In Ireland, Saint Brendan, abbot.[4] 577. — At Fréjus, Saint Maxima, virgin, who rested in peace, illustrious for many virtues.[5]

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

At Bordeaux, Saint Fort, bishop and martyr, whose memory is renewed every year in that city by public offices on this same day.[6] — In the neighbourhood of Bourges, Saint Victorinus, martyr. — In the diocese of Chartres, Saint Eman, martyr, who was killed for his piety, with Saint Maurille and Saint Almaire. 6th c. — At Muret, in Gascony, Saint Germier, bishop of Toulouse, and his clerics, Saint Dulcidius and Saint Precious, whose bodies have been transferred into the church of Saint James of the said town of Muret. About 561. — At Séez, S. Annobert, bishop and confessor. Born in the Bessin country, Saint Annobert was raised to the episcopal see of Séez by order of King Theodoric III. It was he who consecrated Saint Evermond, abbot of Fontenay. At the beginning of the twelfth century, the church which possessed the relics of Saint Annobert having fallen into indigence, the priests who served it took the body and carried it from province to province, gathering abundant alms. Arrived at the abbey of women of Marienval, in the diocese of Soissons, they received hospitality there, but the body of the Saint was retained. This was enough to draw the monastery from its obscurity and to make pilgrims flock. This translation took place in 1122. Saint Annobert died about 706.[7] — At Bayeux, Saint Regnobert, bishop and confessor, and Saint Zeno, his deacon. Saint Regnobert is honoured, at Bayeux, on the first Sunday of September. About 650. — At Nevers, Saint Francovée or Franchy, solitary, who gave his name to the place of his birth, two leagues from Saint-Sauge. — On Mont-Joux, in Savoy, Saint Bernard of Menthon, hermit, a person of extraordinary virtue, who, by his extreme austerity, his detachment from all the things of the world, and his great victories over the demons, merited to be called the new Anthony of his century.[8] — At Lérins, the translation of the body of Saint Aigulf, vulgarly Aout, holy abbot, and his companions, martyred on 3 September in the island of Amarautume.[9] — At Avignon, Saint Geins, hermit and confessor.

Martyrologies of the religious orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Gubbio, Saint Ubald…

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Prague, Saint John Nepomucene…

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Bordeaux, the decease of the Blessed Simon of Stock, confessor, of the Order of Carmelites, who, for his singular devotion toward the Virgin Mother of God, merited to obtain from her the scapular of his Order, and, after many labours, to fly away to heaven, illustrious for many miracles.

Martyrology of the Servites. — At Prague, Saint John Nepomucene…

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

The Blessed Andrew Bobola, Jesuit. 1657. Beatified by Pius IX, on 31 October 1853. — At Ancona, the holy Peregrinus, deacon, Herculanus and Flavian, martyrs under Diocletian. These last two had been converted by Saint Peregrinus. Saint Peregrinus of Ancona is invoked against the plague. — At Gaeta, Saint Eupuria, virgin and martyr. It is said that formerly, on the day of her feast, the water of the sea was changed into fresh water. — At Pavia, Saint Pilarius, bishop of that city. 376. — In Campania, in the diocese of Suessa, Saint Rose or Rossius, bishop of an unknown see, in Africa, and confessor. He was of the number of those illustrious confessors of the faith whom the Vandals threw into worm-eaten boats. 5th c. — In Ireland and in Wales, Saint Carentoc or Cernathe, bishop and abbot. It is said “that he passed into Ireland with Saint Patrick.” About 445. — At Constantinople, in the quarter of Blachernae, celebrated for a church which was raised to receive garments of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Peter, martyr. — At Fermo, in the ancient Picenum, in Italy, Saint Adam, abbot. 1209. — At Siena, in Tuscany, the Blessed Francis of Siena, of the Order of Servites. As he directed in the ways of salvation a certain number of spiritual daughters, the jealous and wicked world reproached him with too great a familiarity with women. To put an end to the calumnies, he asked God to make him deaf; which was granted him so fully that it was impossible for him to exchange a single word. One of his spiritual daughters was the Blessed Bartholomea of Siena, of whom we shall say a word on 19 May. It is said “that immediately after the death of this devout servant of Mary, a lily came out of his mouth, each petal of which bore these words: *Ave, Maria.* It is added that formerly the French travellers and pilgrims never failed to visit the tomb of a Saint who had for his blazon the royal flower of France. Our kings would have obtained from the senate of Siena that the miraculous lily should be given to them.” 1325.

Saint Pèlerin or Peregrinus, Apostle of the Dioceses of Auxerre and Nevers, and his Companions, Martyrs

303 or 304. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Roman Emperor: Diocletian.

Whoever wishes to have the world for a friend, makes himself an enemy of God. James iv, 4.

From the first centuries of the Church, the Gospel had been announced in the Auxerrois and in the Donziais, which formed the greater part of the ancient diocese of Auxerre. Lebeuf pretends that Saint Savinian, apostle of the Senonais, had extended his apostolic zeal even into the Nivernais, by deputing missionaries there; the two deacons Serotinus and Oeoaldus are said to have come to preach there, and Saint Austremonius is said to have stopped at Nevers before going to settle. Under the persecutions, the faith spread therefore in secret, and soon the Christians of the

Auxerrois sent as far as Rome their ardent wishes to have in their midst a bishop and priests. Saint Sixtus II then occupied the chair of Saint Peter; he could not refuse the too legitimate desires of the peoples of the Auxerrois, and he cast his eyes upon Pèlerin or Peregrinus, companion of Saint Laurence, to fulfil this important mission.[1] After having imposed hands on him, he ordered him to set out for the Gauls. Cardinal Baronius remarks that he was one of the four whom this holy pontiff consecrated, in the month of December,

according to the usage adopted in the Church.

It was about the year 258 or 259 that Pèlerin set out, having for companions Marsus, priest; Corcodomus, deacon; Jovinian and Alexander, subdeacons, and another Jovinian, lector. They landed at Marseille, then went to Lyons, leaving everywhere in their passage unequivocal marks of their zeal and holiness. From there they penetrated as far as the banks of the Yonne, that is to say into the country of the Gauls where idolatry had cast the deepest roots. The Yonne, source of the abundance and prosperity of the country, was adored as a goddess, under the name of Icauna, and altars had been raised to it;[2] Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, all the Roman divinities and those of the East, received the incense which our forefathers offered them. Such was the field which Providence had reserved for the zeal of Pèlerin and his disciples. God blessed their first efforts. The eloquence, holiness and miracles of Pèlerin converted the principal inhabitants of Auxerre; soon he was able to build a little church on the banks of the Yonne, at the source of some fountains, and he had the happiness of procuring for a great number of the inhabitants of that country the grace of baptism. The cross of Jesus Christ was not long in shining on the neighbouring hills, places formerly consecrated to superstitious practices.

It was not enough for our holy Apostle to have established in Auxerre the reign of Jesus Christ. His zeal needed to extend itself.[3] He knew that the spirit of error continued to spread darkness over the rest of the region. There was, ten leagues from Auxerre, a mountainous country, covered with woods which surrounded the lakes formed in the valleys; the position of this country favoured the cult of the pagans; it was the Puisaye, a part of which formed the Donziais. Entrains, *Interanum*,[4] was the capital of this country, a powerful city, in the midst of which rose the palace of the Roman prefect, who did not fear to take the title of Caesar. It contained several temples within its walls, and, after the example of Rome, it had admitted the Greek and Roman divinities, with which it had associated the monstrous idols of the East.[5] A great number of roads came to end in this city from the different points of the neighbouring countries. It was there that Saint Pèlerin directed his steps. An Aulerque[6] had just raised a new temple in honour of Jupiter the Hospitable; he had neglected nothing in the construction of this temple, and the richness of the decorations equalled the beauty of the architecture. People ran from all sides to visit it. Pèlerin believed that the circumstance was favourable, and that he ought to profit by it to display all his zeal; he advanced therefore with courage into the midst of this people, and undertook to turn them from their errors. But scarcely had he begun to speak, when they threw themselves upon him with fury to lead him before the judge, who had him provisionally put in prison.

The place where he was shut up was an underground chamber near Bouhy, seven kilometres from Entrains; he remained there in chains until the moment when he was taken out of it, to be brought before the Roman prefect. The prison could not slacken his zeal; he seemed to say, with the apostle Saint Paul, that one may well cast into irons a disciple of Christ, but that there is no human force which can chain the word of God; he preached the true God to his gaolers and to all who approached him. When he was led into the presence of the prefect, he appeared in no way terrified by his threats, as he let himself not be won by his promises. Tradition has preserved for us the beautiful words which he pronounced before his tribunal: “Your honours are the loss of the soul, and the gifts you can make are continual torments. As for me,” he added, “I invoke Jesus Christ who is the redeemer of all; I shall confess him without fear unto death; I know that the promises of this great king are not lying; I put in him all my confidence.”

The judge, irritated, ordered his soldiers to deliver him into the hands of the executioners, and at once the soldiers dragged him away, loading him with blows. Exhausted by the ill treatment and by the rigours to which he had previously been subjected in the prison, our Saint was on the point of succumbing, when one of the soldiers, seeing that his strength was about to abandon him, cut off his head with his sword. His martyrdom took place on 16 May 303 or 304, under the great persecution of Diocletian.

Saint Pèlerin is ordinarily represented in episcopal costume; he holds in his hand the palm of martyrdom, a serpent is at his feet. “We have seen,” wrote in 1860 Mgr Crosnier, the estimable author of the *Nivernais Hagiology*, “Saint Pèlerin painted with the serpent, in one of the northern apsidioles of the church of La Charité-sur-Loire. This painting and others, which are found in the same chapel, appeared to us to go back to the fifteenth century. They were covered a dozen years ago with a coat of whitewash which it would be easy to remove.”

This is the place to reproduce the reply of the parish priest of Bouhy to a letter which the same Mgr Crosnier, vicar general of Nevers, addressed to him in the month of August 1857, asking him for information on the attribute of the serpent given to Saint Pèlerin.

“Bouhy, 12 August 1857. Monsieur the Vicar General, you desire of me an answer to the following questions. I hasten to satisfy you, following the order in which you were pleased to put them to me: ‘What is the legend of the serpent of Saint Pèlerin?’

“We have nothing written touching this question, but a well-established tradition relates that Saint Pèlerin, driven out of Entrains by the idolaters, had taken refuge on the territory of Bouhy, at the bottom of a very narrow little valley which resembles more a very deep ravine than a valley. There flows a spring of rather abundant and very limpid water which bears the name of our glorious patron, and which, at the epoch of his martyrdom, must have been little known, hidden as it was on all sides by the thick wood which shaded this gorge. It is however at the edge of this fountain that the venerable pontiff was discovered by the Interanians, who summoned him to follow them, and as he did not hasten enough, at least to their liking, one of them had the brutal courage to lash with the whip he was armed with the holy apostle of Jesus Christ. But, O prodigy! at the same instant the whip was seen, detached from its handle, to take the form of a serpent, to spring into the basin of the fountain, and to disappear in the fissures of the rock through which one sees the water well up. “Whatever it may be, there is a constant and avowed fact which ought to leave no doubt on the truth of the whip transformed into a serpent. There is at Entrains a family bearing the name of N…, and which, according to tradition, descends from him who had the barbarity to use his whip against Saint Pèlerin; now, from all time, since the epoch when this apostle of our region was martyred, there have been in this family members bearing on their body the stigma of the crime of their ancestor, that is to say a serpent which entwines them. The man named N…, of Entrains, is a living proof of this fact, or rather of this miracle.

“It is not astonishing, after that, that the serpent should have been given as attribute to Saint Pèlerin. It is the means which it pleased the Lord to use to manifest in a striking manner the holiness of his servant and perpetuate his cult.

“You ask me also whether it is true that no serpents are found at Bouhy. I have never seen any since I have been there, and I know no one who can affirm having seen any, not only on the plateau of Bouhy, but in the neighbourhood, within a radius of two kilometres; if there are any, it can only be in the woods which form the boundary of my parish and those of Entrains, of Ciez and of Sainpuis. It is there only that they pretend to have seen some, but so rarely that it is permitted to doubt the exactness of this assertion.

“People are so persuaded in our region that the earth of Saint Pèlerin, that is to say of Bouhy, is deadly to serpents, that we see every day faithful, strangers to our parish, come from afar to take, from a hole made on purpose in the chapel of our church, dedicated to Saint Pèlerin, earth to preserve their dwellings from these reptiles, and to use it if need be against their bite. Several persons worthy of faith assure us that they have employed this means with success. F. Meyniel, parish priest of Bouhy.”

Besides the stigma of the serpent, which no one in the country puts in doubt, there is another sign as well established as the first; it is a mass of earth which is remarked in the hand of one of the members of certain families, and to which the same origin is attributed: several of the persecutors of Saint Pèlerin are said to have pursued him, throwing clods of earth at him; and since that epoch, their descendants are said to have

preserved this stigma from generation to generation. The persons who bear it, whether at Entrains or in the neighbourhood, are known.

Relics of Saint Pèlerin

After the martyrdom of Saint Pèlerin, some Christians buried with respect his precious remains at Bouhy, place of his torture. His body still rested there in the time of Saint Germanus, and soon a church was raised over his tomb. Later, the body of the holy apostle of the Auxerrois was transported to Saint-Denis, near Paris, and there remained at Bouhy only his head and the vertebrae. It is said that it was King Dagobert I who obtained for the monastery of Saint-Denis the body of the holy bishop of Auxerre, and who had it transported there. In 1144, when Abbot Suger had built the part of the church of Saint-Denis which faces the east, one of the altars was placed under the invocation of Saint Pèlerin, and consecrated by Hugh de Montaigu, bishop of Auxerre. In the following century, several detachments were made of the bones enclosed in the shrine of Saint Pèlerin. Joan of Evreux, widow of Charles the Fair, obtained some in 1340 from Guy, abbot of Saint-Denis, and gave them in 1342 to the Jacobins of Auxerre, after having had them enclosed in a silver shrine. The emperor Charles IV had also obtained a part; it was that which was carried to Prague in 1373. The parish of La Roche-en-Bregny, two leagues from Saulieu, pretended also to possess an arm of the Saint. The church of Sens had a reliquary enclosing a piece of the garments of Saint Pèlerin, soaked with his blood; and the cathedral of Auxerre possessed, in a silver cross, one of the arms of its first bishop, before the pillage of its treasury by the Calvinists. The rest of the body, deposited at Saint-Denis, escaped a similar profanation through the care which the religious then took to transport to Paris all their reliquaries. It was in 1570 that Charles of Lorraine, abbot of Saint-Denis, had it brought back to the monastery; he placed in a new shrine the body of Saint Pèlerin. Dom Georges Viole, speaking of the Charterhouse of Basseville, near Clamecy, reports that there was preserved there in his time a piece of the stole of Saint Pèlerin. Several churches of the neighbourhood of Paris obtained from the abbey of Saint-Denis some particles of the precious relics of the holy Martyr.

Dominique Séguier, bishop of Auxerre, desired to repair the loss which his church had experienced, at the pillage of the Calvinists, by procuring for it other relics of the holy apostle of the Auxerrois; he addressed himself therefore to the monastery of Saint-Denis to obtain what he desired, and they consented, in 1634, to give him half of one of the femur bones of the Saint; he had it set in a reliquary of gilded silver of the value of 2,000 livres, and made gift of it to his church in 1636. It was nine years later, in 1645, that the inhabitants of Bouhy, rebuilding their altar, found, in digging the foundations, the debris of a sepulchre which enclosed the head and the vertebrae of a large human body and the body of a small child. The parish priest, to make sure that these were remains of Saint Pèlerin, wrote to the religious of Saint-Denis, who opened their shrine and recognized that they possessed the body of the Saint, but without the head and the vertebrae. Pierre de Broc, then bishop of Auxerre, himself transported these remains to Saint-Denis, to compare them with those which that monastery possessed. Pierre de Broc had contented himself with sending back to Bouhy the head and the vertebrae, without making any ordinance on the petition of the inhabitants. Sixty-nine years after, the faithful of the parish of Bouhy made new approaches to Mgr de Caylus, and begged him to render a definitive ordinance, after having consulted all the minutes.

Mgr de Caylus acceded to their just request; he betook himself to Bouhy, examined the relics anew, in the presence of a considerable crowd, come running from the neighbouring countries, and rendered an ordinance by which he declared the relic authentic and worthy of the veneration of the faithful, and on the spot he venerated it himself, on 1 May 1715. In this translation, Mgr de Caylus withdrew a portion of the relic, which he gave to his cathedral church, and another portion to the parochial church of Saint-Pélerin, of Auxerre.

The parish priest of Bouhy at that time was the Sieur Deschez, who afterwards became canon of the collegiate church of Sainte-Eugénie, of Varzy; in the ceremony of the translation of 1715, he took care to

extract for himself a portion of the relics of Saint Pèlerin, which he preserved with care until 1733. At that time, he made gift of it to the chapter of Sainte-Eugénie, and Mgr Nicolas Colbert, making then the visitation of the collegiate church, enclosed this relic, with others, in an ebony shrine and furnished it with his seal. This shrine was one of those which were transported on 9 October 1792 from the collegiate church to the parochial church of Saint-Pierre, of Varzy, in the treasury of which it is still deposited.

On 4 May 1854, the Abbé Crosnier, vicar general of Nevers, passing through Varzy, verified the relics of Saint Pèlerin, recognized the seal of Mgr de Caylus, applied in red wax on the opening of the reliquary; and, as this seal was partly broken, he replaced it by that of Mgr Dufêtre, bishop of Nevers. As to the part of the head of Saint Pèlerin which the church of Bouhy had preserved, Jean-Loup Rimbault, inhabitant of the borough, was fortunate enough to withdraw it from the profanations of the revolutionary agents of 1793; he gave some pieces of it to his friends, so that in case of accident one should not be exposed to lose all. In 1817, M. Gaudri, parish priest of Bouhy, having learned that several persons possessed relics of Saint Pèlerin, urged them to come and hand them over to him, and a minute, dated 12 May of the same year, states that the greater part of these relics were deposited in his hands. M. Hurlault, his successor, busied himself actively in discovering the rest of these relics, in concert with M. Vée, parish priest of Dampierre-sous-Bouhy (1828).

Rimbault having died at Entrains, his widow brought back to M. Vée, parish priest of Entrains, a piece of the left temporal bone which had been kept by the deceased. Besides this piece of the head of Saint Pèlerin, the church of Entrains possesses a part of the tibia coming from the cathedral of Auxerre. In the recognition which took place on 18 March 1828, M. Hurlault had kept for himself a fragment of the head of Saint Pèlerin; transferred later to Courcelles, he made gift of it to the church of his new parish.

Nivernais Hagiology, by Mgr Crosnier.

Saint Phal,[7] or Fidolus, Abbot of Isle, in Champagne

(…541). — Pope: Vigilius. — Kings of the Franks: Theodebert and Childebert.

The Lord stood by me and strengthened me… and delivered me from every evil work and will preserve me for his heavenly kingdom. II Tim. iv, 18.

Saint Phal was of Auvergne, and probably of Clermont, where his father exercised the charge of senator, which amounted to the title of governor of the province. Still young, he had consecrated himself to the service of the altars, for which courage and constancy were needed in a country occupied by the Visigoths and infected with Arianism: for it was toward the beginning of the sixth century, in the time when Alaric II, whose usual residence was Poitiers, reigned over the first and the second Aquitaine. This prince having been killed by Clovis in 507, in the fields of Voulon, the conqueror had nothing more pressing than to send his son Theodoric to seize Quercy, Rouergue and Auvergne, while he himself was strengthening his position in Poitou. The conquest of these three provinces was not made without resistance: it was marked by cruel fires and vast ruins. Many prisoners were taken indiscriminately from all classes, and among them was found the son, still young, of the governor of the Arverni.[1]

Providence has miraculous ways for the men whom she destines to great things, and it was no small one to labour then to form modern societies, to implant Christianity among them as the infallible seed of their civilization. God was pleased therefore once again to manifest his designs on a corner of the world by revealing to one of his servants the captivity of the young patrician.

An old solitary, named Aventinus, after having been cellarer to Camelius, bishop of Troyes, had hidden himself two leagues south of that city, in an island formed by the windings of the Seine and the Oze. Surrounded by numerous disciples, whose religious life he directed, he had founded there a monastery,

celebrated later under the name of Isles-Aumont, and applied himself there to the practice of the most austere virtues. One day when he was at prayer, he was warned in a vision that soon there would arrive near the convent a young man named Fidolus, carried captive from his country; that he should ransom him, and receive him among his brothers to embrace the common life there. Aventinus was still absorbed in these thoughts when suddenly a troop of young prisoners came to pass before the door of his cell. It was the flower of the Auvergnat youth, victim of the war, and whom they were conducting, through Champagne, according to the caprice of those who had bought them. The abbot hastened to learn whether there was not among them someone who was named Fidolus, and, on the assurance that the young cleric would not be refused him if he wished to ransom him under that title, Aventinus gave for him twelve pieces of gold, and the poor slave became his spiritual son. He soon let it be seen what a treasure of holiness his soul concealed, already experienced in the things of God. So Aventinus regarded him less as a disciple than as a master; so much so that, having had him honoured with the priestly character, he confided to him the charge of provost or prior, raising him thereby to the first dignity of the monastery after his own. The Saint only perfected himself in discharging these grave obligations, and gave more and more the example of regularity in an equal love of work and of penance. Such conduct could only increase the respect and confidence of his brothers, and they gave him a testimony of it no less striking than unanimous.

Aventinus had grown old. Fearful before the approach of the judgments of God and the responsibility of his conscience, he wished to discharge himself of it by quitting the cares of pastoral vigilance, and when he announced to the community this firmly settled determination, he found in it but one voice to call to the government which he was abandoning the holy man on whom he himself had fixed his choice. It was not without long resistance that Phal consented to take up the burden; but this very humility became a guarantee that God would help him to bear it. He made the proof of it last as long as his life; and while his spiritual father was finishing his own in a closer solitude, where there rose soon afterwards the village of Saint-Aventin,[2] Saint Phal, continuing his own sanctification in that of others, reached the end of his career, which he completed on 16 May, about the year 540, after more than thirty years passed in the monastic life. According to the dates which seem preferable, he must have scarcely attained his sixtieth year. His holy, humble and mortified life had merited him the gift of miracles in this world and heaven in the other. Of miracles, he worked countless: he restored sight to two blind men by making the sign of the cross over them; by a prayer of three days, he cured a feeble child of the name of Octavian; he restored also health to a man sick with rabies who was tearing himself with his own teeth.

Monastery of Saint-Phal; — His Relics

It was doubtless after his death that his monastery took the name of Saint-Phal, when many miracles, following upon those which he had worked during his long retreat, made his reputation for holiness shine all the more. A hundred years after that event, his relics were transported to the monastery of La Celle, which had just been built in the suburb of Troyes. This was, perhaps, as a consequence of the ruin of his own, which the troubles of those difficult times must have exposed, like so many others, to frequent and decisive invasions. After this reverse, the importance of the establishment diminished, but it passed through the centuries in spite of its lessening, and, in 1770, Saint-Phal was still a priory of the abbey of Molesme, Order of Saint Benedict, in the diocese of Langres.[3] Today the memory of the pious dwelling continues to live on the soil which it had blessed. Become the chief place of a parish, the village of Saint-Phal has multiplied its name for other churches of Champagne and Burgundy. We do not know how this venerated name came to establish itself in the neighbourhood of the Gartempe, in Poitou, unless it be that at an uncertain epoch, but very remote, the possession of some relic of the Saint, or an act of pious gratitude for some favour of heaven obtained through him, caused to be built there the church which bears his name. This church still exists in part in a street of the borough, whose outlet to the west leads back toward the river. It was a charming building of the transition [style], abandoned and sold as national property in 1792, and bought back, in 1811,

to make the chapel of a school for girls, directed by the humble Daughters of the Cross. The nave has been divided into classes and other annexes suitable for this purpose; the elevation, cut by a floor, has allowed the old sanctuary to be preserved as a sacred place, whose elegant vault lets its light ribs fall again on capitals with foliage perfectly treated and which crown slender Gothic columns. Saint-Phèle de Maillé was, in 1789, a benefice-cure in the gift of the bishop of Poitiers; a rather large revenue was attached to it, and the presbytery adjoined it with its garden and some other dependencies, of which the teaching sisters have only a very small part. One of these dependencies, very vast and still existing, is always designated under the name of the "Grange d'Ecêque". Finally two chaplaincies, the one of Our Lady, the other of Saint Roch, were served in Saint-Phèle de Maillé. They were also in the gift of the parish priest of Saint-Pierre. The latter was worth twenty-five livres of income, on which one Mass was due by the chaplain. The relics of Saint Phal were, for many long centuries, preserved in the abbey of Moutier-la-Celle.

On 5 January 1640, his head was given to the parish which bears his name, in the diocese of Troyes: this relic was visited on 23 May 1842 and replaced in a new shrine. On 24 August 1791, the revolutionary district granted his shrine to the church of Saint-André-lès-Troyes: on 11 May 1802, this shrine having been opened, the authentics were found in it. In 1828, they were again recognized by the episcopal authority.

In 1803, Mgr de la Tour-du-Pin had enriched his cathedral with a bone taken from the shrine of the church of Saint-André.

Some authors will have it that Saint Phal was coadjutor of Saint Vincent, bishop of Troyes. Cf. the Old Proper of Troyes; *Probationes cultus Sanctorum diœcesis Trecensis*: there is in this memoir, presented at Rome by Mgr Ravinet, a whole mine of precious information; *Saincts et Sainctes d'Auvergne*, by J. Branche; *Notes of an archaeological journey to Saint-Pierre de Maillé (Vienne)*, by the Abbé Anlier, etc.

Saint Eman, Martyr in the Chartres Country

560. — Pope: John III. — King of the Neustrian Franks: Clotaire I.

Those who, by their lessons and their examples, teach others the ways of justice, shall shine like stars through all eternity. Daniel xii.

Saint Nectarius, bishop of Autun, having made a journey to Milan to bring back from it relics of the holy Nazarius and Celsus, met at their tomb a man of God like himself, and like himself a pious pilgrim: he was named Eman and came from a distant country in the depths of Cappadocia. From his most tender childhood, nourished on faith and piety, his fair soul, strong and generous as much as pure and candid, true sister of the angels, turned toward God; and later, neither the first fires of adolescence, nor the too often stormy ardours of youth could trouble its calm or tarnish its freshness. Still in the flower of youth, he hears, a new Abraham, a secret inspiration which tells him to leave the land of his fatherland and to march toward the West, to go and venerate the tombs of the Martyrs, to draw there holy and great inspirations to labour for the glory of God, and to gain souls by his example and by his word. The young pilgrim directed his steps first toward Rome. With what veneration and what love he touched the soil of the holy city! The sovereign Pontiff wished to see him, received him and conversed with him with paternal kindness. Finding in him from this first interview the soul of a Saint, of a priest, of an apostle, he desired to enrol him in the clerical militia and had him begin the necessary studies. The young Cappadocian obeyed the voice of the vicar of Jesus Christ as that of Jesus Christ himself. He set to work and made such rapid, such marvellous progress, that soon there was talk in Rome of nothing but his science, as there had already been talk of nothing but his virtue. After a stay of seven years at Rome, Eman, who had heard speak of the numerous prodigies which God worked at Milan through the intercession of Saint Nazarius, conceived a lively desire to go and pray at the miraculous tomb. He soon arrived in the city, the object of all his wishes. He chose there no other dwelling than the church where the body of the glorious Martyr rested. It was there that he passed two years, leading a life

which partook more of the angel than of the man; there that, in his intimate communications with God, he had a heavenly vision and was inspired to go to Autun to pray also at the tomb of Saint Symphorian where, to spread more and more and to confirm the nascent faith of the barbarian peoples recently established in the Gauls, the divine Master was pleased, as at that of Saint Nazarius, to work numerous miracles. Providence arranged relations between him and Saint Nectarius, who was about to return to Autun. The two pilgrims on seeing each other at the tomb of the martyr of Milan had soon known how to understand and appreciate each other: they were therefore delighted to be able to travel together.

On finding at Autun disciples, children of the bishop of Caesarea, he thought he found there his absent fatherland. Saint Eman learned with a thrill of joy that the religious who served the abbey of Saint-Symphorian followed the rule of Saint Basil, his compatriot.

Perhaps also the young pilgrim found a quite particular interest in visiting Gaul. Might not this country have been the cradle of his ancestors? For he might very well be a Galatian by origin, since he bore the same name as that Gaulish chief, the Allobrogian Eman, who, according to Justin, formed part of the great expedition of Bellovesus. And the Umbrians, people of the Milanese, led in this same expedition to Asia, were they not brothers of the Aeduans? The lively interest with which Eman visited Milan and Autun was therefore perhaps at once religious and patriotic. Did he not find again in those two cities the memory and the land of his forefathers? Did not the memory of the Saints and the memory of the fatherland speak both to his heart?[1]

God did not let his servant enjoy very long the happiness of the pious retreat of Autun where his hand had led him. The epoch at which he was to call him to new wanderings and put his courage to new trials had arrived. Behold indeed that in a vision, during the sleep of the night, Eman heard a voice which said to him: “Set out for Chartres and go preach the divine word to the populations of those regions. It is there that heaven calls thee: set out this instant and fear nothing.” At once he rose, set out and soon arrived, no longer as a pilgrim, but rather as an apostle, at the place designated.

Scarcely had he arrived in the Chartres country, when he began to preach, to obey the orders of heaven and the impulse of his zeal. God seconded his efforts and rewarded them by giving him the consolation, very dear to an apostle, of working numerous conversions. It was the only one he coveted, because it was merged with the glory of the divine Master. “This,” says the biographer,[2] “took place under the great king Theodebert, to whom the interests of religion were no less dear than those of the kingdom” (534–548).

Eman passed two years at Chartres, and his stay in that city was marked by several marvellous events.

Meanwhile the great feast of Saint Symphorian approached. Eman wished to go at least once more to pray at that cherished tomb which our fathers surrounded with a veneration, a love and a confidence of which we form scarcely an idea in this half-Christian age.

He set out therefore for Autun and saw again with happiness that city, that abbey, that basilica to which affectionate memories called him, where he had left the greatest part of his soul. There, as at the epoch of his first pilgrimage, he passed the nights in prayer in the church of the Martyr and attracted universal admiration. God manifested anew the holiness of his servant, by giving him the power to drive demons from the bodies of the possessed; but at the same time, to make his virtue shine forth and be purified more and more, he put him to a very hard trial. Some vile calumniator, impelled doubtless by an odious jealousy, blackened him, as it appears, with Nectarius; he even succeeded in prejudicing the holy bishop against him to the point of having him cast into a black and foul dungeon. The pious pilgrim let himself be led, without opening his mouth to complain, into that place of horror. There he knelt down, adored the designs of God and prayed like the Saviour of the world for his blind enemies. But behold suddenly the frightful prison was flooded with a brilliant light and perfumed with the sweetest odour. At the same time the door opened of itself; but the archdeacon Euphronius, who probably attributed this prodigy to some magical power, shut it again at once. It opened anew up to three times. Meanwhile the venerable bishop, informed of what was passing, recognized

the finger of God; and seeing that Eman had been unworthily calumniated, he went and threw himself at his feet, asked his pardon, honoured him from then on with an esteem and surrounded him with a veneration greater than ever. Moreover, to testify to him all the account he made of his merit, he urged him strongly to be willing to consent to enter the clergy. The humble servant of God, who until then had not dared to accept the holy ministry of the altars, consented at last in the fear of going against the divine will by resisting the entreaties of the pontiff. He thought also that the eminent quality of minister of Jesus Christ would be for him a motive the more to exercise his zeal, as well as a new means of doing good. Prostrate before the holy bishop of Autun, he received therefore from him the tonsure of clerics and an affectionate blessing.

Nectarius doubtless hoped to be able to keep him in his diocese; but God had disposed otherwise and was not long in manifesting his intention. Suddenly, in the midst of the silence and darkness of the night, there appears to Eman, who was taking a few moments of sleep, a venerable bishop adorned with vestments whiter than snow and accompanied by an adolescent of angelic face. “Rise,” he said to him, “and return to Chartres. From there you will betake yourself to the village called Sibernie,[3] and I will show you the site where you are to build a church. It is there that you will announce the word of God, that you will exercise the apostolic ministry and that henceforth you will fix your residence until the day when God shall crown your life with a glorious martyrdom.” — “What is your name,” asked Eman, “O you who announce to me so fair a destiny, long the object of all my wishes?” — “I am,” answered the mysterious personage, “Eusebius, formerly bishop of Vercelli.” And at these words, the vision disappeared. Eman awoke at once, gave thanks to God and, after having made a last prayer at the tomb of Saint Symphorian, hastened to set out for the country where heaven recalled him: happy to carry with him the assurance of going soon to see again in heaven the venerable pontiff and the lovable adolescent, probably Saint Symphorian, who had appeared to him.[4]

Arrived at Orléans, our holy levite, persuaded that the priesthood was indispensable to him to labour more efficaciously for the salvation of souls, went to find the bishop of that city to communicate to him his project. The latter, struck by the air of holiness which was remarked in Eman, received him with a kindness mingled with respect, appreciated him more and more as he knew him better; and seeing that it was an apostle whom heaven addressed to him, he soon acquiesced in his request. The man of God, strengthened further by the grace of the priesthood, full of a new zeal for the salvation of souls and of a new ardour for martyrdom, betook himself forthwith to Chartres and from there to the place where the nocturnal vision had called him, built a church there, gave himself there with an indefatigable activity to all the labours of the pastoral ministry and of the apostolate, awaiting the palm which had been promised him. It was then that several adventures befell him which show at once his charity, his unalterable gentleness and the protection with which God surrounded him. — One day, having been invited to the house of Bladistus, a great lord of the region, he thought he ought to accept, sacrificing, though with regret, his love for humility, mortification and retreat, to a more imperious duty. As the road was long, he was obliged to stop, on returning, in a house to pass the night there. Not knowing where to put his horse, he made a sign of the cross over it and left it to graze in liberty and in God’s keeping on the neighbouring lawn. Now, one of the guests of Bladistus, named Abbo, a vile parasite, covetous as much as poor, seized the animal, mounted it, but could not get away. Eman feigned to believe that the thief had need of his horse, begged him very politely to make use of it and finished even by giving him wherewithal to buy a new pair of shoes, so that he might be less tempted to steal horses. God, in consecrating by numerous prodigies which we do not report the eminent holiness of his servant, was completing the implanting of the faith in the populations of the countryside, for nothing less was needed than the spectacle of extraordinary virtues and deeds to strike these coarse minds. Meanwhile he sighed unceasingly after the palm of martyrdom which had been promised him, as the term and the reward of his labours; but always humbly submissive to the will of the divine Master, he awaited this favour, the object of his desires, with a resigned and ever more active patience, thinking only of labouring to render himself worthy of it. At last arrived the moment marked by Providence. One day he went to walk with his two companions, the worthy co-operators of his apostolate, in a wood near his humble dwelling. Now, there was

in those places a troop of brigands who had long desired to attempt the life of the man of God. That mouth which preached the evangelical faith and morality was odious to them. These wretches, having perceived Eman in the bosom of the dark and deserted forest, believed the occasion favourable to execute their frightful project. They went out therefore at once from their lair and ran to him brandishing their swords. At this sight, the Saint advanced with a dignified and calm air to meet them and invited them gently to quit the way of crime to embrace the law of Jesus Christ. But these words of peace and salvation, far from disarming the brigands, barbarous sectaries of the ancient druidism, only inflamed still more their murderous fury. “Thou hast preached too long: die.” And at these words, they massacred him with his fellow-labourers, on the 17th of the calends of June (16 May), about the year 560. The angels came to gather the souls of the martyrs and accompanied them to heaven. Thus for the soldiers of Jesus Christ the day of death becomes the day of triumph. With what happiness Eman took place in the midst of those martyrs of Rome and of those martyrs of Milan whose relics he had gone to venerate; beside Saint Symphorian on whose tomb he had so often passed days and nights, asking of God the same courage, the same fate, the same reward! His prayer was granted: he possessed the eternal crown. His body and those of his two companions, Maurilius and Almarius, martyred with him, were buried at Islaris-Cella (Illiers), by religious; and to this day, says the biographer, the all-powerful God has not ceased to work miracles on the tomb of these three faithful servants dead for his cause. Many years after, the precious remains of Saint Eman were transported to Chartres in the church of Saint-Maurice outside the walls, where they became the object of public veneration. “At the epoch of the great disturbances which marked the end of the eighteenth century,” says the Proper of Chartres, “the sacred ashes of Saint Eman were violated and thrown to the wind. The chapel which the faith of our fathers had raised to him is consecrated to profane uses.”

Acta Sanctorum; Cult of Saint Symphorian, by M. Dinet. Proper of Chartres.

Saint Germier, Bishop of Toulouse

561. — Pope: John III. — King of the Austrasian Franks: Childebert II.

Germier was thirty years old when he was initiated into the priesthood. As he was crossing the kingdom of the Franks, the renown of his virtue reached Clovis. This prince sent officers to seek him and conduct him with honour to himself.[1] Germier appeared before Clovis and saluted him profoundly. The king, on seeing him, was quite rejoiced to be able to know a person so holy, of whom he had heard speak with so much advantage. The king questioned him: Who are you? whence do you come? what are you called? “I am called Germier: I was born at Angoulême; I was sent from my childhood to Toulouse to learn the humane letters. I was made subdeacon at Saintes, deacon at Jonsac,[2] and bishop at Arsat, though unworthy. I put my trust in God.” The king said to him: “He who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be exalted.”

Clovis invited Germier to sit at his table; the guests took their places, after the dishes had been blessed by the bishop. When all were seated, he gave the king and the princes the eulogies, and each rendered thanks to God and to the king for having called the servant of God. Confirmed in the faith and led by the Holy Spirit, they confessed their sins to Germier. He said to all who believed: “My children, do penance, and accomplish what you have promised to God so that you may not perish at the last judgment.” The king knew then that he was a saint, and besought him to pray for his soul; then he said to him: “Ask me what you will of all my goods; my servants will execute your orders.” Germier answered: “O king, I ask you nothing of your domains; grant me only in the territory of Toulouse as much land as my chlamys can cover beside the blessed Saturninus my master, in whose shadow I desire that my body should rest: for, after the Lord, I desire to have him at Toulouse as defender and support.” Clovis said to him: “I give you, around the place which is called Doz (Ox), six thousand measures of land, and to bury your dead as much ground as seven pairs of oxen can plough in a day.”

Germier remained with the king twenty-two days, and Clovis gave him a considerable sum of gold and five hundred shekels of silver, golden crosses, silver chalices with their patens, three crosiers or staves of gilded silver, three gilded crowns and as many mantles of fine linen. He handed him a deed sealed with his ring and with that of the officers of his court, by which he confirmed all the donations and declared them free of all dues. The king then said to those around him: “Do what you shall see me do”; he approached and commended himself to Germier by the hair of his head, which all did after him. Clovis embraced him and bade him farewell. Germier, after having blessed the king, prepared to continue his road. An innumerable multitude of people accompanied him as far as four miles. The Saint, shedding tears, said to them: “Peace be with you, my brothers!… Persevere in the faith which you have embraced, and return to your homes. May the Lord be always with you!…” And they departed.

Saint Germier returned to Toulouse to fulfil his ministry there. The people received him and accompanied him in all the visits to the churches; he went to the church of Saint-Saturninus, went through all the places which were committed to his keeping, and returned to his house, where he found what he had left. His servants said to him: “It is long since you left us; we were very eager to see you again.” Germier gave them a share of the goods he had brought. Dulcidius and Pretiosus, his two faithful disciples, showed him all the treasures and furniture which he had entrusted to them; and after he had examined them, all these things were put back in their place. The people rejoiced at the arrival of Germier, who exhorted them to confess their sins and healed the sick. He went to take possession of the land of Doz (Ox), which the king had given him; he built there a church in honour of Saint Saturninus with three altars, and he consecrated it. In the ceremony of the dedication, three hundred wax torches were lit. On that night, Saint Germier healed several blind, lame, paralytics, and in particular seven lepers. The renown of his holiness grew ever greater in his city of Toulouse. He built next a monastery at Doz and consecrated there an altar in honour of Saint Martin, gathered in that place his servants and his family, placed at Doz all he had collected from divers places, and established in his house almoners for the poor.

While still only a deacon, he worked several miracles: at his prayer, God made a spring of living water gush forth and a withered laurel grow green again; he healed two lepers, delivered three possessed by the sign of the cross, and extinguished a vast fire.

The pontiff passed his life in the midst of fasts, prayers and alms for thirty-six years, having numerous servants. The demon sent the plague on his flocks; they perished all in one night. The shepherds came to announce this loss to him all in tears. But he said to them: “Is it your sins that you weep for? What is it that saddens you? Do you not know that we are not of this world, and that he who has life cannot taste death? Why possess the riches of the world? He who hates the world, loves God. It is he who said: ‘Love neither the world, nor what is in the world.’ This temptation comes from the demon; these flocks have perished because of our sins. The Lord had given them, he has taken them back: blessed be his holy name!” The same scourge came to strike his servants, and they perished all. Their death caused Germier the most profound grief. He said then to Pretiosus and to Dulcidius: “My brothers, let us go to the church of the priest Saint Polycarp, and pray God that he show himself merciful to us.” Having entered the church, he clothed himself in a hair-shirt, covered himself with ashes, and for three days, without drinking or eating, he persevered in prayer, shedding abundant tears, supplicating the Lord to deliver him from the tribulation which overwhelmed him. He offered next the sacrifice for the dead. While he prayed, the angel of the Lord appeared to him and said to him: “Know that all yours have been led to Paradise.” He gave thanks then to God who had deigned thus to console him. “I beseech you, Lord,” he said, “to place me in the number of your Saints.” — “Master,” said his disciples then in tears, “why do you take no nourishment? why do you abandon yourself to grief? We will bring you some food.” He answered them: “I have neither hunger nor thirst; we must, because of the tempting demon, persevere in prayer and fasting; God will crush him under our feet and all will become prosperous to us.” In fact, after some years, he came again into possession of all the goods he had lost, and

seven years after he died most holily.[3]

Monuments still existing attest that he died at Ox, a hamlet situated near Muret; that it is in that place that he was first buried; that afterwards, his bones, as well as those of his two disciples, were carried into the parish church of Saint James of Muret, where they are still found in a crypt situated under the sanctuary.

Cult and Relics of Saint Germier

The cult of Saint Germier goes back to the highest antiquity: mention is made of him, under 16 April, in an ancient manuscript Martyrology of the abbey of Saint-Savin in the diocese of Tarbes, as well as in another very ancient manuscript of the city of Prague. As to his two disciples Dulcidius and Pretiosus, their feast is not celebrated, although their relics are placed beside those of Saint Germier, and exposed like them to the veneration of the faithful. Fifty years of episcopate are commonly given to Saint Germier. It is very difficult to admit so long a duration, especially when in that long space of time no historical monument comes to reveal any fact relating to this episcopate.

"We believe," says H. Salvan in his *General History of the Church of Toulouse*, "that we have found again the two oratories which Saint Germier raised in honour of Saint Saturninus and of Saint Martin. The first was situated at the confluence of the Garonne and the Louge, not far from the castle of Muret occupied by the lords of Comminges. It is today completely destroyed. The second was found at the place where, since, the parish church of Ox has been built, which is still dedicated to Saint Martin. As to the monastery built by Saint Germier, and in which he died in the midst of his numerous disciples, it was situated at a short distance from the town of Muret, toward the west, at the spot where are reunited the three roads which lead, one to La Masquère, another to Seysses, and the last to Ox. A cross has been raised on the site of this monastery, and this quarter still bears the name of Saint-Germier-le-Vieux. It was doubtless in this place that the holy bishop remained buried until the translation of his body into the parish church of Saint James. The monastery of Saint-Germier took, later, the title of priory, and was ceded to the abbey of Lézat." The body of Saint Germier was formerly enclosed in a tomb hollowed in the wall, and whose entrance was closed by an iron grille. The dampness which reigned in the crypt necessitated the translation of the body into a new shrine, which is found today in a projecting cupboard placed opposite the old tomb. The church of La Dalbade, at Toulouse, and the chapel of the grand seminary possess some fragments of the relics of this pontiff. He is the titular Patron of several parishes in the diocese of Toulouse, and, in particular, of that of Frouzins, a village situated between Toulouse and Seysses-Tolosanes. A tradition of the country relates that Saint Germier, going from his episcopal city to Ox, passed at Frouzins by a path near the cemetery, and that flowers sprang up under his steps: this is what caused this way to be given the name of Monramet or of the Branches. There existed formerly a chapel dedicated to Saint Germier in the middle of the cemetery of Frouzins; the ruins of it are still seen. The piety of the inhabitants of Muret also raised a temple to this holy bishop; this oratory became, later, a parish church of which M. Moutjouzieu was the last titular. The church of Saint-Germier at Muret, which still existed a few years ago, had been built by M. Boutirac, parish priest of this parish.

Catel relates that Saint Remigius, archbishop of Reims, made homage to Saint Germier of a mitre, a pair of gloves and a ring. After the death of Saint Remigius, Germier had an oratory built at Toulouse in his honour, in the street which bears the name of Saint-Remésy or Remigius. These precious objects were placed by Saint Germier in this oratory, and transported from there into the church of Saint-John of Malta, where they were exposed to the veneration of the faithful, beside the altar. Gathered up by the piety of the inhabitants of Toulouse during the Revolution, the mitre and the gloves are found today in the basilica of Saint-Saturninus.

We have abridged the Life of the Saint which the Bollandists give, and have added to it some local information furnished to us by the General History of the Church of Toulouse, by M. Salvan.

Saint Honoratus (Honoré), Bishop of Amiens, Patron of Bakers

About the year 600. — Pope: Saint Gregory the Great. — King of the Franks: Clotaire II.

Quem genuit Portus secessit ubi fuit ortus: Is suus est hortus, iste est occasus et ortus.

The village of Port was for him the port where he came ashore into existence, and the port from which he embarked for eternity.

Verses engraved in the Middle Ages on the walls of the church of the native country of Saint Honoré.

Saint Honoratus, seventh known successor of Saint Firmin, was born at Port-le-Grand, in Ponthieu, in the diocese of Amiens. He belonged probably to one of the principal families of the country: tradition still indicates at present the place where the castle of his father formerly stood, and according to the testimony of a historian of the seventeenth century,[1] some ruins of it were still to be seen in his time. As soon as he had the age of reason, he loved and practised virtue. Fasts, vigils and prayer were all his delight, and one could say of him what Scripture says of Tobias: "That being still only a child, he had however nothing of childhood." Saint Beatus was his master and his guide in his clerical education. After the death of that prelate, he was chosen to replace him, in spite of his resistance. God reassured him by a prodigy which happened at his consecration. All the assistants saw descend upon his head a divine ray and a mysterious oil.

It pleased Our Lord to honour still his episcopate by the miraculous discovery of the bodies of the holy Martyrs Fuscian, Victoricus and Gentian, which had remained hidden from the faithful more than three hundred years. A holy priest of Amiens, called Lupicinus, having been warned by an angel to withdraw these three holy bodies from a certain place, went there, and, after having dug rather deep, found at last what he sought; then, unable to restrain the joy of his heart, he sang an antiphon in their honour. It is said that Saint Honoratus heard it, though he was distant two leagues; he betook himself at once to that place, assisted by his clergy and followed by all the people: these holy relics attracted everyone by the agreeable odour which they spread. They were the object of a second marvel: King Childebert II having sent commissaries to Amiens to carry off this treasure and bring it to Paris, they were prevented by a divine virtue, which made the holy bodies immovable; they were therefore obliged to leave to the city of Amiens its martyrs, its apostles, who made its glory and its consolation. The king, being warned of it, regretted the design he had formed, ordered that these holy relics be left in the cathedral of Amiens, to which he made very beautiful presents, whether in furniture and ornaments for the divine service, or in silver and landed estates for the service of the clergy.

One day when our pious Pontiff was saying Mass in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at Saint-Acheul, at which assisted the priest who was afterwards his successor, Our Lord appeared to him visibly at the consecration, and when it was time to consume the holy species, he took them himself and communicated him with his own hands, granting him thus the same grace which he had made to the Apostles, on the evening of his Passion.[2] This was not the only trait of resemblance which Honoratus had with the Apostles: he imitated their zeal for the conversion of souls, their charity in the practice of works of piety and mercy, and, finally, their mortification in crucifying his flesh with its passions, by the fasts and vigils which he continued all the time he lived. His historian teaches us nothing more, except that he ended his life happily while visiting his diocese, in the very place where he had received it from God in the house of his father. So that the borough of Port, in Ponthieu, was the cradle and the tomb of this illustrious prelate. His body was buried there with honour, and, since, a very beautiful church was built to him; his precious relics rested there under the high altar until the irruptions of the Danes and Normans: they were then transferred to Amiens, into his episcopal church. As this ceremony was being performed, this marvel happened: the body had been placed in the church of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, otherwise called of Saint Firmin the Confessor; when it was lifted to be carried to the cathedral, the crucifix turned its head visibly toward the door by which the holy body went out, as if following it with its eyes; the assistants, ravished with admiration, glorified God for thus honouring his servant. This crucifix is still seen today in the cathedral of Amiens.[3]

The holy bishop worked several other marvels during his life and after his death; but no authentic detail remains to us of them. We know only what he did several centuries afterwards, to relieve the necessities of the people during a very great drought: Bishop Guy, son of Walter, count of Amiens, ordered a general procession, in which the shrine of Saint Honoratus was carried around the walls of the city; the rain which was asked for on that occasion was obtained. Several other miracles also took place: paralytics were healed, the deaf recovered the use of hearing, the dumb that of speech, the lame were able to walk, prisoners saw their irons fall and the doors of their dungeon open. This great event is marked in the year 1060, which is that in which Philip I began to reign.

Since then, devotion to Saint Honoratus extended marvellously; for not only the city of Amiens and all the diocese, but also all France, and principally the city of Paris, wished to have a share in it. In fact, in the year 120-i, one of the rich inhabitants of that capital of the kingdom, called Renold Chérins, and his wife, named Sibyl, had a church built in honour of the holy Prelate, in the street which bears his name, and founded several canonries there; and Richard of Gerberoy, then bishop of Amiens, enriched it with a part of the relics of the same holy bishop; they were preserved there with respect, before 93, in a silver shrine of a very ancient form. In the year 1301, William of Mâcon, forty-ninth bishop of Amiens, having founded the charterhouse of Abbeville, assigned it revenues on the borough and village of Port, ancient domain of Saint Honoratus, and put it under the protection of this Saint, of whom he gave it the head. A finger of the same Saint was also offered with other relics, by a bishop of Amiens, to the abbey of Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu.

Saint Honoratus, as is known, is almost everywhere the patron of bakers,[4] and by extension of pastry-cooks, wafer-makers, florists, dealers in farinaceous goods and of divers other professions which have some relation to the making of bread: that is why he is represented with a baker's peel loaded with three loaves, which he holds in his left hand. This peel is so inseparable from the personage that Santeul has given it a place in his celebrated and irreverent quatrain:

Saint Honoré Dans sa chapelle Avec sa pelle, Est honoré.

There is no agreement on the origin of this liturgical patronage, and on the motive which caused the professional instruments of baking to be attributed to Saint Honoratus. However, one will believe oneself to be in the truth by adopting the opinion of the very competent M. Corblet, canon, historiographer of the diocese of Amiens.

"What determined the popular choices of patronages," says this writer, "were not forced comparisons, subtle likenesses, but the extraordinary facts which vividly struck the imagination. Now, we find in the legend of Saint Honoratus an event of this nature, which appears to us to have determined the choice of the bakers. When it was learned at Port that Honoratus was promoted to the episcopate, his nurse, who was then occupied with the baking of bread at the paternal castle, received this news with complete incredulity, and cried that she would more readily believe that the burning oven-rake she held in her hands would take root and change into a tree. Joining act to word, she planted in the court where she was her blazing peel, fitted with a long handle, which was suddenly metamorphosed into a mulberry tree, and which soon after produced flowers and fruits, which were considered as a prophetic emblem of the fruits of salvation which the episcopate of Honoratus was to bear.[5] In the sixteenth century, this mulberry tree was still shown in the old paternal dwelling of the holy bishop. The memory of the miraculous oven-rake has been so preserved at Port that, every year, on the eve of Saint-Honoré, a bonfire is lit to perpetuate the memory of this event. Is it not more than probable that it is this oven-rake, this baking instrument serving as matter for so extraordinary a prodigy, which determined the bakers to take Saint Honoratus for patron? On the occasion of his elevation to the episcopate, their professional peel had been glorified; they wished in their turn to glorify by a special cult him to whom they attributed this prodigy. Such is, we believe, the origin of this patronage, spread today in almost all France and which, by the very fact that it took birth in Picardy, remained there more celebrated than anywhere else. The bakers of Amiens considered themselves as the first confraternity of the city,

because they had the privilege of carrying in general processions the shrine of their patron."

See the office of Saint Honoratus in the Breviaries of Amiens and of Paris; the Antiquities of Amiens, by la Morlière: Richard of Gerberoy, etc.; Origin of the liturgical patronage of bakers, by the Abbé J. Corblet, honorary canon and historiographer of the diocese of Amiens.

Saint Ubald[6] or Thiébaut, Bishop of Gubbio

1084–1160. — Popes: Gregory VII; Alexander III. — Emperors of Germany: Henry IV; Frederick I, surnamed Barbarossa. — Kings of France: Philip I; Louis VII, the Young.

He has entrusted to him the priesthood to exercise its functions, to chant the praises of the Lord, to announce, in his name, his glory to his people and to offer unceasingly to God an incense worthy of him and of which the odour should be agreeable to him.

Ecclus. xlv, 19, 20.

Saint Ubald, sprung from a noble family, was born at Gubbio, a city of the ecclesiastical state. Having lost his father from the cradle, he had for guardian an uncle who had him study among the young clerics of the cathedral church of Saint Marian and Saint James. When he reached the age of marrying, advantageous matches were proposed to him; but he refused, saying that he had consecrated his virginity to his Saviour Jesus.

John, surnamed the Grammarian, bishop of Gubbio, seeing the capacity and virtue of Ubald, made him, in spite of his youth, prior of the Chapter of his cathedral, where, as we have said, our Saint had made his first studies. These Canons lived in the greatest disorders. The new prior undertook their Reform with courage and prudence; he won first three of them, better disposed than the others, and persuaded them to live with him in community; then he went to visit the Canons regular, instituted by Peter de Honestis, on the territory of Ravenna. He passed three months with these servants of God to know their Rule well; it pleased him: he took it to carry it to Gubbio. We must not omit here a favour of heaven which he received on his return. Having fallen asleep under a tree, with his companion, he left there, on waking, the book of his Rule, which remained thus exposed to a heavy rain with which all that place was drenched. Having perceived it on the way, he was greatly afflicted; he feared that the book might be spoiled, or that it might have been taken by some passer-by; but, having gone back on his steps, he found it in the same place where he had lost it, without there being any appearance that a single drop of water had fallen on it. This served not a little to win the heart of his Canons; recognizing so sensibly the spirit of God in the person of their father and superior, they submitted absolutely to all that he wished to prescribe to them for the entire observance of their Rule. The bishop of Perugia having died, in 1126, the clergy elected Ubald for his successor; he had no sooner learned this news than he went and hid himself in a desert. He thus escaped the deputies of Perugia. After their departure, he went to Rome, and, by dint of tears and prayers, he obtained from Pope Honorius II to be exempt from the episcopate. But, in 1128, that Pope had him elected bishop of Gubbio, and consecrated him the following year.

The manner of life of Ubald did not change with his dignity: his food and his clothing were as simple as before. He continued to take his rest on a pallet, with a poor blanket: a bed was a useless piece of furniture for a man who passed the greater part of his nights in prayer and contemplation.

But, among his virtues, we see none more admirable than the patience with which he bore injuries and affronts. While the walls of Gubbio were being repaired, it happened that the workmen encroached on the vineyard of the Saint. He represented to them gently the wrong they did him, and begged them to cease. The inspector of the works answered him only with insults; then, pushing him with brutality, he made him fall on a heap of mortar. The good bishop rose in silence, and withdrew without making the slightest complaint; but

the people demanded that justice be done him by banishing the culprit and confiscating his goods. They were so excited that Ubald, to draw the inspector from the hands of the magistrates, was obliged to say that the cognizance of this affair belonged to him and that he alone should be the judge of it. The spirits calmed down a little then. The culprit, touched with repentance, declared himself that he would submit to all the penalties which should be inflicted on him, even if it should cost him his life. All the vengeance of the Saint was limited to giving him a kiss of peace, and to praying God to pardon him the fault in question, as well as all those he might have committed.

Another time, a sedition arose in the city; the inhabitants having taken arms, there were already some on the pavement: the Saint ran there at once to do the office of the good shepherd offering his life for the salvation of his sheep who were cutting one another's throats; but, seeing that neither his voice nor his prayers did anything, he threw himself across the naked swords and a hail of stones which fell from all sides; then, adroitly feigning that he was wounded, he let himself fall as if he were dead. The people were so surprised at it, that everyone laid down his arms to lift his hands to heaven and cry for mercy. Then the holy bishop, rising gently, made known that he had no hurt; he thus restored joy to the whole city, after having restored peace to it.

He showed no less courage against external wars than against civil war. Seven neighbouring cities had leagued together against Gubbio, and their army had so swelled that the Gubbians could scarcely oppose one man to forty enemies. Our Saint ordered a fast of three days and had processions and public penances made, to implore the assistance of heaven. Meanwhile, he went from street to street, like a generous captain, to exhort his diocesans not to lose courage, but to trust in God; and, on the day of the combat, he stood at the gate of the city, to give his blessing to all the soldiers, promising them victory; then he mounted on the rampart where, like another Moses, he prayed for the success of the arms of his people. The enemy was repulsed and put in complete rout.

In 1155, the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who had just taken and sacked Spoleto, threatened the city of Gubbio with similar treatment. Ubald went to meet the irritated prince and disarmed his wrath. Frederick gave him great testimonies of veneration, as to a Saint; he prostrated himself at his feet, asked his blessing, made him presents and offered to give back to him the hostages which he had received from the Gubbians.

One must not be astonished if so many graces and virtues were accompanied by the gift of miracles. We read that Saint Ubald, while still living, appeared one night to an ecclesiastic, who, having a thumb extraordinarily swollen, suffered an extreme pain; when he had made the sign of the cross on the wounded part, the sick man found himself at that very hour entirely cured. He went in the morning to thank the holy bishop, who forbade him, with threats, to speak of it. A religious, who was charged with giving the vestments to the holy prelate, for the most august sacrifice of the altar, being at the extremity, had himself recommended to his prayers. The Saint prayed for him during Mass, and he had no sooner finished it than the religious found himself in perfect health. A person, who had lost sight four years before, recovered it by kissing with respect the hands of Ubald. Another, blind for ten years, was cured by the mere invocation of his name. He forbade the one and the other ever to declare anything of it: they did like those sick people of the Gospel, who ceased not to publish the marvels of the Son of God, although he had forbidden them to say anything of them. A third blind man having presented himself to him to obtain the same grace, the holy bishop, knowing, by a supernatural light, that it was not expedient for the salvation of his soul, explained it to him: the blind man, persuaded, preferred not to recover sight, which exposed him to lose the eternal light.

The lesson of the Roman Breviary, for the feast of our Saint, remarks that he had a great power to drive demons out of the bodies of the possessed; but what we admire still in him is an excessive patience in his sufferings and illnesses, which were not small: for he broke his thigh twice and his arm once; he had ulcers on all sides, which did not hinder him from performing his episcopal functions. Two years before his death, he was almost always very ill and in danger; nevertheless, on Easter day, his people desiring to receive once

more the Sacraments from his hand, he obtained from God strength to rise from his bed, celebrate holy Mass, and make an exhortation in public; then, having given his blessing to his flock, he went back to the bed from which he rose no more. On Saturday and Sunday of Pentecost, this good prelate, who knew not how to refuse anything to his people, permitted the entrance of his room to all who should wish to come: there was no one in the whole city who did not procure the happiness of kissing his hands or his feet. To avoid confusion, they went in by order. On entering his room, they knelt to receive his blessing and recommend themselves to his prayers; those who had formerly offended him humbly asked his pardon for it, and he granted it with very good heart. Then, each retired to the church, where the men and even the children, holding lighted torches, awaited in prayer the issue of the illness of their pastor. Toward evening, the illness having increased, he had the last Sacraments of the Church brought to him, which he received very devoutly; after which, reciting psalms, he rendered at last peacefully his soul to Him who had created him for his glory, on 16 May 1160.

Saint Ubald is represented holding in his hand a banner marked with a cross and opposing it to the enemies who besiege his episcopal city; — embracing the mason who had thrown him into a pit. We have related the fact in detail; — healing a possessed man. He is still invoked today for the healing of the possessed.

Relics of Saint Ubald

The body of the holy prelate was carried into the church of the holy martyrs James and Marian, where it remained exposed four days, as much to content the devotion of the people, as on account of the multitude of sick and possessed who were brought there from all sides and who were at once delivered; but the greatest of all the miracles which took place then, was the peace and reconciliation of the Gubbians with the other cities of the duchy: they ended their differences in consideration of the holy deceased, whom each wished to honour. Saint Ubald was canonized by Celestine III, in 1192. His body was transported, in 1196, to a mountain called since Mont-Saint-Ubald, where a church of his name has been built and Canons regular established.

The origin of the city of Thann, in Alsace, is attached to a relic of Saint Ubald which was brought there in a marvellous manner. It is said then that, being on the point of dying and having nothing wherewith to recognize the good offices of his faithful servant, Saint Ubald told the latter to take after his death the gold ring which he wore on his thumb. The servant executes the order of his master, but the thumb of the holy bishop follows the ring which he strives to remove. The servant, anxious, flees with his treasure, and, for fear of losing this so precious object, he encloses it in the pommel of his cane, and takes the road to the Low Countries, his native land. At the end of June of the year 1161, he crosses Alsace, stops at Vieux-Thann, and from there prepares to pass the Vosges by the valley of Saint-Amarin; but, obliged to rest under a fir tree on account of the great heat, he places his staff against a tree and falls asleep. Soon after, wishing to continue his road, he takes up his staff; but all his efforts are useless, the staff cannot be lifted and offers the most obstinate resistance. The traveller, stupefied, claims the help of the crowd; but it is in vain: then he decides to pass the night under the fir tree and to defer his departure until the morrow. Meanwhile the miracles continue, for Count Frederick of Ferrette sees, from the top of his castle of Engelbourg, at the foot of which the city of Thann will rise, in the midst of the shadows of the night, three flames shoot from the top of the tree against which the staff in question is leaning. The next day, this lord, accompanied by a numerous suite, betakes himself to the place indicated to verify the marvel he had seen during the night. He learns from the very mouth of the servant all that had passed concerning the staff, and makes a vow to build a chapel on the spot where the miracle of the day before had been worked. This chapel is at once visited by numerous pilgrims, inns are built in the neighbourhood, and that is the origin of Thann.

To perpetuate the memory of this fact, there are still placed every year, on the day of the feast of Saint Ubald, three tree-trunks before the church, and the parish priest, after having blessed them, sets fire to them. These trunks represent the three flames which came out of the fir tree that the count of Ferrette perceived. The

chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu of Abbeville possesses one of his relics.

Acta Sanctorum; the Saints of Alsace, by the Abbé Hunckler.

Saint Simon Stock, General of the Carmelites

1265. — Pope: Clement IV. — King of England: Henry III.

Let each of you render service to the others, according to the gift he has received, as faithful dispensers of the graces which God has granted you in so many ways. I Pet. iv, 10.

Saint Simon of Stock[1] was born of one of the most illustrious families of the barons of England. His parents, no less distinguished by their piety than by the nobility of their origin, obtained from heaven, by the merit of their prayers, the birth of a child of blessing. Providence seemed, moreover, to wish to announce his future greatness by giving him in his mother's womb a body whose proportions were such that he could not naturally come into the world without costing the life of her who was to give him birth. This pious woman, full of confidence in the protection of the most holy Virgin, ordinary object of her tender devotion and her resource in her troubles, felt inspired to vow herself, and her child, to the Queen of Angels, to obtain by her intercession a happy delivery.[2] Soon heaven was propitious to the so ardent wishes of this afflicted mother; our Saint, by the special benefit of a miraculous protection of the divine Mary, came into the world without any danger to his mother. He was born in the year 1164, in England, in the county of Kent, in the castle of Harford, of which his father was governor, and received at the baptismal font the name of Simon.

From the cradle, Simon had for the Mother of God the tenderest devotion. He expressed it in his own way, by signs and impressions which, in a child still at the breast, could have no other principle than an extraordinary movement of the Spirit of God. His pious mother wished herself to serve him as nurse; she was accustomed, before nursing him, to recite each time on her knees the Angelic Salutation, out of a sentiment of gratitude toward the most holy Virgin, to whom she never ceased to offer this cherished child, as having received him from heaven by her protection. When, through distraction, it happened that she forgot to acquit herself of this practice of piety, she found an invincible resistance in the young Simon, who constantly refused his mother's breast, until she had rendered to Mary her accustomed homage. By a prodigy like that which is reported in the life of the celebrated bishop of Myra, Saint Nicholas, it is said that this holy child abstained from his mother's breast on Saturdays and on the eves of the feasts of the most holy Virgin; everything which could recall to him the memory of the Mother of God excited in him the holy transports of the most sensible joy. He was often seen to start in his mother's arms, when she pronounced the sweet name of Mary; it sufficed to present to him an image of the most holy Virgin, to appease at once in him the cries and movements which ordinarily agitate children of that age, when they suffer some pain. He was not yet a year old when he was heard to articulate several times distinctly the Angelic Salutation before being in a state to learn it. As grace anticipated in everything, in this child of blessing, the order and development of nature, there was little to do for his education. He knew how to read as soon as he knew how to speak, and from then on, after the example of his pious parents, he began to recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, which he continued all the rest of his life. Perceiving that his father read the Psalter assiduously, he made lively instances to him until he had obtained a copy for his daily use. The eagerness with which he read this holy book proved that it was not the fruit of a childish curiosity, but rather an inspiration from heaven. Our Saint was so penetrated with what he read, although he did not yet know the Latin tongue, his heart was so inflamed with the fire of sacred love which this inspired book breathes on all sides, that he was seen, after each reading, as if rapt in ecstasy. He read it every day and several times a day, but on his knees, out of respect for the word of God, always with a new relish and with outward signs of piety which expressed what his heart felt, and consequently ravished the assistants with admiration. This prodigy of grace and light, in a child of six years, became a subject of astonishment and respect for all who knew him; and each, at the sight of these marvels of which they were witnesses, asked one another, as formerly the inhabitants of Judea on seeing Saint John the

Baptist: What do you think this child will be?

The father of Simon of Stock wished himself to direct the first studies of his son. But the child, by his penetration, showed himself soon capable of following higher courses; it was thought proper to have him continue his studies at the college of Oxford. Simon of Stock had scarcely attained the age of seven years: he applied himself first to the study of polite letters with such success that he astonished all who were witnesses of it. Our Saint was learned at an age when children begin to study. In spite of all his successes, the science of the saints was always much more to the taste of Simon of Stock than the science of men. His directors thought proper to admit him to the participation of the Sacraments, at an age when the common run of children scarcely discern good from evil. As he advanced in the knowledge of the love of God, his tender devotion toward the most holy Virgin was perfected and took new increase. One day, reading a treatise on the Immaculate Conception of the most holy Virgin, he conceived so much esteem, so much love for this perfect purity which the Church honours in Mary, that, impelled by a holy inspiration from heaven and pressed by an ardent desire to have some resemblance to the purest of virgins, whom he always regarded as his mother, he consecrated his virginity to God. The fear of soiling the purity of his soul and his body made him avoid with the greatest care the least occasions, and even the appearances of sin. Not only did he watch exactly over all his senses, making unceasingly, like Job, a pact with his eyes, never to fix his glances upon a dangerous object; but he carried further the delicacy of conscience to the point of forbidding himself all familiarity even with children of his age. When, in his meals, he could escape the vigilance of his parents, raw herbs, salads without dressing, vegetables, the coarsest fruits with bread and water, taken with measure, made most often all his nourishment. If sometimes he was surprised in these austere practices, he covered his penance with the specious pretext that this sort of food was more analogous to his taste and his temperament.

Our Saint was not long however in experiencing, like a new Joseph, the fatal effects of the jealousy of his elder brother, who, smitten with the love of the world and little docile to the wise counsels of his parents, saw only with pain and chagrin the particular esteem they had for Simon; he heard only with spite the praises which were lavished on all sides on this child of blessing. The striking contrast of the worldly and dissipated life of the young lord, with the retired life and purity of morals of his brother, often drew on the first harsh reproaches: the virtue, the holiness of the young Simon became the mute censure and the condemnation of his disorders; he resolved his ruin. First, everything was put in operation to corrupt the innocence of this incarnate angel. But perceiving soon that he would gain nothing either on the mind or on the heart of his brother, by the snares he laid for his innocence, he had recourse to the efforts of the most infernal malice, and raised a sort of persecution which put his fidelity to God to the roughest trials. Sometimes he studied to harass him during his exercises of piety, sometimes he affected to cast ridicule on his manner of practising virtue, endeavouring sometimes to render it suspect to his parents, even daring to charge with singularity and illusion the graces and favours which he received from heaven. He passed at last from reproaches and calumnies to contempt, to outrages; he went even so far as to ill-treat him. God permitted it thus to make shine forth the more the extraordinary virtue of this young plant which was to flower later in the garden of Carmel. Dreading the snares which the seducing world already laid for his innocence, Simon of Stock felt strongly inspired to abandon the paternal house, to seek his salvation in some remote solitude. Encouraged, confirmed in his resolution by an interior voice, which bore him witness that henceforth Mary would serve him as mother and guide in this new kind of life to which heaven called him, Simon of Stock left without regret all the advantages to which he could pretend in the world to retire into a frightful solitude where God had prepared him a dwelling.

When Simon of Stock directed his steps toward this projected solitude, he was scarcely twelve years of age. It was in a vast forest belonging to the lords of Toubersville, situated in the county of Kent, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, that he chose the place of his retreat. Having met on his way a tree of prodigious size, whose cavity offered him an asylum, he sought there his ordinary dwelling, and made use of it to shelter

himself from the injuries of the air and the rigour of the seasons. The hollow of this tree was his oratory; he adorned it with a crucifix and an image of the most holy Virgin, the only objects he had brought from the paternal house with the Psalter, his favourite book, which served him to chant in his desert the praises of the Lord and to recite each day, according to his habit, the Little Office in honour of Mary. Buried in the secret of his desert, most often hidden and as if entombed in the hollow of the tree which served him as retreat, Simon of Stock seemed to have forgotten that he was clothed with a mortal body and subject, like the rest of men, to the needs of life. Raw herbs, bitter roots, wild fruits which his desert produced, and the water which flowed there, all taken with measure after a most rigorous fast, such was all his nourishment. But heaven, attentive to the needs of its servant, tempered afterwards this austerity by the help of some pieces of bread, which a dog, led by a miraculous instinct, brought him from time to time in his retreat, as formerly the raven which God sent to the holy prophet Elijah, to feed him in his solitude. But the happiness of this angel of the desert soon excited the jealousy of Satan. The storm of temptation burst from all sides; his alarmed conscience reproached Simon unceasingly with his departure, as an imprudence which might give occasion to injurious suspicions, perhaps even to fatal accusations against his brother, to whom they would not fail to impute having attempted his life, on account of the cruel jealousy which he had conceived against him. He believed himself already responsible for the rigours of which the wrath of his parents would be capable against a denatured son, whom they would regard henceforth in the family as a new Cain, and against all those who should be suspected of being his accomplices. Our saint triumphed over these first artifices of the enemy of salvation. Satan has recourse to new stratagems: he adds to artful reflections the most striking illusions. He affects so to speak in such a way the imagination of Simon of Stock, and all his senses, that it seems to him he sees and hears in his desert his weeping mother, holding to him talk analogous to the thoughts which agitate his mind. This second artifice made at first the liveliest impression on the mind of Simon of Stock. His heart was so touched that he saw himself on the point of succumbing to the temptation, deceived as he was by the illusions of the tempter; it is thus that he declared it himself, afterwards, to some of the Carmelite religious; he assured them that, in this encounter, he had escaped the seduction only by a special assistance of the most holy Virgin, who discovered to him the snares which the demon laid for his weakness and delivered him from them by her powerful protection. The proud spirit redoubled his efforts: he transformed himself again into an angel of light: Simon is delivered by the enemy of salvation to pains of mind, to violent scruples, to cruel remorse, on the dangers of this extraordinary way in which he walks, deprived as he is of the grace of the sacraments, destitute of all the means which the Church unceasingly lavishes on the faithful, every day exposed to die in this frightful solitude, without help and without consolations. The example of so many holy solitaries whom God has led by the same way revives his confidence; the memory of the graces with which heaven has favoured him, to confirm him in his resolution, reassures him. So many times vanquished, confused at his defeat, Satan attacks him face to face. The memory of the free conversations which he had heard in the paternal house, from the mouth of his brother jealous of his virtue; the dangerous idea of the manoeuvres which this young libertine had used to seduce him; the evil thoughts, the infamous images of the criminal voluptuousness which he had wished to inspire in him, all is retraced, all presents itself to his mind, and all that impurity has most alluring attacks his heart. These importunate thoughts follow him everywhere, his imagination grows heated, his senses are moved, his soul is troubled. A prey to violent temptations, in spite of the horrors of his desert and the holy rigours of the most austere life, Simon of Stock believes himself already guilty. Holily frightened at the appearances of evil with which he sees himself as it were surrounded, he hastens to avenge on his innocent body a sin of which God never saw in him the least stain. He tears his virginal flesh with pricking thorns; he clothes his body with a tissue of brambles and nettles, to blunt the sting of the flesh and defend himself, by this sort of armour, from the flaming darts of the impure spirit. In this state, victim of the love of purity, Simon of Stock ceases not to invoke the holy name of Mary; it is by the all-powerful virtue of this name, dreaded by all hell, that he was, he tells us himself, delivered from these horrible temptations; it is by this means that he came out victorious from the combats which the demon waged against him in his desert. A stranger on earth, our saint

lived with God alone, in the most universal, the most perfect detachment and even in forgetfulness of every creature. Some authors tell us that the angels took pleasure in his company, and charmed by their presence the horrors of his desert. He enjoyed there, the Legend of his Office tells us, with so much the more abundance, the delights of the spirit and the sweetnesses of grace, amid his frequent communications with God and the heavenly spirits, as he was entirely dead to all the consolations of earth and separated from all commerce with the rest of mortals.

It was at the moment when Simon of Stock was receiving the most graces and heavenly favours that the Blessed Virgin favoured him, in his desert, with an apparition, and in an express revelation taught him, from her sacred mouth, that God, content with the penances of his solitude, wished him to complete the work of his sanctification by uniting himself with the Carmelite religious and embracing their rule, when they should pass from Palestine to England, to found monasteries there. But this good Mother told him likewise that he would have to bear all the contradictions to which the Order of Carmelites would be exposed under his direction.

Twenty years had passed amid the consolations and rigours of the desert, when Simon of Stock received from heaven, through the mediation of the divine Mary, orders so to speak formal to leave his solitude, to put himself in a state to fulfil the views of Providence upon him, according to the plan which the most holy Virgin herself had traced for him. In spite of his great attraction for retreat, he obeyed the voice of heaven and returned to Oxford, to his parents, to resume the course of his studies. He studied theology with a quite particular care, in order to be one day in a state to fulfil the ministry for which God destined him. Immediately after his ordination, to which he consented to conform to the orders of heaven, he returned again to his desert; he did not leave it entirely until the year 1212, that is to say fifteen years after the revelation which the most holy Virgin made to him, on the subject of the arrival of the Carmelites from Palestine in England, to found monasteries of their Order there.

During this time, he appeared sometimes in the neighbourhood of Oxford, to instruct the ignorant, repress vice by the force of his preachings, enlightening some by the lights of his wholly heavenly doctrine, animating others to the love of virtue by the example of his life, labouring efficaciously at the conversion of all sinners and preparing the ways of the Lord by the first efforts of his zeal. The dispute which arose, in the year 1207, between Pope Innocent III and the king of England, called John Lackland, on the occasion of the election of the archbishop of Canterbury, became the fatal source of the greatest evils for the Church and for this kingdom. The discontents which the Pope received from the king on this subject having obliged him to cast a general interdict on all England, the consequences of this event carrying trouble and desolation on all sides, excited the zeal of Simon of Stock. To give more efficacy to the prayers which he addressed to heaven for the conversion of the king of England, our Saint interests the most holy Virgin, his mediatrix, his ordinary refuge in the calamities of life; he addresses to her the wishes of all those who are the object of his charity, by a short but energetic prayer, which begins with these words: *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, which some authors attribute to him and which he appears to have composed on this occasion. This prayer, dictated by the spirit of compunction, sustained by the liveliest confidence in the powerful protection of the Mother of God, had all the effect desired, recited as it was with fervour by our Saint and by those whom he had engaged to join him. The wrath of heaven allowing itself to be bent by the groans of the ardent charity of the servant of God and by the sentiments of penance of this afflicted people; when all things were in confusion and in the most violent agitation, at court and among the people; when all seemed desperate and no way of accommodation appeared, the interested parties by reciprocal injuries putting the greatest obstacles to it, when it was least thought of and the fire of war was kindling on all sides, there was seen to arrive in England the Legate Pandulf, sent by Pope Innocent III, to negotiate with King John the peace so ardently desired. He who holds in his hand the hearts of kings, changed suddenly that of this unhappy prince; he is converted and accepts without delay all the conditions of peace which are proposed to him. While Simon of Stock was occupied

during the interdict in the work of God, he learns the arrival of two English lords who, returning from the crusade, brought with them some hermits of Mount Carmel, with the intention of building them a monastery in England and thus beginning their first foundation in that kingdom. At this happy news, our Saint, who, according to the warning of the most holy Virgin, had awaited them in a prophetic spirit for fifteen years, hastened to obey the orders of heaven, by entering the Order of Carmelites. But, the divisions between the king and the lords of the kingdom, the troubles which agitated England still for a long time after the lifting of the interdict, hindered then the projected foundation (1212).[3] While awaiting a more favourable time, one of these pious solitaries of Mount Carmel, named Ralph Fresburn, English by nation, who still had at his disposal great goods in England, employed a part of them, by the advice of Simon of Stock, to form a Solitude in a forest of Aylesford in the county of Kent. It is in this place that our Saint retired, as soon as the cells were built; it is there that he received the habit of the Order from the hands of the Blessed Alan, then Prior of this solitude. Scarcely had it been learned at Oxford that our Saint had made his religious engagement, when the University of that city, perfectly informed of the talents and rare merit of Simon of Stock, made lively instances with the superiors of our Religious, in order to overcome the extreme repugnance which he had to appear in the midst of the doctors; but he saw himself obliged to sacrifice humility to obedience. Simon appeared again at the college of Oxford, and at once the title of doctor in theology was decreed to him; his humility, always ingenious in hiding, always attentive to withdraw itself from the splendour of honours, obtained by instances with his superior that it should be permitted him to limit himself to the grade of bachelor in theology, and immediately afterwards he retired into his solitude. In the apprehension that violence might again be done to his humility, and, his attraction for the solitary life carrying him unceasingly to withdraw from all that could distract him from it, he profited by a favourable occasion which the foundation of a new solitude in the desert of Norwich, in the country of Northumberland, presented to him, by the care and zeal of the Rev. Father Ralph Fresburn, who was elected prior of it. As soon as this solitude was in a state to receive some religious, Simon of Stock, with the consent of his superior, retired there with two or three other solitaries come from Mount Carmel.

Saint Brocard, second Latin general of the Order of Carmelites,[4] being informed of the marvels which grace worked among the solitaries of Norwich, and above all of the fervour of Simon of Stock, wished to have him as coadjutor in the government of the Order (year 1215). Consequently, Saint Brocard, by the advice of the general Chapter, named Simon of Stock his vicar, throughout Europe, to hold his place there in the government of the religious; but the houses of the Carmelites having multiplied in very little time, gave umbrage to the clergy and soon occasioned an open persecution which nearly overturned everything. Satan, jealous of the piety of the Carmelites and dreading the great advantages which the Church might afterwards derive from these new establishments, for the salvation and education of her children, raised up on all sides, against Carmel, men animated by an indiscreet zeal who, for want of examination, and under pretext of attachment to the laws of the Church, pretended that the Order of Carmelites ought to be suppressed, as contrary to the decrees of the fourth Council of Lateran, and attacked even to its roots, whether in the East or in the West, as an Order newly instituted and without a rule approved by the Church, although these pretensions were belied by convents, already very ancient, even in Europe.[5] As a wise, vigilant and faithful pastor, Simon hastens to shelter the children of Mary from the unjust enterprises of those who persecute them. Carmel, by his order, united in one spirit, offers first to God, before all things, fervent prayers, to implore in distress the help of heaven; and soon heaven lets itself be touched by the tears and groans of its children; Mary herself takes up their defence. Simon of Stock sends messengers to Pope Honorius III, in order to inform him of the unjust persecution which the Order of Carmelites experiences; this sovereign Pontiff, after a most favourable reception, evokes to his tribunal the quarrel raised by their adversaries. He at once remits this affair to the examination of two commissioners, who, at first seduced by the artifices of the demon, interested by the manoeuvres of some members of the clergy, gave occasion, by affected delays, to new attacks. But Honorius III, enlightened from on high by a miraculous vision, declares that he has received

the order of the most holy Virgin to approve the Rule of the Carmelites, to confirm their Order and to protect them against the enterprises of their adversaries. Convinced by himself of the goodness of a cause which the Mother of God favours in so visible a manner, he hastens to execute the orders of heaven, by an express bull, in which he declares legitimate and conformable to the decrees of the Council of Lateran the legal existence, in the Church, of the Order of Carmelites, and authorizes them to continue their foundations in Europe. On the reception of this bull, the heads of the party were humbled and, according to an ancient tradition, punished by heaven by a tragic event. After a victory so miraculous, won by the zeal of Simon of Stock over his enemies leagued against Carmel, our holy general, wishing to transmit to posterity this authentic miracle of the protection of the most holy Virgin in favour of the Carmelites, and to perpetuate the gratitude of his children, established then the feast of the solemn Commemoration of the most holy Virgin, which the whole Order celebrates every year, on 16 July, the day on which was fixed later, by the Church, the feast of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular.

However the moment seemed to have arrived when the Order of Carmelites, in conformity with the revelation of the Blessed Virgin, made to Saint Cyril some years before, was about to be entirely torn from the Holy Land, to be transported into more favourable countries. Consequently, our Saint received the order of the Blessed Alan, then general of the Carmelites, to betake himself to Mount Carmel to assist at the general Chapter convoked in order to remedy the damages which the Order had suffered in all the East, by the massacre of those who had been immolated by the sword of the infidels. After a happy navigation, he arrives at the foot of Mount Carmel; he regards with the liveliest joy this holy mountain to which his wishes and desires had long transported him.

The general Chapter of the Order assembled, and there the affair of the general emigration of the Brothers into Europe was put in deliberation. Some maintained that in the present circumstances, none of them could in conscience leave the Holy Land, and that one could not even, without wronging religion, permit them to withdraw elsewhere and fix their dwelling there, in fine that they ought not to avoid the persecution to which the rest of the Christians who inhabited Palestine were exposed. Simon of Stock makes felt all the inconveniences of the opinion proposed and the indispensable necessity of following the contrary sentiment, founded on the rules of Christian prudence. He declares that it is a praiseworthy conduct to flee persecution, for fear of losing the faith, and a very great evil to expose one’s faith to the danger of persecution, without an express order from heaven, according to this maxim of the Gospel: “When they persecute you in one city, flee into another.” The general dispersion was decided. Soon there was no more safety either on land or on sea; the Saracens spread everywhere terror and fright, by the cruelties which they exercised against the Christians. Several religious, on Carmel and elsewhere, perished under the sword for the name of Jesus Christ; those who escaped the cruelty of these barbarians took refuge in the city of Ptolemais where the Christian army had gathered all its forces.[6] Simon of Stock, by a particular conduct of divine Providence which destined him for another kind of martyrdom, found himself happily in the number of the refugees. A short time afterwards, the springs of water of Ptolemais having been poisoned by the malice of the infidels, the Christian army, with the inhabitants of that city and all those who had taken refuge there saw themselves on the point of perishing; but heaven watching everywhere over the conservation of the Christian name, inspired the chiefs of the army to give to Simon of Stock and to his religious a body of troops to bring them back and protect them on Mount Carmel, in the hope of finding an efficacious resource in the waters of the fountain of Elijah, which, according to an ancient tradition of the country, dried up, by a miracle of heaven, every time that the religious were forced, by the violence of the infidels, to leave this holy mountain, and, by a new miracle, let its waters flow in abundance at their return, as soon as they had set themselves to prayer. The miracle took place in fact, to the great contentment of the Christian army, which by this wholly divine help took up its strength again and saw itself soon in a state to resist its enemies. After this marvel, of which Simon of Stock was the witness and the co-operator, by the fervour of his prayers, Carmel, protected as it was by the Christian army, recovered at once its tranquillity, and our saint profited by it to prolong his stay

there; for he could not then expose himself at sea, on account of the persecution of the infidels. While awaiting a more favourable time to embark, he gave himself entirely, according to his attraction, to the sweetnesses of contemplation. Drawn by a movement of the Spirit of God, he shut himself up alone in a grotto of Mount Carmel, where, according to a constant tradition, reported by several authors, he led, during the space of six years, a wholly angelic life, without any sort of communication with the rest of mortals, having conversation only with God, and often favoured with apparitions of the most holy Virgin, who each day nourished him with a miraculous manna brought from heaven.

The time marked by the decrees of divine Providence was drawing to its term, and God wished to accomplish, by the ministry of Simon of Stock, the great work of the propagation of the Order of Carmelites in Europe. It was six years that our Saint had been leading the life of an anchorite on Carmel, when he learned that some English lords, after having accomplished the vow of serving in the Holy Land, were preparing to set sail for England. Led by the hand of God, they came to propose to him to receive him on board with all the religious who should wish to follow him; he accepted their offer. Then the Blessed Alan, general of the Order, seeing almost no more resource to maintain themselves in the Holy Land and without hope of being able to re-establish the greater part of the monasteries, already ravaged by the infidels, in Palestine, gave free course to the emigration of the religious already begun. After having provided for the safety and tranquillity of those who wished to remain in Palestine, leaving them Father Hilarion as vicar, he embarked with a great number of religious among whom was Simon of Stock. In spite of the dangers of a sea full of reefs and the continual attacks of the infidels they landed happily in England, whence this religious colony come from Carmel dispersed into the different solitudes and monasteries already founded in that country. The general, followed by Simon of Stock, retired to the monastery of Aylesford, one of the largest of the two monasteries newly built by the pious liberalities of some Englishmen. Informed of the progress of the Order in Europe, since the general emigration of the religious, the Blessed Alan, after having examined the present state of the affairs of the Order, formed from then the design to leave to Simon of Stock the care of finishing an enterprise whose happy beginnings and so to speak miraculous progress announced on all sides his ability for government. He convoked, consequently, the general Chapter of his Order, the following year (1245); it is the first which was held in Europe. This respectable assembly, composed of all the superiors of the Order, having learned the design of the general, adopted it without difficulty, and after having received his resignation, elected with one voice Simon of Stock general of the Order. Our Saint was then eighty years old. Under the government of Simon of Stock, the Order received a considerable increase, and a great number of foundations took place in France. They multiplied there, thanks above all to the esteem which King Saint Louis testified to the religious since he had known them in the Holy Land. The pious monarch had been so struck with the angelic life which the solitaries led on Carmel, where he visited them, that he hastened to make a rich present to France in propagating there the Carmelite religious whom he had brought there.[7]

The peace which Carmel enjoyed was not at first universal, protected as it was by the Holy See, and in spite of the zeal of Simon of Stock. For two years, the Order of Carmelites had been solemnly recognized as a Mendicant Order, but this recognition had by no means stopped the fury of its enemies. To the religious of the other Orders had been joined the secular priests,[8] and at any price the suppression was demanded of these Orientals, with usages unknown until then, with pretensions too fine for them not to be made a crime of. In spite of his filial abandonment to the decrees of Providence, Simon ceased not to pour out his sorrow at the feet of Mary. To this end, he composed the antiphon *Flos Carmeli*, which he recited every day, and of which here is an extract:

Flower of Carmel, Fragrant Vine, Splendour of the heavens, Virgin-Mother astonishing, Sweet Star of the seas; O lily without stain and purer than snow, Give to Carmel a new privilege; Calm the bitter waves.

After some years of supplications and prayers, of sighs and tears, he has the consolation of being heard in a surprising manner; his prayer, like that of the Prophet Elijah, opens the heavens and brings down from them the Queen of angels. Mary signalizes, in a celebrated vision, her goodness and her power in favour of Simon of Stock; she comes to his help by the singular benefit of a miraculous scapular which she gives him as a sign of her protection; a precious sign which, for several centuries, has come down to us a source of the greatest marvels and of all sorts of blessings, whether in favour of Carmel, or in favour of those who are clothed with it. Let us let Father Peter Swayngton speak, companion, secretary and confessor of the Saint: "The Blessed Simon," says he, "broken with old age, weakened by the austerity of his penitent life, passed very often the nights in prayer, groaning in his heart over the evils with which his brothers were afflicted. It happened that one day, being in prayer, he was filled with a heavenly consolation, of which he made us a communication, in community, as follows: 'My very dear brothers, blessed be God, who has not abandoned those who put their confidence in him and who has not despised the prayers of his servants. Blessed be the most holy Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, remembering the former days and the tribulations of which the weight has appeared too heavy and too crushing to some among you (not paying enough attention that those who wish to live piously in Jesus Christ must expect to suffer persecution), addresses to you today, by my ministry, words of consolation, which you ought to receive in the joy of the Holy Spirit. I pray this Spirit of truth that he direct my tongue, that I may speak suitably, and that I may manifest with the most exact fidelity the work of God, and the favour which we have received from heaven. When I was pouring out my soul in the presence of the Lord, I who am but ashes and dust, and was praying with all confidence the holy Virgin, my Sovereign, that since she had deigned to honour us with the special title of Brothers of the blessed Virgin Mary she would also show herself our mother, our protectress, by delivering us from our calamities, and by procuring us consideration and esteem, by some sensible mark of her benevolence, with those who persecuted us, when I said to her with tender sighs: "Flower of Carmel, flowering Vine, splendour of Heaven, O incomparable Mother-Virgin! O lovable Mother and ever Virgin, give to the Carmelites privileges of protection, Star of the seas,"[9] the blessed Virgin appeared to me in great retinue, and holding in her hand the habit of the Order, she said to me: "Receive, my dear son, this scapular of thy Order, as the distinctive sign and the mark of the privilege which I have obtained for thee and the children of Carmel; it is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in perils and the pledge of a peace and of a special protection until the end of ages. *Ecce Signum salutis, salus in periculis.* He who shall die clothed with this habit shall be preserved from the eternal fires." And as the glorious presence of the holy Virgin rejoiced me beyond all that one can imagine, and as I could not, wretched that I am, bear the sight of her majesty, she said to me, in disappearing, that I had only to send a deputation to Pope Innocent, the vicar of her Son, and that he would not fail to bring remedies to our evils.' (16 July 1251.) However magnificent the first promise might be, it was as yet only a part of what Saint Simon had asked. To grant it fully, the holy Virgin made a second promise in favour of the Carmelite religious, and of the confrères of the Scapular, and it was this time to Pope John XXII. This sovereign Pontiff, seeing that the emperor Louis V of Bavaria was working of long hand to introduce schism into his States, was very afflicted at it; he addressed, with more fervour than ever, prayers to the Lord, that he might be pleased to avert the evils with which the Church was threatened. One day, having risen very early to make his prayer, according to his custom, and finding himself on his knees in a sort of ecstasy, the Queen of heaven, consoler of the afflicted, appeared to him, surrounded with light, wearing the habit of the Carmelites, and ordered him to confirm the Order of Carmel, to accept and ratify, on earth, the graces and privileges which her Son had granted her in heaven. The Pope, obeying the orders of the holy Virgin, issued, on 3 March 1322, the bull called Sabbatine, by the terms of which the holy Virgin engages to deliver from purgatory the children of Carmel on the Saturday which shall follow their death.

Let us resume our narrative: The apparition of the holy Virgin to Simon of Stock was soon published wherever the Carmelites were already established. It became authentic by a multitude of marvels which took place on all sides, and thus imposed silence on the adversaries of Carmel. They began little by little to regard

with a more favourable eye religious so privileged; several even, afterwards, hastened to participate in this signal privilege, with which Mary had favoured her Order.

The Order of Carmelites multiplied so prodigiously under the direction of our saint, that a few years after his death, toward the end of the thirteenth century, according to the remark of William, archbishop of Tyre, this Order counted already as many as seven thousand five hundred monasteries or solitudes, filled with a very great number of religious, whom the same author reckons at one hundred and eighty thousand.

No longer wishing to live but to consummate the work of God which has been entrusted to him, Simon takes the generous resolution to consecrate the little strength that remains to him to making the general visitation of the monasteries of his Order, desiring to see with his own eyes, before his death, the marvels which God had worked in favour of Carmel. Europe saw with admiration this holy old man, already arrived at an extreme old age, bent under the weight of years, exhausted by the rigours of the most austere life, and diminishing nothing of it, even in the course of his journeys, traverse with an indefatigable courage the monasteries of his Order. It was during the course of this general visitation, that Simon of Stock endowed a great number of cities with fervent communities of Carmelites, such as Brussels, Liège, Mechlin, Ghent, Utrecht, Antwerp, in Belgium; Perth, in Scotland; Kildare, in Ireland, etc. It is also in this journey that he established in divers places (at Bordeaux in particular) the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular. The holy general had this particularly admirable, that he preserved all his moral vigour until his blessed death, and one perhaps does not suspect that the works of which we have just spoken are those of a man who had passed his ninetieth year. Simon of Stock arrived at Bordeaux at the beginning of the year 1265; it is there that he ended his visits and finished his days by a death precious in the eyes of God, pronouncing these words which the Church has added to the Angelic Salutation: *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen* — showing himself, by this homage, to his last breath, a worthy brother and child of the blessed Virgin Mary. (16 May 1265.) The following episodes of the life of Saint Simon have served as theme to artists in the representations they have given of it: 1° Nature, docile to the orders of Simon, overturns its laws. To confound calumny, at his prayer, cooked fishes, which are presented to him to surprise his frugality, take again life and movement, bearing witness, by this marvel, to the spirit of penance which animates the servant of God. 2° In order to render glory to God and confound hell, and as if to glorify the holy Eucharist, he makes the sign of the cross over the water which, by a diabolical artifice, had been substituted for the wine prepared for the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and at once the water is changed into wine. 3° The holy Virgin appears to him and gives him the scapular; near him are souls of purgatory in the midst of flames.

Relics and Cult of Saint Simon Stock

Simon of Stock was buried, according to the express recommendation which he had made of it, at the door of the church of the convent of the Carmelites of Bordeaux, situated in the street and near the ancient ditches of that name. But God, to reward the humility of his servant, rendered at once his tomb glorious by divers prodigies, and in particular, by a miraculous light which was seen, during several days, to stream from this tomb. The room which our Saint had inhabited, during his stay at Bordeaux, was erected into a chapel the following year; by order of the archbishop, Peter of Roncevaux, his precious relics were transported there, with solemnity, and, by virtue of this ceremony, according to the usage of the time, without other formality, the honours of canonization were conferred on him; it was permitted, from then on, to honour him with a public cult, in the city of Bordeaux and throughout the extent of the diocese.

About the year 1276, the cult of Saint Simon of Stock was confirmed by the authority of the Holy See. Since the death of Saint Simon of Stock, there has been made, at different epochs, an ample distribution of his relics to the various churches of the Order, whether in France, in Spain, in Germany, in Flanders, etc. The Rev. Father William Costallo, prior of the Carmelites of Bordeaux, gave, in 1423, an arm of Saint Simon of Stock to the Carmelites of Ghent; but, in the troubles excited by the heretics, in 1578, this precious relic

disappeared with all the other treasures of the church. At the same epoch, other relics of the Saint, preserved until then in the churches of Cologne and of Bruges, in Flanders, had the same fate. There was preserved however with veneration, in the church of the Carmelites, at Valenciennes, a finger of the right hand of Saint Simon; this precious relic, escaped from the fury of the heretics, was, from 1506 until 1578, the instrument of several miracles, and in this same place, loaves were also blessed, under the invocation of Saint Simon of Stock, which have often been the occasion of several miraculous cures. Until 1595, pilgrimages were frequently seen to the tomb of Saint Simon of Stock, especially from the different countries of France and Spain, whether to honour his relics, or to implore the help of his powerful protection with God. Among these pilgrims there were found sometimes men of great merit, remarkable by their piety and doctrine; God also often granted their wishes and rewarded their faith by miraculous cures. These pilgrimages ceased insensibly when there began to be distributed in the different places of these two kingdoms some portions of these precious relics. The tomb of Simon of Stock was opened in the year 1595, on the occasion of the journey of a celebrated doctor of Salamanca, a Carmelite religious, of Spain, who had come to Bordeaux to visit the relics of the saint. He asked of the superiors and obtained a very precious relic; namely, the bone of a leg, for the church of the convent of the Carmelites of Salamanca, and one of the ribs for the church of the Carmelites of Valencia; these two relics have always been in great veneration in Spain. In France, the church of the convent of the Carmelites of Orléans was enriched, about the same time, with one of the ribs of Saint Simon of Stock; it was preserved in a precious reliquary, which was carried in procession every year in the city, on the second feast of Pentecost. In 1617, the Carmelite nuns of the monastery of Paris obtained also some portion of the relics of our Saint, at the solicitation of M. Marc-Antoine de Gourgues, first president of the Parliament of Bordeaux.

After these distributions, all that remained at Bordeaux of the body of Saint Simon of Stock was enclosed in a shrine of cypress wood, to place it on the altar, in his chapel. In the ill-omened days of ’93, trustworthy persons hid the venerable relics, and when Mgr d’Aviau ordered that the confraternity of the Holy Scapular should be transferred to the metropolitan church of Saint-André of Bordeaux, the bones of the holy religious were carried there, of which the authenticity was carefully verified. Then, the same prelate obtained from Pius VII, in 1820, that the feast of Saint Simon of Stock, already authorized by Nicholas III (1277–1280), should be raised to the rite of double and of precept for the diocese of Bordeaux.

We have not the intention to relate here the re-establishment of the Carmelites in France; let us say only that five years after their appearance in the city of Bordeaux (1846), the Abbé Dudouble, archpriest of the Primatial, handed to the Rev. Father Louis de Gonzaga, of the Most Holy Sacrament, former Provincial of the Order, for the Novitiate of the convent of the Carmelites, a relic taken from the shrine of Saint Simon of Stock. The convent of the Carmelites, at London, possesses today the greatest relic which exists of Saint Simon of Stock, a bone of the tibia, which is perfectly just, since this illustrious Carmelite was English. The translation of this relic took place on 16 May 1864, the day of the feast of the Saint, patron of the church and of the convent. The cardinal-archbishop of Westminster presided in person at the ceremony.

See his Life, written a short time after his death. See Stevens, Monast. Anglic., vol. ii, pp. 159, 160; Leland, de Script. Brit., vol. ii, p. 227; Papebroch, vol. iii of May, p. 553; Newcourt, Repertor., vol. i, p. 566; Weaver, p. 139; Fuller, bk. vi, p. 271; Dugdale, under the county of Warwick, p. 186, ed. 1730; Father Cosmas de Villiers de Saint-Philippe, Bibl. Carm., vol. ii, p. 740, and the recent Life of the Saint, by Alfred de Monbrun, in-12, Condom, 1870.

Saint John Nepomucene

1330–1383. — Popes: John XXII; Clement VII. — Sovereigns of Bohemia: John; Wenceslas VI. — Kings of France: Philip VI of Valois; Charles VI.

Quæ per confessionem scio, minus scio quam quæ nescio.

What I know by confession, I know less than what I do not know.

Saint Augustine, Serm. x.

John Nepomucene was at once a fervent anchorite, a zealous apostle and a martyr of Jesus Christ. This last title is all the more glorious to him, that the secret of confession, to which he owed it, having never excited the fury of tyrants, had not yet had victims. The village of Nepomuck, in Bohemia, glories in having seen him born in 1330 and in having given him its name. His parents were not illustrious by birth, but there shone in them all the virtues whose lustre is preferable to it. His mother, already advanced in age, had obtained him from God only through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, in whom she had great confidence. When he came into the world, marvellous flames kindled above his cradle, presage of the light of grace which would shine in him in this world, and of the light of glory which awaited him in the other. Scarcely had he seen the day, when they despaired of his life; but he was snatched from the arms of death by the protection of the Mother of God, whom his parents implored again in the church of a Cistercian monastery which was in the neighbourhood. Penetrated with a lively gratitude, they consecrated their son to God, to whom they owed him twice, and spared nothing, in spite of their poverty, to give him an excellent education. Never did a child make one conceive fairer hopes: he joined to much wit and application a great fund of gentleness, docility, candour and piety; every morning, he went to hear several Masses in the church of the Cistercians, and all who saw him there could not help admiring his modesty and fervour. When he had learned the first elements of letters in the paternal house, he was sent to study the Latin tongue at Staab, a considerable town of the country. He made his humanities and especially his rhetoric, with the greatest distinction; he finished his studies at Prague, where he became doctor in theology and in canon law. He received there a far more precious dignity, which was that of the priesthood, for which he had prepared himself from the age of reason by a pure, recollected and penitent life. He did not present himself to his bishop, to receive priestly anointing, until after having passed a month in retreat and purified his soul by fasting, prayer and mortification. He was at once ordered to make use of the rare talent he had received for preaching: his bishop entrusted to him the pulpit of the parish of Our Lady of Tein. The first labours of his zeal produced admirable fruits. The whole city hastened to hear him announce the word of God, and a general reform was seen there in a short time. The students, then four thousand in number, also ran in crowds to his sermons; the most libertine could not listen to him without being touched, and they went back to their homes penetrated with sentiments of a lively compunction. The archbishop and the Chapter of Prague, wishing to attach to themselves a man so full of the spirit of God, gave him a canonry which fell vacant, and our Saint, while showing himself very exact in attending the service, still found time to labour for the salvation of souls, in exercising his first functions.

Wenceslas, son and successor of Charles IV, making his residence at Prague, heard the servant of God spoken of with praise; he desired to know him and named him to preach the Advent at court. Although this commission was difficult and perilous, with a young prince, intoxicated with supreme power, given up to the most shameful passions, corrupted by flattery, and who afterwards bore the surname of idler and drunkard, John accepted; and his zeal had such success that Wenceslas arrested for an instant the course of his disorderly inclinations, and, to mark his esteem, he offered him the bishopric of Leitmeritz, which had just fallen vacant; but it was not possible to make him accept it. As it was imagined that his refusal was perhaps founded on the dangers and labours inseparable from the episcopate, he was offered the provostship of Wischeradt, which, after the bishoprics, was the first ecclesiastical dignity of Bohemia, an income of a hundred thousand francs being attached to it with the honourable title of born chancellor of the kingdom. But it is scarcely to know the Saints to make them such offers; if they refuse great places, even when they present labours to their zeal and crosses to their virtue, what must they think of those which, for all attraction, show them only treasures to gather and honours to receive? This virtuous canon was as unshakable on this occasion as he had been on the preceding. If, afterwards, he accepted the place of almoner of the emperor, he did so only to put himself within reach of instructing the court with more authority and consequently with

more fruit: he saw himself also, by that, better able to satisfy his tenderness for the poor. This place, besides, did not expose him to distractions, and it offered him neither those riches nor those honours which had so greatly frightened him in the prelacies; thus it was humility which fixed him at the court, where ambition leads almost all men. He had there the same company which he knew how to have everywhere: Our Lord and the poor. His apartment soon became their rendezvous, and he himself their advocate and father. Peace and charity overflowed from his heart, and made him reconcile the differences which arose at court and in the city, allay quarrels, stop lawsuits, of which we have still authentic monuments. If one is astonished that he could find time for all these works, let it be remembered that the Saints, forgetting themselves, have much more time to consecrate to the interests of their neighbour.

But it is time to come to what will make above all the immortal glory of our Saint. The empress Joan, daughter of Albert of Bavaria and wife of Wenceslas, who was a princess adorned with all virtues, touched by the unction which accompanied the discourses of John Nepomucene, chose him for the director of her conscience. Heaven, to sanctify this virtuous woman, by detaching her from all that could share her heart, permitted that her husband, who loved her passionately, should become jealous, suspicious, and use toward her all sorts of brutalities; she had therefore great need of our Saint to console and guide her. All the virtuous persons of the court, following this example, placed themselves under the direction of a man so versed in interior ways. One admired in him the talent of forming Saints on the throne, happy people in sufferings, and of making virtue loved in the midst of the great world, where it is so often misunderstood as a stranger. He was further obliged to direct the religious women of the castle of Prague, and he conducted them so well in the exercises of the spiritual life that their house became a model of ascetic perfection.

But the counsels of our Saint bore above all great fruit in the person of the empress: she scarcely dwelt any more but in the churches, where she remained on her knees and in a recollection which was the admiration of all the world. Her prayers were interrupted only by the time she employed in the relief of the poor, and she held it an honour to serve them with her own hands. Her conversations with the ladies of the court, which were the only relaxation she allowed herself, turned only on eternal truths, and she poured into them an unction which could come only from a soul wholly filled with the love of God. She maintained this sacred fire by frequentation of the sacraments, by great austerities and mortifications of every kind. The fear of displeasing her beloved Jesus made her flee even the shadow of sin, and, if there escaped her some of those faults from which the holiest are not exempt, she washed very quickly, in the waters of penance, a stain which might have diminished the delights which the heavenly Spouse finds in wholly pure souls. Never did she come out of this sacred pool but with heart broken with compunction and eyes bathed in tears; so she wept, like her own sins, the wanderings of the emperor; she asked God to bring him back to himself; she tried herself to win him by every mark of tenderness and submission: this cruel man answered only by the most outrageous suspicions; he had her most holy actions spied upon to discover in them some guilty appearances. At last, the demon who obsessed him pursuing him unceasingly, he formed the project, as new as extravagant, of having John Nepomucene reveal to him all that the empress had said to him in the tribunal of confession. He put to him first indiscreet questions, then raising the mask, he explained himself more clearly. Our Saint, seized with horror, represented to him in the most respectful manner how much such a project shocked good sense and wounded religion; but this wicked prince, accustomed to see all his caprices respected as laws, was outraged at this resistance, which he ought nevertheless to have expected; however, dissimulating his resentment, he dismissed the Saint with a gloomy silence which did not permit him to doubt that his ruin was resolved.

Some time after, a roast which was spoiled was served on the table of the prince: by a trait worthy of the Caligulas and Heliogabaluses, he orders the unhappy cook to be put on the spit and roasted at a slow fire. The courtiers turn pale with horror; but as they know their master, they keep a shameful silence. Our Saint, being informed of it, runs like a new John the Baptist to stop the crime of this other Herod, who, for all answer, has

him seized and cast into a dungeon, where he left him some days, without permitting that food be given him. But hunger was as powerless over the courage of the servant of God as promises: it was in vain to tell him that he would recover his liberty only by declaring what he knew of the empress; he showed himself always ready to prefer a thousand deaths to this sacrilege. However, at the end of a few days, the emperor had him released, begged him to forget the past and invited him even to come to dine the next day with him, as a public testimony of his esteem and friendship. John having therefore gone the next day to the palace, was very well received there, and, after the repast, Wenceslas having dismissed everyone, kept him alone: he conversed first with him of indifferent things; he then opened himself and employed every possible means to engage him to disclose the confession of the empress: “You can,” said he to him, “count on an inviolable secret; if you comply with my desire, I will load you with riches and honours; but if you refuse, you must expect everything, even death.” — “I shall never consent to it,” answered the holy Martyr; “and you yourself, sire, remember that you are encroaching on the rights of God, to whom alone belongs the discernment of consciences. In every other thing, command, I will obey you; but in this, I dare to say to Your Majesty what Saint Peter answered to the princes of the priests: ‘It is better to obey God than men.’”

The emperor, seeing the uselessness of all the springs he had set playing, no longer contains the outbursts of his fury: he orders that the Saint be taken back to prison and that he be treated there with the last inhumanity. The executioners stretch him again on a sort of rack; they apply burning torches to his sides and to the most sensitive parts of the body; they burn him at a slow fire and torment him with the most horrible barbarity. In the midst of this torture, John Nepomucene pronounces no other words than the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, the arms with which the Christian is always victorious in the most painful struggles. At last, they took him from the rack, but he was almost expiring. The Lord, who never abandons his children when they suffer for his glory, visited his beloved Martyr in the prison and filled his soul with the sweetest consolations. Meanwhile the empress, informed of what was passing, went and threw herself at the feet of Wenceslas, whom she succeeded in bending by her tears and prayers; she obtained the release of her pious director. He reappeared at court as a persecuted Saint, we mean with that serenity and air of contentment which showed that his sufferings seemed to him a favour from heaven; but, foreseeing well that the calm would not be of long duration, and having learned by revelation that he would die soon, he prepared himself to receive the crown of martyrdom. He began again to preach with more zeal than ever, that the last moments of his life might be consumed as a holocaust for the glory of God, in the fire of heavenly love. Having one day taken for text of his discourse these words: “A little while and you shall see me no more,” he repeated so often these other words: “I have scarcely any more time to converse with you,” that the audience easily understood that his aim was to teach them that he was touching his last hour; he even added, says his historian: “I finish my course, my end approaches, I shall die for the laws of Jesus Christ and of his Church.” Then, casting a look full of tears into the future, which God discovered to him, he predicted, sobbing, the evils which hell would vomit upon Bohemia with heresy: the altars profaned, the sanctuary annihilated, the use of the sacraments abolished, the evangelical counsels despised, the monasteries reduced to ashes, the religious slaughtered, the wolves entering the sheepfold to devour the flock of Jesus Christ, the divine and human laws trampled underfoot.

Thirty years after, these words were only too much accomplished; John Huss and his followers infected with the poison of their heresy the sources of doctrine and of morals, the sources of happiness; the pagans, making irruption into Europe, pushed their fury as far as Prague; finally, later, the face of Germany was changed by Luther; never had hell spread more darkness than by his mouth. Our Saint, before descending from the pulpit, said a last farewell to his audience; he asked pardon of the canons and the clerics for all the bad examples which he might have given them. From that day, he thought no more than of obtaining the grace of a good death; persuaded that this grace, above all, is obtained through Mary, who is the channel of all graces, he went to Bruntzel to visit the celebrated image of this divine Mother, which Saint Cyril and Saint Methodius had brought with the Christian faith into Bohemia; he asked her that, having obtained from God his birth,

having watched over his cradle, and having conducted him as by the hand in the so difficult paths of his mortal life, she would be pleased to sustain him still at this hour, help him to cross death and take him with her into the bosom of Jesus, her Saviour, his love, his immortal felicity. As he was re-entering Prague, toward evening, the cruel emperor, who was at his window, perceived this holy victim, and, the fire of jealousy kindling again in his soul, he had him brought before him. Without giving him time to recognize himself, he said to him abruptly that he had only to choose between dying or revealing the confessions of the empress. The Saint regarded his executioner with a calm and severe face, without deigning to answer him, awaiting intrepidly the crown which was being prepared for him.

Wenceslas, outraged with spite, and keeping no more measure, cried out: “Let this man be taken from before my eyes and thrown into the river as soon as the darkness shall be thick enough to hide from the people the knowledge of the execution.” The holy Martyr employed the few hours which remained to him in preparing himself for his sacrifice. He was cast, feet and hands bound, into the Moldau, from the bridge which joins the great and the little Prague. This bridge still exists: it is crossed only with great veneration, and the inhabitants of Prague still preserve today the pious custom of uncovering before the place where the glorious martyrdom was consummated, on the eve of the Ascension, which was 16 May of the year 1383. At once, fires appeared on the river; one saw an infinity of stars, of marvellous brightness, rise as if from the midst of the waves, reflections of the glory with which the soul of our Saint shone in heaven. Meanwhile, his sacred body descended gently the course of the water, accompanied by new lights still more astonishing; it seemed that luminous torches followed and preceded it, arranged in an admirable order, as in a funeral pomp. The whole city ran to be witness of this prodigy; the empress hastened to go and ask Wenceslas what it meant: the prince, struck with terror, knew not what to answer; he went to hide his shame in the country, with a prohibition to anyone whatever to follow him there; it seemed to him that he had unceasingly before his eyes the body of his victim, lit by the fires of heaven. Some years after, the divine wrath weighed upon him; he was deprived of the throne and of the imperial crown, and died of apoplexy in the midst of his disorders, without having had time to return into grace with God. The empress, inconsolable for a crime of which she was the involuntary cause, wept the Saint until her death, which occurred in 1387.

Meanwhile, they had gathered the precious remains which the waters had respectfully brought to the shore; they were first deposited in the church of Holy Cross of the religious of Penitence, then transported with great pomp to the cathedral, in the midst of a prodigious concourse. They were obliged to reopen the coffin, to satisfy the pious tenderness of the people, who wished to contemplate a last time the features of the Martyr. Several sick persons, whose cure was desperate, recovered health by his intercession; all those who recommended themselves to him with faith obtained the favour they asked. An admirable odour, which came from the coffin, made sufficiently seen the holiness of the precious deposit which it enclosed: when the earth was opened to entrust to it this heavenly treasure, it offered itself a treasure in exchange, as if heaven, which had begun the funeral of its new inhabitant, had wished to bear the expense of it to the end. There was engraved on his tomb this epitaph, which is still read there today: *Here lies the most venerable John Nepomucene, doctor, canon of this church, confessor of the queen, illustrious in miracles, who, for having kept the sacred seal of confession, was cruelly tormented and cast from the bridge of Prague into the river Moldau, by order of Wenceslas IV, in the year 1383.* It would be too long to relate all the miracles with which God was pleased to honour the memory of his servant. We shall cite only a few: A woman, called Catherine Frolenta, having fallen, at night, into a very deep well, felt herself lifted out of the water as far as the breast, by our Saint, whom she invoked, and saw the edge of the well all illuminated; by the favour of this light, she perceived a beam which served her as support, until her cries caused her to be delivered. Here is another prodigy no less admirable: a lady of distinguished rank, unjustly condemned in a lawsuit, has a memorial written for the emperor Leopold, and, before sending it to Vienna, she places it on the altar of Saint John Nepomucene, in whose honour she was having a Mass celebrated. But, at the moment of taking it up again, she perceives that it has disappeared. Four days after, she puts a second note on the altar, and when she

came to take it up again, she found the first signed by the very hand and furnished with the seal of His Imperial Majesty, who ordered that justice be done to the suppliant and that all the papers of the lawsuit be also sent to Vienna. The judges whom she went to find, not believing it possible that one could go to Vienna and come back in so short a time, made inquiries, and they learned that the note had been presented and the lady's cause pleaded at Vienna before the emperor by a venerable ecclesiastic, who was none other than Saint John Nepomucene. The most illustrious families of Germany were indebted to our Saint for a multitude of graces: by his intercession a fire was extinguished in the castle of Count Wratislaw; by his intercession Charles of Althan, archbishop of Bari, was preserved from all harm in the collapse of a balcony of the Colonna palace; Cardinal Frederick of Althan, viceroy of Naples, was indebted to him for his cure.

The emperors of Germany, of the house of Austria, regarded him as their protector; Ferdinand I never entered the metropolitan church without kneeling before his tomb and without praying there with fervour. This illustrious house showed itself for a long time grateful to its holy Patron for the victory which he obtained for it, in 1620, under the walls of Prague, a victory which made it recover the kingdom of Bohemia. The night which preceded the battle, Saint John Nepomucene and the other patrons of the country appeared in the cathedral all radiant with light; the imperial army, sustained by this happy omen and by the protection of the holy Martyr, won the battle and reconquered Bohemia. In gratitude, the princes of the house of Austria at last obtained the canonization of Saint John Nepomucene: Benedict XIII published the Bull of it in 1729.

The tomb, which covered such precious remains, was saved, by a special protection of Providence, from the profanations of the Hussites; it was saved again, in 1618, from those of the Lutherans, who have always attacked the Saints as their greatest enemies. Having undertaken to demolish it, they were never able to execute their sacrilegious design; there were even several who died suddenly on the spot, among others an English gentleman. This tomb was opened in 1719; the holy body was stripped of its flesh; but the bones were still entire and perfectly joined to one another; his tongue, which God wished to honour particularly for having so faithfully kept the seal of confession, was found without any corruption, as fresh, as red, as supple as the tongue of a living man. It is still venerated in the same state today, enclosed in a rich reliquary. It is as a monument of the particular care which God has always taken to prevent confessors from revealing the secrets of the holy tribunal; he permits it thus in order that sinners may not be turned away and deprived of the only hope of salvation which remains to them; for we should no longer be bound to accuse our sins if we were not morally sure that he to whom we accuse them will not reveal them. Let the ministers of the sacrament of Penance take therefore for themselves this maxim of a Father: "What I know by confession, I know less than what I do not know at all."[1]

The veneration of his compatriots for this great Saint has caused them to raise a church in the place of his paternal house, and an altar marks the place of his cradle.

At the cathedral of Strasbourg, an altar is dedicated to Saint John Nepomucene. Above the altar is placed a very beautiful picture representing the death of the Saint, and in place of the tabernacle is a reliquary which contains some of his bones. Moreover, on many bridges in Germany, and in Alsace, his statue is found, which passers-by salute, as at Prague, with much respect.

He is invoked against floods, for the passage of bridges and rivers, for good confession, against indiscretions and calumny. The attributes of the Martyr of confession are: 1° a padlock and a closed letter which are given as symbols of the secret to be kept; 2° the crucifix, which is generally placed in the hand of preachers; 3° a bridge. In a number of German engravings, one sees in the upper plane the magnificent bridge of the Moldau, whose majestic arches, surmounted by an elegant roof, form one of the ornaments of the ancient city of Prague. Below, the Saint is stretched out, gently borne on the waters. Stars surround his head; water-lilies are woven in a garland around his body; 4° finally, a last attribute is that of a tongue which sometimes he holds in his hand, which sometimes is placed near him in a halo: this attribute signifies both that the Saint kept silence when he ought, and that this organ was preserved from decomposition.

Acta Sanctorum and above all the German hagiographers: Rœss and Weiss, A. Stolz, etc.

The Blessed Andrew Bobola

1657. — Pope: Alexander VII. — King of Poland: John Casimir.

Ego enim ostendam illi quanta oporteat eum pro nomine meo pati.

I will show him how much he must suffer for my name. Acts of the Apostles ix, 16.

The Cossacks of the Ukraine, who so many times had ravaged southern Lithuania, had just invaded it again. The college of Pinsk, where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus had often experienced the evils of war, was again threatened with imminent ruin. There was nothing to be expected from men: the help of God was therefore only the more assured to those who generously placed their confidence in him. The superior prayed with more fervour and more earnestness. He asked himself to which Saint he should commit his cause. Suddenly, it was the night of 19 April 1702, a religious clothed in the habit of the Society appears to him: "You have need of a protector with God," he said to him; "why do you not address yourself to me? I am Father Andrew Bobola, put to death in hatred of the faith by the Cossacks. Seek my body, I shall be the defender of your college."

The rector of Pinsk had the vaults of the college visited; but, for two days, all the excavations were useless. Then the Blessed showed himself again and himself designated the place where his body lay. It was in a corner of the church, underground, on the right side of the high altar. The excavations therefore began again, and soon a tomb was discovered which bore this inscription:

FATHER ANDREW BOBOLA, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, PUT TO DEATH BY THE COSSACKS, AT JANOFF.

The other bodies laid in the same vault had undergone all the humiliations of death. The chasuble and the alb which enveloped the Blessed fell themselves into dust. But God had not permitted corruption to reach the martyr. Far better than all the preservatives of human science, the divine hand had defended him; and forty-five years had already passed since he had ceased to live.

The body was there, before those who had discovered it, preserved entire, furrowed with a thousand wounds in which fresh blood was still seen; the flesh had remained soft and flexible; and the sweetest odour spread around this corpse already glorified in death itself. It was thus that God, by the most striking miracles, himself preserved for ever from oblivion the memory of his servant. It was thus that God, among so many victims of the persecutions of the schism in Poland in the seventeenth century, himself chose Andrew Bobola to raise him upon the altars, and to propose him as a new protector, not only to the faithful of Pinsk, but to the Polish nation, but to the great Catholic unity, so often at grips with schism and heresy. "The Almighty, as has been so justly said in the process of beatification, was himself the true postulator of this cause."

Andrew Bobola was born in 1592 in Poland, in the Palatinate of Sandomir. His family was illustrious and Christian. The child was brought up in piety, and early sent to the college of the Jesuits at Sandomir. In this house his virtues grew with his talents and he did not delay to manifest the intention he had of consecrating himself to God by entering the Order of his masters. The Bobola family had at all times protected the Jesuits, who had been, in numerous circumstances, the objects of its liberalities. God rewarded it for its charity by choosing from its bosom the Blessed Bobola to make of him a martyr who would perpetuate its glory. On 13 July 1611, Andrew entered the novitiate in the city of Wilna. During the two years which passed until 1613, he showed himself constantly a model for all his companions. For three years he studied philosophy under the direction of Father Marquât who, seeing the piety of his pupil and his remarkable talents, conceived great hopes of him. On leaving philosophy, he taught successively in the city of Brunsberg, and at the college of Pultava, where he won the affection of all his pupils at the same time that he led them to virtue by his life full

of admirable examples of piety. In 1621, he received the subdiaconate and the diaconate, then the following year the priesthood, after having followed a course of theology in which he had as master Father Marquât, who had taught him philosophy.

Andrew Bobola is 32 years old when we see him for the first time given to the ministry of preaching in the church of Saint Casimir of Wilna. The good he did in this city and the influence he acquired there were immense. On 2 June 1630, he made solemn profession of the four vows and became superior of the residence of Bobruisk. He passed there five years in the practice of the humblest virtues, his favourite virtues. He had also the occasion during this time of showing his ardent charity in a contagion which ravaged Lithuania. He gave himself without reserve and without any precaution to the relief of the sick, and by a quite particular permission of Providence, which destined him for another martyrdom, he escaped the scourge and the fatigue. In 1636 he resigned his functions of superior and obtained leave to give himself entirely to the missions. For twenty-one years, he is found on all the roads of Lithuania which he evangelizes. The Cossacks, the Russians and the Tartars were already ravaging Poland, destined for a martyrdom which today has not yet its end. The Jesuits had much to suffer from the invaders, who did not love them: they saw themselves despoiled, driven from their houses and carried off into captivity. The peoples had to endure atrocious miseries: they had, to support and help them, Father Andrew Bobola, who at the same time combated error wherever he met it. His science did such harm to the Greek Popes and so diminished the number of their partisans that they resolved to unite their forces in a corner of Lithuania and to make of it, so to speak, their citadel. They chose the province of Polesia, which is surrounded everywhere by lakes and marshes; but they met there a redoubtable adversary, Prince Radziwil, a fervent Catholic, who called the Jesuits to his aid by offering them a princely house at Pinsk. Father Andrew Bobola went there with the conviction that he was going to martyrdom.

He became in fact the object of all the attacks of the schismatics, who feared him.

How many outrages he had already received! How many times already had sacrilegious hands dared to be raised upon him! The priests of the schism paid wretches to overwhelm him with blows and insults. Yet they imagined another persecution which was to go further into the heart of the apostle; they gathered the coarsest and worst schismatic children, and sent them to the door of the college. There, when the missionary presented himself to go out, the most insulting clamours at once resounded, the most shameful missiles flew upon him. Nevertheless he advanced; but these children formed his escort. They awaited him before the house of the poor, of the sick, whom his charity visited, and brought him back afterwards amid the hootings of their infamous games. And this lasted several years; almost every day it was the same scene. The man of God never drew back; never did he omit, he did not even defer, his apostolic journeys, in order to avoid this abominable concert of outrages. What do I say? for this great heart, eager for the humiliations of Calvary, it was like a perpetual ovation. Not only did he betray no trouble, no emotion of nature, but kindness, peace, supernatural joy lit up his face.

“Dog of a Jesuit, dog of a papist!” cried these little executioners; “Lach, Lach! Pole, Pole! Catholic priest! Dutzochwat!” they cried again; “Ravisher of souls! ravisher of souls!” Yes, it was indeed the title which the triumphant zeal of Andrew deserved. His enemies themselves thus published his glory in their own way, and we know not whether it is not still more glorious for him to have been named the ravisher of souls by the schismatics than to have been proclaimed the apostle of Pinsk by the Catholics. However, his persecutors, in crying Dutzochwat, claimed to do him the cruellest injury; they compared him to the demon himself, as formerly the Blessed Josaphat, that bishop and martyr of Vitebsk, whom they represented armed with a hook and drawing souls into hell, and also called Dutzochwat. “Ah! would to God,” answered Josaphat, “that I could indeed ravish your souls and lead them to paradise.”

Such was also the cry of the Blessed Andrew. How he would have wished to win these poor children to God! Sometimes he drew them after him to solitary places, and turning upon them that look of paternal kindness

which children ordinarily know not how to resist, they who formerly approached the Saviour Jesus with so touching a familiarity, he tried to speak to them. But the lesson had been taught them. Their parents and their priests had forewarned them against the seductive gentleness of Andrew. “Sorcerer! sorcerer!” they cried, and stopping their ears, they fled in terror. How ardently the saddened face of the apostle must then have breathed that deep charity, that tender affection for childhood which he had drawn from the heart of the good Master! What touching efforts he made to retain these beloved executioners! Ah! doubtless this generous ravisher of souls had then more than once the happiness of snatching from the demon some one of these victims to give them back to his God.

His enemies seeing that they gained nothing and that the conduct of Andrew Bobola served his cause instead of ruining it, took the resolution of ridding themselves of him; they called the Cossacks to their aid. Two band-leaders fastened on the pursuit of the Blessed. One day when he had just said Mass and was making his thanksgiving, he was warned that the Cossacks were arriving: he was furnished with the means of flight, but he is soon overtaken and seized by his enemies, who strip him, bind him to a tree and overwhelm him with blows; they then pass a rope round his neck and fasten him behind their horses, and lead him to their chief, at Ianow. The calm answers which the martyr makes to these barbarians irritate them, and he receives for punishment a great sabre-stroke on the head. The hand which he had instinctively raised in the air was almost cut off from the arm, but preserved him from an infallible death. Then the soldiers took a hand in the game. One tore out an eye, the others led him to a butcher’s where they lighted torches and burned different parts of his body, asking him to renounce his faith. On his refusal, they half strangled him with young green branches twisted beforehand, they made him a tonsure by removing the skin of his head, they struck him in the face so as to break his teeth; under the horrible and derisive pretext of making him a chasuble, they tear the skin from his back. They wipe with a torch of straw the blood which flows in streams from this atrocious wound, and to finish making a monster of this man whose aspect frightens even his executioners, they drive reeds under his nails, in order to give them the appearance of claws. After having then cut off his nose and lips, they throw him on a dunghill. The Blessed was no more than a shapeless and repulsive mass of flesh. Two hours after, the captain, passing by, finished him with a sabre-stroke. (16 May 1657.) As soon as the martyr was dead a brilliant light appeared over Ianow and frightened the Cossacks, who mounted their horses and disappeared. The Catholics transported his corpse to the college of the Jesuits at Pinsk, where it received burial. The news of this frightful death spread rapidly, and the Poles began from that time to invoke Bobola as a Saint. Forty-five years after his death, his body was found without corruption: this news revived the confidence of the Poles, and the tomb of Bobola became a place of pilgrimage where numerous miracles were wrought. Several times in the course of the eighteenth century his sepulchre was opened and the body was always found in a state of perfect preservation. In 1808, it was transported to Polosk to the college of the Society of Jesus. But, in 1820, the Jesuits were driven from Russia by a decree of Alexander, or rather by a decree of God: they were sent anew to all parts of the world to the apostolate. They had not the consolation of carrying away the sacred deposit: they entrusted it to the piety of the religious of Saint Dominic. But, since then, the schismatics have taken possession of it. However, it is a justice to be rendered to them: at Polosk, as formerly at Pinsk, they themselves honour the remains of him whom the schism struck; a touching reparation, which doubtless brings down upon them also many graces, through the intercession of him who so long evangelized them, who shed his blood for them while pardoning them. The Blessed was of strong corpulence and of a short stature; but in all his exterior he bore something noble, simple and pious which disposed in his favour. Fatigues had early stripped his forehead; there remained to him only a crown of fair hair which whitened before its time; he kept his beard rather long. The vivacity of his look took nothing from his modesty. On his somewhat coloured face majesty and candour met. One loved to see him; one loved to hear him. He possessed, with an excellent mind, a happy memory, an always easy expression. His pronunciation was agreeable; his voice sonorous and penetrating. He applied himself to giving a solid instruction; but at the same time his insinuating gentleness went to hearts; his profound conviction touched them by vibrating in

them. Sometimes his word darted like the thunderbolt, and the most hardened sinners could no longer resist. It was Pius IX who, in 1853, beatified Andrew Bobola.

Historical notice on the Blessed Andrew Bobola of the Society of Jesus, by Rev. Father Olivaint. Paris, Julien, Lanier and Co., publishers, 1854, and all the modern hagiographers.

Saint Geins, the Solitary of Bausset

Geins was born at Moteux, near Carpentras, in the territory of the present archdiocese of Avignon. His parents were people of small means, but distinguished by their piety. He withdrew early, it is said, into the solitude of Bausset and there sanctified himself by prayer and manual labour. One day when his relatives had come to visit him, he found himself having neither wine nor water to offer them to restore their exhausted strength: a new Moses, he applied his two fingers to the wall of a rock, and at once there flowed from it not only water but wine. The fountain of water is still shown today: it flows always in abundance, and its waters are used to combat fevers. In 1630, Alexander Bichi of Siena was created bishop of Carpentras. Making the visitation of his diocese, he wished the body of Saint Geins to be placed in a more suitable shrine and carried in procession from the chapel of the hermitage into the parish church of Bausset, which is a quarter of an hour distant from it. It is still there today. Saint Geins is the patron of this parish. There is near Mont-de-Marsan a church which bears the name of Saint-Gein, and near Limoges another which is called Saint-Gence.

He is represented driving a plough drawn by a cow and a wolf, because the latter having devoured one of the two cows nourished by Saint Geins, our Saint is said to have forced the ravenous animal to complete his team. He is invoked against drought. The epoch of his life is not easy to determine. The Franciscans claim him as a member of their Third Order. Some place him in the twelfth century, others in the thirteenth. Others wish that he belong to the fifteenth.

Propre d'Avignon, and Fetln in Migne.

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[1] Three leagues from Bethlehem. This massacre took place under the unhappy reign of Heraclius, at the epoch when Chosroes, king of Persia, took Jerusalem and led into captivity Saint Zachary, bishop of Jerusalem, and a great number of Christians of Palestine. The Arabs or Saracens profited by the disasters of Palestine to invade it in their turn and plunder all that had not fallen into the hands of the Persians. The Martyrs of the Laura of Saint Sabas were forty-four in number: they were old monks who had not been able or had not wished to take flight. 614. AA. SS.

[2] The enumeration of these Martyrs is incomplete in Baronius, say the Bollandists: here it is according to the synaxarion of the Greeks: "… Combat of the holy martyrs Abdas and Abdiesu, bishops; of sixteen priests, of nine deacons, of six monks and of seven virgins, all natives of Caschar (in Chaldea). Saint Abdiesu was bishop of Beth-Chaschar: he was denounced by his own paternal cousin…" These are, still according to the Bollandists, the companions of Saint Abdiesu who have just been enumerated: they were thirty-nine. Those of Saint Abdas were thirty-eight in number: which modifies notably, as one sees, the text of Baronius. Let us add that Saint Abdiesu suffered under King Isdegerdes and Saint Abdas under Sapor.

[3] A Frank by origin and a particular friend of Clotaire, king of Soissons, he was at first abbot of the monastery of Saint-Laurent of Paris. He refused the bishopric of Avignon, where the population, still wholly Roman in manners and language, would have looked with an evil eye on the son of a *leude*; but he accepted that of Le Mans, which removed him less from the king, his protector. The principal work of his episcopate was the foundation of the abbey of Saint-Vincent at Le Mans. We have related, in the Life of Saint Praetextatus of Rouen, the prevarication of the bishops who condemned that prelate. Domnolus was one of those pusillanimous bishops; which proves that holiness does not go without the defects inherent in our poor human nature and should be an encouragement to us in our falls and weaknesses (560–581). — D. Piolin.

[4] Saint Brendan the Elder, celebrated Irish monk, — also named Broladre in Normandy, — was preceptor of Saint Malo, who dwelt in the island of Jersey, dependent on the diocese of Coutances at least until the fifteenth century. One still finds in this island a parish church under the name of this holy Abbot, who died in Ireland between 577 and 578. — Local notes.

[5] The cult of Saint Maxima is celebrated in Provence; her memory is in veneration above all in the diocese of Fréjus, but her life is not known. The martyrologies name her from the ninth century. Callian, a small borough of 2,000 inhabitants, in the arrondissement of Draguignan, was for several centuries in possession of her relics; it was dispossessed of them to carry them to Fréjus; but, in 1510, they were given back. In 1677, Callian ceded one of the ribs of the Saint to the bishop of Fréjus, who deposited it in his cathedral where it is still venerated today. The lords of Grasse called themselves of the family of Saint Maxima. A local tradition will have it that she was

sister of Saint Tropez. Several boroughs and villages of Provence bear the name of Sainte-Maxime. The monuments and documents concerning the Saint have doubtless perished in the invasions of the Saracens. — *Acta Sanct.* and Proper of Fréjus.

[6] This holy Martyr, as popular among the Latins as among the Greeks, very popular in several parishes of the diocese of Bordeaux, is said to have been beheaded with two children and after several torments. He is almost always represented attached to a rack or holding an iron comb. History is silent on Saint Fort and has nothing which can fix with certainty the sense of the monuments in which one believes one sees him, whether in the church of Saint-Seurin of Bordeaux, whose crypt is consecrated to him entirely, or in several churches of the diocese. But is not this silence of history a proof of the considerable remoteness of the epoch to which he belongs? In general, the nearer the Martyrs approach the cradle of Christianity, the briefer, the rarer and the more difficult to preserve their Acts have been. It is their character to have left of their life nothing but the glory of their martyrdom. We are inclined to believe that Saint Fort was instituted bishop of Bordeaux by Saint Martial, in the first century; that he was the first bishop of that city, and that he is the same as Sigebert, of whom mention is made in the legend of Saint Martial, of Saint Veronica and of Saint Amadour. Sigebert, a name of Germanic origin, introduced into a scene which takes place in the first century, in a Roman province, presents a difficulty. But if one admits — and the thing has been proved — that the legend of Saint Martial was composed in the sixth century, one will admit also that the author did nothing but translate the Latin name of Saint Fort by the word which corresponds to it in the language of the Franks come from beyond the Rhine, for Sigebert signifies “man strong by power.” Sigebert is composed of the Teutonic *Sieg* (*sige* in Anglo-Saxon), victory, and of *beorth*, celebrated, illustrious. According to others, it is formed of *sige*, *sieg* or *sighe*, victory, and of *werth*, worthy; or else of *sieg*, victory, and of *barde*, singer, conqueror, or finally Sigebert would signify victorious beard. These variants do not modify its signification, which the Latin *Fortis* or the French *Fort* (Dict. de Trévoux) contains entire.

Let us note further that the name of Sigebert or Sigisbert was so frequently borne in the sixth century, that it is very probable that the chronicler wished to pay court to some lord or bishop by translating Fort by Sigebert; in which he did not fail of historical truth. Do we not do as much every day in translating William or Wilhem by Guillaume, Sant Yago by Saint Jacques and Cephas by Peter? Besides, it must be recognized that the writers of the sixth and seventh centuries (the golden age of legend) pushed too far the mania of translation, of interpretation and of commentary. It is the overloadings which they added to the writings of Saint Martial, of Saint Denis the Areopagite, of Saint Clement, etc., for example, which have long caused perfectly authentic works to be rejected. To those to whom this etymology would not appeal, we shall say: there remains another to you. The first bishop of Bordeaux, whatever his primitive name may have been, would have preserved in the sequel the name of Fort, that is to say the first Martyr, the Martyr by excellence of the country. The sense is the same and carries us back equally to the epoch of the birth of Christianity. Thus, in the underground church of the cathedral of Chartres, there is, near the altar of the Blessed Virgin, a well called the Well of the Saints-Forts. Tradition recognizes the features of Saint Fort of Bordeaux in a statue which formerly occupied the place of honour, under a canopy, in the centre of the western façade of Saint-Seurin. The personage of this statue wears the pallium and the chasuble; the right hand blesses; the left holds the crozier. The bishop whom this statue represents is remarkable for his air of youth, and can in any case represent only Saint Fort or Saint Seurin. Public voice has always given it the name of Saint Fort: its air of youth confirms it. Saint Seurin, come from Cologne, laden with years, never appears but as an old man. Saint Fort, on the contrary, is young in painting, young in sculpture: he has not had time to grow old in an epoch when executioners pressed harder than years. Tradition and art therefore agree in attributing this statue to him. When one sees Saint Fort give, in 1783, his name to the rue Putoye, one may accuse this proof of a popular cult of being very modern; but when one sees him set himself, from the fourteenth century, at the principal entrance of a basilica which bears the name of Saint-Seurin, one cannot deny that he makes an act of rivalry with the latter Saint; one would even say that he prevails over him. To Saint Seurin belongs the upper church; but the crypt has remained the domain of Saint Fort. Finally, the cult of Saint Fort is more celebrated, more popular, more general than that of Saint Seurin himself. It is not enough, to explain this difference, to have recourse to the hypothesis of the influence exercised on the people by the name itself. That would already be a very important consecration of this name. If one considers, in fact, that nothing historical is known of the life of Saint Fort, — not even a fact which authorizes finding a reason for his protection over the children for whom one asks of him strength and growth, — one may be tempted to believe that this confidence was inspired in the rural populations only by one of those puns which, on many other occasions, have caused to be drawn from the name of a Saint such a patronage as no tradition consecrates.

But this fact, this historical reason of his protection over children, is it not found in his quality of first bishop and first martyr? Does not the people profess everywhere this same confidence toward those who brought it the faith and signed it with their blood? Saint Eutropius, Saint Fiacre, whose name does not lend itself to a similar interpretation, are they not invoked in favour of children in Saintonge, Poitou, Guienne, Artois, Brie, Auvergne, etc., etc.? The crypt keeps his tomb, the upper church his shrine; the tomb and the shrine divide his body between them. To this venerable body is attached the authentic on parchment of Cardinal de Sourdis. Mgr Charles-François d’Aviau du Bois de Sanzay, in 1827, and Mgr Donnet, in 1847, confirmed the belief of the past. “It is from the inscription which these relics bore,” said Mgr d’Aviau, “from an ancient tradition and from the testimony of the elders and the great ones of this city that we have recognized them as true relics of this holy Martyr.”

The feast of Saint Fort is celebrated with procession, with office in music and panegyric; his confraternity lets no year pass without soliciting of the Chapter the same pomp. Formerly, the mayors, clerks, procurators and provosts of Bordeaux came, according to the statutes, “to swear on the relics of Saint Fort that well and loyally they would conduct themselves in their office and exercise of the same.” Montesquieu saw this religious ceremony practised several times without permitting himself the slightest observation on the reality of the body of Saint Fort, which some have called in doubt. Michel Montaigne, in his quality of mayor of Bordeaux, took oath on the arm of Saint Fort without any protest. A great number of churches are dedicated to Saint Fort in the Bordelais, Poitou, Saintonge and even in Quercy and Anjou. Others have a chapel or an altar. In some, his feast is solemnized; in many of them, 16 May is marked by a concourse of children who are brought to the Mass and the Gospels.

The resplendent celebrity of this name and of this personage is found even in the numerous fairs called of Saint-Fort which are held not only at Bordeaux, but in a multitude of places far from one another.

The rather unacademic, but very popular, names of Kermesse, Ducasse, Benichon, Foire (*feria, ferié, fête*), which designate in various provinces the great feast of each village, do they not testify that all the great joys had their point of departure on the day when the Mass was for the first time celebrated solemnly in each of these places? So that Lutheran Germany, in the name of its great commercial fairs, still proclaims, without thinking of it, that, for the founders of these meetings, the celebration of the holy Catholic Sacrifice was the true signal and as it were the legal opening of a feast. — We shall remark that the greater part of the ancient fairs are not of administrative institution, but of ecclesiastical origin. The edicts of our kings did hardly more than regulate commercial gatherings which owed their origin to the celebration of a religious solemnity. The anniversary of the dedication of churches, the patronal feasts brought a great affluence. The merchants were attracted there by the hope of an easy sale, and the feasts of the Church soon became the feasts of commerce. Cf. *Mélanges archéol.* of Fathers Cahier and Martin, vol. ii, p. 75; *Revue de l'art chrétien* of M. Corblet, vol. i, p. 237; Saint Basil, *Ascet.*, ch. iv, who said: *Nundinas et publicum emporium ex martyrum tempore et loco facientes.*

It is the concourse of pilgrims attracted by the cult of relics which gave birth to the fair of Saint-Saturninus at Toulouse, of Saint-Romain at Rouen, of Saint-Laurence at Laon, of Saint-Remigius at Reims, of Saint-Florent at Roye, of Saint-Fort at Bordeaux and at Uzeste, of Saint-Michael at Marseille, of Saint John the Baptist at Saint-Jean de Maurienne, etc. The word *foire* confirms this origin. It is a transformation not of *forum*, market, but of *feria*, feast, preserved more entire in the old French *feyre*, in the Spanish *feria* and the Italian *fiera*. — Cf. the excellent book of M. the Abbé Cirot de la Ville, professor at the Faculty of theology of Bordeaux, entitled: *The Christian Origins of Bordeaux.* We have only abridged chapter v of this remarkable work.

[7] See his Life in the Supplement of this volume.

[8] The Roman martyrology names Saint Bernard of Menthon on 15 June. See that day.

[9] See 8 September.

[10] The Savelli of Rome glory in belonging to the family of Saint Pèlerin. MM. de Rosemont pretend to the same honour through their mother, Mlle de Villenault, whose great-great-grandmother was a Mlle de Savelli.

[11] Lebeuf, in his *History of Auxerre*, vol. ii, p. 6, makes mention of an altar raised to this divinity by Tetricius the African:

AUG. SACR. DEAE ICAVNI T. TETIUCIVS AFRICAN.

D S DD.

[12] According to a tradition preserved at Corvol-l'Orgueilleux, Saint Pèlerin evangelized this region; it is claimed that the priory of Saint-Marc of Fontonay was built on the very spot where the holy Apostle had preached.

[13] Nièvre, arrondissement of Clamecy. — A geographical stone, found some years ago at Autun, and which marked the distance from that city to the principal towns of the neighbourhood, names Entrains three times under the name of *Interanum*.

[14] It suffices to visit the curious cabinet of M. Regnault, at Entrains, to be convinced that this city was like a vast pantheon. Besides statuettes of Jupiter, of Venus and of Mercury; besides the disgusting symbols of the god Priapus, and a thousand other objects of this kind found on its territory, one remarks there little idols evidently oriental, one, among others, with four arms and an elephant's head. Coins and medals of all the countries of the known world, found at Entrains, prove the importance of this city.

[15] The Aulerci are named in the seventh book of Caesar, as dependent on the Aedui, *Aulerci Brannovices*; there were also the *Aulerci Cenomani* and the *Aulerci Eburovices*.

[16] The name of this Saint is one of those which have been most disfigured in passing from one province to another. The Latin name is Fidolus: it is spelled Phèle or Fêle in Poitou; Fale in Auvergne; Phal or Fal in Champagne, etc.

[17] Lecointe, *Ann. ord. S. B.*, reports these ravages and the captivity of Saint Fidolus under the year 525, when a second expedition was directed against the Auvergnats, revolted under the leadership of their governor Arcadius, and he relies on Saint Gregory of Tours. But the Bollandists hold for the first expedition, as agreeing better with several points of chronology, and particularly with the youth of Saint Phal.

[18] It is today a hamlet of two hundred inhabitants, in the commune of Verrières, at some distance from Troyes. A Merovingian cemetery was discovered there in 1849. A church of the twelfth century is remarkable there: but it was remodelled in the sixteenth, and still possesses a stained-glass window dated 1557. (See the *Archaeological Repertory of the Department of the Aube*, by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, col. 118.)

[19] Saint-Phal belongs now to the diocese of Troyes, whose episcopal city it neighbours. It is found on the ancient Roman road from Troyes to Tonnerre. The parish church was rebuilt in the twelfth century, but remained unfinished; a castle of the same epoch there has been destroyed a short time ago, thanks to the spirit of the Black Band, which survives the defeat of the body. (See M. d'Arbois, *ub. sup.*, col. 110.)

[20] *Memoirs of the Aeduan Society.*

[21] The Life of Saint Eman, written by a contemporary, is taken from a manuscript discovered in the abbey of Vendôme, by André Duchêne. Bolland., 16 May, p. 595.

[22] Perhaps Illiers.

[23] History does not name this adolescent, but it is to be believed that it was Saint Symphorian. — One is perhaps astonished that Eusebius of Vercelli should appear to Eman. The pious pilgrim had doubtless a quite particular devotion to this holy Bishop and had probably gone to venerate his relics during his stay at Milan. Besides, Eusebius might be dear to Eman, because he had introduced into

the West a rule analogous to that of Saint Basil, followed by the clerics of Saint-Symphorian and by Eman himself.

[24] Touching the palace of Clovis where Germier was summoned, it is commonly believed that it was situated at the confluence of the Tarn and the Garonne, not far from the town of Moissuc. On this opinion, this palace would have been situated on the road which led from Arsat to Toulouse.

[25] Six leagues from Saintes.

[26] Here ends the Life of Saint Germier, which the Bollandists have produced from an ancient manuscript of Toulouse.

[27] P. Ignace, *Ecclesiastical History of Abbeville.*

[28] The abbey of Saint-Acheul had, in memory of this fact, placed a divine hand in its arms.

[29] It is the archaic crucifix which bears the name of Saint-Sauf.

[30] We say almost everywhere, for in the Soissonnais it is Saint Lndard who, in the thirteenth century, exercised the profession of baker; at Saint-Denis, it was Saint Isses, because his name signifies wheat in Greek; in Flanders and in divers churches of Belgium, it is Saint Aubert, bishop of Cambrai, because a baker was healed by his intercession.

[31] The primitive legend is often disfigured in popular accounts. We have heard more than one variant of it, and among others this one: It would be after the death of Honoratus that the incredulous nurse cried out: “If that man is a Saint, I wish my oven-rake to grow green again!”

[32] Hubaldus, Ugobaldo, Guibout, Hubaud.

[33] It is not by reason of the analogy of the name Stock, which in English signifies wood or trunk of a tree, with that which served as retreat to Saint Simon of Stock during his solitary life, that he was so called, as several have written: but the name of de Stock is his true family name, as all the monuments of the history of England clearly prove, where it is established that several before him and after him, in his family, bore the name of de Stock. — Cf. *Acta Sanctorum.*

[34] The custom of vowing children to the most holy Virgin before their birth is very ancient in the Church. The example of Saint Simon of Stock and of several other Saints who belonged to the Order of Carmel, whose birth God blessed by this means and whose life he sanctified, proves to us how agreeable this act of piety is to her.

This custom consists in consecrating them to the most holy Virgin by clothing them in her liveries, that is to say in garments exclusively white and blue, which are the traditionally adopted colours, and this custom of wearing the liveries of Mary is ordinarily prolonged until the age of seven years. Not only is this custom not a superstition; the Church, far from condemning it, can but encourage it. A pious writer said, speaking of this custom: “Fear not, Christian parents, in spite of all that the incredulous or impious world will tell you, to vow to white the little angels whom God sends you. It is the livery of Mary with which you clothe them. All these little white servants compose here below the house of this Empress of heaven. If she descended on earth, she would surround herself with this charming court. Vow them to white, and this colour of virginity will pass to their souls. This vow brings happiness; the Virgin Mary is as it were interested in not letting perish those who have taken her colours. Certain rights to heaven remain always to those who have worn, in their childhood, garments white as chastity and blue as the sky.”

This act of piety, for a long time forgotten and almost unrecognized, has been renewed in our day by the piety of some Christian mothers who, having everything to fear in their state for themselves and the fruit they bear, since they have been instructed of the advantages of this pious practice, hasten to vow themselves, and their children, to the Mother of God, to obtain by her intercession a happy delivery.

[35] Some writers have confounded, for want of examination, the different epochs of the establishment of the Order of Carmelites in England. It is clearly demonstrated, by very authentic documents, that the Carmelites established themselves in England at two different epochs. The first foundation of the Carmelite religious took place, in 1212, in a forest belonging to the Reverend Father Ralph of Fresburn, who was returning to his country in company with two lords whom he had known in the Holy Land. The second foundation took place in 1249, an epoch at which the Carmelites were called, in England, by the same English lords who, a first time, had brought them there, but had not been able at first to have monasteries built for them, owing to the troubles which then agitated England. The first of these lords, John lord Vesey, founded the hermitage of Holme, near Alnewich, in Northumberland; and the second, Richard lord Gray of Codnor, founded that of Aylesford, near Rochester, in the county of Kent: these two hermitages became very celebrated and spread afar the odour of virtue.

Some historians have pretended that the Carmelites had not appeared in Europe until the epoch when Saint Louis, returning from Palestine, established them at Paris, which only happened in 1253, Saint Simon of Stock being then general of the Order. Hence a great number of errors, to the prejudice of the truth of the holy Scapular and of the epoch when Saint Simon received it from the most holy Virgin. It is on 16 July 1251, and not in 1245, as some writers pretend, that Saint Simon of Stock received, from the hands of Mary, the holy Scapular.

[36] See the life of Saint Berthold.

[37] It results from certain testimonies, from authentic documents and from the titles of foundations — reported by Lezana in vol. iii of the *Annals of the Order*, — that from the eighth century, epoch of the first foundation of a convent of Carmelites at Florence, until the end of the thirteenth century, date of the foundation of the convent of the Carmelites at Bordeaux, it results, I say, that several monasteries as well as divers solitudes were founded in Europe, in favour of the Carmelite religious; “for,” says Saint Cyril, general of the Order, in his book *De processu et variis Regulis Carmelitarum*, “the children of Carmel needed an asylum against the persecution of the Saracens, which had begun from the seventh century.

[38] As early as the year 1244, the Saracens had taken from the Order of Carmel the monasteries of Jerusalem, of the desert of the Holy Quarantine and of Valin, the solitudes of the Jordan and of the sea of Galilee. The persecution did not stop there, for in 1267, the Order lost the convent of Antioch and the other monasteries with the grottoes of Syria, and when in 1289, Melec-Messor, Sultan of Babylon, laid siege to Tripoli, which he carried by assault, the monastery was also enveloped in its ruins. The convents of Beaulieu and of Sarepta had the same fate. But it was in 1291, that the prophecy of Isaiah seemed destined to be renewed, and that rejoicing and gladness were to be banished once more from Mount Carmel. William Sanvic, or Sannic, Carmelite religious and eye-witness, reports thus the glorious end of his Order in Palestine:

"In the month of May 1291 (twenty-six years after the death of Simon of Stock), the Saracens made themselves masters of the city of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, where more than thirty thousand Christians were killed and taken, not counting those who escaped the carnage, among whom I was, for many Christians of Acre, Tyre and Tripoli saved themselves by sea. The enemy so devastated the city of Acre with the celebrated monastery of the Carmelites which was established there, that it became uninhabitable. From there, he betook himself to the holy mountain of Carmel, which is not very far off, set fire to the monastery of the Brothers of Our Lady, which I had left a short time before to go to Acre, and massacred all the religious who were there, while they were singing the *Salve Regina*: this convent had been frequently ravaged, but never had it been destroyed. Thus the whole religion of Carmel was exterminated in Phoenicia, and, by a natural consequence, in all the Holy Land."

[39] The monastery founded by Saint Louis at Paris long bore the name of Convent of the Barrés. It is on account of their garment barred with divers colours that the religious of Carmel were called, in France, the Barrés: *Barrati* or *Birrali*, *Ra.dia.ti*, *Stragulati*, and, in Germany, *Strepetitii*. At Valenciennes, the name of Gate of the Barrés was even given to that which separated the city from the suburb in which they had established themselves. The hermits of Carmel had at first the white mantle; but they were constrained to quit this colour, reserved solely to Mohammedan princes, and to take a mantle of seven pieces or bars, of which four were of white colour and three tawny colour. After the death of Saint Louis, the Carmelites of Paris received his royal mantle, which was preserved until the Revolution, at the convent of the Place Maubert, where it was revered as one of the most precious relics of this great monarch.

[40] One may consult in this regard a bull of Innocent IV, addressed in 1254 to the bishop of London (England).

[41] *Flos Carmeli, Vitis frugifera, Splendor Cœli, Virgo puerpera, Singularis; Mater mitis, ô viri nescia, Carmelitis da privilegia, Stella maris.*

[42] Saint Augustine.

17 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Villa-Real, in the kingdom of Valencia, Saint Paschal, of the Order of Friars Minor, a person of admirable innocence and penance. 1592. — At Pisa, in Tuscany, Saint Torpes or Tropez, martyr, who held a distinguished rank among the officers of Nero; he is one of those of whom the apostle Saint Paul speaks in his letter addressed from Rome to the Philippians: "All the Saints salute you, and especially those who are of the household of Caesar." Arrested as a Christian, he was buffeted, cruelly torn with scourges, exposed to the beasts to be devoured by them, but without receiving any harm from them, and at last completed his martyrdom by beheading, on 29 April: his feast is kept today on account of the translation of his body. — On the same day, Saint Restituta, virgin and martyr, who, under the empire of Valerian, was variously tortured by the judge Proculus, in Africa, and placed in a boat full of tow and pitch, to be burned in the open sea; but, as soon as the fire was put to it, the flame turned against those who had just lighted it, and she, betaking herself to prayer, thus rendered her spirit to God. Her body, with the boat, came to land, by the will of God, at the island of Ischia, near Naples, where the Christians received it with great veneration. Constantine the Great afterwards had a church built in her honour, in the city of Naples.[1] — At Noyon, the holy martyrs Herades, Paul and Aquilinus, with two others. Reign of Diocletian.[2] — At Chalcedon, Saint Solocanus and his companions, soldiers and martyrs, under the emperor Maximian.[3] 4th c. — At Alexandria, the holy martyrs Adrion, Victor and Basilla. — At Würzburg, Saint Bruno, bishop and confessor. 1045.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Agen, feast of Saint John Nepomucene. — At Tournay, Saint Celestinus, martyr, whose help and protection the people often feel. — At Laon, Saint Montan, recluse, who remained several years in a solitude which has kept his name, near Juvigny, between Montmédy and Marville, in the country of Luxembourg; he

foretold the birth of Saint Remigius, apostle of the Franks, and recovered his sight by washing his eyes with the milk which that Saint drew from the breasts of his mother. Today is the day of his translation. 5th c. — At Saint-Amand, in Flanders, three companions of Saint Ursula, whose bodies have been brought there, and receive the veneration of the faithful. — On the same day, the venerable Laurence, of the Order of Cîteaux, whom Saint Bernard established first abbot of Villiers, in Brabant. — At Marconne, near Hesdin, in Artois, Saint Framedze or Framechildis, wife of Baufroy or Badefroy, count of the palace to king Dagobert II, and mother of Saint Austreberta. About 685. — At Le Puy, the translation of Saint Julian. — At Fréjus, feast of Saint Tropez. — At Strasbourg, the venerable John Tadlère.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular and Augustinians. — At Mirandola, Saint Possidius, bishop of Calama, disciple of Saint Augustine, and historian of his illustrious life, who died holily on 16 May.

Martyrology of Vallombrosa and of the Franciscans. — At Villa-Real, Saint Paschal, of the Order of Friars Minor…

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — Saint John Nepomucene… [4]

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers In the East, Saint Andronicus and Saint Junias, of the number of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ, and of whom Saint Paul has made the eulogy in his epistle to the Romans (xvi, 7): “Salute,” he says to them, “Andronicus and Junias, my kinsmen, my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the Apostles, and who embraced the faith of Jesus Christ before me.” These two disciples of Our Lord evangelized in particular Apamea, in Syria, Comana, in Pontus, Illyria, etc. 1st c. — At Constantinople, Saint Stephen, patriarch. 893. — At Sigeberg, in Holstein, the Blessed Thetmar, priest, who was dean of Bremen and embraced the Rule of Saint Augustine, in the monastery of Newmuoster, founded by the Blessed Vicelin, bishop of Oldenburg-Lübeck. 1152. — At Oria, between Brindisi and Taranto, in the land of Otranto, in Italy, the Blessed Francis of Durazzo,[5] of the Order of Friars Minor. 14th c. — In Tuscany, Saint Fabius, martyr; his identity is not well established. — At Cagliari, in Sardinia, another Saint Restituta, who is believed to be the mother of Saint Eusebius of Vercelli, and whose relics were found again, in 1607, in a crypt of the suburb of Estampache, which bears her name, near a church dedicated to Saint Anne.

The Venerable John Taulère, Contemplative Religious of the Order of Saint Dominic

1361. — Pope: Innocent VI. — King of France: John the Good.

Take willingly the penances which shall be given you and the pain due to your sins, from whatever quarter they come, whether from God or from his creatures.

When anyone shall have offended you in any manner whatever, forgive him at once and willingly.

Golden Alphabet of John Taulère.

There existed, in the fourteenth century, in the city of Cologne, a celebrated preacher named Taulère, who was famous for his learning and his charity. One day, he was in the church, praying God with all his heart to make known to him the best means of serving him. His prayer finished, he goes out and sees crouching on one of the steps of the door a poor man scarcely covered with a few rags, and so disfigured that his sight alone excited pity. He had his head half eaten away by an ulcer, he had lost an arm and a leg, and his whole body was covered with horrible sores. Seized with compassion, Taulère approaches this unhappy man, takes out a piece of silver and, saluting him: Good day, my friend. — Thank you, sir, replied the poor man; but I have never had a bad day. Taulère thought that the unhappy man had not understood him and repeated to

him: — I wish you a good day; I wish you to be happy and to have all that you can desire. — I heard you very well, sir, replied the beggar, and I thank you for your charity; but I tell you that your wish has long been accomplished. Taulère said to himself: This good man has lost his head, or perhaps he is deaf. So, raising his voice, he cried to him: — You did not hear me: I wish that you may be happy. — For God's sake, sir, do not be angry; I have already told you that I hear you very well, and I repeat to you that I am very happy and that I have never had a bad day.

For an instant Taulère took him for a madman; but he remarked in the words of this man a certain air which drew his attention. He approached him, sat down at his side and begged him with candour to express better to him what he had said. — Sir, answered this poor man, it is very clear. Since my childhood, I know that God is wise, just and good; since my childhood, I suffer from the cruel disease which has devoured a great part of my body; I have always been poor… I said to myself: Nothing happens without the will or the permission of God. The Lord knows better than I what is fitting for me, because the Lord loves me as a father loves his son… I am therefore quite sure that these sufferings are for my greater good. Thus, I have accustomed myself never to will anything but what my beloved and good Lord wills; and if he sends me sicknesses, I receive them with joy, as if they were my sisters; if he gives me health, I accept it with pleasure; if he gives me nothing to eat, I am content to fast to expiate my sins and those of others; if I have nothing to clothe myself, I remember my Saviour naked in the manger and on the cross, and I find myself much richer than he; if I suffer on earth, I understand that I shall be much happier in heaven. — What more shall I say to you? I am always content: and if I weep with one eye, I laugh with the other, because I will all that God wills, I desire only the accomplishment of his holy will. You see then, sir, that I am very happy, that I have never had a bad day and that I have all that I can desire.

Taulère wept in silence… He had never heard so edifying a sermon. He gave the poor man his cloak, the only coin that remained in his purse, and, in spite of the sore on the head, he embraced the man with effusion. He re-entered the church to thank God for having taught him the most perfect means of serving him. He imitated in the sequel, as much as he could, this holy poor man, and he was accustomed to say, in recalling this touching adventure: "Happiness is possible in all conditions, as well for the poor as for the rich, for the sick as for the man in good health. Happiness is in the heart, and not elsewhere; it is in the disposition, and not in the situation. Let us do the will of God, let us love God, and we shall be happy in whatever situation we may find ourselves."

If the virtues and the preaching of John Taulère made him famous in the fourteenth century, says Touron,[1] the writings full of light and unction which he has left have carried his name with glory to posterity. Bossuet, Saint Teresa, Louis of Blois, rightly count him among the greatest masters of the spiritual life. He was born in Germany, in the year 1294, and embraced the institute of the Friars Preachers in the convent of Strasbourg, toward the beginning of the pontificate of John XXII.

Taulère shone in the pulpit, at Cologne above all, and at Strasbourg. He combated the Quietists and the Beghards or false spirituals, who were beginning to glide into the ranks of the Church. His preachings were everywhere followed by the most prodigious effects. His eminent piety, his profound erudition, the austerity of his life, the most incisive and most carrying eloquence forced the most hardened sinners to yield to the voice which called them. But as manly and pressing as his eloquence was, so gentle, unctuous and persuasive was his spiritual direction. Thus he led the souls whom he conducted in the difficult paths of life to the highest perfection.

As to his doctrine, here is how Bossuet speaks of it. He says "that in his opinion Taulère was not only a zealous preacher, but one of the most solid and most correct of the mystics."[2] He says also "that his book of the Institutions is among mystical books one of the most esteemed.[3] If one remarks," he adds, "in some of his writings some exaggerations, they are due rather to the manner of speaking of his time than to the imperfection of his doctrine." Besides, as Suarez observes,[4] this author did not speak, in these circumstances,

with scholastic precision and subtlety, but with mystical phrases. And Bossuet has said further that, “without wishing to diminish the reputation of Taulère, one must not take literally everything that escaped this holy man.” It is impossible, besides, as Feller remarks in his turn, “to bring back to common rules all that has been written on this matter;[5] morality,” he says, “has its mysteries like dogma, its depths like everything that belongs to the divinity, its exceptions and its apparent contradictions like all the sciences, even geometry. To wish to reduce it to a perfectly general exactitude, to free it from the modifications to which all divine and human notions are essentially susceptible, is to make of it a being of reason.” Gerson himself said “that one must not always require in works of this sort the rigorous precision of language, nor even of the common notions of morals. For,” he adds, “those who have not the experience of the mystical life can no more judge of it than a blind man of colours.”[6]

Taulère wrote only in German. Surius collected his works and gave a Latin translation printed at Cologne in 1552. Those held to be most authentic are: 1° Some sermons of the Season and of the Saints; 2° A Life of Jesus Christ; 3° The

Institutions, the most celebrated of all; 4° Epistles; 5° The Golden Alphabet; 6° A Dialogue between a theologian and a beggar. Touron attributes to him some others, but about which doubts are kept.[7] We have a recent translation of his sermons, by M. Charles de Sainte-Foi.

Let us finally end this notice with the edifying death of this holy religious. After a whole life spent in the exercise of contemplation, in the accomplishment of the most fruitful apostolate, in the practice of the fairest evangelical virtues, overcome with fatigues, with years, with crosses and with a paralysis, his body succumbed, and his blessed soul flew radiant toward the eternal mountains, on the 16th of the calends of June of the year 1361. It was in the convent of Strasbourg that he rendered his soul to God, it is there that his mortal remains still repose today.[8]

John Taulère is represented holding in his left hand an Agnus Dei which he points out with the right hand. A halo surrounds his head, and on it are read these words: *In Jesu Christo.* Such is this simple monument. But it covers the ashes of one of those eminent men who have marked their place on the earth by making civilization take one step more and by giving the example of the highest virtues: that is enough for all generations to bless him as they pass.

Here is the only inscription seen on it. The religious wished to be humble even after their death. *Anno Domini MCCCLXI. XVI Kal. junii Die Cirici et Julittae Obiit frater Taulerus.*

Saint Paschal Baylon, Religious of the Order of Saint Francis

1540–1592. — Popes: Paul III; Clement VIII. — Kings of France: Francis I; Henry IV.

One ought to have for God the heart of a child, for one’s neighbour the heart of a mother, for oneself the heart of a judge.

Maxim of Saint Paschal.

Paschal Baylon was born in 1540, at Torre-Hermosa (Fair Tower), a little borough of the kingdom of Aragon, in Spain; his father was named Martin Baylon, and his mother Isabella Joubert, or Jubera. Our Saint came into the world on Easter Day, and this is what caused him to be given the name of Paschal; his parents, who earned their living by cultivating the earth, employed him from his childhood in keeping flocks and could teach him nothing else but virtue and the elements of religion. But the desire of knowing how to read made him carry a book to the fields, and he begged all whom he met to teach him to read and to write; it is said that the angels were of this number. He made use of this advantage only for the salvation of his soul; avoiding futile books, he read only those which recalled to him the maxims of Christianity, the examples of Jesus Christ and of his Saints.

One of his most ordinary prayers was the Lord's Prayer. He took a singular pleasure in prostrating himself frequently before the majesty of God. He did what he could to go often into the churches, and he remained there so long that his parents were obliged to go and seek him to make him take nourishment.

While still very young, he was obliged to hire himself out as a shepherd. He lost none of the means which this profession offered him for sanctifying himself. He had, with regard to his master Martin Garcia, a docility, a perfect submission, executing with joy and to the letter all that was ordered him. When he was in the fields, he meditated on the marvels of creation, or made pious readings. He was often seen praying on his knees, under some tree apart, without neglecting his flock. He had more than once raptures, and he could not always hide from the eyes of men the love of God which inflamed his heart. Although poor, he found the means of giving alms, sharing his food with those who lacked it. Several shepherds, called as witnesses after his death, when his canonization was taken in hand, deposed that he often spoke to them of God, of the means of serving and loving him, with a superhuman eloquence; that he was insensible to pleasures, an enemy of play and amusements, discreet in his words and in his steps, charitable toward his neighbour, always ready to render service to everyone in order to win everyone to Jesus Christ.

His master, delighted with this so wise and so holy conduct, often expressed to him his contentment; as he had no child, he proposed to adopt him as his son and his heir. But Paschal feared that the goods of the earth might be an obstacle to the acquisition of those of heaven; he refused the offers of his master, rendering himself thereby more conformable to the Saviour, who came upon the earth not to be served, but to serve.

At the age of twenty, God inspired him with the resolution of leaving his master, his country, his profession, to embrace the religious state. One of the shepherds, his companions, who loved him tenderly, tried to make him abandon this project; the young Paschal made him know, by a rather long discourse, that it was only to obey the orders of God that he wished to withdraw; but his friend persisting in combating his resolution, Paschal, animated by a holy zeal, and inspired of God, said to him: "Since you doubt the truth of my words, you will be persuaded by the surprising effect which you are about to see"; he struck at the same time three times, with his crook, the dry and arid earth where they were, and there came forth at once three beautiful fountains which flow still at present.

Paschal betook himself to the kingdom of Valencia, where there was a convent of discalced Franciscans, whom they called Soccolans. This convent was situated in a desert, at some distance from the town of Montfort. Our Saint came there to consult these holy religious. Doubtless on their advice, or from distrust of himself, before shutting himself up in this cloister, he entered the service of the neighbouring farmers, and kept their flocks. He came on Sundays and feast days to hear Mass, receive the sacraments and take on little by little the spirit of Saint Francis, among the Soccolans. His virtues soon made him known throughout the whole country: he was called the holy shepherd.

In this humble employment, he carried scrupulousness to the point of keeping note of the slightest damage which the beasts entrusted to his keeping did to the fields, or along the roads, in order afterwards to indemnify those concerned from his own money. When he was mocked on this subject, he answered: "Many little venial sins lead to hell as surely as a single mortal sin."[1] Once when they would not have his money, he helped to cut the corn of the person concerned, up to the amount of the damage caused by his beasts.

At last he entered the convent of the Franciscans, in the year 1564. He was offered in vain to be one of the religious engaged in Holy Orders: he wished to be only a lay brother, in order to fulfil the lowest and most painful offices, and to sanctify himself in humiliations.

He practised the rule of Saint Francis in all the rigour of the letter and of the spirit, and he advanced in religious perfection in a manner to astonish the oldest and holiest of the community. He suffered no void between prayer and labour, in which even one may say that he continued prayer. Never was he heard to speak of anyone either to complain of him, or to blame his conduct, or to give a blow to his reputation. All his

movements, all his discourses and all his actions breathed, from the beginning, that air of holiness to which he was seen to attain afterwards. As to his austerities, his penances, he did not always confine himself within the bounds of the rule, nor even within those of human prudence. But if he fell into excess on that side, it was without affectation: and what one might have found to criticize in it was sufficiently rectified by his humility and the little attachment he had to his own sense. He had reduced himself for his whole life to bread and water, or to a few herbs; he always wore a hair-shirt made of hog's bristles, with a triple chain of very heavy iron with which he girt his bare skin, besides two horseshoes which he had under the hair-shirt, one on the stomach, and the other on the back. He had for all bed only the ground, or sometimes boards, and for pillow a log. Often even, to deprive himself of the pleasure he might find in lying down, he slept seated or bent in a very uncomfortable posture; often he passed the nights in a cell without roof and without door. He never used the liberty, necessary under the sky of Spain, of taking the midday sleep during the summer; he worked bare-headed in the garden in the greatest heats. He took only two or three hours of rest at night, the rest was for prayer in his cell; he was always the first at Matins. Those who saw him composed of a body like their own, and who were witnesses of his austerities, no longer found anything incredible in all that is reported of the most unheard-of, touching the ancient solitaries of Egypt and of the East. But as they felt themselves at the same time incapable of reaching the same point, they recognized in Paschal, as in those ancients, an extraordinary grace of God, which raised him above the weaknesses attached to the human condition.

After the ordinary time of the noviciate, he made his solemn vows on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin of the year 1565, not yet having twenty-five years completed. From that time he was made to pass from convent to convent, and was made to make various journeys: he found there an excellent occasion of regarding himself as a stranger on the earth, and his life as a continual pilgrimage. Everywhere he went, he carried his virtues and his regularity. He was ordinarily charged, in the different convents where he was made to stay, with the door and the refectory, because he was known to be affable, discreet, vigilant, active, faithful.

Once there came some women who asked to confess to the superior of the house. The latter ordered Paschal to tell them that he was not at home. — "I shall tell them," replied the porter, "that you cannot come, being busy." — "No," resumed the superior, "you will say that I am not at the house." — "Pardon," then answered Paschal, who besides was extremely timid and submissive; "I cannot say that, for it would be a lie, and consequently a sin."

In his quality of porter, he was accustomed to distribute to the poor the remains of the table of the religious; and in order that this alms might be profitable to their soul, at the same time as to their body, he adopted the practice of praying with them on his knees, before and after each meal. For several years, he put aside daily his portion of food to give it to a poor old man. When it happened that he had nothing to give to the unfortunate, in order not to send them away empty-handed, he went to the garden, gathered flowers there, and then distributed them to them, begging them gently to pardon him for having only that to offer them. One may believe that this sort of alms, given with so good a heart, had in their eyes more value than if an arrogant rich man had thrown to each of them a piece of money. One day the superior of the convent told him to manage better the interests of the community, and not to give alms to all who presented themselves. — "But," answered Paschal naïvely, "if twelve poor men present themselves, and I give only to ten, it is to be feared that precisely among the two whom I send away Jesus Christ is to be found."

For the love of the poor, he carried economy to excess: he told his confrères not to spill uselessly even a drop of oil, in order not to diminish by so much the holy alms.

Simplicity is the daughter of humility and the mother of patience. The superior of the convent was a morose old man, who always had something to reprove in the acts of his porter, and who one day, at the *coulpe*,[2] reproached Paschal even publicly with being proud of his virtues. Paschal, without answering a single word, and without changing countenance, returned to his post. Then one of the religious went to find him to console

him, telling him, among other things, to bear this humiliation with patience. But Paschal answered him: “Know,” my brother, “that it is the Holy Spirit who has spoken by the mouth of our Father superior.” This is the answer which he habitually gave, when one wished to console him for the sort of persecution which the rigid superior exercised toward him.

The soul of Saint Paschal was a paradise, or, if one will, a temple of the Holy Spirit, where day and night hymns and thanksgivings resounded. The joy which unceasingly filled his heart was such that it overflowed by his eyes, by his features, and even by his lips: all day he hummed canticles and psalms. Like a child who has just received a toy, and who cannot hide his joy, Paschal could not help speaking of God to all whom he met. Many a time he was seen running to one or another, and saying in his ear: All that comes from God is good; or again: Praised be Jesus Christ; or again: My love is crucified, etc. Above the entrance door of the refectory was an image of the Blessed Virgin. Now, one day the good Paschal, thinking himself alone in the hall, began to dance before this image, singing a canticle in honour of the Virgin, moved by that holy joy which made David dance before the Ark of the Lord.

The naïveté of Paschal was a holy simplicity, the fruit of the innocence of his soul and of his profound piety, and not of want of intelligence. Two facts prove it: the first, that he had an extraordinary knowledge of divine things; the second, that often he obtained what he wished more surely than others who would have been more cunning. One day the superior charged the preacher of the house to go and find a townsman of the place, who had been offended by another, to try to reconcile him with his enemy. Paschal was to accompany him. But this pious and charitable mission had so little effect that the townsman even wished to use violence upon the religious. Then Paschal said simply these words: Brother, pardon him for the love of God! At once the other, turning toward the religious, said to him: “Father, I consent to all that you will; I pardon him for the love of God.” Another time, a murder having been committed, influential and learned men sought in vain to decide the son of the victim to pardon the murderer. Paschal, endowed with an eloquence which could not be called natural, but supernatural, succeeded without much trouble in convincing the young man that he ought to desist from every legal action, and even pardon from his heart the murderer of his father.

He undertook no affair of the least importance without having first consulted God by prayer. One day, the superior handed him a sheet of paper, with an order to write a letter to the governor of the province, a friend of Paschal, to recommend to him an important affair concerning the convent. At the end of some moments, the superior, wishing to know whether the letter was finished, went to find Paschal in his cell: he found him on his knees on the ground, having the sheet of paper between his joined hands, and praying God to dictate to him what he ought to write.

Saint Paschal, speaking of prayer, had expressions at once simple and profound. He said, for example: “God being ready to give us all that we need, we ought always to pray to him with entire confidence. God waits for us to ask him, and even he excites us to implore his help. Knowing therefore that God takes pleasure in giving, we ought never to weary of asking him. When you pray, imagine yourself alone in the world with God and think that he has only you to listen to and to hear; ask him for his graces with love, with insistence, with importunity.”

Saint Paschal, speaking of scruples, makes us understand clearly the difference which exists between true and false piety. He called scruples, naïvely, the fleas of the conscience. What is lacking in many devout souls is a boundless confidence in God and a true love. In Paschal these two sentiments had become, in some manner, a second nature. This was seen above all when he approached the holy table: in receiving holy communion, he did not express his fervour by gestures, sighs and contortions, as certain people do; but he went to it simply, peacefully, like a friend who goes to see and embrace his friend.

His employment of porter and refectorian did not prevent him from working also in the garden, in the infirmary, in the guest-room, and in the kitchen itself when he found the occasion. He applied himself to each

of these functions as if he had had only that one. Often also he was employed in sawing wood, and one was surprised that a body so macerated as his could resist fatigues under which one saw every day succumb those who were best nourished.

The Order of Saint Francis had then for general Christopher de Gheffon, a Breton by birth, who was at Paris. It was difficult for foreign convents to have communications with him; at that epoch, for a Spanish religious, to go to France was almost to go to death, because the kingdom of France was almost everywhere under the vexation of the Huguenots, who gave no quarter anywhere to monks or to mendicants who fell into their hands. No one wished to undertake so dangerous a journey: nevertheless the provincial of Valencia, finding himself indispensably obliged to write to the general, saw only Brother Paschal to whom one could propose to carry this letter to Paris. In fact, our Saint accepted the commission with much joy, without reasoning, without objection, without troubling himself about the means of making so long a journey. He set out barefoot, without sandals, according to his custom. When he had passed the Pyrenees, he entered a convent of France where there was a great number of learned religious, which makes us judge that it was at Toulouse. The perils of his mission inspired such pity that, before letting him go farther, it was examined in full chapter whether it is permitted to expose oneself to an evident peril of death by virtue of the obedience which one has vowed to one's superior. It was concluded at last that the thing was permitted, and Brother Paschal was allowed to go. Joyous at this decision, and desiring nothing so much as to be a martyr of obedience, he made no more scruple of walking in broad day through the towns, even where the Huguenots seemed to be the masters. He was often cried at as a papist; often he was pursued from one village to another by the populace with stones and sticks. He even received on the left shoulder a wound from which he remained crippled the rest of his life. Being near Orleans, he saw himself surrounded by a troop of people who questioned him on religion, and asked him whether he believed that the body of Jesus Christ was in the sacrament of the Eucharist. On the answer which he made them, they wished to enter into controversy with him, to give themselves the pleasure of embarrassing him by their subtleties. But although he had of theological science only so much as it had pleased God to communicate to him by infusion, and knew no other tongue than that of his own country, he confounded them in such a way that they could reply to him only with stones. He got off with some wounds; having happily come out of their hands, he passed before the gate of a château, where he asked by way of alms a morsel of bread, as he was accustomed to do when pressed by hunger. The master of the place was a Huguenot gentleman, a great enemy of the Catholics, and he was at table when he was told that there was at the door a sort of monk in very bad equipage who asked alms. He had him enter; and after having long considered his torn habit, and his swarthy face, he swore that he was a Spanish spy, and was preparing to put him to death, if his wife, who had compassion on him, had not had him secretly put out of doors, but without thinking of giving him a morsel of bread. A poor Catholic woman of the neighbouring village did him this charity; and, when after having regained his strength, he believed himself in some safety, he was near being sacrificed anew to the fury of the populace which his habit had attracted. One of the band seized him, without explaining what he wished to do, and threw him into a stable which he locked with a key. Paschal prepared himself all night to die the next day; but instead of the death which he expected, he who had shut him in came to bring him alms, and let him out two hours after sunrise. He arrived at last at Paris after having undergone a thousand dangers, and left it to return into Spain as soon as he had acquitted himself of the commission which had brought him into France. On the way, he saw coming toward him a horseman who, without saluting him, put the point of his lance against his breast, and asked him: Where is God? Paschal, without being frightened, but also without having time to reflect, answered him: He is in heaven. The horseman at once withdrew his lance, and went back without saying anything more. Our Saint, at first astonished at this conduct, understood it on reflecting more: the soldier had spared him because he had contented himself with saying that God is in heaven; if he had added that he is also in the holy Eucharist, he would have pierced him with his lance. Paschal grieved at having thus lost the crown of martyrdom, and he believed that God judged him unworthy of it, since he had not put this answer into his mind. But he bore off

the crown of obedience, for which he had at every hour exposed his life in the course of so long a journey.

On his return to Spain, he continued to give his brethren the examples of all monastic virtues. The more contemptible he became in his own eyes, the more he drew to himself the esteem and respect of others. They had so high an opinion of his wisdom and of his penetration in the things of God that they consulted him more willingly than their most able doctors. The guardians of the convents confided to him the inspection of the house in their absence, to the prejudice of the priests and of the elders of the community. The masters of novices did the same; they discharged themselves sometimes of their employments upon him, knowing how capable his instructions were of making an impression on the mind of their pupils. Father Ximenes, celebrated professor of theology, and the first biographer of our Saint, assures us that he found in his conversations, on the most difficult points of sacred science, lights which he had not seen in the books of the most famous doctors.

Father Emmanuel Rodriguez, a renowned scholar, says he experienced the same thing. Two theologians of the Society of Jesus, having conversed with him without knowing him, took him for a scholar. They were greatly astonished when they learned that he was only a simple Brother, who had never learned theology elsewhere than in prayer and before the crucifix; they understood that Our Lord sometimes communicates to his faithful disciples more science than the longest studies.

Paschal Baylon composed little, but admirable, treatises on the nature and perfections of God, on the mystery of the holy Trinity and on that of the Incarnation of the Word; he wrote also others on the manner of making prayer, on the three degrees of Christian perfection, on grace, on the angels, and on several other similar matters of piety; it was the reading of these works which made the illustrious Dom John de Ribera, archbishop of Valencia and patriarch of Antioch, say, speaking to the Provincial of the Friars Minor: “Ah! father, of what use to us are our so painful studies, since the simple become far more learned by the exercise of humility and prayer than we by consuming our eyes and our life on books; they rise to heaven while we crawl on the earth, and they seize the possession of it by their simplicity, while our science, puffed up with pride, gives us just reason to fear being banished from it eternally.”

The gift of miracles accompanied, in our Saint, that of science. Having learned, on a journey, that the plague was desolating a town situated on his road, far from turning aside from it, he hastened to go there, exhorted the inhabitants to repent of their sins, prayed for them, and the scourge disappeared at once. By a prayer, he obtained from God the cure of an asthmatic who could no longer breathe.

His superior commanded him to make the sign of the cross over a religious who had a haemorrhage so dangerous that the physicians despaired of his life: the Saint had no sooner obeyed than the blood ceased to flow and the sick man recovered all his strength. The official record which was made a short time after his death, by authority of the Church, makes mention of an infinity of persons who declared on oath that they had been cured of various maladies by the virtue of the sign of the cross which this religious had made over them.

God granted our Saint further the gift of foreseeing things to come. Being one day with a preacher whom he accompanied into the house of a rich man who was of the Third Order of Saint Francis, he begged this man, before supper, to put order as soon as possible into his conscience and his domestic affairs, telling him that he had only very little time to live. The event verified the prediction of the Saint, for the host, after having confessed and put order into the affairs of his house, was struck with apoplexy, and died a little time after. He gave a like warning to a canon, a friend of his, whom he made confess and made receive Extreme Unction and the holy Viaticum; this ecclesiastic died an hour after. He acted in the same way with all the sick whom he visited, predicting to them infallibly the issue of the sickness, either for health or for death, exhorting them always to confess and to put themselves right with God.

These heavenly favours, these virtues, the good that Paschal did, made the demons furious. They delivered to him the harshest combats; sometimes they sprang upon him in the form of lions and tigers, as if to devour him; sometimes they tried to frighten him by horrible figures; they struck him with such rage that his body became all livid; these combats and the blows which he received in them were so real that the religious, who heard the noise of them, were often obliged to run to his help; but the Saint, perfectly inured against these enemies of salvation and of the perfection of men, no longer took fright at their attacks. Changing then their tactics, the demons contented themselves with suggesting to him interiorly sentiments of vanity; or else they appeared to him under heavenly figures, now of his guardian angel, now of Saint Francis of Assisi, and even of the Blessed Virgin, with the design of awakening his self- love, by making him believe that he was a great saint, being honoured with the visit of the blessed spirits. When Paschal had discovered this artifice, the enemy of our souls had recourse to another: he offered himself to him with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross, pouring forth much blood from all parts of the body, telling the Saint that he came to give him marks of his love and of his esteem, because he was the only one in the world who took part in his sufferings and in the reproaches which he had borne in his passion; but the Saint, divinely enlightened, discovering this new ruse, said to this angel of darkness, whose false lights he despised: “What! ravening wolf, dost thou dare to appear under the skin of that divine lamb who conquered thee by his death, and who banished thee from the world by the triumph of his cross? Begone from here, miserable proud one, and know that those who strive to become the true disciples of his cross fear no more thy ruses and thy artifices than the vain exterior efforts of thy malice.” At these powerful words, pronounced in the spirit of a lively faith and a perfect confidence in God, the demon withdrew all confused, making so terrible a noise that all the religious of the convent of Villa-Real, where the Blessed Paschal then was, were terrified by it. That was not, however, the last attack which Satan delivered against the holy Religious. There was in the city of Valencia, where our Saint then dwelt, a young lady, very well made, in whom everyone admired a high virtue joined to a great beauty; as she knew that the Blessed Paschal lived in the odour of sanctity, she saw him sometimes to ask him for spiritual advice, and he gave it to her out of charity, as to all the others who consulted him on the affair of their salvation; this young girl was charmed with the excellent instructions which she received from this holy religious, and, as he was porter, she formed the design of coming to see him more often, having a great facility for finding him when she wished. The interviews were at first wholly spiritual, as Saint Paul says: but the demon profited by it to lay for the Saint a very dangerous snare. He excited little by little in the heart of the young girl a passion for Paschal. She paid him more assiduous visits, and, one day when she knew that all the religious had retired, she came and rang at the door to speak to Brother Paschal, who was then before the Blessed Sacrament; he came, and his ordinary modesty joined to a discourse full of piety, rendered the young girl at first quite abashed; but sustained as she was by the evil spirit, who governed her at that moment, she began to speak to him in a manner more human and more obliging than usual; that was enough to make this very enlightened religious know that she served as an organ to the demon at that moment to tempt him; he at once gave her a very severe reprimand, and, driving her away on the spot with indignation, he returned in haste to the foot of the altars, whence he came, and there rendered thanks to God for having preserved him from this danger, and begged him to enlighten the mind of this young girl, who had let herself be surprised by the demon: it is thus that the true friends of poverty triumph over the subtlest devices of all hell.

One of his most ordinary occupations was to give salutary advice to those whom he knew to be deceived by the illusions of the demon, under false pretexts of piety. A young religious of Valencia took on himself very harsh mortifications, and failed not to discipline himself every day with extreme severity, although he did not cease besides to be very imperfect and very negligent in all his duties; the Saint, who surprised him one day at the time when he was thus ill-treating himself in the church, having compassion on him, charitably disclosed to him the illusion in which the demon maintained him; scarcely had he enlightened this blind man when the prince of darkness, who made a plaything of him before, withdrew.

A preacher, who had a wholly worldly manner of preaching, and who studied only the polish of discourse, changed this manner, following the advice of Brother Paschal, made afterwards very admirable conversions and was infinitely more esteemed than before. He exhorted ordinarily all preachers to study the Gospel at the foot of the crucifix, rather than to seek thoughts in books, and he counselled them to meditate, in the presence of God, what they desired to announce to the people, in order to be themselves persuaded of the truths which they wished to teach to others; for, said he, it is certain that the tongue speaks only to the ears, and that it is only the heart of the preacher which speaks to the heart of the hearers. Paschal had a tender devotion to the divine Eucharist. He passed whole hours prostrate before the tabernacle where Our Lord resided, and more than once then his spirit was ravished in God; the body followed it even, so that he was seen suspended in the air by the effect of divine love.

When he could not betake himself to the church to content his devotion toward Jesus Christ, he transported himself there in spirit, prostrating himself several times a day on the ground to adore his Saviour, with the same fervour as if he had been at the foot of his altars. He was marvellously sustained in this devotion by the remembrance of a singular grace which he had received formerly, when still only a shepherd: keeping his flock one day, he had heard a bell which made him know that the holy host was being elevated during Mass, in a neighbouring church; having prostrated himself in the midst of the fields to adore it, it happened that this host appeared to him in the place where he was, upheld by the hands of angels, who offered it to his adorations. This extraordinary favour filled him all his life with so sweet a consolation that he never thought of it without great transports of joy and very humble thanksgivings.

He honoured also and loved singularly the Mother of God, asking her unceasingly, through her intercession, to avoid sin and to make a holy death. One day, as he was in the church of the convent of Villa-Real, in the kingdom of Valencia, assisting at holy Mass, God revealed to him that he would die soon; he then began to utter cries of joy. Having gone out of the church to return home, he embraced the persons of his acquaintance whom he met in the street, bidding them farewell and announcing to them this happy news. A little time after, he fell seriously ill. Until then he had never permitted his feet to be washed, although this practice was in monastic usage; but on the eve of his death he himself begged a brother named Alphonsus to wash his feet with warm water. The brother having asked him the reason of this unusual request, Paschal answered: “I shall receive Extreme Unction today; my feet must therefore be clean.” In fact, the superior, having seen that the saint was very dangerously ill, had him carried to the infirmary, where, the next day, it was administered to him. He received the sacraments with a tender piety, then fell gently asleep in the Lord, after having thanked God for all the benefits he had received from him during his life, and after having invoked three times the holy name of Jesus, in the year 1592, on the Sunday of Pentecost, at the moment of the elevation of the holy host. He was fifty-two years old.

The great concourse of people who came to implore the help of the Saint constrained them to hold his obsequies only three days after his death; an infinity of miracles, juridically verified, were wrought then at his tomb. One still sees, said Father Giry in the seventeenth century, his body without mark of corruption, a striking testimony of the holiness of his life. What is most admirable and most surprising is to see that the body of this great servant of God has always its eyes open, as lively and as brilliant as if he were alive. Persons of great merit have affirmed on oath, in the official record drawn up by the diocesan bishop and by the other commissaries, deputies of the sovereign Pontiff, that they have seen him several times close his eyes at the time of the elevation of the holy host, at the conventual Mass, as if his heart were still living and animated by the same love, and touched with the same respect which he had for the adorable sacrament of the altar during his life.

A miracle peculiar to Saint Paschal Baylon, and which has above all made him famous after his death, is the little knocks struck on his shrine, his relics, his images: these knocks announce to his devotees the success of the prayer which they have addressed to him.

The attributes given to Saint Paschal Baylon in the arts are: 1° a chalice surmounted by a host: his life and his tender devotion to the Eucharist give the understanding of this symbol; 2° a flock, near which he is on his knees reciting his rosary.

Pope Paul V, having had made all the information required, permitted first the seculars and regulars of the kingdom of Valencia to say the office of this great servant of God as of a Blessed, by a brief given at Rome in the year 1618, on 29 October; he extended, two years after, this permission to those of the kingdom of Castile and of Aragon, and Gregory XV granted the same grace to all the religious of Saint Francis of Assisi, in the year 1621. Finally, Alexander VIII, of happy memory, proceeded in all the forms to the solemnity of his canonization, by a bull of 1 November of the year 1680, inscribing him in the Catalogue of the Saints, with Saint John Capistran, also of the same Order, and Saint John of Sahagun, Saint John of God and Saint Laurence Justinian.

See the Bollandists, May, vol. iv, and A. Stolz.

Saint Tropez, Officer of Nero, Martyr

(1st century.)

Saint Tropez was a Roman noble who formed part of the officers of the household of Nero. He must have been converted early, since Saint Paul speaks of him in the letter which he wrote from Rome to the Philippians.

Now, it happened that Nero had a temple and a statue raised to Diana, in the city of Pisa: he went in person to assist at the dedication of this temple and ordered all his servants to adore the goddess. Tropez refused, and even took the liberty of demonstrating to the emperor the emptiness of the worship of idols. The courageous Christian was not ignorant how a Nero treated those who displeased him: he resolved therefore to prepare himself for the supreme struggle and went to ask baptism of a holy priest named Antony who kept himself hidden in a grotto in the neighbourhood of Pisa. There an angel appeared to him and strengthened his soul. On returning to Pisa, Nero had him summoned to obey; but the energetic Christian remained unshaken: he was put into the hands of Sattelicus, one of his relatives, who had received the mission of putting him to death. Satlelicus cast him into prison and left him there two days without food: this term expired, he had him tied to a column where the executioners scourged him so inhumanly that soon his whole body was no more than a bleeding wound. But behold, during the execution, the column tottered on its base and crushed in its fall the judge and fifty of the assessors or spectators. Sylvinus, the son of Satlelicus, then condemned the Martyr to the wheel, then to the torment of the beasts: the lion to which he was exposed came to die at his feet, and the leopard let loose upon him came to caress him. At this sight, Evellius, one of the counsellors of the emperor, was converted and had the happiness, later, of crowning his life by martyrdom at Rome.

Sylvinus, transported with anger, had Tropez led outside the gates of Pisa where his head was cut off: it was on the 3rd of the calends of May; nevertheless his feast is celebrated today on account of the marvellous translation of his body. This sacred deposit having in fact been thrown into a damaged boat without sails and without rowers, instead of sinking in the waves, arrived on the coasts of Fréjus, and ran aground in the gulf of Grimaud. It was gathered up by the Christians of the country. When the era of the pagan persecutions was past, a church was raised at the place where were the relics of Saint Tropez. The gulf, where the boat had landed, took the name of the Saint: it was the same with the town and the priory which were built later in the same place. The religious of Saint-Victor of Marseille possessed the church of this Saint from the year 1056; the priory, which they had established there, was later put in commendam.

As to the relics of the Saint, they have been sought in vain on two different occasions in the course of the seventeenth century.

The attributes of Saint Tropez in the arts are the skiff conducted by an angel from Pisa, in Provence, the lion and the leopard.

AA. SS.; Proper of Fréjus; History of Saint Paul, by the Abbé Vidal; local notes furnished by the parish priest of Saint-Tropez.

Saint Possidius, Bishop of Calama, in Numidia, Biographer of Saint Augustine

Possidius, one of the most celebrated disciples of Saint Augustine, was elected, in 397, bishop of Calama, a city of Numidia. The Donatists and the pagans gave much exercise to his zeal. The former, having leagued themselves against him in 404, drove him from his house, treated him cruelly, and came almost to the point of taking his life. He took vengeance on them only by asking their pardon of the emperor.

Four years after, the pagans, having celebrated their sacrilegious feast of the first day of June, had the insolence to dance around the church, to throw stones into it and to set fire to it. They wounded several ecclesiastics, killed one, and would have treated the others in the same manner if they had not taken flight. Those of the pagans who had had no part in these excesses feared that they would be involved in the punishment of the guilty. Nectarius, their chief, wrote to Saint Augustine, to beg him to forestall the effects of the justice of the emperor. He grounded himself principally, in his letter, on the obligation which Christian pastors were under to devote themselves to works of mercy, and to show that they are angels of peace. Possidius also interested himself for the guilty; so that the orders of the emperor ran only that the idols of the pagans should be broken, and that in future it should no longer be permitted them either to offer sacrifices or to celebrate their superstitious feasts.

When the relics of Saint Stephen were brought into Africa, about the year 410, Possidius obtained a portion of them with which he enriched the church of Calama. We learn from Saint Augustine[1] that several miracles were then wrought by the virtue of these relics.

One cannot doubt that Possidius was of the number of the bishops who established among the clerics of their cathedral the monastic rule instituted by Saint Augustine. This Saint himself speaks of the poor religious of Calama.

The invasion of the Vandals put to rude trials the patience and the zeal of Saint Possidius. These barbarians, long accustomed to carnage, passed from Spain into Africa to the number of eighty thousand; they were soon masters of Mauritania, of Numidia and of the proconsular province; there were only three places which resisted them: Carthage, Cirta and Hippo. They pillaged all the country and all the towns which lay in their passage. Calama was entirely ruined, and it does not appear that it ever rose again from its fall. During the fury of the war, Possidius withdrew to Hippo. He closed there the eyes of Saint Augustine, who died in 430 during the siege of the city, which soon after fell into the hands of the barbarians. He wrote the life of his dear master, to which he joined the catalogue of his works. From that time he lived always separated from his flock. The place and the year of his death are unknown.

The Italians pretend that Saint Possidius passed from Africa into Italy, and that he died at Mirandola. This city, as well as that of Reggio, honours him as its patron. The Canons Regular keep his feast on 17 May, and count him among the most illustrious Fathers of their Order. See the Life and the writings of Saint Augustine. See also Father Papebroch, vol. iv, May, and Dom Ceillier. The learned Jesuit shows that Saint Possidius must not be confounded with Possidonius, a bishop in Africa, who is sometimes named in the same councils.

Saint Montain or Montan, Hermit at La Fère

(5th century.)

While the Gauls, in the 5th century, were the theatre of wars, extortions and rapines, a solitary, named Montain or Montan,[1] lived on the Cher, near Juvigny, in Luxembourg. Formed to virtue from childhood, he lived separated from the world in order to have commerce only with God and to give himself wholly to the exercises of penance. Disturbed in his retreat by the incursions of the Barbarians, he left it and went to seek a deeper solitude at La Fère (Aisne), a place then full of woods, surrounded by precipices and marshes. There Montan, wholly occupied with the needs of the Church, troubled by the wars and by the heresy of Nestorius, which the general council of Ephesus (421) had just condemned, ceased not to implore the help of heaven. His prayers were not without effect.[2] One day when Montan was resting in a light sleep, he was warned three times to predict to Celinia, a noble lady of the country, that she would have a son, and to declare to her at the same time his name and his merits. Suddenly it seems to him that, by a divine grace, he is transported into the midst of the choir of the angels and of the assembly of the holy souls, holding council together and conferring on the subversion or the restoration of the church of the Gauls: all declare that the time has come to have pity on her; and, at the same time, a voice which resounds with sweetness makes itself heard from a higher and more secret place: “The Lord has looked from the Holy of Holies, and from heaven upon the earth, to hear the groans of those who are in chains, and to break the fetters of the sons of those who have perished, that his name may be announced among the nations, and that peoples and kings may assemble together to serve him.” — The voice said “that Celinia would conceive a son, named Remigius, to whom the people would be entrusted to be saved.”[3]

After having received so great and so sweet a consolation, the holy man, warned three times to accomplish his mission, came to announce to Celinia the oracle of the heavenly vision. Now, this blessed mother had had long before, in the flower of her youth, by her only and sole husband, Aemilius, a son named Principius (or Prince), afterwards bishop of Soissons, and father of Saint Lupus, his successor in the episcopate of the same city: the Blessed Celinia is astonished; she cannot understand how, already old, she will bear a son and nourish him with her milk, the more so as her husband and she herself, greatly advanced in age, worn out and barren, had no longer either hope or desire of having children henceforth. But the Blessed Montan, having become blind for a time, that the merits of patience might abound in him, declares to Celinia that his eyes must be moistened with her milk and that at once he will recover sight. Meanwhile the blessed parents give themselves up to the joy of so great a consolation, and, when the moment had come, the future pontiff of Jesus Christ comes into the world happily and receives, at the holy font of baptism, the name of Remigius. The happy promise made to the holy Prophet is also faithfully accomplished: for, during the nursing, his eyes are moistened with the milk of the blessed mother Celinia, and he recovers sight by the merits of the child.[4] — Dom Lelong says “that it is at Cerny, where was the château of Celinia, that the preceding scene would have taken place.” — If Montan lived some years yet after having recovered sight, he returned to his solitude of La Fère, to the place called the Pit of Saint Montan; he died there on 17 May. The city of La Fère and its collegiate church have taken Saint Montan for patron. A small portion of his relics is preserved to this day in the parish church and in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu; they have been recognized as authentic by Mgr Leblanc de Beaulieu. The feast of the Saint is celebrated at La Fère with great solemnity on 17 May; and, during the nine following days, the faithful continue to come to venerate his relics. — The cathedral of Laon formerly possessed the head and an arm of the holy solitary; the abbey of Juvigny had the principal part of his body.

Henri Congnet, dean of the Chapter. — Soissons, 17 August 186S.

Flodoard, History of the Church of Reims, book i; D. Lelong, History of the Diocese of Laon, p. SI.

Saint Framechildis or Frameuze

(685.)

Saint Framechildis, mother of Saint Austreberta, was sprung from a powerful family of the country of the Alamanni, and she married Badefroy, a noble lord of the court of Dagobert II. The ancient hagiographers unite these two names and say that Badefroy and Saint Framechildis were "both of a very high virtue and of a great wisdom of conduct, firm in the faith, remarkable for their charity and their love of justice, nourishing their souls on the holy hopes of religion, and making it a duty and a happiness to succour the poor of Jesus Christ."

The life of Saint Austreberta, their daughter, tells us of the momentary opposition which she encountered in her project of consecrating her virginity to God: Badefroy must have been the principal and perhaps the only author of it. As for the Blessed Framechildis, she could recognize, in these entreaties of her daughter, the truth of a vision which she had had, it is said, before her birth, and in which she was told that the child she bore in her womb would draw many souls to Jesus Christ. This word had, in fact, its entire accomplishment, beginning from the day when Austreberta withdrew to the monastery of Port, near Abbeville.

Nothing more is known of the life of Saint Framechildis, who died on the seventeenth day of May, about the year 685: she was buried in the church of Marconne, which she had herself had built. Her body was raised from the earth in 1030, by Baldwin, bishop of Thérouanne. Her relics rested in the abbey of Moutreuil-sur-Mer, founded by Saint Austreberta: a part of them was also kept in the collegiate and parish church of Hesdin. The shrine of Moutreuil was destroyed on 29 Vendémiaire, year II: some bones had been taken from it which are still venerated today in the parish church of that town, and which were authenticated in 1803 and 1805 by Mgr de la Tour d'Auvergne, bishop of Amiens. Saint Framechildis is honoured on 17 May. In the diocese of Amiens, on which Marconne formerly depended, and which is at present part of the diocese of Arras, Saint Frameuze was specially invoked for headaches.

The Abbé Destombes and M. Corblet.

Saint Bruno, Bishop of Würzburg

(1045.)

This Saint was son of Conrad, duke of Carinthia, and of Matilda, of the house of the counts of Querfurt and of Mansfeld, niece of Saint Bruno, bishop and apostle of Prussia, who was martyred in 1008.

Bruno was brought up with much care in piety and in the sciences, and he gave great proofs of the progress which he had made in the one and the other study, by divers remarkable works which we have of him on the psalms and the canticles of the Church. The history of his life is not known in detail; it is known only that his extraordinary merit caused him to be elected in 1033 bishop of Würzburg, and that he gave his flock all the cares of a vigilant, enlightened and charitable pastor. He employed his property in feeding the poor, in building new churches and in restoring the old. The cathedral of Saint Kilian, at Würzburg, is still today one of the principal monuments of his magnificence and his piety. About the year 1037, he accompanied to Milan the emperor Conrad the Salic, his near relative, who made divers expeditions in that part of Italy, to bring it back under his obedience. It is said that Saint Ambrose appeared on this occasion to our Saint, that he threatened the emperor with great calamities, if he did not desist from his design of making this city feel the effects of his anger, and that Conrad, yielding to the representations of Bruno, granted pardon to the rebels. In 1045, he found himself engaged to make the journey to Hungary with the emperor Henry III, called the Black, and several princes of Germany, who were going to re-establish king Peter on his throne. The emperor and all his court, on leaving Austria, went to lodge at the castle of Rosenbour, near the town of Ips on the Danube, at the entrance of Upper Hungary. As they were sitting down to table, the floor of the hall suddenly gave way, and brought down with it under the ruins all the guests. Most of them were crushed or maimed, several died on the spot. The emperor, who had fortunately caught hold of a window, was the only one who was not hurt or who was but slightly. The holy bishop of Würzburg had his body so broken that he could not

even be carried out of the castle. He died on the seventh day after this fatal accident, which had happened on the night of 20 May. His body was brought back to Würzburg, where it was placed with great solemnity in the crypt of his cathedral church, of which he was styled the founder in his epitaph.

Aventinus, says Baronius, has written in his Annals of Bavaria numerous falsehoods on the subject of Saint Bruno, bishop of Würzburg. To the impudent inventions of this calumniator one may oppose the registers of Gregory IX and of Innocent IV. There are found in them letters of these two pontiffs which attest the miracles of the holy bishop. Here is a passage from the letter of Gregory IX: "According to what our venerable brother, the bishop Herman, our dear son, the dean of the chapter, the chapter itself and the people of Würzburg have made known to us by their letters and their envoys, the Lord grants a fair glory to the pious memory of Bruno, bishop of Würzburg; he makes so many miracles shine forth at his tomb that it seems to us fitting to invoke him with the other Saints."

Taken from Rass and Weis, vol. vi, p. 514. See the Bollandists, vol. iv, May; Trithemius, de Script. eccles.; Ignatius Gropp, Benedictine of Saint-Stephen at Würzburg, Collectio novissima scriptorum et rerum Wirceburgensium, vol. i, p. 83; vol. ii, p. 103 usque ad 113, 60G and 681; and the Proprium Herbipolense. — Godescard, Brussels edition; Baronius, notes to the martyrology.

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[1] Saint Restituta was not forgotten at Carthage: it is thought that it was to this holy Martyr that was consecrated the great basilica known by her name, in which some councils were held and where Saint Augustine delivered several discourses. She was born at Ponizara, according to the Proper of Naples.

[2] There is no agreement on the place where these Martyrs suffered. Father Labbe inclines for Nyon, on the lake of Geneva; others for Nouiodunon, in Bulgaria. It is impossible to decide the question, say the Bollandists.

[3] They were natives of Egypt.

[4] See his Life on the preceding day, the 16th.

[5] A city of Illyria, native place of the Blessed, called Dyrrachium by the ancients.

[6] History of the Illustrious Men of Saint Dominic, vol. ii, p. 034.

[7] Bossuet, vol. x, Instruction on the States of Prayer, book i, p. 11 and following.

[8] Ibid.

[9] *De Bel*, c. 2, lib. ii; *de Orat. M.*, c. 12.

[10] He speaks of the secret ways by which God sometimes leads privileged souls.

[11] Feller, art. Rusbroch, Taulère, Armelle, John of the Cross.

[12] See Touron, Hist. of the Illustrious Men of Saint Dominic, vol. ii, p. 3o0 and following, and the *Spirit of the Saints*, by the Abbé Grimes.

[13] The funeral monument which was erected to him is still seen along one of the sides of the new temple of this city, there where was formerly the cloister of the Dominicans, if at least the cannon-ball and the incendiary shell of the Badeners have left anything standing in 1870. It is only a simple tombstone on which his portrait is roughly traced life-size. It is known that at this period this fashion was universally adopted, in cloisters above all.

[14] Venial sin of itself and directly does not lead to hell, but it leads there indirectly by drawing us into mortal sin.

[15] The *coulpe* is called, in some religious orders, a sort of public confession, which takes place at fixed times.

[16] Book xxii, *de Civit.*, c. 8.

[17] Montanus.

[18] D. Lelong.

[19] Flodoard.

[20] Id., book i.

18 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Camerino, Saint Venantius, martyr, who, at the age of fifteen years, completed the course of his glorious martyrdom by beheading, under the emperor Decius and the president Antiochus, with ten other Christians. — In Egypt, Saint Dioscorus, reader, on whom the judge exercised all kinds of cruelties, even to burning his sides with torches; but a heavenly light, suddenly bursting forth, frightened the executioners, who fell to the ground: finally, he was burned with red-hot plates,[1] and thus consummated his martyrdom. — At Spoleto, Saint Felix, bishop, who gathered the palm of martyrdom under the emperor Maximian.[2] — In Egypt, Saint Potamon, bishop, who confessed the faith first under Maximian-Galerius, and was afterwards crowned with martyrdom under the emperor Constantius and the president Philagrius, an Arian.[3] 341. — At Ancyra, in Galatia, Saint Theodotus, martyr, and the holy Thecusa, his aunt, Alexandra, Claudia, Phaina, Euphrasia, Matrona and Julitta, virgins, who were first exposed in an infamous place by the judge, but the power of God guarded them, and then they were thrown into a marsh with a stone at the neck. Theodotus having gathered their relics, and having given them an honourable burial, the judge had him arrested, torn most cruelly, and finally despatched with a sword-stroke, which gained him the crown of martyrdom. About 304. — At Uppsala, in Sweden, Saint Eric, king and martyr. 1151. — At Rome, Saint Felix, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, illustrious for his evangelical charity and his simplicity, whom Pope Clement XI placed in the rank of the Saints. 1587.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Reims, Saint Mérolilaiq, Scottish priest, whom robbers massacred on the banks of the river Aisne, as he was going on pilgrimage to Saint Peter's at Rome. His body, having been buried secretly, was afterwards discovered by heavenly revelations, which made his merit known. His relics were in the church of Saint-Symphorien, at Reims. 8th c. — At Toulouse, the Blessed William of Naurose, of the Order of the Hermits called of Saint Augustine. 1369. — At Salesches, in Hainaut, Saint Quinibert, parish priest of that place, whose memory was celebrated in the abbeys of Liesse, of Le Quesnoy and of Maroilles. 9th c. — In the Auxerrois, the decease of Saint Corcodemus, deacon, disciple of Saint Peregrinus.[4] 4th c. — At Varzy, in the diocese of Nevers, feast of the translation of the relics of Saint Eugenia, martyr, which took place on 18 May 923.[5]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Reggio, in Bruttium, Saint Arsenius the Younger, abbot, of the Order of Saint Basil.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Rome, Saint Felix.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers At Constantinople, the saints Urban, Theodore, Menedemus, and seventy-seven others, priests, clerics and laymen, martyrs. The Arians embarked them on a disabled ship to which they set fire in the open sea. 370. — In Persia, Saint Sira, virgin and martyr. She was sister-in-law of Saint Golinducha, whose cult was celebrated at Constantinople in the church of Saint Tryphon. Golinducha lived in concubinage when grace spoke to her heart and made of a sinner a Saint. As to Saint Sira, she was a young girl belonging to a rich pagan family: a Christian priest made of her a heroine of chastity and of faith. 558. — At Glasgow, in Scotland, Saint Convallus, archdeacon, disciple of Saint Kentigern. His apostolic labours merited him the honour of having a proper office in the Breviary of Aberdeen. 7th c. — At San Severino, in the March of Ancona, the Blessed Camilla Gentilli, of the family of the counts of Novellaua, victim of the civil and intestine wars which desolated Italy in the 14th century, the Blessed Camilla was put to death by her husband for having continued to keep up relations with her mother, against whom the lord Gentilli had vowed a hatred as implacable as it was unjust. Pope Gregory XVI approved, in 1841, the cult which had been rendered to the Blessed Camilla from time immemorial. — At Shaftesbury,[6] in the county of Dorset, in England, Saint ifilgife or Elgive, wife of king Edmund, mother of the kings Edwy and Edgar the Pious. Edwy, abandoned to the caprices of a courtesan, made a premature end:

it is said that his holy mother obtained for him the grace of a late conversion. Saint Elvige was buried in a monastery which she had founded at Shaftesbury. About 921.

Saint Venantius of Camerino, Martyr

250. — Pope: Saint Fabian. — Emperor: Decius.

The city of Camerino, in Italy, was the place of birth and the theatre of the martyrdom of the glorious Saint Venantius. He began, from the age of fifteen years, to give striking marks of his zeal for the publication of the Gospel and to announce Jesus Christ everywhere. As he made many conversions, he was soon denounced to Antiochus, governor of Camerino, by the emperor Decius, cruel persecutor of the Christians. Having learned that this prefect had given orders to arrest him, he forestalled him; and, having presented himself before him at the gate of the city, he said to him with a truly apostolic firmness: “The gods whom you adore, Antiochus, are only inventions of the demon. They were men or women, and their life was filled with all sorts of crimes; are not these defects incompatible with the true divinity? Acknowledge therefore one only God, Creator of heaven and earth, whose only Son became man, and died on the cross to deliver us from the tyranny of sin.” The fury of the governor prevented the generous confessor of Jesus Christ from saying more: not being able to endure the contempt which he showed for his gods, he had him seized by his soldiers and commanded them to make him endure all imaginable tortures; which was done in the most cruel manner.

In fact, these barbarians tied the young Venantius to a post and scourged him with so much inhumanity that he would have expired under the rigour of this torment, if an angel, descended from heaven, had not broken his chains and driven off his executioners. But these wretches, instead of letting themselves be touched by this marvel, returned to the charge and, hanging him with his feet up and his head down, burned his body with blazing torches; they also opened his mouth and did what they could to suffocate him with smoke. Venantius suffered these tortures with so much constancy that several were converted to the faith, among others Anastasius the Corniculary:[1] having seen an angel, clothed in a white robe, who loosed the Saint a second time, he believed in Jesus Christ and was baptized with all his family by the Blessed Porphyry, priest, and afterwards shed his blood for the faith.

Antiochus believed Venantius already dead: he was extremely surprised to learn the manner in which he had been delivered, and, hoping always to bend him, on account of his age, he had him brought into his presence, and tried to win him by gentleness and by promises; but, seeing that the heart of the holy young man was insensible, he had him thrown into a dark prison, where, some time after, he sent him a soldier named Attalus, to seduce him by artifice: Attalus was to pretend that he himself had formerly been a Christian; but that, having recognized the folly of the Christians, who deprive themselves of the pleasures of life for a vain hope of goods to come, he had renounced their religion to embrace the adoration of the gods. The Saint, discovering the snare which the demon laid for him, despised the remonstrances of this impious man and remained firm in the faith. Then the tyrant, irritated more than ever, commanded that Venantius be brought before him; and, having had his teeth cruelly broken and his gums torn in his presence, he had him thrown in this state into a sewer, thinking that he would be suffocated there; but he did not remain there long: for an angel drew him out at once to dispose him for greater combats and a more glorious triumph. The prefect, being warned of it, sent him to the magistrate of the city to receive his condemnation. This judge spoke to him with much heat and fury; but, as the servant of God continued to publish the vanity of the idols and the truth of our holy religion which this judge would not acknowledge, he fell from his seat and expired saying: “The God of Venantius is the true God, you ought to adore him and destroy our false divinities.” This accident having been reported to Antiochus, he commanded that the Saint should at that very hour be exposed to the lions, to be torn by them. These cruel animals ran at once to him; but, instead of devouring him, they placed themselves at his feet like lambs and left him the liberty of preaching once more to the people the faith of Jesus Christ. The executioners were therefore constrained to take him back to prison.

The next day, Porphyry, that holy priest of whom we have spoken, came to find the governor, and related to him a vision which he had had the night before, in which all those who had been baptized by Saint Venantius had appeared to him all shining with light; and he himself, on the contrary, surrounded with very thick darkness. Antiochus, transported with anger, had his head cut off on the spot, and commanded that Venantius be dragged, the rest of the day, over brambles and thorns; which was executed with such cruelty that he remained half dead. However, having been miraculously healed, he presented himself, the very next day, before the tyrant. The latter had him at once cast down from the top of a rock; but this torture had no more success than the others, and the Saint received no harm from his fall; the governor, more and more furious, had him dragged a thousand paces outside the city, over roads strewn with stones and pebbles. The executioners had grown so hot in this execution that they could do no more for thirst. Then Venantius, animated by that heavenly love which makes one cherish one's greatest enemies, having pity on them, betook himself to prayer, and, making the sign of the cross over a stone, caused to come forth from it a spring of living water, which served them as refreshment. This stone, on which, in memory of the miracle, the knees of the Saint remained imprinted, is still seen now at Camerino, in a church dedicated under his name. Several persons were converted at the sight of this marvel, and, persisting in the confession of Jesus Christ, were condemned to have their heads cut off. Venantius accompanied them in this torment, and ended gloriously his combats, giving the last drop of his blood for Jesus Christ.

The death of so many innocents was followed by earthquakes and thunders so frightful that Antiochus, quite terrified, was forced to take flight; but he could not avoid the divine vengeance: some days after, he died miserably in punishment of his cruelty. The body of Saint Venantius and those of his companions were taken up by the Christians, who took care to bury them honourably, and they repose in the church of which we have just spoken.

Saint Venantius having died at fifteen, there is every reason to believe that the military equipment and the banner, with which the inhabitants of Camerino like to represent their Patron, designate a soldier of Jesus Christ rather than a soldier of the emperors, unless Saint Venantius were a child of the regiment, as they say. One might further say, to explain these attributes, "that, in the Middle Ages, the patrons of cities were considered as knights." On the coins and medals which Camerino has had struck in honour of its Patron, the Saint holds, in the hand opposite to that which bears the standard, a relief plan of the city which he protects. The fountain, which he caused to spring forth, may further serve to characterize Saint Venantius.

The Roman martyrology makes memory of Saint Venantius on 18 May, on which day his feast is celebrated, by a decree of Clement X, with a proper office. It is thence that we have drawn this Life; and this office must doubtless pass as authentic, however extraordinary the marvels which we have related in it. Cardinal Baronius admits, it is true, in his Remarks, that the Acts of this holy Martyr, which he saw at Camerino, are full of apocryphal things; but the Church has cut out the falsehoods, and has given us of them only what she judged to be conformable to truth. We have borrowed the Characteristic from Father Cahier.

Saint Theodotus, Innkeeper, and the Seven Virgins, Martyrs

303. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Roman Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

He took for his shield, in temptations, temperance, which he called the principle of all goods.

Acts of Saint Theodotus.

Theodotus was of the city of Ancyra, capital of Galatia. From his childhood, he was brought up in the maxims of a solid piety, by the care of a pious virgin named Thecusa. Having married, he took an inn and set about selling wine. In spite of the dangers which are found in this profession, he showed himself always just, temperate and zealous for the practice of all the duties of Christianity. Although in the flower of his age, he despised all the goods of the world; fasting, prayer and alms made his delight. Not only did he relieve the

poor in their needs, but he also brought sinners to penance; he had also encouraged several of the faithful to suffer martyrdom. His maxim was that it is more glorious for a Christian to live in poverty than to possess riches, which cannot be useful when one does not employ them in succouring the indigent, those especially who are persecuted for the faith. He condemned a soft and idle life, saying that it enervates a soldier of Jesus Christ, and that a man given to pleasure cannot aspire to the crown of martyrdom. His exhortations were so efficacious that they drew several persons out of disorder. God honoured him with the gift of miracles. It is read in his acts that he healed several sick persons by praying over them or by touching them with his hand. He was not frightened at the persecution kindled by Diocletian, because he had lived all his life as a man who disposes himself to shed his blood for Jesus Christ. The edict published at Nicomedia in 303 soon reached Galatia, which had Theoctenus for governor. He was a cruel man who, to pay court to the prince, had promised him to exterminate in a short time the Christian name throughout the extent of his province. Scarcely had the report of the arrival of the edict spread at Ancyra when the greater part of the faithful took flight. Several hid in the deserts and on the mountains. Among the pagans there was nothing but feasts and rejoicings. They ran to the houses of the Christians, and carried off all that suited them, without meeting any opposition. It would have been dangerous to utter the least complaint. If any Christian showed himself in public, he had to choose between suffering for his religion or apostatizing. The most considerable were despoiled of their goods, after which they were led to prison, where they were loaded with irons. Their wives and daughters were dragged ignominiously through the streets: even little children were not spared, whose whole crime was to have received the day from Christian parents.

While the persecution thus made its ravages felt in the city of Ancyra, Theodotus assisted the confessors in prison, and buried the bodies of the martyrs, although it was forbidden, under pain of death, to render them this duty. The governor had ordered that all the provisions necessary for the nourishment of man be offered to the idols before being exposed for sale: by this the Christians saw themselves reduced either to die of hunger or to take part in idolatry; they found themselves even in the impossibility of making their offering at the altar. Theodotus had fortunately provided himself with an ample supply of corn and wine which had not been defiled by the sacrilegious ceremonies of the pagans. He sold them at the price they had cost him; which put the faithful in a state to furnish pure oblations to the altar, and to procure food which they could use without wounding their conscience, and without giving umbrage to the idolaters. It was thus that, by the favour of a profession authorized by the laws, the tavern of Theodotus was changed into an asylum for all the Christians of the city; that his house became a place of prayer where they assembled to adore the true God; that the sick found in it an infirmary, and strangers a sure hospice. The fear of being discovered did not prevent him from seizing all occasions of making his zeal for the glory of God shine forth.

Victor, one of his friends, was arrested about the same time. The priests of Diana accused him of having said of Apollo that he had corrupted his own sister, and that it was a shame for the Greeks to honour as a god one who was guilty of a crime which the most shameless libertines dared not commit. The judge offered him pardon if he would conform to the edict of the emperors. “Obey,” he said to him, “and your submission will be rewarded by honourable charges. Know that in case of obstinacy, you must expect cruel torments, and the most painful death. Your goods will be confiscated, all your family will perish, and your body, after having undergone all sorts of tortures, will be devoured by furious dogs.” Theodotus, informed of the danger which his friend ran, ran to the prison where he was shut up; he exhorted him strongly to rise above the threats of the persecutors, and to despise all the promises that were employed to ravish from him the crown due to perseverance. Victor, strengthened by this exhortation, felt himself animated with a new courage, and he suffered the tortures patiently, as long as he remembered the instructions which Theodotus had given him. Already he touched the end of his career, but his firmness abandoned him all at once; he asked time to deliberate on the proposals that had been made him. He was taken back to prison, where he died of his wounds, without having explained himself further. He left by this the faithful in uncertainty as to his salvation. This is what has rendered his reputation doubtful in the Church, and what has deprived him of the

honour which is rendered there to the memory of the martyrs.

There was, some miles from Ancyra, a borough named Malos. Theodotus, by a particular disposition of Providence, arrived there precisely at the moment when they were about to cast into the river Halys the remains of the body of the holy martyr Valens, who, after divers tortures, had been condemned to be burned alive. He had the happiness of procuring these precious relics; he carried them therefore with him to deposit them in a safe place. When he was at some distance from the borough, he met several persons of his acquaintance. They were Christians whom their own relatives had delivered to the persecutors, for having overthrown an altar of Diana, and to whom the Saint had lately procured the recovery of liberty; they were charmed to see him, and they rendered him thanks as to the common benefactor of all the afflicted. Theodotus, on his side, showed great joy at the sight of the confessors of Jesus Christ; he begged them to accept some refreshment before passing on. All having sat down on the grass, he sent to invite the priest of the borough to come and eat with them, that he might recite the prayers which were said before the meal,[1] those in which the help of heaven was implored for travellers. Those who had been sent met the priest, who was coming out of the church after Sext, or the prayer of the sixth hour;[2] but they did not know him at first. He related to them a dream which he had had, then followed them to the place where the faithful were. He offered them all to come and take their meal in his house. Theodotus excused himself, saying that his presence was necessary at Ancyra, and that the confessors of that city had a pressing need of his help. They dined therefore on the grass. The meal finished, Theodotus said to the priest, named Fronto: “This place seems to me very fit for placing relics. Why do you delay to build a chapel here?” — “It would be necessary before all,” answered the priest, “that we should have relics.” — “God will procure you some,” replied Theodotus; “have care only to prepare the building to receive them; I assure you that they will not delay to come.” He draws at the same time his ring from his finger, and gives it to Fronto, as a pledge of the promise he had made him, after which he takes again the road to Ancyra. The persecution had caused there an upheaval like that which an earthquake produces.

Among those who had been arrested for the faith were seven virgins who, from childhood, had exercised themselves in the practice of virtue. The governor, finding them unshakable in the faith, delivered them to young libertines to outrage them, in contempt of their religion, and to ravish from them that chastity of which they had always been so jealous. They had for defence only the prayers and tears which they offered to Jesus Christ; they protested also against the violence that might be done them. One of the troop of libertines, who surpassed the others in impudence, seized Thecusa, the eldest of the virgins, and drew her apart. She, melting into tears, throws herself at his feet, and speaks to him thus: “My son, what do you intend to do? Consider that we are consumed with old age, with fasts, with maladies and torments. I am more than seventy years old, and my companions are scarcely less aged. It would be very shameful for you to approach persons whose bodies, like corpses, will soon be the prey of the beasts and the birds; for the governor has ordered that we be deprived of burial.” Having then removed her veil to show him her white hair, she added: “Let yourself be softened by what you see; perhaps you have a mother of my age. If that is so, let her become our advocate with you. We ask only the permission to shed tears freely. May Jesus Christ reward you, if, as I hope, you spare us!” So touching a discourse extinguished the impure fire in the heart of the young libertines; they even mingled their tears with those of the seven virgins, and withdrew, detesting the inhumanity of the judge.

Theoctenus, having learned that they had preserved their purity, made use of another means to overcome their constancy. He proposed to have them initiated into the mysteries of Diana and Minerva, and to establish them priestesses of these pretended divinities. The pagans of Ancyra were accustomed to go every year to wash in a neighbouring pond the images of their goddesses. The day of the ceremony having then arrived, the governor forced the virgins to be of the feast. The idols were to be carried in pomp, each in a separate chariot. The seven virgins were also placed in open chariots, and conducted to the pond, to be washed there in the same manner as the statues of Diana and Minerva. They stood, without garments, and thus exposed to the

insolence of the populace. They were at the head of this impious feast; there came afterwards the chariots which carried the idols, and which a great concourse of people followed. Theoctenus, accompanied by his guards, closed the march.

Meanwhile Theodotus was in lively anxiety on account of the seven virgins, and prayed Jesus Christ to make them victorious over all the trials to which they were exposed; he awaited the event in a house near the church of the patriarchs, where he had shut himself up with some other Christians. All remained prostrate and in prayer from the break of day until noon, when they learned that Thecusa and her six companions had been drowned in the pond. Then Theodotus, transported with joy, raised himself on his knees; then, his eyes bathed in tears, he lifted his hands to heaven, and thanked the Lord aloud for having heard his prayers. He asked then how the thing had passed. It was answered him by an eye-witness that the virgins had been insensible to the flatteries and the promises of the governor; that they had repelled with indignation the former priestesses of Diana and Minerva, who presented them the crown and the white robe, as a mark of the priesthood which was being conferred on them; that the governor had ordered that great stones be tied to their necks, and that they be thrown in at the place where the pond was deepest; that the order having been executed, they had lost life beneath the waters.

Theodotus deliberated with Polychronus, master of the house where he was, on the means that could be taken to draw from the pond the bodies of the holy martyrs; but it was learned toward evening that the difficulty had become still greater, because the governor had posted guards near the pond. This news caused a lively grief to Theodotus: he left his company at once to go to the church of the patriarchs. He could not enter it; the pagans had walled up the door. Having prostrated himself outside near the apse where the altar was, he prayed some time; thence he betook himself to the church of the Fathers, of which the door was also walled up: but while, prostrate on the ground, he poured out his soul in the presence of God, a great noise came to strike his ears. He imagined that he was being pursued; he fled, and returned to the house of Polychronus, where he passed the night. While he slept, Thecusa appeared to him, and spoke to him thus: “You sleep, my son, without thinking of us. Would you have forgotten the instructions which I gave you in your youth, and the pains I took to lead you to virtue, against the expectation of your parents? When I lived upon the earth, you honoured me as your mother; but you neglect me after my death, and you do not render me the last duties. Would you have our bodies become the prey of the fishes? You must make haste, because a great combat awaits you in two days. Rise then, and go to the pond; but beware of a traitor.”

Theodotus on waking rose, and related the vision he had had to those who were in the house. When day had come, two Christians approached the pond to reconnoitre the guard. It had been hoped that the soldiers would have withdrawn on account of the feast of Diana; but they were mistaken. The faithful redoubled their prayers, and were without eating until evening; then they went out, carrying sharpened scythes to cut the cords which held the holy bodies tied to the stones. The night was very dark, the moon and the stars gave no light. Having arrived at the place where the executions were done, and where no one dared go after sunset, they were seized with horror at meeting the severed heads which had been fixed on stakes, as well as the hideous remains of burned bodies; but they heard a voice which called Theodotus by his name, and which told him to advance without fear. Frightened anew, they made the sign of the cross on their forehead,[3] and they saw at that instant a luminous cross on the side of the east. Having knelt down, they adored God and continued their way. The darkness was so great that they could not see one another. There fell at the same time a heavy rain which spoiled the road so that they could scarcely support themselves.

In the midst of so many difficulties, they again had recourse to prayer, and were heard. They saw suddenly a torch which showed them the road they were to hold. In the same instant two men clothed in shining garments appeared to them, and said: “Take courage, Theodotus, the Lord Jesus has written your name among those of the martyrs; he sends us to receive you. It is we who are called Fathers. You will find near the pond Saint Sosander armed, whose sight terrifies the guards: but you ought not to have brought a traitor

with you.”

Meanwhile the storm continued, and the thunder rumbled horribly. The tempest, accompanied by a furious wind, greatly incommoded the guards, who, in spite of that, remained always at their post: but when they saw a man armed at all points and surrounded with flames, they were so frightened that they fled into the huts of the neighbourhood. The faithful, by the favour of their guide, came to the edge of the pond. The wind blew with so much violence that, driving the water toward the banks, it uncovered the bottom where the bodies of the virgins were. Theodotus and his companions having drawn them out, carried them away and buried them near the church of the patriarchs. The names of the seven virgins were Thecusa, Alexandria, Claudia, Euphrasia, Matrona, Julitta and Phaina.

The next day the whole city was in an uproar on occasion of the report which spread that the bodies of the seven virgins had been carried off. As soon as a Christian appeared, he was arrested at once to be put to the question. Theodotus, learning that a great number had already been seized, wished to go and give himself up, and avow the fact; but he was prevented by the brethren. Meanwhile Polychronus, disguised as a peasant, betook himself to the public square, to be better assured of all that was passing in the city. He was recognized in spite of his disguise, and brought before the governor, who had him put to the question. He suffered at first with patience; but he could not hold out against the idea of the death with which he was threatened. He said that Theodotus had carried off the bodies of the seven virgins, and indicated the place where they had been buried. The governor ordered on the spot that they should go and exhume them, and burn them. The Christians recognized then that Polychronus was the traitor against whom they had been warned to be on guard.

Theodotus, informed of the treachery of the unhappy Polychronus, saw well that his hour had come. He bade farewell to the brethren, asked of them the help of their prayers, and thought no more than of preparing himself for the combat. He himself prayed long with them, in order to obtain of God the end of the persecution and the peace of the Church; they then embraced one another on both sides with many tears. Theodotus, having made the sign of the cross on all his body,[4] marched with an intrepid step to the place of combat. He met two townsmen, his friends, who exhorted him to provide for his safety while there was still time. “The priestesses of Diana and Minerva,” they said to him, “are at present with the governor, to whom they accuse you of turning the people from adoring their goddesses! Polychronus is there too to maintain what he has advanced touching the carrying off of the holy bodies.” — “If you still love me,” answered Theodotus, “make no efforts to turn me from my design; go rather and tell the governor that he whom they accuse of impiety is at the door, and asks audience.”

Having thus spoken, he went ahead, and appeared suddenly in the presence of his accusers. When he had entered, he looked smiling at the fire, the wheels, the racks and the other instruments of torture that had been prepared. Theoctenus told him that it was in his power not to suffer the tortures with which he was threatened; he offered him his friendship, assured him of the benevolence of the emperor, and promised to make him governor of the city and priest of Apollo, if he would labour to undeceive the Christians, and to make them renounce the worship of that Jesus who had been crucified under Pilate. Theodotus, in his reply, set forth the greatness, the holiness, the miracles of Jesus Christ; at the same time he showed the impiety and extravagance of idolatry, above all by the detail of the infamous crimes which were attributed to the gods by the poets and historians. His discourse threw the pagans into a strange fury. The priestesses of Diana and Minerva were so transported with rage that they tore their hair, rent their garments and broke into pieces the crowns which they wore on their heads. There was nothing but confused cries among the populace, who demanded justice against the enemy of the gods.

Theodotus was therefore stretched on the rack. Each of the pagans hastened to torment him, to signalize his zeal for his pretended divinities. Several executioners, who relieved one another in turn, tore his body with iron claws. Vinegar was then poured on his wounds, and burning torches were applied to them. The martyr,

feeling the odour of his burned flesh, turned his head a little. The governor at this movement believed that he was yielding to the violence of the tortures. “You suffer,” he said to him, “only for having failed in respect to the emperor and despised the gods.” — “You are mistaken,” answered Theodotus, “if you attribute to cowardice the movement of the head that I made. I complain only of the little courage of the ministers of your orders. Make yourself obeyed, then; invent new tortures to see what strength Jesus Christ inspires in those who suffer for him. Know at last that whoever is sustained by the grace of the Saviour is superior to all the power of men.” The governor, who was beside himself with rage, had his jaws struck and his teeth broken with stones. “You can,” said the martyr to him, “still have my tongue cut out; God hears even the silence of his servants.”

The executioners were exhausted in strength, while Theodotus appeared insensible to suffering. The governor sent him back to prison, reserving him, however, for new tortures. The martyr, passing through the square, showed his body all torn, as a mark of the power of Jesus Christ and of the strength which he communicates to those who remain faithful to him, of whatever condition they be. “It is just,” he said, pointing out his wounds, “to offer similar sacrifices to him who has given us the example, and who deigned to immolate himself for us.” Five days after, the governor had him appear again before his tribunal. He was stretched anew on the rack, and all his wounds were reopened; he was then laid on the ground covered with pieces of tile red-hot with fire. This horrible torture not being able to shake his constancy, he suffered for a third time that of the rack. At last the governor condemned him to lose his head; he ordered at the same time that his body should be burned, lest the Christians should give it burial.

When Theodotus had arrived at the place of execution, he thanked Jesus Christ for having sustained him by his grace in the midst of his torments, and for having chosen him to be one of the citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem; he prayed him also to put an end to the persecution, to have pity on his afflicted Church, to restore to it at last peace. Having then turned toward the Christians who accompanied him, he said: “Weep not for my death; but bless rather Our Lord Jesus Christ, who has made me finish happily my course, and gain the victory over the enemy. When I shall be in heaven, I shall address myself to God with confidence, and I shall pray him for you.”[5] After having thus spoken, he received with joy the stroke which consummated his sacrifice. The pyre on which his body was laid appeared surrounded with so brilliant a light that no one dared approach it to kindle it. The governor, having learned it, commanded soldiers to guard the head and the trunk of the martyr in that place. On that very day, Fronto, priest of Malos, came to Ancyra to seek the relics which Theodotus had promised him; he brought also the ring which the Saint had left him as a pledge of his promise. He had come with a she-ass laden with wine, coming from a vine which he cultivated with his own hands. He arrived only at the beginning of the night. His ass, exhausted with fatigue, fell down near the pyre, by an effect of Providence. The guards invited Fronto to stay with them, assuring him that he would be better than in any other inn. They had made a hut with branches of willows and reeds, and had lighted a fire near it. As their supper was ready, they proposed to Fronto to eat with them. He accepted the proposal, and gave them to taste his wine, which they found excellent, and of which some drank till they were a little heated.

In the conversation, they related what they had suffered on the subject of the carrying off of the seven virgins, which they said had been done by a man of bronze; they added that they were then guarding the body of that man. The priest begged them to explain themselves and to put him in possession of this adventure. One of the troop related to him in detail what had happened to the seven virgins, and in what manner their bodies had been drawn from the pond. He said then that a certain Theodotus, townsman of Ancyra, had suffered the most frightful tortures with an insensibility which led them to give him the title of man of bronze; that the governor had condemned him to death; that they were charged to guard his body, and that they must expect a rigorous punishment if it were taken from them.

Fronto thanked God for this discovery, and prayed him to assist him in the circumstance in which he found himself. After supper, he watched for the moment when the guards would be deeply asleep. Having nothing

more to fear on their part, he took the body of the martyr, put his ring back on his finger, and loaded it with the head on the back of his ass. When she was on the road, he let her go alone, and she returned of herself to the borough of Malos, where a church was afterwards built under the invocation of Saint Theodotus. It was thus that was accomplished the promise which the holy martyr had made to Fronto to furnish him with relics.

The attributes given to Saint Theodotus are the counter, which recalls his profession, the torch and the sword which were the instruments of his death. *Taken from the genuine Acts, published by Dom Ruinart. Their author is Nilus, who, imprisoned with Theodotus, had been eye-witness of all that he reports. See Tillemont, etc.*

Saint Felix of Cantalice, Capuchin

1513–1587. — Popes: Leo X; Sixtus V.

Let us beware of confirming, by our indolence, this proposition of Saint Bernard: "There are more who are converted from vice to virtue than there are whose fervour takes ceaselessly new increase.

This good religious was born at Cantalice, at the foot of the Apennine mountain, on the confines of Umbria or of the duchy of Spoleto, in the year of grace 1513. His parents were poor and labourers by profession, but they had much piety; and, as the father was called Saint and the mother Sainte, they did not belie by their life and actions the excellence of their name. Saint gave a fine testimony of it, when, seeing a daughter of his eldest son expire, he said to her with tears, but with a prophetic spirit: "Go in peace, my little Sainte, with the blessing of God and mine, I shall follow you soon: next Saturday I hope to see you." What he had predicted came to pass indeed, although, when he uttered these words, he was in full health. Felix was the third of four children which he had of his marriage. Brought up very carefully in this domestic school, he made at first such great progress in virtue that he was already considered as a Saint. The children, when they saw him approach, said to one another, out of respect: "Here is Felix, here is the Saint." As soon as he was in a state to render some service to the family, his father employed him in keeping the cattle in the country; and there, while his companions slept at night, or by day took some diversion, he withdrew secretly, and, throwing himself on his knees at the foot of an oak, before a cross which he had engraved there, he made his prayers and meditated the sorrows of Our Lord in his Passion; besides this, he recited, as often as he could, the Pater and the Ave Maria.

At the age of twelve, he hired himself out as a shepherd to a lord named Marcus Tullius Pichi or Picarelli. Then he added to his ordinary devotions holy communion and more frequent assistance at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. To hear it, he sometimes abandoned his flocks to Providence, which sent a mysterious guardian: many persons have affirmed that they saw this unknown and extraordinary shepherd. When Felix was older and stronger to take care of them, he was applied by his master to the plough and to the other labours of rustic life: he gave everywhere proofs of his virtue. He was extremely sober, very exact in observing the fasts commanded by the Church; and although he worked the whole day, nevertheless, on those days, he ate only once toward evening. He was the declared enemy of lying, of murmurs and of evil talk, and, to avoid them the better, he spoke little. He was always humble, patient and so full of gentleness that when anyone offended him, he took no other vengeance than saying to him: "Go, may you become a Saint!" He took pleasure in hearing good books read. As one day he was listening attentively to the life of the holy anchorites of Egypt, he conceived so great a desire of imitating them that he already proposed to make himself a hermit; but, returning into himself and considering the perils of the solitary life, he resolved rather to take the habit of the Friars Minor with the reform of the Capuchins; one of his cousins wishing to turn him from it, on account of the rigour of their life which is so austere, he said to him in two words: "That he wished to be a religious in good earnest, or not meddle with it." God strengthened him in this resolution by a rather strange accident.

As he was a very good ploughman, he was one day given the commission of breaking in and training to the yoke two young bulls. Scarcely were they yoked when the lord Tullius, his master, having presented himself unexpectedly, dressed in black, these animals took fright; furious, they began to run impetuously. As Felix wished to stop them, they threw him to the ground, trampled him under foot and passed the plough over his body; he should have died a thousand times from this accident; nevertheless, by a singular providence of God, he received no harm from it, although all his clothes were in pieces. The servant and the master recognized the finger of the Most High, who does not like the execution of promises made to him to be put off; Felix had therefore no difficulty in obtaining his leave to consecrate himself to the service of a greater Master, in the Order of Capuchins: he came to find the guardian of the convent of Civita-Ducale, not far from Cantalice, to ask him for the habit of his Order. In vain this Father set before him how hard and painful is the life of a Capuchin, he only inflamed the desires of Felix. He led him then into the church, and, showing him on a black cross the Lord all bloody, all livid, he said: “Behold, young man, what Jesus Christ has suffered for us.” At this sight, and at the pathetic tone of the religious, Felix felt his heart moved and shed abundant tears. These pious sentiments seemed to the Father guardian a new mark of vocation: he therefore sent the young postulant, with a letter of recommendation, to Rome, to the Provincial. He was then nearly thirty years old; he was made to do his noviciate at the convent of Ascoli. He appeared there, from the first day, wholly penetrated with the spirit of his Order. Often he threw himself at the feet of the master of novices, begging him to double his mortifications and to treat him with more rigour than the others, who were, to hear him, more docile than he, and more inclined to virtue.

He made his vows in 1545. Four years after, his superiors sent him to Rome; there he exercised for forty years the office of questor, in the most edifying manner. During his quests, he said from time to time to his companion: “Let us go, my brother, the rosary in hand, the eyes on the ground and the mind in heaven.” He observed a very rigorous silence, for he scarcely spoke at all; and, when he did so, it was always with great simplicity and extreme gentleness. And what is admirable, although in his youth he had been brought up in the rusticity of country people, he had nevertheless very polished manners, which made him loved as much as his holiness made him admired. His gait, his bearing alone sufficed to inspire piety. As his office prevented him from visiting the sick during the day, he failed not, at night, to see them one after another, and to relieve them in all that was possible to him. He was not content with those of the convent: he sought them throughout the whole city of Rome, as far as obedience and his charge permitted, and those whom he saw most willingly were the most needy and those whose maladies might give the most repugnance. He employed Sundays and feasts in visiting the public hospitals, to serve the poor there. His charity extended to all the afflicted, to whom he distributed not only consolations, but reliefs. When he perceived some bashful poor, he succoured them at once; he begged for their necessities with more affection than if they had been his own: it is thus that he saved several persons from dishonour and despair. He was so zealous for the glory of God that he made fraternal correction indifferently to great and small; and when he met some young debauchee in the street, he stopped him short to make him a salutary remonstrance. Two gentlemen had drawn the sword to settle their quarrel: they were in the greatest heat of the duel: Brother Felix came up very opportunely, and, from the farthest he saw them, he cried to them with all his might: Deo gratias, my brothers; Deo gratias; say both: Deo gratias! They were scarcely then in a state to listen to anyone; nevertheless the word of Felix had so much force on them that they stopped short, and both said: Deo gratias! Afterwards, they took for arbiter of their difference the holy brother, who reconciled them and made them excellent friends. He had no less wisdom than zeal in the corrections which he made. One day, when he was at the house of a judge of the city who was called Bernardine Biscia, there was brought to this judge a young calf with a letter full of compliments to recommend a lawsuit to him. He read it, and, during this time, this animal made itself heard with bellowing. The Blessed Felix took advantage of it to say to him: “Lord Bernardine, do you hear well the language of this animal? He begs you to give judgment in favour of those who send him to you; but take care to do nothing against your conscience, for fear that on the day of

judgment these gifts may be to your confusion." He had the repartee so prompt and so adroit that he turned everything to the glory of God and the edification of the neighbour. Having once promised some little crosses to the princess Colonna, it happened by chance that he was obliged to distribute them to other persons. The princess complained of it, and said to him agreeably: "That is fine, my brother, to promise and not to keep." — "But how many things," replied Brother Felix, "do we promise to God, that we do not keep to him?"

He contracted a close friendship with Saint Philip Neri, who was then at Rome; and, every time they met together, they saluted one another with affection, but in a very new fashion: for they wished one another the torments of the scourge, the wheel, the rack and all sorts of other torments for Jesus Christ, and often they remained both a long time without speaking, as if seized and wholly transported with joy.

What shall we say after that of the other virtues of our Blessed? He had so much esteem for obedience that he remained with joy all his life in the most humiliating office. The cardinal of Santa Severina, protector of the Order, having asked him, in his old age, whether he would not willingly be discharged of his quest, he replied with humility: "Monseigneur, a good soldier ought to die sword in hand, and an ass under his load." He made still more rigorous the extreme poverty of this holy Order. Never did he wear a tunic either in winter or in summer, but only a poor habit extremely short and narrow and all patched. He avoided seeing his relatives, as a thing unworthy of a good religious, and one day when he approached Cantalice, he did not enter it; but as he was obliged to lodge outside, at the house of one of his cousins, seeing that she prepared for him a straw mattress and a blanket, he went away to pass the night under a tree. He could suffer nothing that was against decency; not only had he a horror of free words, but he could not even listen to those which were suspect.

As to his abstinences and his bodily mortifications, it seems that he undertook to renew all the austerities of the ancient Fathers of the Thebaid. He observed exactly all the Lents of the Order and fasted on bread and water all the time which had been sanctified by the fast of his holy patriarch. He had so much hatred of himself that he could not treat himself ill enough to his liking. He lay on boards which he covered with an old mat and had only a log of wood, or at most a faggot of vine-shoots, for pillow. He ordinarily slept only two hours, and three when he was indisposed. He passed the rest of the night in prayers, during which he took the discipline three times, and often as many times during the day. He wore, besides, a shirt of mail under his habit, particularly when he visited the seven churches of Rome. Toward the end of his life he was subject to an irritation of the bowels which caused him extreme pains; but he suffered them so willingly that he called them favours of heaven and roses of paradise; and, when they were sharper, he charmed them with some spiritual canticle which ravished even those who saw him suffer. These holy transports of joy, in the midst of the most burning pains, make sufficiently seen the excellence of his patience. He was always so far from every sort of vanity and self-complacency that he believed himself unworthy to converse with the other brothers: therefore, when he found himself with them, he spoke little or did not speak at all. Never did he permit seculars to kiss his hands (as is the custom in Italy to do out of respect for ecclesiastics and religious), unless he were taken by surprise. And when he foresaw that this must happen, he had this honour rendered to his companion. He had much veneration for priests, and never spoke to them but with very great respect. He always did his utmost to appear only a very simple man, in order to hide the better the particular graces which he received from God. He made use of sandals only in his extreme old age, and when he was asked why he went barefoot: "Because," said he, "I walk more at my ease." He could not bear that anything should be said in his praise, and when it was done he took flight at once.

He had a singular devotion to the most holy Virgin; he fasted on bread and water on all the eves of her feasts, with the entire Lent which Saint Francis made in her honour, from the Octave of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul until her Assumption. He recited his rosary every Saturday, and every day the chaplet, but with so much tenderness that he was often obliged to interrupt it by the excess of sweetness which he felt in his soul. He had so much love and respect for the name of Jesus that he uttered it in every place and on all occasions.

When he met children, he cried to them: “Say: Jesus, my children; say all: Jesus!” At other times, he made them say: Deo gratias! So the little children, who knew his devotion, did not wait for him to command them; but as soon as they saw him from afar, they cried: Deo gratias, Brother Felix; Deo gratias! And he, ravished and weeping for joy, answered them as loud as he could: Deo gratias, my children; God bless you, Deo gratias! When he served Mass, he could scarcely answer it, on account of the tears which he shed in abundance, and the sweetnesses which flooded his heart. His devotion was also very sensible toward the passion of Our Lord; and when he heard it read, principally in Holy Week, he wept so bitterly that he watered the pavement with his tears. His continual meditations acquired him a habitual and so intimate union with God that he was always in contemplation and so far from himself that often he did not know those with whom he was conversing, although his office of questor obliged him to deal with all sorts of persons. It is related that a religious asking him one day how, amid the embarrassment of the world and an infinity of objects so different, he could keep himself always in the presence of God, he answered him: “All the creatures of the earth are capable of raising us to God if we know how to look at them with a single eye.”[1] He slept only about two hours; then he went to the church and remained there in prayer until Prime; then he served the first Mass, at which ordinarily he communicated every day. On feasts and Sundays, he heard several, besides that which he served. Finally, in the evening, on returning from his quest, he never failed to enter the church, where, after a profound reverence, he kissed the ground before the most holy Sacrament.

It was during these visits to Our Lord in the Eucharist that a religious priest, secretly spying what he did, perceived him standing, in the middle of the church, his arms open and as if in ecstasy, crying out and saying with great sighs: “Lord, I commend to you this poor people; I commend to you our benefactors. Mercy, great God, have mercy on them!” After having made this prayer for a quarter of an hour, he stopped short, and remained two or three hours with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross and motionless, as if he had been dead. Another time, he had so violent a transport of love for his Saviour that, running to the high altar, he prayed and conjured the Blessed Virgin to give him during that time her little Jesus; in fact, this good Mother appeared to him, and, to content him, she placed her dear Son in his hands.

All these graces and these great favours of heaven, which could not be hidden, made him so highly considered in Rome that, even during his life, everyone regarded him as a Saint. Being seventy-two years old, God made him know, by revelation, that he would die soon. In fact, some time after, he fell dangerously ill. During his illness, he often stole away from the infirmarian to go to the church, although he was so weak that they were obliged to bring him back fainting and half dead to his cell. It was a cross for him to be laid on a mattress which had been given him against his will, and he believed that this was not dying poor enough, nor as a religious of Saint Francis ought to die. When he had received the last Sacraments, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him followed by a fair troop of angels, to strengthen him in this last passage. He was so ravished with joy at it that he cried out with all his strength: Oh! oh! oh! and remained afterwards nearly half a quarter of an hour with his arms stretched out and raised toward heaven. The enemy of all good wished to tempt him to despair and infidelity; but the man of God stopped him short, saying to him: “That it was his Saviour who was to judge him, and that he could not distrust his mercy; that, besides, he believed all that the holy Catholic Church believes and teaches.” At last he rendered peacefully his soul to his Creator, in the praises of his holy name and of his holy Mother, ending them in this world on 18 May, to go and continue them throughout eternity in heaven. His holiness appeared, after his death, by four very remarkable things: 1° by the change of his body, which, from brown as it was, became as tender and as white as that of a child; 2° by the celebrated translation that was made of it from the common cemetery of the religious, where he had been buried, into a tomb in the church, supported by marble pillars which he had himself asked of the lord Alexander Poggi, assuring him that they would be employed for him; 3° by a liquor which distils continually from his coffin, and which is often the instrument of several marvels; 4° finally, by a miraculous virtue which God has communicated to the oil of the lamp which burns day and night before his sepulchre.

Saint Felix was beatified by Urban VIII in 1625; canonized by Clement XI in 1712; but the Bull of his canonization was published only in 1724, by Benedict XIII. His body is in the church of the Capuchins at Rome. There is a plenary indulgence for those who, having fulfilled the ordinary conditions, visit on the day of his feast a church of his Order.

Saint Felix of Cantalice is represented with a wallet, a keg or a demijohn on his shoulder; a basket or bag on his arm. Sometimes he is accompanied by an ass which helped him in his rounds as questor. On his empty or swollen wallet are traced the words *Deo gratias* which he pronounced with the same piety, whether he was well received or met with refusals. He is also painted sometimes meeting Saint Philip Neri in the street, and giving him to drink from his gourd or bottle covered with wicker. It is known that the Saint recited his chaplet willingly while going through the streets of Rome; that is why there often hangs from his right hand a great chaplet which he tells devoutly. The Bollandists give his authentic portrait in their appendix to the month of May.

See the Bollandists, May, vol. iv and vol. of the new edition, p. 793.

Saint Quinibert, Patron of Salesches

(9th century.)

The life of Saint Quinibert, patron of Salesches, near Le Quesnoy, is scarcely known at all. The religious of Maroilles, consulted by the learned Molanus, were able to establish only his existence, his holiness, and the cult which was paid him in that place. It is likely that he belonged to the community of Maroilles, that he obtained from his superiors to lead the solitary life in a little hermitage raised at Salesches, and that such was the origin of the priory which was afterwards erected there. It is there that he lived in the practice of all the Christian virtues, and that he gave his soul to God. The religious added in their deposition that many miraculous cures had been wrought in that place, at the very epoch when they wrote, by the intercession of the pious solitary, and that a multitude of persons of the country could bear witness to it. There were formerly, in the church of Salesches, a great number of sticks, crutches, and even some carts which were kept as proofs and memorials of the cures wrought on the infirm. All was burned in the wars which desolated the north of France at the end of the 16th century. The abbey of Maroilles had inscribed the name of Saint Quinibert in its Calendar, and his feast was solemnly celebrated there on 18 May. Even today the relics of the Saint are preciously preserved in the village of Salesches, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful, who have inherited, for their worthy Patron, the sentiments of piety of which their ancestors gave them the example.

Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombes.

Saint Eric IX, King of Sweden, Martyr

(1151.)

Gratulemur dulci prosa, Laus Erici gloriosa Prodeat in medium. Ex radice generosa Transplantatur vernans rosa.

From an old Missal, apud Boll.

Eric[1] came from one of the most illustrious families of Sweden. The powerful lord Iward was his father. He applied himself in his youth to cultivating his mind by the study of the sciences, and to forming his heart to all the Christian virtues. When he was of an age to be married, he married Christina, daughter of Ingon IV, king of Sweden.

After the death of Smercher II, the Swedes, touched by the virtues and the fine qualities of Eric, cast their eyes upon him that he might govern them; they placed him therefore on the throne, by virtue of the election

of the Estates, which was made in conformity with the ancient laws of the country. The first care of the new king was to watch over his soul with an extreme attention. He subjected the flesh to the spirit by fasting and the other mortifications of penance; he gave himself assiduously to the exercises of prayer and contemplation, which were his principal delights. His peoples found a father in him, or rather he was the servant of all his subjects. He worked with an untiring application to render them justice. The unfortunate were sure of his protection; they could at any time bring him their complaints, and they were not slow to be delivered from oppression. Often he visited in person the poor sick, and relieved them by abundant alms. Content with his patrimony, he levied no tax on his subjects. Several churches were built by his care. He made wise laws to repress abuses and to assure public tranquillity.

Although he was naturally peaceful, he could not dispense himself from making war. He marched against the Finns, a people given to the superstitions of paganism, and who often came to pillage the lands of his obedience. He won over them a complete victory; but he could not restrain his tears at the sight of the dead bodies stretched on the field of battle. It is very sad, he said, that so many unfortunates should have perished without having received the grace of baptism! When he had entirely subdued Finland, he charged Saint Henry, bishop of Uppsala, to go and preach the faith there, and he had a great number of churches built there.

The piety of Eric became the object of the raillery of some Swedes obstinately attached to paganism. Hatred soon succeeded to raillery. Magnus, son of the king of Denmark, who had ambitious views on the crown of Sweden, put himself at the head of the discontented, and engaged them to conspire against the days of their sovereign. The holy king was hearing Mass on the day after the Ascension, when they came to tell him that the rebels had taken arms and that they were advancing to attack him. He answered with tranquillity: “Let us at least finish the sacrifice; the rest of the feast will be passed elsewhere.”

The Mass finished, he commends himself to God, makes the sign of the cross, and in order to spare the blood of his faithful subjects, who were disposed to sacrifice their lives for his defence, he marches alone before his guards. The conspirators, having joined him, throw themselves upon him with fury, overthrow him from his horse, make him suffer a thousand indignities, and cut off his head in hatred of the Christian religion. A fountain sprang from the place where his blood was shed, and became famous for the cure of the sick who drank at it.

His martyrdom happened on 18 May 1151.[2] God glorified his tomb by several miracles. His body is still entire at Uppsala. Sweden honoured Saint Eric as its principal patron, before it embraced Lutheranism.[3]

In the ancient Scandinavian calendars, 18 May was marked by a head of the holy king surrounded with ears of corn, doubtless because the hope of the harvest was placed under his protection. — The banner of Saint Eric has played a great part in the history of Sweden, much as the oriflamme of Saint Denis in ours. It was regarded as a pledge of victory in battles, and more than once it saw the Swedes repel the Russians from Finland with success.

The holy king of Sweden is represented kneeling before an altar, wishing to hear Mass to the end, although he was warned of the approach of the assassins; his head surrounded with ears of corn. The Carmelite nuns of Amiens possess a relic of the holy king. See the work entitled: *Israelis Erlandis liber de vita et miraculis sancti Erici regis, ex editione et cum notis Joannis Schefferi. Holmiae, 1675, in-8°.* See also Henschenius, vol. IV of May, p. 186; Godescard, Brussels edition, and the Characteristics of Father Cahier.

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[4] The torture of red-hot plates is ancient; Plautus mentions it in his *Asinaria*: *Stimulas, laminae, cruces* (act. 3); and Cicero in his *De Suppliciis*: *Quid, cum ardentes laminae, ceterique cruciatus admouebantur.* Saint Cyprian, in the *Praise of Martyrdom*, expresses himself thus: *Corpus extentum candentes stridet ad laminas.* The body, stretched out, quivers at the contact of the incandescent plates. This kind of torture fills the Acts of the Martyrs. The penal laws of Rome recognized it. (Baronius.)

[5] Saint Felix was bishop of Spello and not of Spoleto: these two cities are, besides, not far from each other, and the episcopal see of the first was afterwards transferred to the second. An image of the Saint, which was formerly seen in the cathedral of Spoleto, bore: *S.*

Felix, episcopus de Hispello: this prelate assisted at the celebrated council of Sinuessa. (See the Life of Saint Marcellinus, pope.) He is the patron of Spello. He is invoked in the maladies of children.

[6] See the Life of Saint Athanasius on 2 May.

[7] See the Life of the latter.

[8] See the Life of Saint Eugenia on 11 September.

[9] A town founded in 880 by Alfred the Great, great-uncle of king Edmund, husband of Saint Elglre.

[10] The Corniculary was a non-commissioned officer attached to the person of a tribune.

[11] *Nec enim cibum sumere consueverat sanctus, nisi benedicente presbytero.* Acts.

[12] Or noon. Terce, among the ancients, corresponded to our ninth hour of the morning, and None to our third hour of the afternoon, with little difference.

[13] *Perterrefacti, crucis signum suum quisque impressit fronti.* Acts.

[14] *Totumque corpus suum crucis signo muniens, in stadium processit animo imperterrito.* Acts.

[15] *Deinceps enim in caelis cum fiducia Deum pro vobis deprecabor.* Acts.

[16] Is it not said somewhere, in the Gospel: “If your eye be single, all your body shall be lightsome”?

[1] The words Eric, Erric or Henry, Teutonic in origin, have the same signification among the northern peoples, and mean rich lord. Saint Eric was the ninth king of Sweden of this name.

[2] In 1160, according to the authors of *The Art of Verifying Dates*.

[3] Saint Eric had the ancient laws and constitutions of Sweden collected in a volume which bears the title of Law of King Eric. This collection was confirmed, in the 13th century, by the learned king Magnus Ladulas, who compiled and published, in 1385, another code under the title of *Garasrette*.

Supplement to Volume V

Supplement of Volume V

Saint Philip and Saint James When we wrote, in 1872, the lives of Saint Philip and Saint James the Less, apostles, we could not, to treat the question of the relics, make use of anything but the documents furnished by the Bollandists and all the ancient hagiographers. Now, there took place, on 15 January 1873, a precious discovery of which we are happy today to be able to speak to our readers: we mean the finding of the bodies of the two Apostles.

Let us extract some lines of the decree published on this occasion by His Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, dean of the Sacred College, archpriest of the church of the Lateran, vicar general of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX:

“The basilica of the twelve Apostles, founded, it is believed, in the midst of Rome, from the time of Constantine the Great; afterwards taken up again from its foundations and on a vaster plan by Pope Pelagius I, and completed by Pope John III, who consecrated it on the first day of May of the year of the Lord 560 to God and to the honour of his twelve Apostles, but principally to Philip and James the Less, glorified itself in possessing, besides a very great number of notable relics of Saints, the sacred bodies of the aforesaid Apostles, Philip and James the Less, buried under the high altar.

“And in fact, although on account of fires, of damage and of its threatening state of ruin, this basilica had been restored and renovated by several Sovereign Pontiffs, and although lately, in the time of Clement XI and of Benedict XIII who consecrated it, the Friars Minor Conventual of Saint Francis, to whose keeping it had been entrusted by Pope Pius II, rebuilt it from top to bottom with an art, a grandeur and a majesty truly marvellous, the tradition according to which the sacred remains of the apostles Philip and James the Less reposed under the high altar of the said basilica remained always constant, confirmed as it was by the consent of writers, and by an ancient inscription still existing in the portico of the same basilica.

“Now, it has happened in these days, not without a design of divine Providence, that in the restorations which are being made in the basilica by the care and the piety of the same Friars Minor Conventual who decorate it with new paintings and gilding, on the walls as well as on the vault; who make there a pavement all of

marble and build there a new sacred hypogeum in order to preserve there with more pomp the relics of the Saints; this sacred treasure of the bodies of the holy apostles Philip and James the Less has been found again.

“In fact, on 15 January of the current year, it was given to us to discover them under the high altar which it was wished to raise and make more splendid, quite beneath the table of the altar, in the interior of the Loculus, lined throughout with magnificent plates of Phrygian marble and of a construction of the 6th century, in which, according to the ancient and received tradition, were deposited the sacred remains of the two Apostles.

“As so great an event required, a long and very minute inspection was afterwards made by the experts in the art of physics, and at the same time they compared the holy relics which were held to be those of Saint James the Less with the sacred head of this same Apostle, which is preserved and venerated in the cathedral church of Ancona; moreover, those who are attached to the commission of sacred archaeology made of it several times in our presence a serious and mature examination; in the presence of the lord cardinals of the holy Roman Church, Anthony-Mary Panebianco, priest of the title of the basilica, and Antonin Deluca, protector of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual; having heard our promoter fiscal, we could not taste a greater enjoyment than in pronouncing and declaring, as for the glory of almighty God and in veneration of his Saints, we pronounce and declare, by virtue of our ordinary authority: ‘That it is established that the bodies recently discovered under the high altar of the basilica of the holy Apostles of Rome are true; and that, according to the constant tradition, it must be held that these bodies are those of the blessed apostles Philip and James the Less, brother of the Lord, and that consequently they must be, as is just, venerated as such by all the faithful.’ ’We will moreover that these precious pledges of the Catholic Church be enclosed in an urn of marble and deposited in the hypogeum recently built directly under the said high altar, for the cult and the ever-growing veneration of the faithful.

“We will further that a copy of this decree on parchment, with the indication of the notary in whose minutes is preserved the official record of recognition of the holy bodies of Philip and James the Less, be placed in the urn of marble.

“Given from our residence, 19 April 1873.

The Cardinal-Vicar, P. Canon Petacci, secretary.”

Saint Gildéric or Joudry, Solitary in the Diocese of Séez *(7th century.)*

Saint Gildéric was born in Scotland, toward the beginning of the 7th century. Sprung from poor parents, he led early a hard and laborious life, which prepared him for the great austerities which he afterwards practised. In fact, when he had reached mature age, the desire of arriving quickly at evangelical perfection so inflamed his heart that he resolved to abandon the world entirely. He made known this design to a holy person, who counselled him, to render his sacrifice more meritorious, to abandon his country and to pass into France, where he could lead more easily a solitary life unknown to the world. Having therefore bidden adieu for ever to his parents, he embarked on a vessel which was leaving for France, and which set him down on the coasts of Neustria, in the diocese of Coutances.

After having sanctified by his presence several solitudes, he withdrew into a thick forest, which was near the town of Exmes. It was in prayer and the meditation of the eternal truths that he had found the strength necessary to accomplish these great sacrifices. It is prayer that softened for him the frightful austerities which he practised in this deep solitude, under the eyes of God and of the angels. In fact, after having built himself a little cell with branches of trees, he so reduced his flesh under the obedience of the spirit that he had for all clothing only a hair-shirt, for all food only a little barley mixed with bark of trees. Often, in the depth of winter, and in the middle of the night, he plunged himself up to the shoulders into the neighbouring river, and remained in this icy water until he had recited the whole psalter. Having declared war on his body as on his

most mortal enemy, he took every means of immolating it each day to the glory of God.

But whatever efforts he made to hide his austerities, they were discovered, and the renown of his holiness, flying from mouth to mouth, soon drew a crowd of persons who came to visit him and to recommend themselves to his prayers. Among his pious visitors, there was remarked above all the count of Exmes, who, not content with testifying his veneration to him, gave him some acres of land to build an oratory on. The Saint having raised with his own hands a little sanctuary, had two altars placed there, of which one was dedicated to the Mother of God and the other to Saint Mary Magdalene, model of penitent souls. He cultivated the rest of the ground which had been given him, and by his prayers he drove from this region the noxious animals, which came to ravage not only his little enclosure, but also the neighbouring fields. Another visitor, who took pleasure in loading Saint Gildéric with marks of his goodwill, was Saint Annobert, bishop of Séez. He sustained him in the way of perfection, by his paternal exhortations, and he procured him until the end of his life all the spiritual and temporal helps that were in his power.

Saint Gildéric reached a great old age, while practising these austerities. Laden with days and merits, he left this world to go and taste near God the joys of eternity, after which he had long sighed.

He was buried in the oratory which he had himself built, by Saint Annobert, who wished thus to give his friend this last mark of his affection on earth. After having reposed some time in this chapel, his body, object of the veneration of the faithful, was transferred to the abbey of Almenèches. It is thence that it was carried off, about the year 1137, by Geoffrey, count of Vendôme, and deposited in a church situated between Chauvigny and La Ville-aux-Clercs. The universal veneration which these holy relics inspired soon caused this church to be given the name of Saint-Joudry; but it remained only a short time in possession of its precious treasure, which was transferred to the collegiate church of Vendôme where it was exposed to the veneration of the religious and of the faithful until 1792. At that epoch, the relics disappeared without it being possible to discover what had become of them. Public cult, however, continued to be rendered to the Saint in the dioceses of Blois and of Séez. Today, it is true, no office is recited in his honour, but his memory remains in benediction in the dioceses of Séez, of Chartres and of Blois. Ruined by the incursions of men of war, the ancient church raised under his invocation was rebuilt about 1648. Revolutionary impiety came to ravage this church in its turn, in 1793. But it was rebuilt in 1835, and solemnly blessed, on 16 May 1836, under the episcopate of Mgr Peter-Francis de Saussin, bishop of Blois. It is today annexed to the parish of Chauvigny. The statue which is venerated there is roughly worked. It represents Saint Gildéric clothed in a brown robe with a hood, a chaplet hanging from his leather girdle. He has a breviary open in his hands and leans on a crutch-headed staff.[1] Every second Friday of the month, the parish priest of Chauvigny comes there to celebrate Mass, at which a certain number of pilgrims assist.[2] The inhabitants of these regions have a very great veneration for the Saint. They come to invoke him from ten leagues around; less known toward Châteaudun, he is more celebrated in the Vendômois and the country of Montdoubleau. The feast of the Saint, which was celebrated on 14 May, has been transferred to Whit Monday. Pilgrims go in great number to this feast, from which several have already returned cured of fever.

Extract from the Lives of the Saints of the dioceses of Séez, by the Abbé Blin, parish priest of Durcet.

Saint Annobert or Alnobert, Bishop of Séez *(706.)*

Saint Annobert, one of the greatest bishops of the Church of Séez, was of a noble family and allied to the most powerful personages of the kingdom. From the most tender age, he was entrusted to Saint Hadoin, bishop of Le Mans, who took care to form him in learning, and above all in the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ. God poured so many blessings on the heart of this child that he was not slow to be the joy of the holy Bishop by the manner in which he profited by his teaching. Called to the court, on account of the nobility of his birth, and still more on account of the talents which were admired in him, he was soon disgusted with the vanities of the world, and returned with joy to Saint Hadoin, to serve no other master than Jesus Christ. When

he had reached the age prescribed by the holy canons, Saint Hadoin raised him to the priesthood and loaded him with marks of his affection. After the death of this bishop, Saint Annobert, who had long desired to lead a more retired life, bade farewell to his family, and betook himself to a monastery situated at Évrecy, in the diocese of Bayeux.

The abbot of this monastery, named Chodulf, soon remarked the learning and the fervour of his new disciple. He conceived much esteem for him and gave him a great share in the government of his monastery. Soon called to take the government of the community, Saint Annobert showed himself vigilant in the conduct of the flock of Jesus Christ and applied himself to making fervour reign in his monastery. He passed thirty-one years at Évrecy, after which, wishing to push still further the love which he had vowed to humility, he took the resolution of stripping himself of everything for Jesus Christ. He resolved even to abandon the charge of abbot, and to quit the company of his religious, who cherished him as their father. Having therefore commended these beloved disciples to the mercy of the Lord, he left the monastery with a single religious named Turpin, and withdrew into a solitude, near the city of Séez. It was Providence itself which conducted him, for, some time after his arrival, the episcopal see of Séez having fallen vacant, he was chosen for bishop by the clergy and the people. Dragged to the cathedral church, in spite of his resistance, he was obliged to receive episcopal consecration, to obey the orders of Theuderic III, king of Neustria. This happened about the year 686.

It was soon seen what a grace the Lord had done to the diocese of Séez in giving it so holy a bishop. He displayed, for the sanctification of the faithful, all the zeal which he had shown for that of his religious. An enemy of vice and always occupied in combating it, he showed himself of an inexhaustible goodness toward all sinners, in order to win them to Jesus Christ. He had no greater happiness than to preach to his people the word of God, to explain to them the holy Gospel, and to recall to them the infinite mercies of Jesus Christ. He had an angelic face and spoke with such eloquence that his hearers were touched to tears by his preaching. He joined prayer constantly to preaching, in order to make it bear more fruit. What austerities, what mortifications did he not impose on himself to obtain from God the conversion of sinners? His prolonged fasts had dried him up to the very bones; but it mattered little to him that they exhausted his body, provided they drew the blessings of God on his flock. When it was a question of the glory of his good master, this great servant of God had for repose only contempt, for the sweetnesses of life only aversion; he sighed only after labour, sufferings and humiliations. So, though poor in the goods of this world, he was truly rich in the eyes of God, because he possessed the treasure of treasures: charity. Insensible to his own needs, he was very attentive to those of the faithful entrusted to his charge. His solicitude for the poor, whom he called his children, shone forth above all in a great famine which came to desolate his diocese. He shrank from no pain, no fatigue, to save the life of his people. He did everything to provoke the charity of the faithful and to cause abundant alms to be poured into the bosom of the unfortunate. He was the first to give the example of generosity, distributing to the needy the little that remained to him of goods, and all those of his Church of which he could dispose. Saint Annobert testified to the religious a quite particular goodness. He visited them often, and encouraged them to walk with a firm step in the way of heaven. He did not confine his love for the religious to the limits of his diocese. Several abbeys, belonging to neighbouring dioceses, experienced the effects of his goodwill. Thus in 689 he went to Rouen to confirm the privileges granted by Saint Ansbert, archbishop of that city, to the monks of Fontenelle. He drew into his diocese several personages of eminent holiness. Let us cite, among others, Saint Gildéric or Joudry, anchorite, of Scottish origin, for whose needs he provided generously; Saint Evremond and Saint Evroul. After a life employed in good works and in making Jesus Christ loved, he went to receive the reward promised by the Saviour to the good and faithful servants. It was the 17th of the calends of June, about the year 706. The veneration which the faithful preserved for Saint Annobert after his death, and the miracles which were wrought at his tomb, led the bishops of the province to place him in the number of the Saints. His body was then raised from the earth and exposed on the altars. Later, the church where he reposed having fallen into the greatest poverty, the priests who served it

took the relics of the Saint and carried them from province to province, in order to excite more keenly the charity of the faithful. Arrived in the parish of Morienval, they deposited the shrine in the abbey of Benedictine nuns of that place. The next day they prepared to continue their road; but when they wished to lift the shrine, they found it so heavy that it was impossible for them to change its place. Recognizing in this the will of God, they had to leave to the church of the monastery the body of their beloved Pontiff.

The presence of these glorious relics soon drew into the church of the abbey a great concourse of pilgrims, who spread throughout all the neighbouring regions the devotion to Saint Annobert. From the parish of Morienval, which chose him for second patron, it penetrated as far as the city of Soissons, where the feast of the holy Bishop was celebrated on 16 May. It was also on 16 May that the abbey and the parish of Morienval celebrated the principal feast of the Saint, with the rite of double major. Such was the veneration with which his relics had been surrounded for centuries in the abbey of Morienval, when in 1745 a royal decree obliged the nuns to disperse into different houses of the neighbourhood. This precious deposit was deposited in the church of Morienval by the vicar general of Mgr Fitz-James, bishop of Soissons. A bone of the jaw and another of the leg were handed later to the abbess of the Parc-aux-Dames. The translation of it was made on 25 September 1752, by Mgr Firmin de Trudaiues, bishop of Senlis, who permitted the nuns to celebrate the feast of it each year, on the same day, in their church. He established there also a confraternity in honour of this great Saint, and Pope Benedict XIV enriched it with numerous indulgences, on 1 August 1754. A relic of the Saint, consisting of an entire bone of the arm, was given to the Benedictine abbey of Royal-Lieu; but it disappeared at the Revolution, without it being possible to know what had become of it. — The relics preserved at Morienval were withdrawn from revolutionary vandalism. As the old shrine was in bad condition, it was resolved to put them in a new shrine. This translation took place on 7 May 1843. The recognition of these sacred remains by the bishop of Beauvais gave a new impulse to the devotion of the faithful toward Saint Annobert. The cathedral of Séez, where this great Saint has not ceased for eleven centuries to be venerated, received, on 6 November 1864, one of his precious relics, which reposes in a fine reliquary of gilt copper. There is also possessed in the great seminary of this city a part of the same bone. Various particles have been distributed in this diocese and contribute to increase the devotion to Saint Annobert.

Extract from the Lives of the Saints of the diocese of Séez, by the Abbé Blin, parish priest of Durcet.

Saint Alpinian, Priest, Disciple of Saint Martial *(1st century.)*

Saint Alpinian, disciple of Saint Martial, about the year 43, was a Greek and an unbeliever at first; he was converted to the faith and baptized by Saint Peter, at Antioch, his native city. He came into the Gauls with Saint Martial, and he preached with him the Gospel in all the countries contained between the Rhône and the Garonne; they visited Toulouse, Agen, Périgueux, Cahors and Rodez. Saint Martial, at his death, left him his handkerchief in remembrance, as Elias had left his mantle to the prophet Eliseus. Alpinian accepted it as a rich inheritance and made use of it afterwards to work numerous miracles.

Saint Alpinian was particularly cherished by Saint Martial, on account of the admirable virtues which shone in him. God granted him several times the gift of miracles: he raised a little child whom he restored to its mother; he healed the blind, paralytics and those possessed by the demon. After his death, miracles continued at his tomb. He died in the year 79, on 26 or 27 April. His body, preserved at Limoges until the 9th century, was then transported to Ruffec in 848, when Raymond, count of Limoges, had a monastery built there. His relics were afterwards transported to Castel-Sarrasin (before the 14th century). Several bishops of Montauban and two archbishops of Toulouse visited them, and Pope Clement VIII recognized their authenticity by a bull addressed to the church of Saint-Sauveur. They were formerly preserved in a large and fine silver reliquary, which disappeared at the Revolution.

Saint Alpinian is particularly invoked in times of calamity and for the cure of mental maladies. But the great religious manifestation in favour of Saint Alpinian takes place above all on the occasion of the solemnity which is celebrated at Castel-Sarrasin, on the Sunday after 26 April. From the eve, the town takes on a festal air; numerous pilgrims who have come from afar station themselves around the church. At nightfall, the clergy and the people go to the church of Saint-Jean. There, after an antiphon sung in honour of the holy Precursor, the priests each receive a lighted candle, and the singing of hymns begins. The relics are carried solemnly toward the church of Saint-Sauveur, where Compline is celebrated with pomp. The next day, the whole city takes part in the great procession, in which the holy relics are carried in triumph through the principal streets. The whole people is there to bear witness to the numerous benefits received by the intercession of the Saint and to proclaim the confidence which it ever gives him. The town of Aixe, two leagues from Limoges, also acknowledges Saint Alpinian for its patron.

We owe this notice to the kindness of Rev. Father Carles, missionary of the Calvary of Toulouse.

Saint Valdrada or Valdrée, Virgin, First Abbess of Saint-Pierre-aux-Nonnains, at Metz *(6th century.)*

Illustrious by her piety and by the nobility of her origin, since she was allied to the kings of Austrasia, Saint Valdrada left the world to embrace the religious life. Eleutherius, duke of the Franks and near relative of the Saint, founded in the 6th century, under the walls of Metz, the abbey of Saint-Pierre-aux-Nonnains, which he endowed with revenues sufficient for the maintenance of three hundred nuns. Among the goods given by this duke figured the domains of Jarville and Laneuveville which, as the price of his devotedness, he had received from Theodoric, king of Burgundy. Valdrada, whose vocation Eleutherius had encouraged, was the first abbess of the new monastery, to which she made the spontaneous abandonment of all her fortune, the second year of the reign of Theodoric or Thierry, that is to say in the year 513. Papolus, bishop of Metz, and Theodebert, king of Austrasia, confirmed in 596 the donation of Valdrada. From then the territories of Jarville and Laneuveville entered into the domains of the abbey, which had them administered on its own account and drew the revenues from them. Saint Valdrada died after having governed, for about fifty years, the monastery founded by her near relative and which she had enriched. She received burial in the church of her abbey where were seen a chapel and a monumental tomb built in her honour. Some centuries later, laxity having been introduced into the community, the nuns who composed it neglected the upkeep of the buildings to the point that they fell into ruin. Adalbero II, bishop of Metz, undertook to raise them up again, and above all the divine temple of which scarcely the place was seen. The body of Valdrada was found again, put into a silver shrine and placed in an honourable manner in the new church.

In the year 1201, Clemence, abbess of Saint-Pierre of Metz, made donation to the abbey of Clairlieu of all that she possessed in the village of Arrentières (today destroyed), between Jarville and Laneuveville, and quite near which there stood a chapel of Saint Valdrée. Each year, a religious of Clairlieu came there to celebrate Mass on 5 May, feast of the Abbess, and also on the second day of the Rogations. This little edifice is oriented and presents, in the interior, a square of 4 metres 50 on each side. The altar is of painted wood. The principal and most curious ornament preserved in the old oratory is a statue of the Saint. In the costume of an abbess, Valdrada holds in the right hand the abbatial crosier, and in the left the statutes of her monastery. The creation of this ancient chapel is attributed to the abbesses of Saint-Pierre-aux-Nonnains, who consecrated it to their first and holy mother, Valdrada, with the aim of destroying the superstitious customs of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who persisted in attributing to the false goddess Hygieia the salutary effect of the waters of the neighbouring spring. Why must it be added that “after having undergone two expropriations at Metz, for reasons of public utility, poor Valdrada is threatened with expulsion from the walls of her humble refuge, not far from Nancy, and that her name would perhaps soon be forgotten but for the prospectuses of the new salt-mine company and the invoices of the future factory which she is called to decorate?”

We owe this notice to the kindness of the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy and almoner of the ducal chapel of Lorraine.

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[1] This is the ordinary form of the crosiers carried by the monks of the first centuries.

[2] This church or chapel is situated in a shaded valley, full of springs. One of them has a reputation of miraculous efficacy against fevers.