Mgr Paul Guérin

LES PETITS BOLLANDISTES: LIVES OF THE SAINTS, VOLUME VI

19 May – 13 June

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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 VI, which covers 19 May – 13 June.

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.

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

19 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Saint Peter of Morrone, who, from an anchorite, was created pope under the name of Celestine V; but he abdicated the sovereign pontificate, led the religious life in solitude, and, all resplendent with virtues and miracles, flew away to God. 1296. — At Rome, Saint Pudentiana, virgin, who, after infinite combats, after having piously given burial to many martyrs, distributed all her goods to the poor for the love of Jesus Christ, passed at last from this earth into heaven. 2nd c. — In the same place, Saint Pudens, senator, father of this virgin, who was clothed with Jesus Christ in baptism by the Apostles and preserved without any stain the robe of innocence to the end of his life. — Again at Rome, on the Appian Way, the birth into heaven of Saint Calocerus and Saint Parthenius, eunuchs; of whom one was first chamberlain to the wife of the emperor Decius, and the other had likewise the stewardship in another office of the court: but, not wishing to sacrifice to idols, they were put to death by the same emperor.[1] 250. — At Nicomedia, Saint Philotheros, martyr, son of Pacian, proconsul, who, after having suffered much under Diocletian, received the crown of martyrdom.[2] 311. — In the same place, six blessed virgins and martyrs, of whom the chief was Cyriaca, who, having boldly reproved Maximian for his impiety, was most cruelly scourged and torn, and at last burned alive. — At Canterbury, Saint Dunstan, bishop. 988. — In Brittany, Saint Ives, priest and confessor, who, for the love of Jesus Christ, defended the causes of wards, widows and the poor. 1303.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Arras, the blessed decease of Saint Hadulph, first abbot of Saint-Waast, and then bishop of that see, when it was still united to Cambrai; who merited, by his humility, that God should glorify him by several miracles. 728. — At Trier, Saint Cyril, bishop and confessor. He distinguished himself above all by his zeal in restoring the churches devastated by the invasions. Buried in the church of Saint Matthew, his body was in part given, in 1372, to the emperor Charles IV, who sent it to Prague. About 458. — In Auvergne, near Issoire, Saint Evonius, commonly Saint Igoni, bishop, whose Acts are unknown. — At Tours, the very learned and very pious Alcuin, disciple of the venerable Bede, and spiritual father of Charlemagne; he enriched the Church, not only by his rare examples, but also by his excellent writings. 804. — At Longpont,

in the diocese of Soissons, the venerable Peter the Chanter, chanter and canon of the church of Paris, elected bishop of Tournai, then monk of the Order of Cîteaux, celebrated for his writings and for his profound humility. 1180. — At Nevers, the Blessed William of Saint-Lazare, bishop of that see, to whom is owed the nave of the present cathedral: he took a great part in the war against the Albigenses, whom he tried to bring back by gentleness. 1221.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Canterbury, Saint Dunstan, bishop.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — Saint Pudens, senator…

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Lohanec, in the territory of Tréguier, the decease of Saint Ives, confessor, of the Third Order of Saint Francis, placed in the rank of the Saints by Clement VI.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers At Venice, the translation of Saint John, martyr, put to death under Maximian, and brought back from Constantinople to that city in 1215. — At Lucca, in Tuscany, Saint Theodore, bishop of that city. He appeared to a holy priest, who invoked him in a flood, and carried him out of danger into a church. 4th c. — At Florence, the Blessed Emiliana, or Humiliana, widow, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. 1246. — At Siena, the Blessed Augustine Novello, prior-general of the Hermits of Saint Augustine. 1309. — In the same city, the Blessed Bartholomea or Elizabeth, virgin, of the Third Order of the Servites. She saluted Our Lord and Our Lady fifty times by day and fifty times by night to obtain the remission of her sins and the joy of the soul. 1348. — In the Valtellina, the Blessed Andrew of Peschiera, of the Order of Friars Preachers, who laboured to extirpate the heresy of the Waldenses. 1480. — At Cerreto, in Italy, the celebrated apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the venerable servant of God, Veronica, of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows.[3]

Saint Pudentiana, Virgin and Martyr[4]

Pudens was one of the most illustrious senators of Rome, and he had the honour of receiving and lodging in his house the prince of the Apostles, Saint Peter, when he came to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles in that capital of the world. He had married a wife of his condition, called Sabinilla, and had by her four children: two sons, Novatus and Timothy, and two daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana. They were all

Christians and great servants of God. It might be said with justice that they are the spiritual children of Saint Peter, since it was by his ministry that they arrived at the knowledge of the truth, and that, by all appearances, some of them received baptism from his own hands. However, Pudens is called more expressly a disciple of Saint Paul; and it is believed that it is of him that this Apostle speaks, in his second Epistle to Timothy, chapter iv. The Roman Martyrology gives him also this glory, that, having been baptized by the Apostles, he kept without any stain, until death, the robe of innocence which he had received by this Sacrament of spiritual regeneration.

As for his holy daughter, of whom the Church today makes memory in her office, seeing herself mistress of her goods by the death of her parents, she sold them to give the money to the poor Christians, who were in extreme misery during the persecutions. She had also so much power, by the admirable example of her life, over the minds of her domestics, who were nearly a hundred, that they had themselves baptized. And as the emperors forbade, under great penalties, the Christians to assemble, and as they could not do so publicly, the Popes withdrew secretly to her house to celebrate Mass there and to administer the Sacraments to the faithful, who came there to find them. The Saint, with her sister Praxedes, received them all there with perfect charity and with much joy, and furnished them with all that was necessary to them. Besides so many good offices which these two holy sisters rendered to the living, they did not forget the dead: they took on the contrary so great a care of them that it is principally in this good work of mercy that the one and the other have made

themselves recommendable to posterity. So also it is in the practice of so Christian an action that they ended their days, as we shall see more fully in the life of Saint Praxedes, which we are to give on 21 July. Her sister Pudentiana died some time before her, that is to say, on 19 May of the year 160, or thereabouts, under the pontificate of Saint Pius I, as is marked in her Acts. From this we infer necessarily, either that these two Saints lived a very long time, or that they were not yet in the world when their father was baptized by Saint Peter, since that Apostle was martyred with Saint Paul nearly ninety years before, that is to say, in the year 69. Perhaps there is some error in their chronology; but it is difficult to decide what it is. The body of Saint Pudentiana was buried in the sepulchre of her parents, in the cemetery called of Saint Priscilla. This is not the Saint Priscilla of whom mention is made in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles of Saint Paul, nor she of whom mention is made in the Acts of Saint Marcellus, pope; but another, wife of Punicus, mother of Saint Pudens, and grandmother of our saints Pudentiana and Praxedes, as Bosio, author of the book entitled *Roma Sotterranea*, bk. iv, c. 28, has judiciously remarked, although the cemetery which bears her name is not different from that which Saint Marcellus caused to be made by the other Priscilla, of whom we have just spoken: for what he caused to be made was only an enlargement and an ornament for the convenience of the burials.

Since then, the holy relics of this servant of God have come to honour France by their presence, and they repose there still today (1872), in the church of Châtillon-sur-Loing, formerly of the diocese of Sens, and now of that of Orléans; they have wrought numerous miracles there. Saint Pudentiana has given her name to a suburb of Châlons-sur-Marne where a chapel has been raised under her invocation, and where a very celebrated pilgrimage has been established. A miracle was wrought there in 1864. A young girl of Bergères-lès-Vertus, Félicie Bonnet, aged twenty-three, crippled in one leg for twenty-five months, was healed suddenly in the chapel of the Saint to which she had been carried. This great Saint has always been singularly honoured at Rome, and the sanctuary which bears her name in the eternal city has been declared by the Roman Church the most ancient in the world.[1]

Saint Pudentiana is represented giving burial to the bodies of the martyrs, or holding the lamp full of oil of the wise virgins. This lamp has often the form of a warming-pan, of the *crois-yeux*[2] of our countrysides, hung by a chain.

The Blessed Alcuin, Preceptor of Charlemagne, Abbot of Saint-Josse-sur-Mer, etc.

804. — Pope: Saint Leo III.

Science is born or grows by study: without study, no science.

Saint Augustine, Of Free Will.

Alcuin[1] was born about the year 730, in Northumbria, in the archiepiscopal city of York. His family, whose name is unknown, was of noble race and related to Saint Willibrord. “Saint Willibrord,” says M. Ampère,[2] “descended from Hengist, the first of the Saxon chiefs who conquered Great Britain, and Hengist claimed to descend from Odin. The peaceful Alcuin did not suspect this mythological illustriousness. Satisfied with being the relative of a holy martyr, he knew not the warrior god, father of the race to which he belonged.”

Alcuin received his first lessons from a pupil of Bede, Egbert, brother of the king of Northumbria and archbishop of York. The literary studies propagated in England by the Romans, interrupted afterwards by the incursions of the Saxons and the Danes, had flourished anew since, by the care of Pope Saint Gregory the Great. Egbert, consecrated archbishop of York in 734, was passionate for the sciences: in spite of his royal origin and the elevation of his rank, he did not disdain to teach the elements of grammar and of the liberal arts to the young people who were brought up in his episcopal monastery. He cherished Alcuin, not only on account of his rapid progress in the study of Greek, Latin, Hebrew and all the sciences which were then

taught, but above all on account of his frankness and his confiding simplicity.

Egbert had associated Alcuin with himself in his teaching when he died in the year 766, bequeathing to his beloved disciple the care of the library with which he had enriched the church of York. Alcuin, in one of his poems, tells us that this collection, besides the principal writings of the Fathers and of ecclesiastical writers, contained the works of Aristotle, of Pliny, of Cicero, of Virgil, of Lucan, of Statius, etc.

Elbert, who mounted the see of York in 767, followed the example of his predecessor, charging Alcuin with the direction of public teaching. One day when the young professor was interpreting the passage of the Gospel in which it is related that Saint John reposed his head on the breast of the Saviour, he fell suddenly into ecstasy before the whole audience, and believed that he saw the entire universe bathed in the divine blood which gushed forth on Golgotha. Bishop Elbert had Alcuin's sleep respected; but, later, he pressed him to reveal to him the vision with which he had been favoured, while recommending silence to him for others. Alcuin received the diaconate in 768, and administered from then a little monastery of Yorkshire, built by the Blessed Wilgis, father of Saint Willibrord: it was a family inheritance.

Archbishop Elbert died in 780, after having predicted to the learned professor his glorious destinies and the triumphs which he would win over heresy. His successor, Eambald, charged him to go to Rome to bring him back the pallium. It was on returning from this mission, in the year 781, that he met Charlemagne at Parma. The powerful monarch, who greatly appreciated the gifts of the intelligence and sought to surround himself with chosen scholars, made Alcuin promise to return to him when he should have accomplished his mandate. The latter, furnished with a temporary authorization of the king of Northumbria and of the archbishop of York, came to settle at the court of Charlemagne with some of his Anglo-Saxon disciples, at the beginning of the year 782.[3] He remained for eight years the literary preceptor of him who then filled the universe with the noise of his exploits. The school of the palace, which already existed in the preceding century,[4] but which was almost dissolved, was reconstituted by Alcuin. There were taught reading, writing, singing, grammar, arithmetic, rhetoric, dialectic and astronomy. It has been asked whether this school was fixed or travelling: it is probable that the library which was annexed to it remained at Aix-la-Chapelle, the most ordinary abode of Charlemagne; but that the professors transported their course to the successive residences of the monarch, at Thionville, at Worms, at Ratisbon, at Mainz, at Frankfurt, at Paris, etc. No one seconded Charlemagne more than Alcuin, in reawakening the taste for study, and he merited by that the title which was given him of restorer of letters in the Gauls.[5] It was on the advice of Alcuin that Charlemagne founded in his palace an academy, which must not be confounded with the public school,[6] and whose members assembled on certain fixed days to converse on matters of erudition. They all took a literary pseudonym, in harmony with their predilections. Charlemagne was called David; Alcuin, Flaccus, from the name of Horace; Angilbert, Homer; Adelard, Augustine; Theodulf, Pindar. Charlemagne would have wished to bring literary glories to birth by the same command by which he decreed victories. Let us hear on this subject the monk of Saint-Gall: "The great king grieved at not seeing those who surrounded him attain the sublimity of genius of the ancient Fathers of the Church. In his chagrin, forming wishes above a simple mortal, he exclaimed: 'Would that I had eleven clerics as learned and as profoundly versed in the sciences as Jerome and Augustine!' — The learned Alcuin, regarding himself with reason as very ignorant in comparison with these Fathers, was suddenly seized with indignation, could not help letting it burst forth, and, daring more than any mortal would have dared in the presence of the terrible emperor, cried out: 'The Creator of heaven and earth has not made other men like these two, and you, you would wish to have a dozen of them!'[7]" Besides, the illustrious Anglo-Saxon did not share the ardent illusions of the king, who would have wished to transform in a few years the whole civilization of his time. "It depends neither on you nor on me," he wrote to Charles, "to make of France a Christian Athens."[8] He none the less strove to stimulate everywhere the taste for study and the propagation of books. Alcuin, who had prolonged his stay in France for eight years, desired to see his country again. Charlemagne saw himself obliged to consent to it, but on the condition that his protégé should

try to obtain from the king of Northumbria a definitive leave. He charged Alcuin with numerous presents for the churches of Great Britain.

Our Blessed did not hasten to leave his compatriots, and, though he was unceasingly importuned by the solicitations of Charlemagne, three years passed before he decided to leave his country. He had employed this time in seeing his friends again, in pursuing his philosophical researches and in governing the monastery of Saint Mary and Saint Wilgis, situated near the Ocean, at the mouth of the Humber. It was, as we have said, a family inheritance. Perhaps it was then that he took part in the construction of the cathedral of York, of which he has given the description in one of his poems.

Alcuin separated himself with sorrow from his brethren of York. Some of the letters which he wrote them, immediately after his landing in France, show how attached he remained to his country.[9]

It was in 793 that Alcuin returned to France. To fix him there for ever, Charlemagne gave him the administration and the revenues of the abbeys of Saint-Loup of Troyes, of Ferrières, in the diocese of Sens, and of Saint-Josse-sur-Mer, in the diocese of Amiens. Charlemagne had imposed on himself the law of never giving several benefices to the same titulary. The exception which he then made proves how much he desired to retain the learned Anglo-Saxon in France. Alcuin wished to refuse these benefices, remarking that he held so little to the goods of this world that he had renounced his own patrimony. The king overcame these scruples by answering him that he would manage these goods for the profit of the poor and would constitute himself also the almoner of the royal treasury.[10] The principal motive of which Charlemagne had made use to recall Alcuin was the necessity of combating the heresies of two Spanish bishops, Elipand and Felix, who renewed, under a mitigated form, the errors of Nestorius. Elipand, bishop of Toledo, admitted that Jesus Christ is the son of God, but only by adoption and not by nature; he drew into his opinion Felix, bishop of Urgel, who had all the exterior of holiness; this doctrine soon made menacing ravages in several provinces of Spain. At the council of Aix-la-Chapelle, held in 799, Alcuin filled an important part. Charged by the king to sustain the discussion against the bishop of Urgel, he displayed for six days all the resources of his eloquence. Felix, deposed from his see, ended by retracting in the most formal manner.

Alcuin, happy at this first triumph, tried to bring back Elipand also. The letter which he addressed to him with this aim obtained only an injurious answer: it was then that he composed a work in four books, in which he rectifies the falsifications which Elipand had made the texts of the holy Fathers undergo, to make it believed that they were favourable to his doctrine. Elipand had reproached Alcuin with the abundance of his riches and the 20,000 serfs who depended on his abbeys. The latter repelled this accusation thus, writing to the archbishop of Lyons: “Is Elipand then ignorant that the possession of riches becomes vicious only by the attachment of the heart? It is one thing to possess the world, another to be possessed by the world. There are some who keep their riches, though they are perfectly detached from them in heart; others, on the contrary, who are deprived of them, love them and desire them.” In 796, Charlemagne wished again to reward Alcuin for his services, by naming him abbot of Saint-Martin of Tours and prior of Cormery in Touraine. The abbey of Saint-Martin was a veritable princely community which possessed farms and hamlets not only in Touraine, but in Normandy, in Brittany, in Provence, in Burgundy and in Austrasia. The territory which depended on it was as large as one of our present departments and comprised at least 60,000 inhabitants.[11] In this same year, we see the illustrious abbot take a lively interest in the conversion of the Huns, which his friend Arnon was undertaking. He urged him strongly not to exact the tithe of the new converts, and wrote even two letters on this subject to Charlemagne.[12] His gentle tolerance is revealed equally in his opinions on the conversion of the Saxons, where he does not appear to us to share the political and religious ideas of Charlemagne: “One may be drawn by the faith,” he says in one of his letters, “but not be forced to it. To be constrained to baptism does not profit the faith.”

Alcuin, feeling the burden of years and infirmities grow heavy, wishing besides to consecrate to retirement the rest of his life, asked Charlemagne for authorization to go and embrace the monastic life at Fulda, of

which his compatriot Saint Boniface had been abbot, and begged the king to share among his disciples the benefices which he owed to his munificence. The monarch would grant only the second of these wishes;[13] and, compromising on the first request, he permitted him to withdraw into his monastery of Saint-Martin of Tours. Alcuin established there about 796 a celebrated school in which he occupied in turn almost all the chairs.

The school of Tours was the last that Alcuin founded. It is wrongly that various historians have claimed that he had taught publicly at Rome, at Fulda, at Saint-Gall, at Cambridge, at Soissons, at Saint-Riquier: disciples of Alcuin may have propagated his teaching in these various localities;[14] but he himself never taught except at York, at Tours, and in the various palaces where Charlemagne successively resided.

Alcuin often retired to the monastery of the Desert, that is to say to Saint-Paul of Cormery, a priory which depended on the abbey of Tours, and which he had peopled with twenty-two monks of the reform of Saint Benedict of Aniane. During the sojourn which Charlemagne made in 800 at Tours, he took pleasure in conversing with Alcuin. One day, he asked him which of his children he thought was to succeed him; Alcuin designated to him Louis, king of Aquitaine, and, a short time after, he expressed again the same foresight, when Louis had kissed his hand before receiving the ablution of the communion which he presented to him: "Everyone who humbles himself," he said, "shall be exalted: so this young prince will be the master of all France, after the death of the king his father." Alcuin edified the whole community by his virtues. Except on feast days, he prolonged his fasts into the evening. On Sunday, he humbly fulfilled the office of deacon beside that one of his disciples who celebrated the holy mysteries. He showed himself always charitable towards the poor and full of devotion for those whose spiritual progress he directed. Never did he remain idle: reading, the composition of his writings, the transcription of the Holy Books whose altered texts he corrected, absorbed all his time.

M. Guizot has very well brought to light the importance of Alcuin's labours for the correction of the manuscripts of ancient literature: "Historians," he says,[15] "speak only in passing and without attaching any importance to a fact which played, in the renaissance of intellectual activity at that epoch, a considerable part; I mean the revision and the correction of manuscripts, sacred or profane. From the sixth to the eighth century, they had fallen into the hands of possessors or copyists so ignorant that the texts had become unrecognizable. A multitude of passages had been confounded and mutilated; the leaves were in the greatest disorder; all exactness of orthography and of grammar had disappeared; a veritable science was already needed in order to read and understand, and it was lacking more, day by day. The repair of this evil, the restitution of the manuscripts, above all of grammar and of orthography, was one of the labours of Alcuin, a labour with which he busied himself all his life, which he constantly recommended to his pupils, and in which Charlemagne lent him the help of his authority." We shall add that it is very probable that Alcuin was not without influence on the modification which then took place in the form of the letters, and on the return to the use of the ancient Roman minuscule writing.[16]

Alcuin was always full of respect and devotion for the Holy See. The most learned critics have recognized that the Caroline Books, which are filled with insults towards Pope Adrian, were falsely attributed to him. It would have sufficed, to do justice to this error, to listen to the language which Alcuin holds in his epistles: "I know," he wrote to Adrian,[17] "that by baptism I belong to the sheepfold of that Shepherd who gave his life for his sheep and who entrusted them to Saint Peter, conferring on him the power of binding and loosing on earth and in the heavens. I acknowledge you, most excellent Father, for the vicar of this Holy See and for the depositary of that marvellous power. I am one of your sheep, but a sick sheep, covered with the stains of sin. Therefore I present myself to Your Holiness, in order that by the medicinal power which you have received from Jesus Christ and which has been transmitted to you as an inheritance, by a long succession of predecessors, you may heal me of my infirmities and break the chains of my sins."

Nothing remained hidden from Alcuin who, in various circumstances, appeared endowed with the gift of prophecy. When envoys of Charlemagne or friends were to come to see him at Tours, the abbot announced beforehand the precise time of their arrival and the aim of their visit, without his having received any communication in this regard. This is what happened one day for Benedict of Aniane. This illustrious abbot, who was coming to visit Alcuin without having warned anyone, was greatly surprised to see a deputation advance on the road to meet him. Arrived at the monastery of Tours, he asked the abbot whether anyone had warned him of his approach, by word of mouth or by message; the latter answered that no one had and would not explain himself further on the subject. Saint Benedict of Aniane, in one of his frequent visits, asked his friend one day in what manner he was accustomed to pray: — "Here," Alcuin answered him, "is the prayer which I address to God: 'Lord, grant me the grace to know my sins, to make a sincere confession of them and a worthy penance, and grant me the remission of them.'" — "My father," Benedict said to him, "let us add a word to this prayer: 'And, after the remission, save me.'" — Alcuin said besides that when he bowed before the cross, he pronounced these words: "Lord, we adore your cross, we honour your glorious passion. O you who died for us, have pity on us."

An Anglo-Saxon priest, named Aigulf, came to visit Alcuin at his monastery of Tours. On seeing him enter, some brothers who supposed that the stranger did not know their language, cried out aloud: "Here is yet another Englishman or Scot who comes to see our Anglo-Saxon abbot. Ah! Lord, deliver our monastery from all these swarms of Britons who hasten to swoop down here." Aigulf, who understood them very well, failed not to relate to Alcuin this unfortunate reception. The abbot cried out suddenly: — "I guess who they are who made so impolite a wish." — He called them at once; and, by some affectionate reproaches, made them understand how much they had failed in the duties of hospitality.

A regrettable conflict came to sadden Alcuin towards the end of his days. A criminal cleric had succeeded in escaping from the prison where Theodulf, bishop of Orleans, held him, and had come to claim asylum at Saint-Martin of Tours. He was received without thought that he had been legally condemned by his bishop, who was very well regarded by Charlemagne. Officers of Theodulf, furnished with an imperial order, wished to retake their prisoner; but they were prevented by a riot of peasants. Later, eight soldiers of Orleans returned to the charge, entered by main force and fully armed into the church. The people of Touraine would have massacred them, had not Alcuin snatched them from their fury. Charlemagne, circumvented on this subject by Theodulf, and believing that his authority had been disregarded, wrote a very harsh letter to the abbot of Tours and to his monks. Alcuin acknowledged that wrong had been done in opening the church to a condemned man, but he justified himself with energy on the subject of the disturbances which he had neither fomented nor favoured.

It is probable that Alcuin kept the abbey of Tours until the year 801 and that then, in spite of the presence of a nominal successor, he preserved an effective superiorship which the authority of his genius and of his virtues merited for him. Towards the end of his life, Alcuin went every day to recite the office of Vespers near the church of Saint-Martin, at the place which he had chosen for his burial. There he loved to meditate on the nothingness of the world and the teachings of death, repeating the antiphon of the twentieth of December: "O Key of David, sceptre of the house of Israel, who openest and no one can shut, who shuttest and no one can open, deliver from his prison a captive sitting in the shadow of death." Alcuin had always desired to die on the day when the Holy Spirit descended on the heads of the Apostles. His wishes were to be granted; he fell ill on the day of the Ascension, and died at the age of sixty-eight, on the day of Pentecost, 19 May of the year 804.

The eve of 19 May, a mysterious light had enveloped the whole monastery, so that, for three leagues around, a fire had been supposed. The next day, from dawn, a sort of globe of flame had been seen mounting back towards the heavens. At the same hour, as was learned later, a solitary of Italy who came sometimes to Tours, perceived the venerable deacon, clothed in his dalmatic, entering into the kingdom of heaven. His biographer

adds that the two celebrated deacons of the Church, Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence, served him as escort with a multitude of heavenly spirits. The priest Sigulf buried his venerated master: he was then suffering from a violent headache; perceiving Alcuin's comb, he had suddenly the confidence that he would be healed by using it: and so it happened in fact. Another religious, named Eangist, adds the biographer of the ninth century who serves us as guide, applied this same comb to his teeth and was immediately delivered from the pains which he felt in them.

Two young cenobites, pupils of Alcuin, were walking by night in the enclosure of the monastery of Hirsau. One of them perceived a dove which mounted towards the heavens and heard at the same time a heavenly harmony resound: — "Behold," he said to his companion, "the soul of our dear master Alcuin, who is going to receive the crown due to his virtues and to his science." — Two days after, they learned that the death of Alcuin had coincided with this poetic apparition. Joseph, archbishop of Tours, presided at the funeral of Alcuin, whose eyelids he had closed, shedding abundant tears. He would not have the illustrious abbot interred outside the church of Saint-Martin, at the place which his humility had designated, but in the interior of the temple itself.

Writings of the Blessed Alcuin The works of Alcuin were published in 1617 by André Duchesne; in 1777, by J. Froben; and in 1851, in the *Patrology* of Migne, of which it forms volume cxx. We shall confine ourselves here to indicating summarily the works which have been attributed to Alcuin by the most authoritative critics, referring, for more details, to the *History of the Sacred Authors* of D. Ceillier and to the *Literary History of France*. 1° *Questions on Genesis.* These are short answers made to the priest Sigulf, on the difficulties which the first book of Moses presents.

2° A little treatise on these words of Genesis: *Let us make man to our image*; a writing which was formerly attributed to Saint Ambrose or to Saint Augustine.

3° Three short works explaining the psalms, composed at the request of Aman, bishop of Salzburg.

4° A treatise on the *Use of the Psalms.* The author shows that, by going deeply into them, one finds in them not only the proof of the principal mysteries of religion, but also counsels for all the needs of life, and prayers for all the states of the soul.

5° A kind of breviary in which are distributed, according to the order of the series, the psalms, hymns and prayers which must be recited.

6° A mystical amplification on a verse of the Canticle of Canticles.

7° A *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, of which the interpretations are principally borrowed from Saint Jerome.

8° A *Commentary on the Gospel according to Saint John*, composed at Saint-Martin of Tours, at the request of the princess Gisela and of Rictrude. The library of Laon possesses a very beautiful copy of it of the ninth century.

9° A Treatise on the Trinity, drawn in great part from the works of Saint Augustine.

10° Twenty-eight questions on the Trinity, which were formerly attributed wrongly to Saint Augustine.

11° A Treatise on the procession of the Holy Spirit, in which all the questions are resolved by the testimonies of holy Scripture, of the Greek or Latin Fathers and of the councils. The library of Laon possesses a copy of this work (ninth century).

12° A letter on the *Nature of the Soul*, addressed to the princess Gontrade, designated under the name of Eulalia.

Here is a passage from this writing, which does not lack depth. "The soul takes different names, according to the value of its operations. In so far as it lives or makes live, it is the soul (*anima*). In so far as it

contemplates, it is the spirit (*spiritus*). In so far as it feels, it is the feeling (*sensus*). In so far as it reflects, it is the thought (*animus*). In so far as it understands, it is the intelligence (*mens*). In so far as it discerns, it is the reason (*ratio*). In so far as it consents, it is the will (*voluntas*). In so far as it remembers, it is the memory (*memoria*). But these things are not divided, as to substance, as they are in the names: for all these things are the soul, and one and the same soul."

13° Seven books of controversy on the nature of Jesus Christ, against the errors of Felix, bishop of Urgel, drawn up about the year 798.

14° Various polemical writings against Elipand, bishop of Toledo, in which the same heresies of Adoptionism are combated.

15° A Sacramentary, or collection of the 32 votive masses, which contain only the collects, the secrets, the prefaces and the post-communions.

16° A Treatise on the virtues and vices, addressed to Count Guy. It is one of the principal works of morals which Alcuin composed.

17° Treatises of grammar and of rhetoric, forming part of a Treatise on the seven arts, of which the rest is lost. It is known that the *trivium* or ethics comprised grammar, rhetoric and dialectic. The *quadrivium*, a body of higher institutions, contained arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. These seven liberal arts, which constituted philosophy, were the degrees by which one rose to theology.

18° A dialogue on rhetoric and the virtues between the author and Charlemagne.

19° A dialogue of the same kind on dialectic.

20° A conversation between Pepin and Alcuin, on the first principles of philosophy. Our readers will be able to judge of the subtlety of Alcuin's genius by the following citation, which we extract from this dialogue, a sort of poetic catechism, in which there seems to revive a memory of the Saxon songs.

Pepin. What is writing? — *Alcuin.* The guardian of history.

Pepin. What is speech? — *Alcuin.* The betrayal of thought.

Pepin. What is the tongue? — *Alcuin.* The scourge of the air.

Pepin. What is the air? — *Alcuin.* The guard of life.

Pepin. What is life? — *Alcuin.* The joy of the happy, the sorrow of the unhappy, the expectation of death.

Pepin. What is man? — *Alcuin.* The slave of death, the guest of a place, a traveller who passes.

Pepin. What is the sea? — *Alcuin.* The road of daring.

Pepin. What never wearies man? — *Alcuin.* Gain.

Pepin. What is the dream of those who wake? — *Alcuin.* Hope.

Pepin. What is friendship? — *Alcuin.* The equality of two souls.

Pepin. What is liberty? — *Alcuin.* Innocence.

21° Sermons on the life and death of Saint Martin of Tours.

22° A *Life of Saint Vedast*, bishop of Arras; an amplified revision of an anonymous biography of the seventh century.

23° A *Life of Saint Riquier*, which he composed at the abbey of Centula, at the prayer of Angilbert, who was then abbot of it.

24° The *Life of Saint Willibrord*, bishop of Utrecht, followed by a homily. Alcuin himself thought little of this work, which he had dictated by night, after the fatigues imposed on him by each day of assiduous labour.

25° Letters on a multitude of subjects. They number one hundred and fifteen in the edition of Duchesne, two hundred and thirty-three in the *Patrology* of the Abbé Migne. Their whole proves that, if Alcuin was profoundly attached to Charlemagne, he was still more so to the Church and to the rights of the Holy See.

26° Two hundred and seventy-two pieces of poetry, devoted almost all to subjects of piety; it is probable that the poem of Charlemagne should be restored to Saint Angilbert.

27° A profession of faith which D. Ceillier strives to demonstrate authentic, while other critics reject it as apocryphal. Some have even attributed the paternity of it to Father Chifflet, who edited it in 1656.

M. Fr. Monnier discovered at the Imperial Library fragments of an unedited commentary on Saint Matthew, and some other pieces, which he published at the end of his work entitled: *Alcuin and Charlemagne.*

There has long been falsely attributed to Alcuin the *Treatise on Antichrist*, which is due to Adson; an explanation of the canon of the Mass, which has been recognized as belonging to Remigius, monk of Saint-Germain of Auxerre, and a great number of other works which we shall pass over in silence.[18]

Grammarian, rhetorician, poet, philosopher, exegete, controversialist and theologian, Alcuin was the most learned man of his century, and, in concert with Charlemagne, the restorer of letters in France. He had made a deep study of the Fathers and above all of Saint Augustine, from whom he made numerous borrowings. His style is far from irreproachable; his verses differ from prose only by the cadence of the measures;[19] his reasonings, too prolix, lack nerve; so it has been agreed to say that he had more genius than taste, more erudition than eloquence, and more extent than depth in his conceptions.

The body of the Blessed Alcuin has never been raised from the earth: the only relics which he has left us are the manuscripts written by his hand, several of which have been pointed out in the *Literary Journey of Two Benedictines.* The library of the abbey of Saint-Riquier possessed and let go astray in the seventeenth century a manuscript entitled: *Missal of Gregory and of Gelasius, arranged by Alcuin.* This is an irreparable loss for the history of sacred music. M. Fr. Monnier[20] thinks that the Bible offered to Charles the Bald, in 845, by the religious of Tours, had been written by Alcuin. It figures today in the Museum of the Sovereigns. The Bible, written by Alcuin, which Charlemagne received on the first anniversary of his coronation, and which he mentioned in his testament, was carried to the convent of Prüm in Lorraine, by Lothair I, when he there took the monastic habit. It was acquired in 1822 by M. de Speyr-Passavant, of Basel, who published the description of it.[21] A polemic arose in the journals of 1829, between the principal bibliophiles of the day, on the authenticity of this manuscript. We do not know what has become of it; might it not be the same which, under the name of the Bible of Alcuin, was sold at London, in 1836, for the sum of 37,500 francs?

We believe that no cult has ever been rendered to Alcuin. The qualification of Saint is given him by Hugh Ménard, Flodoard and the chronicle of Saint-Martin of Tours. He is inscribed as Blessed in the Martyrologies of Rabanus Maurus, Ghinius, Wion, Molanus, Bucelin, etc. Alcuin is represented writing, or holding a book, or teaching before an attentive audience. The portraits which one has of him, in various collections of engravings, are assuredly imaginary. In the town hall of Aix-la-Chapelle, Alcuin figures in a modern fresco representing Charlemagne presiding at the construction of the cathedral of that city. The Benedictines of the monastery of Einsiedeln preserve carefully an ancient portrait of Alcuin. Cf. *Hagiography of the Diocese of Amiens*, by M. Canon Corblet, whose work we have abridged.

Saint Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury

988. — Pope: John XVI. — King of England: Ethelred II.

Choose thy counsellor out of a thousand.

Ecclus. vi. 6.

Saint Dunstan was born at Glastenbury in England, of a very noble race. His father, named Herstan, and his mother, named Cinédrite, were two persons of great piety; God made known by a miracle what would be the holiness of their son. On the day of the Purification of the holy Virgin, they were in the church dedicated in her honour, in the town of Glastenbury, where so celebrated a feast had drawn a numerous nobility and a people no less numerous. At the beginning of the Mass, each one carried a lighted candle: all this church was filled with the brightness of so many lights; all these candles were seen to go out without apparent cause; each one was surprised and very much astonished at so extraordinary an event. But they were more so when they saw a flame descend from heaven which relit the candle of Cinédrite, from which each one then came to relight his own. This prodigy increased still more the veneration which was already had for this virtuous woman and for her husband. This made them conceive at once great hopes of the child that Ginédrite bore in her womb.

When Dunstan had passed out of the first years of childhood, his virtuous parents offered him to God with presents in this same church; and, as they were passing the night in prayer, an angel appeared to them, took the child by the hand, led him through the whole temple, and then foretold to them that he would draw many people to the service of Our Lord, and that he would himself be a great Saint. Full of joy, they entrusted him to Irish monks established at Glaslenbury and recommended them strongly to instruct him not only in letters, but also in the fear and service of God. The child applied himself to study with so much courage that the excess of his labour made him fall into languor. He was even so ill that he was thought dead; but God healed him all at once perfectly, when his health was despaired of: he rose at that very hour, and went away to the church; though it was closed, he entered it by the extraordinary help of an angel. Those who attended him in his illness, having followed him, found him at the foot of the altar in perfect health.

His virtue growing with his age, the first orders were conferred on him, and he exercised their functions with care and purity of heart; he had a great contempt for all the vain amusements of the world, much devotion to pray, to meditate and to read holy Scripture; it is not to be wondered at that, having God continually before his eyes, and thinking only of pleasing him, he was so agreeable to him and won, as he did, the affection and the heart of all persons of piety.

Through fear of being corrupted in the world, if he remained longer with his parents, he went to find Athelm, archbishop of Canterbury, his paternal uncle, on account of the great reputation of his virtue. This good prelate, finding himself obliged to go to court, took him with him to keep him company and presented him to King Athelstan, who received him so well and was so satisfied with him that he retained him near himself. But envious persons succeeded in making him lose the prince’s goodwill. He withdrew to Elphege, bishop of Winchester, his relative, whose holy instructions led him to become a religious; this excellent prelate, seeing that he advanced ever more and more in virtue, conferred on him the holy orders which he had not yet received, and made him priest.

Charged with serving the church of Glastenbury, he built himself there a cell so narrow that it resembled a sepulchre: it was only five feet long, two and a half wide, and of the height necessary to stand upright in it; there was no other window than that which was made in the door. There the Saint occupied himself in praying, in singing psalms, and in working with his hands as much as the smallness of the place could permit, with no other thought than to please God.

The reputation of so holy a life led several persons of various conditions of both sexes to consult him concerning their salvation; and he gave to each, according to their need, salutary counsels to render themselves agreeable to God.

His father and mother being dead, he distributed to the poor or employed in building churches, and in other works of piety, the great goods which they left him: and, considering this life as an exile, he sighed

unceasingly towards the heavenly fatherland, and laboured only to advance more and more in virtue.

King Athelstan being dead, Edmund, his son, succeeded him (900). And as he knew the prudence and the holiness of Dunstan, he summoned him to come to him to help him by his wise counsels to govern his kingdom. The Saint, who had learned from the Apostle the obedience which is due to kings, went to find him and submitted to his orders, without doing anything nevertheless that could debase the dignity of the priesthood. This prince, assisted by the Saint, regulated with justice all the affairs of his State, ended the differences that might trouble the repose of his subjects, and maintained peace among them. Never did anyone complain of the judgments rendered by the advice of this excellent minister, and he was esteemed and revered by everyone. But, as the loftiest virtue excites the most envy, there were found at last people wicked enough to slander him before the king, and this prince was weak enough to give credence to their words: thus he removed him from his court. Three days after, the king was hunting in a forest, where there is a mountain on the summit of which there is an opening in the form of an abyss: the stag, having arrived at this place and finding itself hard pressed, threw itself in: the hounds, carried away with ardour, leapt in after it, and the king's horse, which followed them and had broken its bridle, was about to do the same. In this great peril, the king, remembering the injustice he had done to Dunstan, groaned in his heart and promised God to repair it in every manner imaginable, if it pleased him to preserve him. His prayer was heard; his horse stopped short at the same moment; and as soon as the king had returned to his palace, he related to the chief persons of his court what had happened to him, caused Dunstan to return with every kind of honour, and asked his pardon with great humility for the wrong he had done him: a few days after, he gave him the Church of Glastenbury. The Saint had the monastery magnificently rebuilt.[1]

King Edmund having been massacred after a reign of six and a half years, Edred, his brother, who was a prince of great piety, succeeded him, and he showed no less affection to our Saint than his predecessor had done: he relied on him for a great part of the conduct of his kingdom. This prince pressed him extremely to receive the bishopric of Winchester, and employed even Queen Edgiva, his mother, to persuade him to it; but neither the one nor the other could obtain his consent.

King Edred being dead, Edwy, son of King Edmund, succeeded him. He was young, without understanding of affairs. Instead of making use in the government of his State of the counsel of the wise who had acquired by their long employments a great experience, he chose for his counsellors and his ministers young men as incapable as himself, who, when he let himself be carried away, against all manner of reason, by his passions, flattered him and praised him instead of reproving him. So it is easy to judge into how many faults he fell, and what aversion all the peoples conceived against him. He took the goods of everybody, sent into exile those who resisted his wishes, and made the whole kingdom groan by the various vexations with which he oppressed it. He added to so many evils a horrible inhumanity; he deprived of all goods and of all honours Queen Edgiva, his mother, whom one could justly call the ornament and the support of England, the consolation of the churches, the protectress of the afflicted and the nurse of the poor. Saint Dunstan had his heart pierced with grief at seeing the king run thus to his ruin and to that of his State; he failed not to reprove him for it. But this prince, instead of profiting by his advice, mocked at it and, as if he had lost his mind, made him only extravagant answers. So the Saint left the court and withdrew into his monastery of Glastenbury. Afterwards, at the prayer of all the great, he spoke to the king with a holy freedom on the subject of a married woman with whom he lived in a scandalous manner. She conceived such a hatred against Dunstan that she left the prince no rest until he had sent him into exile. He passed into Flanders; the count received him perfectly well, and he stopped in the town of Ghent, where his virtue made him so respected and loved by everyone that one may say he found his country outside his country.

Meanwhile Edwy made himself insupportable by his bad conduct; the principal lords, above all those of Mercia and of Northumberland, dethroned him and put in his place his brother Edgar. As this new king had no less prudence than piety and courage, he forgot nothing of all that could depend on him to remedy the

disorders caused by the bad administration of Edwy. He took away the offices from those who used them only to oppress the people, and re-established in them the good people who had been unjustly stripped of them. Thus peace was restored to the churches which were under his domination; he was not content to recall Saint Dunstan with great honour, he did nothing except by his counsel. In 957, he obliged him to accept the bishopric of Worcester. He was consecrated at Canterbury by the archbishop; the latter, during the ceremony, instead of naming Dunstan bishop of Worcester, named him archbishop of Canterbury, as if he had ordained him for his own church. The bystanders, believing that it was through inadvertence, pointed it out to him; he answered them: “It is God, my children, who makes me speak thus. Dunstan, in my lifetime, will be bishop of Worcester; but after my death, he will govern all England.”

Some time after, the bishopric of London having become vacant, Dunstan was forced to govern this bishopric together with his own. Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, died in 961. Our Saint was named his successor; but he refused. So Elphin, bishop of Winchester, was established in this archbishopric. He died soon after, and Birthelm, bishop of Dorset, was put in his place. He was a very gentle and very humble man, but too weak to repress vices and maintain ecclesiastical discipline; which obliged him to return to his former bishopric. Then everyone said that Dunstan alone had all the qualities necessary to fill this first see of England and to sustain its dignity. So, in spite of all his resistance, he was, by the general consent of the whole Church and of all the people, established on the archiepiscopal throne with no less pomp than joy. The Saint then went to make a journey to Rome to visit the tombs of the holy Apostles. The Pope received him very well; but when he had conversed with him in private and recognized the graces so extraordinary with which God favoured him, he did him still much more honour, granted him the Pallium, which he had come to ask for, and established him his legate throughout England. He was no sooner returned there than, armed with God’s help, he fought like a giant, with an invincible courage, all the vices and disorders which the malice of the demons, joined to that of men, had introduced into the Church.

An extremely powerful count had married a person who was his relative in a prohibited degree. The holy archbishop reproved him for it severely and ordered him on three different occasions to renounce this incestuous marriage. But seeing that he took no account of his remonstrances, he forbade him entrance to the church. This lord, instead of humbling himself, had recourse to the king, imploring his protection against the excessive severity of the archbishop. The king sent word to Dunstan to leave the count in peace and to lift the censure. Our Saint, astonished that so pious a prince had let himself be thus seduced, represented to the count that he had added to his first crime by this step with the king, and urged him to repentance; the count answered with threats. Then Dunstan pronounced excommunication against him. The count, outraged with anger, sent to Rome, and, having by his largesses won over some Romans, he obtained letters of the Pope which enjoined Dunstan to reconcile him with the Church. “I will reconcile him,” said the archbishop on seeing these letters, “when I see him repent; but as long as he remains in his sin, let him not hope to be exempt from the censures of the Church; nothing shall prevent me from observing the canons.” The count, having learned this answer and knowing the inflexible firmness of the archbishop, entered into himself, apprehended the fatal consequences of excommunication, separated from this woman, with whom he could not lawfully dwell, and resolved to do penance for his sin. So when the holy prelate was holding a national council, he came in very great humility, in a simple woollen garment, barefoot and with rods in his hand, to cast himself at his feet, melting into tears. All the assistants were extraordinarily touched by it, and the holy prelate more than any other; his paternal bowels were moved by it, and he needed to constrain himself to restrain his tears and to show on his face the rigour of discipline. All the bishops begged him to remit the fault to this penitent, which he granted them with all his heart; he lifted the excommunication at that very instant, and re-established him in the communion of the faithful, to the great joy of everyone. As much as this admirable primate was full of compassion and tenderness, so much was he zealous for justice, and he showed it particularly against false coiners, for whom he had a very great aversion, on account of the harm which the public receives from them; for, on a day of Pentecost, he wished, notwithstanding the holiness of the feast,

that some of them should be punished. God showed by a miracle that this action was agreeable to him: a white dove was seen to enter the church and to rest on the head of Dunstan, its wings extended, during all the time that he celebrated the holy sacrifice, and, when the Mass was ended, it went and placed itself on the tomb of the Blessed Odo: which increased still more the veneration of Saint Dunstan for this excellent archbishop.

Who could worthily represent the profound humility of the great Saint Dunstan, his love of contemplation, his fervour in prayer, his application to the reading of holy Scripture, the gift of tears which he had received from God, and the incredible care which he took of all the churches of England and of the islands that depend on it, all of whose causes came to him by appeal, as to their primate and their patriarch?

King Edgar, who had had by his wife, named Candida, Prince Edward, who was afterwards a Saint, fell into a great crime: having gone to a convent of women, situated at Wilton, he was smitten with the beauty of a noble person, who lived with the nuns without having yet taken the habit. He wished to speak with her in private; she, who feared what happened, took the veil of a nun and put it on her head as a safeguard. The king, nevertheless, did her violence: it was a great scandal. The Saint had no sooner learned it than, his heart pierced with grief, he went to find him. The king, according to his custom, came forward to meet him and took his hand, but the archbishop withdrew it with a severe countenance. This prince was greatly surprised; he did not know that he had knowledge of the crime he had committed in secret. He asked him whence it came that he thus withdrew his hand; the Saint answered him: “What! after having renounced all modesty, after having committed an adultery, trampled underfoot the commandment of God and ravished from a virgin her virginity, without respect for the sacred veil with which she had covered herself, you ask why I will not touch your impure hands with these hands which offer to the eternal Father the Son of the most holy Virgin? Begin by purifying yours of their defilements by penance, and, when you are reconciled with God, you will be able to kiss the hand of him who has the honour to be the Pontiff of Jesus Christ.” This discourse of the holy prelate so greatly frightened the king that he cast himself at his feet, and, with words interrupted by sighs, confessed that he had sinned. The Saint, extremely touched by so profound a humility, raised him up, embraced him, told him with great gentleness what he must do to save his soul, imposed on him a penance of seven years, which consisted in not wearing the crown during all that time; in fasting twice a week and in giving abundant alms; he enjoined him besides to found a monastery where virgins might consecrate themselves to Jesus Christ. Edgar founded the monastery of Shaftsbury, and then received absolution. This prince accomplished this penance with so much fidelity and fervour that he added to it still new works of piety, following the counsel of this admirable archbishop, to appease the anger of God, and he forgot nothing either to oblige his subjects to live as Christians.

The Saint then crowned this king, who died some time after, and left the whole kingdom to Edward, his son, to whom it belonged by hereditary right. The virtue of this young prince, whose just severity was apprehended, made some great men oppose his establishment, and take as a pretext that the queen, his mother, had not been crowned, and that, when he was born, the king his father was not yet consecrated. But Saint Dunstan, who knew the merit of Edward, and knew that the kingdom belonged to him lawfully, cast himself, cross in hand, into the midst of these rebels, confounded all their reasons, set Edward on the throne, and showed him during all his life and on all occasions, as much by his counsels as by his assistance, a father’s affection. This young king, on his side, lived so religiously, established such holy laws, and made himself so agreeable to God that even those who were most opposed to him at the time of his accession to the crown were ashamed of having wished to thwart him. But, some years after, his stepmother put him to death by a detestable treachery, to make reign in his place Ethelred, her son, whose infamy made him like herself, and who had nothing of the virtue of Edgar, his father. Saint Dunstan spoke to this prince with thundering words, foretold to him that, as he had mounted the throne by the shedding of his brother’s blood, he would pass his life in a bloody manner; that an inundation of Barbarians would break the sceptre in the hands of his

successors, would ravage their country, and would subject it for several years under their cruel domination; that this last misfortune would not happen during his life, but that it would most certainly happen. This was a prophecy, the truth of which was well experienced afterwards, when Sweyn, king of the Danes, made himself master of England.

If Saint Dunstan was terrible towards guilty kings, he was no less so towards the clerics and canons who lived in disorder. He used towards them prayers, remonstrances, threats and chastisements. Finally, seeing that in some cathedrals they were incorrigible, and that their children, who hoped to inherit their prebends, were witnesses of their incests and debaucheries, he drove them shamefully from their churches and put religious communities in their place: which made the Monastic Order flourish admirably in England. They complained of it to the king, who wished that an assembly of the prelates and the great men of the kingdom should be held at Winchester, to examine this affair. But the Saint, who, besides, had done nothing except by the authority of the Pope, sustained so vigorously the justice of his action that the whole assembly agreed to it (968). However, he was entreated to pardon his clerics once more for this time, who promised to amend; but while he was thinking what he should answer, a voice came out of the crucifix, which said: “Do nothing of the sort, you have judged well, and you would do ill to change your judgment.” Then the Saint said to the king and to all the illustrious persons who composed the assembly: “What more do you want, my brothers? God himself has given his decree: the affair is finished.” They answered: “That is true”; and the matter remained as Saint Dunstan had settled it.

Later, the children of the clerics driven from the churches by Saint Dunstan, having come to find him, impudently claimed their pretended patrimonies; the Saint said to them: “I will not dispute with you, I leave to God to judge the cause of his Church.” Immediately the house crumbled, the floor of the room gave way under their feet; these seditious men fell, several were crushed by the beams, while the spot where Dunstan was, with his own, remained solid and intact.

Many miracles wrought by Saint Dunstan are related. He stopped in the air a beam which must necessarily have fallen, the cables which supported it having broken. He made a fountain spring up by striking the earth with his staff, and this fountain has since borne the name of Saint-Dunstan. He straightened and turned to the East a little church which was not sufficiently oriented, by pushing it merely with his shoulder; finally, his holiness and his prodigies acquired for him so great an esteem, and so much veneration throughout England, that the king, the prelates and the lords regarded him only as their father.

He had still the gift of tears to such a degree that every time that he approached the altar, or performed some episcopal function, torrents of them were seen to flow from his eyes. It was a sensible mark of his devotion and of the divine love with which his heart was inflamed. Our Lord often consoled him by angelic concerts, and by visions, either of his holy humanity, or of the holy Virgin, his Mother, or of the blessed apostles Saint Peter, Saint Paul and Saint Andrew. The most remarkable was that which disposed him to go and enjoy the blessed eternity of which he had made himself worthy by so many glorious actions. On the day of the Ascension of Our Lord of the year 988, having remained alone in prayer in his cathedral church of Canterbury, after Matins, he saw enter, with great majesty, a troop of persons clothed in white, who all had crowns of gold on their heads; this spectacle filled him with admiration and joy; they approached him, saluted him on behalf of the Son of God, and asked him whether he was ready to follow them: “I would wish it extremely,” he answered, “in order to have part in the glory which my Lord received on this day; but that is impossible, because I have engaged myself to preach today to my people the way which it must hold to follow its sovereign pastor.” — “Well then,” answered these blessed spirits, “but hold yourself ready on Saturday, to come and sing eternally with us: Holy, Holy, Holy.” He agreed to it, and the hour of the sacrifice having come, he celebrated pontifically the high Mass, with a numerous attendance. After the Gospel, he preached in so extraordinary a manner that it was plainly seen that the Holy Spirit animated him and spoke by his mouth. When he had finished the holy sacrifice, he appeared as if intoxicated with the Spirit of God,

spoke a second time to his people, and preached in so powerful a manner on the truth of the body of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, on the general resurrection and on eternal life, that one would sooner have taken him for an angel than for a man. He then gave the blessing to his dear children; and, thinking of the grief that his death would cause them, of which he had not yet dared to speak to them, for fear of afflicting them, he was touched with so great a tenderness for them, and his heart was moved in such a way, that he spoke a third time to his astonished hearers; and when he opened his mouth, his face was seen to shine with a light so brilliant that none of all that great assembly could bear its brightness. This marvel ravished them with joy. But when he began to speak to them of his death, and to tell them that it was near, this joy was converted into an inconceivable sadness; it was so extraordinary that the Saint himself, though filled with consolations, was softened by it and could not restrain his tears; but he soon wiped them away, in order to stop the course of theirs, and, having consoled them by very powerful considerations, he recommended them to Jesus Christ. When the people had withdrawn and the Saint had taken his refection in the evening, he warned his clerics and his religious of the day on which he was to leave them to go to God, and marked out for them the place where he wished to be buried. He was then seized with a slight fever; and, on the following Saturday, having had brought to him the holy Viaticum of the body of Jesus Christ, he awaited peacefully the hour that the angels had foretold him. Meanwhile his bed was seen with admiration to rise of itself three different times up to the ceiling, and to return as many times to its place. As for him, seeing his children melting into tears in his room, he consoled them admirably and said to them in an accent full of tenderness: “My dear children, sheep of the flock of the Son of God, you see yourselves where I am called and where I am going. You know the way that I have held; you know the works to which I applied myself while I lived, and of which the accomplishment and consummation now raise me to heaven. It remains for me to beseech you and to adjure you to walk by the same way, that you may be able to arrive at the same term. And I pray this God of mercy, who puts me on the road of his glory, to guide also your hearts and your bodies in peace, according to his will.” And each one having answered Amen, he died in the midst of a choir of angels who assisted him and who conducted him to the place of eternal happiness. It was on 19 May 988, as we have already marked, in the seventieth year of his age, and the thirty-third of his episcopate.

Saint Dunstan was not only a theologian. Like many monks of the Middle Ages, he was a goldsmith, painter, founder, architect, musician. So his legend claims that one day when he was occupied with some work of goldsmithing in his cell, the lyre which hung mute on the wall began to resound suddenly under the hand of the angels and to repeat the antiphon of the Magnificat of the second Vespers of the common of martyrs: “The souls of the Saints who have followed Jesus Christ rejoice in heaven, etc.” This gave occasion to put angels in the pictures of which Saint Dunstan is the subject. The devil also figures in them. Here is on what occasion. The enemy of all good, jealous of the glory which might come to God from the manual labours to which Saint Dunstan gave himself, began to prowl around his anvil to distract him, one day when he was forging a piece of goldsmith’s work. The workman of the good God seized the tempter by the nose with his tongs reddened in the fire, and, it is added, ill-treated him much on his anvil.[2] It is understood from this why Saint Dunstan is the patron of goldsmiths and of blacksmiths in Great Britain.

The feast of Saint Dunstan was long kept as a holiday in England, on 19 May. Since the schism separated that country from the Roman Church, this great Saint has been given the honour of keeping his name in the calendar of the reformed Church.

Before the Revolution, one of his chasubles was still shown at Saint-Peter’s of Ghent, which he had honoured with his presence for a year. Tradition holds also that he sojourned some time at Saint-Amand, in Flanders.

His Life was written by a religious of Canterbury, called Osbert, who was living then and who assures us that he was an eyewitness of most of the things he relates: whence it comes that Cardinal Baronius made no difficulty about inserting it in his *Annals* in the tenth volume; it is found also in the third volume of Surius,

with a summary of the miracles which have been wrought since at his tomb. D'Andilly gave an abridged translation of it among his *Select Lives*, and we have only added to it what we thought could still serve for the instruction and edification of readers.

Saint Peter Celestine, Pope

1221–1296. — Popes: Honorius III; Boniface VIII. — Emperors of Germany: Frederick II; Adolf of Nassau.

"People are astonished at having seen me quit the papacy, and I admire my simplicity in having accepted it."

He was of the borough of Isernia, on the confines of the Abruzzi and of Apulia, in Italy. His father, who was a labourer or farmer, was called Angelerio, and his mother Mary; they had much piety and a great charity for the poor. God gave them twelve children; Peter was the eleventh. At the birth of this child, his mother had a vision in which he appeared to her clothed in a religious habit; which made her judge that he would embrace that blessed state. He was still young when he lost his father. His mother, though burdened with so great a number of children, had him study, in spite of the opposition of her friends and of her relatives. Her husband appeared to one of his neighbours and begged him to tell his wife to persist in this design. The child answered admirably to the care and the hopes of the mother; he became in a short time learned and pious: he was already honoured in his prayers with the visit of the angels, of their queen, and of Saint John the Evangelist. His mother, to whom he made a simple and candid account of these favours, wished to test whether these visions were from God. In a time of famine, lacking bread to give to her children, she ordered Peter to go and cut wheat in her field, though it was still quite green, and it was long before the harvest; he went out of obedience, and brought back from it wheat very beautiful and very ripe. This miracle filled the pious mother with joy and made him respected by his brothers, who until then had been jealous and murmured on account of the privileges which he enjoyed in the family.

The light of grace growing from day to day in his soul, he resolved to renounce the world, and to embrace a penitent and solitary life. He wished, before all, to visit the tombs of the Apostles at Rome; but he was stopped on the way by a frightful tempest, and having withdrawn into a church of Saint Nicholas, God inspired him to renounce his journey in order to begin the eremitical life. He withdrew therefore into a forest where he remained six days in continual fasting and prayer. Then he climbed a frightful mountain and lodged in a cave which resembled a tomb, having no other bed than the earth nor other garment than the hair-shirt. He observed in this place a perpetual fast for three years, and there sustained terrible temptations, with which the demon tormented him without respite. Sometimes he represented to him that he would be the murderer of himself in treating his body with so much rigour; sometimes he showed himself to him under human forms which solicited him to evil; sometimes he excited in him sensual movements; but, on the other side, the Saint was strengthened by frequent visits of the angels; and as he was, every night, awakened by the sound of a heavenly bell which he heard, he never failed to rise in the middle of the night to put himself to prayer. Some persons of virtue visited him also in this solitude, and, knowing his temptations, counselled him to become a priest, in order that, approaching the holy altar often, he might receive more strength to resist them; he followed this advice, though his humility greatly shrank from it: therefore he went to Rome to receive holy orders there. On his return, he passed through Faifola, where he took the habit of Saint Benedict in the monastery of Our Lady; but his abbot, having remarked in him an attraction to a more austere life, permitted him to withdraw to Mount Mourron, near Sulmona, from which, at first, he drove out a frightful serpent. He remained five years in this desert, suffering there hunger, thirst, cold, heat and all the other bodily austerities. He said also every day Mass with an incredible purity of heart and fervour. Meanwhile, reflecting that the Pauls, the Anthonys, the Benedicts and so many other holy solitaries had not judged themselves worthy to offer so redoubtable a sacrifice, he fell into great distress whether it would not be more advantageous for him to desist from this holy ministry than to continue his priestly functions, the more so as the Mass which he

celebrated drew many people to his cell; but he was delivered from this disquiet by the abbot of Faifola, who, dead a short time, appeared to him during his prayer, and told him to continue what he had begun, because God held it as very agreeable; and as he objected that he had not the merit of so many Saints, who nevertheless had not wished to be priests, this holy abbot answered him: “And who is it, my son, who could be worthy of a ministry so august? The angels themselves are not. Sacrifice, sacrifice; but do it with fear and with reverence.” The servant of God, in order not to let himself be deceived by this apparition, communicated it to his confessor, who approved it and exhorted him to celebrate each day: which he did. He had nevertheless another scruple which tormented him much more than the preceding, always on the daily celebration of the holy sacrifice, on account of some accidents which happened to him at night, in sleeping; but Our Lord removed this pain also: for he showed himself to him during his sleep, and taught him that what happens to us involuntarily ought not to prevent us from receiving the body and blood of Jesus Christ, the necessary food of our soul.

After having remained five years on Mount Mourron, Peter withdrew, in 1251, to Mount Majella, with two disciples, but this number soon increased: such was the origin of the Order of Celestines. These religious lodged under huts made with thorns and branches. Their solitude was so frightful that they were counselled to change it; but God made it dear to them by extraordinary graces, by sensible signs of his presence. For three years, they saw a mysterious dove, whiter than snow, flit about in their oratory. Often invisible bells called them to the divine offices, with more or less harmony, according to the quality of the feasts and solemnities, and they rang particularly at the elevation of the holy host. Strangers heard them also; several were converted, and others were healed of various maladies on hearing them. This very sound was sometimes accompanied or followed by heavenly voices, perfectly articulated, which made an admirable music, with which the ears of the Saint and those of his children were charmed. Finally, when the church was in a state to be dedicated, Peter saw angels, clothed in white, who said one to the other: Let us dedicate the church; then they performed its ceremonies, and celebrated its office, and our Saint with them, clothed in a garment of the same colour, without his knowing who had given it to him.

Meanwhile the evil spirits neglected nothing to stop the progress of this nascent community; they excited there fantastic conflagrations and appeared under horrible forms; they uttered frightful cries and ill-treated the religious, and would have constrained them to abandon this place, had not the concurrence of heaven and the wise direction of their superior sustained them.

Peter gave them the Rule of Saint Benedict, with some particular constitutions; as for himself, it is not credible with what severity he treated his body: he ate only bread of bran, very black and very hard, and he fasted four Lents a year, during which he scarcely took food once in three days, and there were three when he ate no bread at all, but only raw herbs. He wore on his bare flesh a hair-shirt of horsehair all studded with knots, and a chain of iron, sometimes a circle of iron. He took, in this state, his short rest, lying, so to speak, on iron, as if the earth were not hard enough: he had for pillow only a piece of wood or a stone. A heavenly voice had to warn him to moderate these austerities. He had the gift of miracles and of prophecy. God often disclosed to him the most secret thoughts of his religious and even of lay persons. A notary, ill for nine years, having resolved to commend himself to the prayers of our Saint, was healed by this resolution alone, before having carried it out. He came to thank Peter: the latter disclosed to him a spiritual malady which had been the cause of his bodily malady, and he healed his soul as he had healed his body. This holy founder, having learned that all the religious Congregations which had not been approved by the Holy See were going to be annulled in the council of Lyons (1274), went, with two of his disciples, to find Pope Gregory X. He did not fear to undertake so long and so painful a journey on foot, though he was very weak, very exhausted by his austerities. When he had arrived, he pleaded the cause of his Order less by words than by miracles. The Pope wishing to hear his Mass, the officers presented to him very precious ornaments; that wounded Peter’s humility: he desired to have the simple ornaments which he used in his desert. Marvellous thing! God heard

the desire of his servant, and the angels, at that instant, brought these ornaments and presented them to him to vest himself; and, when, to take them, he removed his cowl, it remained suspended in the air, without anyone appearing to support it: which lasted during the whole Mass. At the sight of such prodigies, the Pope and the council hesitated no longer to confirm his Order, and had the Bulls of it despatched to him. He set out therefore from Lyons very satisfied; and, after having been delivered on the way from a great number of dangers by the help of a heavenly horseman who accompanied him, he arrived happily at his desert of Majella, where he was received by his children as in triumph and with an incredible joy. The goods which had been usurped from his monasteries, under pretext that this Order was not approved, were at once restored to them. Only the bishop of Chieti refused to give back those which he had seized; but God, the defender of the oppressed, sent him a grave illness. He opened his eyes at last, and repaired all the damages which he had done to these religious, and, besides this, exempted them for the future from his jurisdiction. Peter, having thus established his Order, gave it divers regulations to revive the spirit and the discipline of Saint Benedict in their primitive integrity: for, before him, the Benedictines of Italy, where the Reforms of Cluny and of Cîteaux had not yet been introduced, had nothing monastic left except the name and the habit.

God blessed the new Benedictine Congregation: in a very short time, Peter had the consolation of seeing it composed of thirty-six monasteries, where more than six hundred religious led a very edifying life. His zeal, going out from these houses, extended over all the surrounding populations, where he re-established Christian morals, appeased differences and succoured the poor and the sick; he sacrificed to this last work even the ornaments and sacred vessels of his monasteries. But, dreading trouble and dissipation, he resolved to hide himself in a solitude. He withdrew first into a desert called Saint-Bartholomew-in-Loge, where he changed water into wine for the celebration of the Mysteries; then he fled with two disciples into a cave of the valley of Orfente, which was of such difficult access that he could descend into it only by attaching himself to the rocks with hooks; but soon the faithful, attracted by his virtues, hastened there in crowds, either to enjoy his conversation, or to hear his Mass, or to receive his blessing, with which he miraculously restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the mute and health to the sick. Peter, seeing that God opposed his desire for solitude, spared these populations the pain of coming to seek him so far: he returned to his monastery of Mount Mourron, and, in order that the crowd might more easily hear his Mass, he had an altar erected on purpose. The first time that he celebrated the holy sacrifice there, three possessed persons were healed: this miracle made him quite confused; he complained of it to God, praying him to make use henceforth of a less unworthy instrument to work his marvels. But the more he fled honours, the less he escaped them. Pope Nicholas IV having died in 1292, the Holy See remained vacant for the space of twenty-seven months, because the choice of his successor could not be agreed on. Great evils might result from it for the Church. Peter of Mourron had a revelation that, if a Pope were not elected soon, the wrath of God would burst forth. He wrote of it to a cardinal, who made this news known to the other cardinals. They conversed about this holy man; one extolled the austerity of his life, another his virtues, another his miracles. Someone proposed to elect him Pope; they deliberated, they collected the votes, which were unanimous: for all felt as if inspired to elect Peter of Mourron. Five deputies were charged to notify him of this election. They went to the town of Sulmona, then climbed the high and steep mountain where the holy recluse lived; arrived at his cell, they received an audience through a grated window: they saw an old man of about seventy-two years, pale, exhausted by fasting, his beard bristling, his eyes swollen with the tears he had shed at this frightful news: for he knew it already. They related to him the circumstances of his election, and handed him the decree of it: Peter examined it, and after having prayed, seeing no means of opposing the will of God, he accepted. As soon as this news was known, people, clergy, princes, everyone hastened to see the holy man and to accompany him to the cathedral of Aquila, where his consecration was to take place. He entered it mounted on an ass whose bridle was held, on the right and on the left, by the two kings of Sicily and of Hungary. This humble mount recalled to the spectators the entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem. When he had got down from his ass, a peasant having placed on it his son, who was crippled in both legs, this child

was found healed. Peter was consecrated and crowned on 29 August and took the name of Celestine V, which was afterwards given to the monks whom he had instituted.[1]

The intentions of Celestine were always pure: he had great good sense, he was a Saint; but these qualities did not suffice for so great a charge; God, in raising him to it, doubtless proposed only to put an end to the division of the cardinals, and to make shine, in the midst of so many ambitions, a great example of humility. Peter, ignorant of canon law, knew little of the Latin language; he had no experience of men and of affairs. He soon had scruples about the manner in which he governed the Church and consulted several canonists, among others Cardinal Benedict Cajetan, to know whether a Pope had the right to abdicate. They answered him that he could with a sufficient motive. This news having spread, nothing was neglected to turn the holy Pope from such a project; public prayers were even made to this effect. Nevertheless, on 13 December 1294, the day of Saint Lucy, Celestine held a consistory at Naples, where, seated with the cardinals, clothed in the scarlet cope and the other pontifical ornaments, he drew out a sealed paper, and, after having forbidden the cardinals to interrupt him, he opened it and read in it what follows:

"I, Celestine, pope, fifth of the name, moved by legitimate causes of humility and by the desire of a better life; not wishing to wound my conscience; justly frightened by the weakness of my body, by the defect of knowledge and by the malignity of the people; to find the repose and the consolation of my past life, I quit voluntarily and freely the papacy, I renounce expressly this charge and this dignity, giving, from the present, to the sacred college of cardinals, the full and free faculty of electing canonically a Pastor of the universal Church."

At this reading the cardinals could not restrain their sighs and their tears, and Matthew Orsini, the oldest deacon, said, in the name of all, to Celestine: "Most Holy Father, if it is not possible to make you change your resolution, make a constitution which expressly provides that every Pope may renounce his dignity, and that the college of cardinals may accept his resignation." Celestine granted it; Matthew dictated the constitution, and it was inserted in the text of the Decretals. Then Celestine went out from the consistory, and the cardinals, after having deliberated, approved his abdication. When he came back in, he made them again shed tears, for he had stripped off all the marks of his dignity and was dressed as a simple monk. It was five months and some days since he had been elected, and three and a half months since he had been consecrated (1294). This abdication was judged diversely; some saw in it weakness, others greatness of soul and humility. It is not proved that the blame of Dante Alighieri, in the third canto of his *Inferno*, is addressed to Celestine V. Here is what another poet of Florence, Petrarch, thinks of it: "This action," he says, "supposes a wholly divine greatness of soul, which can be met with only in a man perfectly convinced of the nothingness of all the dignities of the world. The contempt of honours comes from a heroic courage, and not from pusillanimity. On the contrary, the desire of honours possesses only a soul which has not the strength to raise itself above itself."[2] God himself willed to justify the conduct of Celestine: for, the day after his abdication, he healed a man who was lame on both sides, by giving him his blessing at the end of Mass, and he wrought, the rest of his life, many and great miracles. This holy man had predicted that his successor would be Cardinal Benedict Cajetan (Boniface VIII); this Pope being elected, Celestine went at once to find him and kissed his feet. Boniface, fearing that the simplicity of Peter might be abused to make him resume the dignity he had quitted, or even to acknowledge him in spite of himself, under pretext that he had not been able to abdicate, as in fact some pretended, resolved to keep him near him, to watch him the better; but the Saint, who sighed after the freedom of solitude, fled secretly. On the road, he learned that Boniface was having him pursued; then he resolved to cross the sea, and came with this intention to the monastery of Saint John of the Plain. The contrary wind kept him there: he was arrested and led to Boniface, who received him well. Several counselled the Pope to set him at liberty and send him back to his monastery; but Boniface, who always feared a schism, had our Saint guarded closely by six knights and thirty soldiers, in the citadel of Fumone, nine miles from Anagni.

Necessary things were furnished to him abundantly, of which he made very sober use, keeping his former abstinence, but he was let be seen by no one. He asked for two brothers of his Order to celebrate with them the divine office: they were granted to him. But these brothers could not endure so narrow a prison: they fell sick, and were replaced by others. This prison served Peter as chapel and as room: it was so small that he could lie down in it only by leaning his head against the altar. Far from complaining, the Saint often repeated these words: “I wished for nothing in the world but a cell, and this cell has been given me.” Meanwhile, the night before the eve of Saint John the Baptist, this divine Precursor appeared in a dream to Pope Boniface, threatening him with a severe punishment of God if he afflicted the holy prisoner further. This Pope, quite terrified, sent him three cardinals to console him in his prison, without however telling them what he had seen. They arrived there on the day of Saint John very early in the morning, and found at the altar Celestine who was celebrating Mass for the dead. They were greatly astonished at it; but they were still more so when, after the consecration, they saw him raised from the earth with the holy host, and all shining with light. After the Mass, he approached them, and, as God had revealed to him the subject of their journey, he anticipated them, and said to them: “Go, tell the Pope on my behalf that he is not to afflict himself about the vision he has had; that I am very content with my condition and desire no other, and that I promise him to pray God for his prosperity.” This admirable gentleness astonished the cardinals still more than the marvels they had just seen. They praised his constancy and his virtue, and testified to him at the same time the grief they had at seeing him in this state. Then they asked him why, in such a solemn day, he had said the Mass of Requiem, and so early in the morning: “It is,” he said, “that my good friend, the king of Hungary, died this night; and that God having made known to me your arrival, I feared that it might make me defer the holy sacrifice, and that I might not be able to relieve his soul soon enough.” He assured them also that this king had been delivered from purgatory by the virtue of the holy Mass, and that he enjoyed the kingdom of heaven.

The year after, on the day of Pentecost, while saying Mass, he received so many consolations that his body being unable to bear them, his soul began to abandon it. He gave notice of it to his guards, and told them that, the following Sunday, he would be no more in the world. In fact, after having received the last Sacraments, and persevered all the week, day and night, in praying and giving praises to God, he finished his life at last by uttering these words of the Psalmist: “Let every spirit praise the Lord!” It was on Saturday evening, in the octave of Pentecost, in the year of Our Lord 1298, and of his age the eighty-first.

In the arts, his abdication, the most distinctive feature of his life, is expressed by a dove, which is supposed to bring him the inspiration of it from heaven and to breathe it in his ear. — The same fact is expressed in the following manner: the Saint, in the costume of a Celestine, is standing; at his feet is the tiara; in his left hand the keys, and on an arm, the pontifical cope. Sometimes, and this manner is still more expressive, he holds the tiara by the top and is in the attitude of a man who is going to set an object on the ground. Cult and Relics. — Writings. — Order of the Celestines The body of this holy Pope was carried with much honour and pomp, by order of the sovereign pontiff Boniface VIII, near the town of Ferentino, into a church of his Order which he had himself caused to be built in honour of Saint Anthony. It was buried before the high altar, and the place where it rested is still venerated. Miracles without number were wrought at his tomb and in divers places, especially in his former cell and in the monastery and church of the Holy Spirit, near Sulmona, where is preserved a chain which the blessed penitent had worn. These marvels led Pope Clement V to perform with the greatest solemnity the solemn ceremony of his canonization, on 5 May of the year 1313.

The translation of the blessed Father, from Ferentino to Aquila, of which the Order celebrates the anniversary each year on 15 February, took place on the same day, in the year 1327. The inhabitants of Ferentino were not entirely deprived of the relics of the Saint; the heart of the blessed Father was left in the sepulchre. They carried this precious relic away to their town and deposited it in the church of Saint Clare, of the Order of Saint Francis, where it is still venerated today. There were kept at the monastery of Saint Anthony some

other relics of the Saint, in particular one of the jaws, a precious mitre, a pontifical girdle, a stole, a maniple, particles of his hair-shirt and of his sandals. There is also preserved, in the little oratory which adjoins the church and where he was accustomed to retire to recollect himself and pray, an old wooden cross which he ordinarily used to drive away the devil.

It was in the church of Saint Mary of Collemadi, at Aquila, that the blessed bones of Saint Peter Celestine were deposited, he who became from then the patron of that town. The holy body, placed in a silver shrine, is always preserved there. At the opening of this shrine, which takes place twice a year, a sweet perfume exhales which embalms the pious assembly. These two expositions take place on 19 May, the day of the Saint's feast, and on 29 August, the anniversary of his coronation. Besides the vast and sumptuous church of Collemadi, a special chapel has been erected with a very rich mausoleum to enclose in it the holy treasure of his relics. The inhabitants of the neighbouring regions come there on pilgrimage on the day of the Saint's feasts.

One sees still at the church of Saint Eusebius, at Rome, the altar of Saint Peter Celestine, with a picture representing his renunciation of the supreme pontificate.

The parish church of Saint-Didier, at Avignon, possesses a part of one of the Saint's jaws. The ancient abbatial church of Saint Mary of Casalucce, in the town of Aversa, possessed a fragment of the same relic; it is still in the hands of the curé of the said church, today parochial. On 19 May 1872, Mgr Luigi Filippi, bishop of Aquila, being unable to obtain from the revolutionary authorities the unworthy relic which his high piety reserves for better times for the Celestines of the Order of Saint Benedict and of the Congregation of France, newly re-established in France, had the happiness of detaching a precious fragment which enriches today (1874) the principal altar of their chapel, at Bar-le-Duc (diocese of Verdun). The cathedral of Soissons possesses also, in our days, one of his relics.

The august and holy founder of the Celestines has left us: 1° The *Book of his Confessions*; 2° a *Psalter* written by his hand; 3° *Sermons* and *Opuscules*, whose seal, simple, practical and luminous, recalls the persuasive and eloquent artlessness of the Fathers of the Church, on the *Love of God and the Love of the world*, on the *Purification of the conscience by confession*, on *Penance and Mortification*, on *Humility*, on *Tribulations*, on the *Contempt of riches*, on the *Danger of delights*, on *the poor sinner*, etc., etc. The Opuscules of our Saint bear the following titles: 1° *The Book of the Rule*, with litanies and divers prayers; 2° the *Commentary on his own life*; 3° *On the Perfection of Religious*; 4° *Treatise on Vices and Virtues*; 5° *On the Vanity of Man*; 6° *Collection of examples and sentences of the Holy Fathers, arranged according to the order of the titles*; 7° *Summary of the Holy Canons*. These Opuscules, in great part, were printed at Naples, in 1640, by the care of the Celestine Téléra, under this title: *The Sum of the Opuscules of Saint Peter Celestine.* After the death of the blessed Father, the Order of the Celestines took great developments, and the number of its monasteries grew rapidly not only in Italy, but in France, under the protecting auspices of Philip the Fair. Among the Celestine monasteries of France, that of Paris holds the first rank. Its church was the richest of the capital by its remarkable funerary monuments. Among the sacred treasures which enriched it was found the lower jaw of Saint Peter Celestine. A tooth still adhered to it. This relic was brought by John Faber, prior of Nursia, who took it from the monastery of Collemadi, at Aquila; he left a part of it to the Celestines of Avignon where it is still preserved, as we have said above. There was also in the monastery of Paris a chasuble which the Saint used for celebrating Mass: it had been ceded, on 10 April 1662, by the Celestines of Ambert who possessed two. These relics, preserved by the last religious sacristan of the house, had been deposited at the archbishopric of Paris where they were profaned and destroyed in 1830 and 1831. The Order of the Celestines had been suppressed in France, in spite of the protests of the Abbot General, residing in Italy, by the intrigues of a man without faith, an impious man, the too famous Loménie de Brieane, archbishop of Toulouse, who was attached to the masonic sects and had pronounced the infamous oaths in a German lodge. This Order has just been re-established in France, under the title of Celestines of the Order of

Saint Benedict and of the Congregation of France. The only monastery of Celestines in Belgium was that of Our Lady of the Annunciation at Heverlé, near Louvain. It was suppressed at the end of the last century, and the beautiful church, which contained the mausoleums of the family of Crouy, its founder, was destroyed from top to bottom. A single monument escaped the devastation, the mausoleum of the cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, William of Crouy. His Serene Highness Duke Prosper of Arenberg had it restored and then placed in the church of the Capuchins, at Enghien.

See, for more details, the Admirable Life of Saint Peter Celestine, Pope, founder of the Order of the Celestines. One volume, 8vo raisin. Bar-le-Duc, press of the Celestines.

Saint Ives [Yves], Judge, Advocate and Priest

1253–1303. — Popes: Innocent IV; Benedict XI. — Kings of France: Saint Louis; Philip IV, the Fair.

Take heed, judges, what you do; for you exercise not the justice of man, but the justice of the Lord, and whatever you shall have judged will fall back upon you.

II Par. xix. 5, 6.

This famous advocate of the poor, of widows and of orphans was born in Armorican Brittany, in the diocese of Tréguier, in the year 1253, on 17 October.[1] His parents were not among the least considerable of the nobles, but they were still more illustrious by their piety and by the great examples of virtues which they gave to everyone. His father, Helory,[2] was lord of Kermartin, distant a quarter of a league from Tréguier, and his mother was named Azou de Kenequis.[3] As this lady, who was of extraordinary merit, learned by revelation the future holiness of her son, she persuaded her husband to give him early wise and skilful tutors, to form him at the same time to Christian piety and to the sciences. At the age of fourteen, Ives was sent by his parents to the schools of Paris, famous and much frequented. He made himself there very learned in philosophy and in theology,[4] and above all in canon law, to which he applied himself particularly. At the age of twenty-four, he went to Orleans to study civil law, under the famous jurisconsult, Master Peter de La Chapelle, afterwards bishop of Toulouse and then cardinal (1277). At Orleans as at Paris, Ives consecrated the days and a part of the nights to study, after having acquitted himself of his duties of piety. When he was back in Brittany, Maurice, archbishop of Rennes, named him his official. In this employment, he continued his austerities, his alms and his studies: he followed the learned lessons of a Cordelier religious, who explained holy Scripture and taught the theology which is called positive, by learned commentaries on the fourth book of the *Sentences*.

It was at Rennes that he received the sacred orders, except the priesthood. However, Alan de Bruc, bishop of Tréguier, claimed Ives, as a good belonging to him. Our Saint responded to the call of his bishop, changing, not his office, but his tribunal.[5] In 1285 our Saint was named curé of Trédrez, by Alan de Bruc, who ordained him priest. To fulfil better his duties as pastor, he resigned the charge of official (1288). After having remained eight years in the cure of Trédrez, he was charged with that of Lohanec until his death.

Such, in few words, is the life of Saint Ives. It remains for us to see the principal part, his holy works. We begin with those which regard himself [stray “” in the printed text]; we shall speak afterwards of those which relate to his neighbour.

This worthy ecclesiastic had so profound a humility that he could not bear that the least thing should be said to his advantage; and never was anything heard from him that could draw him some praise. Though he had so sublime a knowledge that everyone held him for an oracle, he believed himself nevertheless the most ignorant man on earth: and, being curé, although he was a very skilful preacher, if religious came to his church, he willingly yielded to them his pulpit, even when he had prepared himself to preach. He did the same in other churches, where he had been begged to announce the word of God, saying, by an excess of

modesty, that he was not worthy to speak in their presence: which had often been the cause of a holy contest of humility. It is from this low opinion of himself that proceeded the little care which he had of his person. He always made his visits on foot, even when he was in the train of his bishop. When he left Rennes, the archdeacon, in acknowledgment of the services he had received from him, made him a present of a horse for his journey; but he sold it, gave the money to the poor and went away on foot to his country. He wore on his bare flesh a rough hair-shirt, and a shirt of coarse tow cloth on his back. His cassock and his hood were of coarse grey frieze, the stuff of which was so vile and so common that the metre cost only about two sous; he had sandals like the religious of Saint Francis, whose Third Order he had embraced out of devotion. From the time when he studied at Paris, he began to abstain from meat, giving to the poor that which was served him in his boarding-houses; at Orleans, he ceased to drink wine and undertook the fast of every Friday; then, increasing from day to day his mortifications, he fasted on bread and water every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of the year, besides Advent and Lent, the other fasts of the Church, the vigils of the feasts of Our Lady, of the twelve Apostles, and from the Ascension of Our Lord until Pentecost. At other times, his whole meal consisted only of a piece of black and hard bread, with some badly seasoned vegetables, and he ate only once a day, except on the days of Christmas, of Easter, of Pentecost and of the feast of All Saints: on those days he made two meals and sometimes ate a little fish.

The respect which he bore to these solemnities made him also entertain poor scholars on them, and sit at table with them. His bed was only a little straw on a hurdle woven of coarse osier rods, and he had no other pillow than his Bible, or a stone. He lay often on a bench, or on the ground in the sacristy of the church of Tréguier, in order to prevent the violence of the officers of Philip the Fair, king of France, who wished at every moment to carry off its treasures and silver plate. Saint Tugdual, to whom this church is dedicated, to acknowledge so good an office, appeared to him one night while he was making his prayer before the high altar, and testified to him his gratitude. One day, being on a journey with a man named Maurice du Mont, and lodging in the same room, he stole secretly away from him, in the middle of the night, to go into the cemetery; but a voice from heaven woke Maurice and told him to go to the cemetery, and that he would find Ives lying on a stone, which was that on which Saint Thelau, patron of the place, had done penance. Having perceived that a poor man had passed the night at the door of his house, he conceived so much displeasure at it that, as if he had been guilty of it, he gave him a good bed the following night and went to lie down himself outside, in the place where this member of Jesus Christ had rested. He passed almost the whole night in prayer or reading. He said Mass every day, and his soul received there admirable divine consolations, particularly at the *Confiteor*, at the Canon and at the Communion: he ordinarily shed torrents of tears there. Once, when he held in his hands the precious body of Jesus Christ, a globe of fire was seen around, which dissipated as soon as he had consecrated the chalice.

Another time, as he was making his thanksgiving after Mass, a dove, all brilliant, came to rest on his head, and from there flew to the high altar and disappeared. He kept chastity inviolably until death. Auffroi, a priest of holy life, who had heard his general confession, at the end of his life, protested after his decease that he had not found in it a single mortal sin; but that, as regards chastity, he had not even remarked a venial one: he had found a powerful safeguard in devotion to Mary. His innocence was so great that the very animals venerated him: one day when he was dining at his house with a great number of poor, a bird of extreme beauty and very brilliant entered the hall, and, fluttering gently around his head, came at last to rest on his hand, and flew away only with his blessing.

These favours of heaven are so many very evident proofs that the virtues of this good priest were not feigned, but genuine. We have so far seen only those which regard him in particular: let us see the others which touch his neighbour. He often kept open table for the poor, and not only for those who presented themselves of their own accord, but also for others whom he charitably invited beforehand. He was delighted to receive in his house the religious who passed by; he had even a special room to lodge them in, and took pleasure in

serving them at table. He distributed, with a holy profusion, to the poor, the revenues of his benefice and those of his patrimony, which were sixty livres of income (that was then a very notable sum, particularly in Lower Brittany). He maintained several orphans; he instructed a part of them in his house, and kept the other at board with masters, who taught them trades. He could not see poor people naked; visiting a hospital one day, he found several there badly clothed; he gave them all his garments, and was constrained to wrap himself in a blanket, until others had been brought him. He more than once made these sorts of excesses of liberality: for on another day when the tailor was fitting a garment on him, having perceived in his courtyard a poor man half naked, he had this new garment given to him and reserved only the old ones for himself.

One day when he was walking in the country, a poor man lying under a miserable shed asked him for alms, assuring him that he was dying of hunger. As he had no money on him, he drew off his hood and abandoned it to him. But it is asserted that God worked a miracle to reward his charity. In fact, some moments after, two women with whom he was journeying, raising their eyes to him, perceived that he had his head covered with a hood like that which they had seen him give. Great was their stupefaction. As for Saint Ives, frightened at this signal favour, he bent his knees and struck his breast. “Lord Jesus,” he said, “I render you thanks for the gift which you have deigned to make me.” This action, this profound humility, this ardent charity, this miracle in short, touched singularly the hearts of these women, and they began to weep. Ives then turning towards them: “Go, my daughters,” he said to them, “go with the blessings from on high; do good, and God will render it to you.” Having another time found at the door of his house a wretched man, covered with a horrible leprosy, he made him go up into his room, gave him wherewith to wash, made him sit first at table and placed himself beside him; but, in the middle of the dinner, this leper appeared so resplendent that the room became all luminous; then, looking fixedly at the Saint, he said to him: *The Lord is with you*, and disappeared at once, leaving this charitable soul filled with joy and consolation. But one must not be astonished if Ives gave such great alms, since Our Lord multiplied them often in his hands: it is related that, in a time of dearth, he gave abundantly to dine to more than two hundred poor, with bread for only seven or eight sous, and another time he had enough of a piece of two deniers to satisfy twenty-four.

If he had so much care to give bodily nourishment to the poor, he had still more to distribute to them spiritual nourishment, that is to say the word of God; for, not content with dispensing it to his parishioners, he preached also to their neighbours and sometimes gave three or four sermons on the same day, and it has been remarked that on one Good Friday he preached the Passion in seven different churches. He employed himself with so much zeal in these apostolic functions that often he forgot to drink and eat, and that, being returned in the evening to his house, he could scarcely hold himself up, on account of his extreme weakness.

He preached in Breton, or in French, according to the quality of his audience; and, in synodal assemblies, he did so also in Latin. When he was in the country, he catechized the villagers, taught them the mysteries of the faith, taught them to say the rosary well, to examine their conscience and to practise the other exercises of a good Christian. His sermons were not fruitless: besides the good they did to the people of his parish, they drew several other persons out of their disorders. A usurer, named Thomas de Kerrimal, touched by the exhortations of this holy curé, abandoned his unjust traffic and became a religious in the abbey of Bégor, which was then under a strict reform. He converted also some clerics, who led a scandalous and libertine life, by imprinting on them a great terror of the judgments of God. He found the matter of his sermons rather in the ardours of prayer than in books. In fact, his prayer was continual; it served not only as nourishment to his soul, but also as sustenance to his body: for he remained sometimes five days, and other times seven, absorbed in prayer, without drinking, or eating, or sleeping. His most ordinary ejaculatory prayers were this: “Jesus Christ, Son of God; Lord, create in me a clean heart.” And he repeated these words almost at every moment.

But what has rendered Saint Ives more illustrious is that inviolable integrity with which he exercised so long the dangerous function of official,[6] whether at Rennes or at Tréguier. He never pronounced sentences except

with eyes bathed in tears, because he considered that he, who then judged others, would himself be judged in his turn. He tried to reconcile the parties when he saw them on the point of entering into a lawsuit; and, when they wished to plead, he always favoured those whom he knew to have the better right. From judge he sometimes became advocate in favour of the poor, the widows and the orphans whom powerful parties wished to oppress; and this example is ordinarily related of it. Having come to Tours to support some sentences which he had already pronounced, and from which there was an appeal, he lodged with a virtuous widow who was accustomed to receive him; but he found her extremely afflicted, because two sharpers, who counterfeited merchants, had given her a valise to keep, in which they asserted there were twelve hundred gold pistoles, on condition that she should not give it back unless they were both present. One of the two, nevertheless, six days after, had skilfully withdrawn it from her hands, and she had given it to him in good faith. Meanwhile the other, who was in league with him, had summoned the widow to court to have her condemned to give him his valise or the value of what it contained; she was in fact going to be condemned when Saint Ives, who had made himself her defender, represented in full audience that the widow was ready to produce the valise such as it had been entrusted to her, and to give it to the plaintiff, but with the condition under which it had been entrusted to her, and with which the adverse party himself did not disagree, namely: in the presence of the two persons who had made the deposit with her. The judge approved this conclusion, and ordered that the plaintiff should produce his companion. But the sharper was so troubled by this unforeseen sentence that, changing countenance, he began to shudder and tremble before the whole assembly; which the judge having observed, had him arrested. He avowed afterwards that in the valise there were only old nails and scrap iron; so that, three days after, he was punished as a thief.[7]

Saint Ives was not content to quit the office of judge to make himself the advocate of widows, orphans and the poor, he furnished them also with money to pay the costs of the lawsuits which they were obliged to sustain for the preservation or recovery of their goods. And when he had pronounced some sentence in their favour, and there was an appeal, because their parties hoped to find less incorruptible judges, he himself pursued the confirmation of his sentence, of which he made the justice clearly seen: that was not difficult for him, since it is asserted that, in that great number of judgments which he rendered and of causes which he sustained, there was never a single unjust one: a conduct the more admirable as, in that great affection which he had for the poor, it seemed that it would be easy for him to let himself be deceived in their favour.

Besides the miracles which we have already remarked, Ives drove the demon out of the body of a possessed man, by making him lie one night in his room, on a bed which he had sprinkled with holy water. He extinguished a great conflagration by raising his hand against the flames and making besides the sign of the cross. Having obtained permission from the lord of Rosternen to cut down oaks in his forest to rebuild the cathedral church of Tréguier, complaint was made that he had done too much damage there, but he admirably confounded his calumniators: for, having put himself to prayer at night, he made three oaks spring up in the place of each of those he had felled. Undeceived by this prodigy, the lord of Rosternen permitted him to take in his woods all that he should need. He had so much patience and gentleness that when insults were said to him, he answered them only with these beautiful words: “I pray God, my brother, or, my sister, that he forgive you.”

He knew beforehand (and said to Typhame de Pestivien, lady of La Roche-Derrien) that his death was approaching. He fell ill some time after Easter; but, though his illness increased continually, he would consult no other physician than a crucifix which he had in his room and on which he gazed unceasingly. His extreme weakness did not prevent him, on the eve and on the day of the Ascension of Our Lord, from making exhortations to his people, from celebrating holy Mass, supported on one side by the abbot of Beauport, and on the other by Alan, archdeacon of Tréguier, and from hearing once more the confessions of those who asked him this grace; then he went to bed on his hurdle, with his ordinary garments, without wishing to relax anything of his rigours and of his penances, saying for excuse, to those who pressed him to take some relief,

that he was well so and that he did not deserve to be otherwise.

On Saturday 18 May, he had the last Sacraments of the Eucharist and of Extreme Unction administered to him, and after having received them with perfect consciousness, he lost speech and passed the whole night with a countenance so cheerful that it showed plainly the joy he had in his heart at seeing himself so near going to the house of the Lord; at last, he rendered his beautiful soul to God on the 19th of the same month, in the octave of the Ascension, in the year 1303, aged only fifty years: the poor, the orphans, all the unfortunate regretted him as their nourishing father, their advocate and their consoler. Saint Ives was endowed "with an advantageous exterior and a lofty stature; his air was imposing; the fire which shone in his eyes marked the purity of his soul and of his body, and prepossessed the audience in his favour."

The tradition of the incorruptible equity of Saint Ives is that which has been perpetuated in a more salient manner in the memory of the peoples. In Lower Brittany especially, it has taken body in representations coarse and without art, modest and naïve testimonies of popular gratitude. Thus, in the church of Minihy-Tréguier, neighbouring the modern house which has replaced the ancient manor of Kermartin, there where the memory of Saint Ives is still living, one sees a group composed of three wooden statues, of a workmanship which betrays an unpractised hand. One of these statues is the image of Saint Ives. He shows himself clothed in an ermine surplice, with the cape and the square cap. At his right and at his left, two pleaders appear to be soliciting each a favourable decision. The one, the rich man, with an arrogant air, with an assured gait, the hood on his head, carrying with ease a magnificent scarlet houppelande, holds in one hand a roll of papers: it is evidently the dossier of his affair that he wishes to entrust to the Saint; the other hand almost touches his future defender, whom he does not fear to offend by this importunate familiarity. The second pleader, the poor man, half covered with a wretched jacket, his legs bare, his hat in his hand, scarcely dares to make heard humble complaints. He has neither bills nor marked or stamped paper to present; but the goodness of his cause is read on his honest face. The Saint stands upright, in the attitude of a man who listens with attention. His features breathe meekness and benevolence; one guesses that he will incline towards him who has no other rhetoric than a convinced accent, no other arguments than the just pity which he inspires.

The same scene is offered with analogous details in the pretty little church of La Roche-Maurice, near Landerneau.[8] The contrasts are still more vividly marked. The rich man wears gilded garments; he holds a big purse full of crowns, which he seems to offer shamelessly to Saint Ives to win him. As for the poor man, the rags which hide his nakedness indicate an extreme destitution.

Let us mention again rapidly wooden sculptures of the same kind which are found in the parish church of Faou.[9] If the transformation of the rich man is complete, he must be a titled gentleman, a duke or a marquis at the very least, wearing gallantly a court costume, French coat with gilded facings, knee-breeches, splendid waistcoat, three-cornered hat, sparkling shoe buckles: these are rubies, diamonds, what do I know?

To explain the multiplicity of these humble monuments, whose anachronism ought not to astonish, one must recall that at the time when Saint Ives lived, the great were all-powerful, rather inclined to abuse their immense credit, and justice too often venal.

We have seen him represented in the costume of an advocate, holding in hand a roll of papers to recall his principal title, which is that of defender of the poor. — A bird which often takes the form of a dove flutters around his head. — He crosses dry-shod a flooded torrent. Saint Ives is everywhere the patron of men of law: jurisconsults, advocates, notaries, bailiffs, and of orphans.[10]

Relics and Cult of Saint Ives His body was solemnly buried in the cathedral church of Tréguier, where God has made his holiness appear by a prodigious number of miracles: for there are counted as many as fourteen persons whom he saved from the waters, where they were in danger of being drowned; fourteen paralytics, six lunatics, three blind and nine other sick, whom he perfectly healed; fourteen dead whom he raised,

besides three children deprived of life from their mother's womb, who also recovered it by the merits of this great servant of God. Pope Clement VI, who, being then only a cardinal, had made the necessary inquiries on the matter, himself made the decree of his canonization at Avignon, in the year 1347, because Saint Ives had appeared to him to exhort him to complete as soon as possible what he had begun. There is still preserved in the sacristy of the church of Tréguier the original of the Bull of this canonization, written on parchment, and now enclosed in a mahogany box.

A chapel, which Saint Ives had founded at Minihy and which had been consecrated under the titles of the Mother of the Saviour and of Saint Tugdual, the apostle of the country, took, after the canonization of Saint Ives, the name of its blessed founder. It received, thanks to the generosity of the faithful who joined their mite to the gifts of Ives Hélory, successive enlargements, the result of which was to transform the oratory into a church. This sanctuary became early, and has remained until our days, a place of pilgrimage. From all points of Brittany, people hastened to the chapel of Minihy, to invoke this good country rector, who, during his life, had shown himself so zealous for the salvation of souls, so compassionate for the needs of the body. This edifice now serves as parish for the succursal of Minihy, which before the Revolution was served at one of the altars of the cathedral of Tréguier.

John V, duke of Brittany, fallen into an odious ambush by the treachery of the Penthièvre, who kept him long a prisoner, promised to Saint Ives, if he recovered his liberty, to give him his weight in silver. As soon as he saw himself out of the hands of his perfidious enemies, he resolved to accomplish his vow religiously. He even went beyond it. By his orders, a beautiful chapel was raised in the cathedral of Tréguier. It was destined to enclose the tomb of his heavenly liberator. It was long known under the name of the Duke's Chapel. It is now the chapel of the most holy Sacrament. The mausoleum of the Saint received a splendid ornamentation. Covered with plates of silver which gold heightened with a still more vivid brilliance, decorated on its faces with sculptures representing the high deeds of John V, it was surmounted by a stone dome which covered the recumbent statue of Ives Hélory. Iron grilles protected this magnificent monument, which, alas! exists no more. Revolutionary vandalism has carried its devastating hammer to this place. "In 1793," writes the Abbé Tresvaux, "the soldiers of a revolutionary battalion, composed of Parisians, bearing the name of the Temple, and then in garrison at Tréguier, forced the doors of the cathedral church, broke the tomb of Saint Ives and threw the fragments of it into the sea. They seized at the same time the ornaments which they found in the sacristy, clothed themselves in them and walked thus about the town, simulating a funeral convoy; but he who played the dead man was struck suddenly with illness and died in fact the following night. The other actors of this sacrilegious farce were soon attacked by a contagious malady which carried off most of them. It is a fact which was, at Tréguier, of public notoriety and of which the old inhabitants can still attest the truth." To preserve the memory of the place where the sacred bones of Saint Ives had been deposited and to point it out to the veneration of the faithful, the respectable ecclesiastic whom we have just cited, and whose recent loss the clergy of Paris deplores, had a modest cenotaph raised at his own expense, a work worthy of praise doubtless, but which recalls only from very far the magnificence of the dukes of Brittany. We know that it is a question of replacing it by a monument more worthy of him whose memory it will consecrate.

Let us enumerate rapidly the precious objects relating to the memory of the Saint, which were due to the munificence of the great and of the people, and which had been deposited in the treasury of the cathedral of Tréguier. Three silver reliquaries, of which one was supported by four lion cubs of gilded silver; the other two resplendent with precious stones. The first contained the head of Saint Ives; the second and the third, bones of the arms. Two chalices, on which the cherished features of the Blessed had been engraved. He was, moreover, represented several times in different acts of his ministry and of his charity: here, preaching in a pulpit of gilded silver; there, drawing wheat with a *cruble* (sieve?) from a chest and pouring it into a sack belonging to a poor man; elsewhere, lying on a hurdle also of silver, with a book for pillow. There had also been figured a man and a woman offering a child before an altar above which was the image of "Monsieur

Saint Ives," the whole in silver. Let us note finally a beautiful bell to which his name had been given. All these testimonies of the piety and of the gratitude of the faithful disappeared at the time of the Revolution. But the bones of the Saint were happily preserved. They had been hidden in one of the vaults of the cathedral: they were withdrawn from it in 1801, and M. de Saint-Priest, vicar general, ascertained their identity. The head of Saint Ives is at present shown in the sacristy of the cathedral of Tréguier. A reliquary of gilded bronze, given by Mgr de Quélen, archbishop of Paris, encloses this venerated head, crowned with flowers which recall the eternal youth of the Saints. In the same place is found also the head of Saint Tugdual, of that apostolic man for whom Saint Ives had the greatest devotion. Every year, on the date of 18 May, this notable relic is carried in procession from Tréguier to Minihy. "Thus the Blessed seems to come out of his tomb to visit the places where he was born, where he did good, where he died; then he returns to his noble cathedral, borne, as on the day of his burial, on the shoulders of priests, in the midst of hymns and canticles." Formerly the venerated bones were laid on a sort of cenotaph which elegant carved arcades covered. But this charming appendage has disappeared. There remains only the stone table in its austere nudity. It is situated in the cemetery, at the entrance of the chapel become, as we have said, a parish church. There exists, in the parish of Louannec, a precious relic of Saint Ives; it is an ancient chasuble which is commonly called the cope of Saint Ives. It is of silk thread: it appears that it has been silvered and even gilded. It has only one opening by which the head is passed, made in the upper part: there is neither hole nor slit on the sides. There is carefully preserved, in the sacristy of Minihy, the manuscript Hours of the Saint. This volume, which offers, moreover, nothing curious, has lost several of its leaves given to the pilgrims who desired to carry away a mark of their passage. A few hundred paces away is the site of the manor of the lords of Kermartin. For a long time this edifice, respectable by its antiquity and by the memories which it recalled, received the visits of pilgrims. At the beginning of this century, it threatened ruin: it was demolished. A new construction, which dates from 1834, is decorated with a simple marble plaque on which is read an inscription which states that it is in this place that Saint Ives was formerly born. Mgr de Quélen, archbishop of Paris, was the author of this inscription. If you enter the interior of this modest dwelling, the farmers who live there show you a bed which, if tradition is to be believed, once belonged to Saint Ives. It is a closed bed such as are found in great number in the Breton countryside. We must say that archaeologists do not recognize in it the characters of the thirteenth century. However, as this piece of furniture must have undergone and has in fact undergone repairs which its state of age made necessary, it is permitted to believe that a part at least of the pieces of wood which entered into its primitive construction has been preserved and that one has really under the eyes an authentic relic of the Saint. We are sorry that this bed, which should be sacred to all, serves for domestic uses. Would it not be fitting to transport it to an isolated room, to surround it there with a balustrade, and not to suffer that, under pretext of devotion, numerous fragments be carried off? It is a wish which we permit ourselves to formulate, so that it may reach the address of whom it concerns.

The house of Kermartin, which had seen Saint Ives born, received also his last breath. It appears that this land remained in the possession of his family until the fifteenth century, an epoch at which Olivier de Kermartin is seen to have had for wife Plessou de Quélen. Their granddaughter, Jeanne, married Thibaut Bérard, by whom she had a daughter, who was united in marriage to Maurice de Quélen, lord of Loguevel. The land of Kermartin passed from the family of Quélen into that of La Rivière, which possessed it until 1790. The heiress of this last name, wife of the famous Marquis de Lafayette, then sold it to M. the Count Jean-Claude-Louis de Quélen, lord of La Ville-Chevalier and father of Mgr de Quélen, archbishop of Paris, who was, in his lifetime, possessor of the ancient patrimony of Saint Ives.

A word now on the foundations of every kind made under the patronage of Saint Ives. There existed lately, in the ancient capital of the duchy of Brittany, an Hôtel-Dieu which bore the name of Saint Ives. Founded in 1338, that is to say eleven years only after the canonization of the charitable Breton curé, by Eudes Le Bouteiller, a priest native of the diocese of Tréguier, this hospice served as asylum for five centuries to a

multitude of sick and also to some infirm. A few years ago, the buildings threatened ruin. This vast establishment was then transferred to another quarter of the town of Rennes. There exists, at Vitré, a hospital bearing likewise the name of Saint Ives. The towns of Guérande and Guingamp have possessed two chapels dedicated under his invocation. The most remarkable religious monument, from the point of view of art, which has been consecrated to the glory of the holy priest of Tréguier, is perhaps the beautiful coloured window which the church of Saint-Mathurin possesses, at Moncontour, in the department of the Côtes-du-Nord. The jurisconsults and magistrates took Saint Ives for their Patron. The parliament of Brittany, sitting at Rennes, kept his feast as a holiday. All the jurisdictions of the province had followed this example. The University of Nantes had put itself under the protection of the same Saint. At Paris, there was, at the corner of the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Rue des Noyers, a chapel built under his invocation, where assembled a Confraternity which had chosen him for Patron. The chapel possessed a piece of the Saint's robe. This chapel, which was frequented until the worst days of the Revolution, was demolished in 1823.

Notre-Dame of Paris, "the church of the Patrons of France," was enriched with a beautiful picture of Saint Ives which a Breton lord, who is not named, had offered. "The design of it is grand and noble," writes the Abbé de l'Œuvre, who had seen it. "The holy Virgin is at the top of the picture; a little lower Saint Ives is prostrate before her, and presents to her on one side the body of justice in robes, as to her whom the Church calls the Mirror of Justice, *Speculum justitiæ*; and, on the other, he presents to her people who are in lawsuit." This other testimony of Breton devotion has also disappeared. To finish what regards France, the dioceses of Chartres, of Évreux, of Noyon, of Auxerre and of Dijon had vowed to Saint Ives a special cult. The faculty of law of Orleans testified by solemn demonstrations that the young Ives Hélory had studied on its benches. In Belgium, the towns of Antwerp, of Ghent and of Mechlin, proud to possess some splinters of the bones of the Blessed, had founded Confraternities which charged themselves with the just causes of the indigent. Let us admire here, in passing, the philanthropic result of these pious institutions. People assembled to honour a Saint, to commend themselves to his powerful protection; and immediately there naturally arose the desire to imitate him in the beautiful and touching virtues of which he had given the example. That is the true cult of the Saints. Louvain did not remain behind the movement which drew our neighbours towards so popular a Saint. The celebrated painter Rubeus made, for the chapel of the Jesuits in that town, a picture in which was seen the Saint doing justice to a poor woman who implored his pity by presenting to him a little child which she held in her arms. Always the same image, always the same memory, always the same gratitude. At Rome finally, there exists a church which bears the name and preserves the memory of this Saint dear to the Bretons. It was given, in 1456, by Pope Callixtus III to our compatriots established in the Eternal City and joined to a hospital founded by them from 1411. In 1508, it was restored. Some years later, in 1583, the king of France, Henry III, obtained the union of Saint-Ives with its dependencies to the church and hospital of Saint-Louis. Since that epoch, the chapel of Saint-Ives was neglected, the necessary repairs omitted or badly done, and the cult lost its lustre. Now it preserves only feeble vestiges of its primitive splendour. So the Confraternity of Roman jurisconsults which continues to honour the Breton saint holds its sittings in another edifice. The renown of Saint Ives has penetrated even to Naples. The chapel of the hospice, Saint Mary of the Porta Nuova, is specially consecrated to him.

Saint Ives read continually the Lives of the Saints. The heroic Acts of these friends of God had become so familiar to him that he had composed a collection of the most edifying traits. He gave to this writing, the loss of which must be keenly regretted, the charming name of *Flowers of the Saints.* We have made use, to complete the abridged history of Saint Ives, of the *Lives of the Saints of Brittany*, by Dom Lobineau, published by M. the Abbé Tresvaux, in 1838, of a popular biography of the Saint, by L. Roumain de la Rallaye, who drew from a much more considerable work due to the pen of M. Kopartz, a Breton advocate.

Saint Hadulphe, Bishop of Arras (728)

Authors in fairly great number suppose that Saint Hadulphe was the son of Saint Rainulphe, martyred at Telodium, today Thelus, between Arras and Lens, and whose cult was very celebrated, above all in the environs of the town of Ardres. Having entered very young the monastery of Saint-Waast of Arras, he distinguished himself there by a perfect observance of religious discipline, and by the practice of the most eminent virtues. He had already for some time been filling the functions of prior, when, at the death of the Blessed Hatta, abbot of the monastery, he was elected by the unanimous voice of his brethren to succeed him.

When the bishop of Cambrai and of Arras, Hunaud, died nine years later, all the suffrages of the clergy and of the people united in favour of Saint Hadulphe, to replace him in this important charge.

The detail of the Acts of his episcopate, which lasted twelve years, is not known. The reputation of virtue and holiness which this worthy bishop has left says enough that all his moments were consecrated to the sanctification of his sheep and to the practice of the episcopal virtues. Saint Hadulphe, who, at the request of the religious of Saint-Waast, had kept the direction of this monastery when he was elected bishop, was buried by these same religious in their church of Saint Peter. Several miracles were wrought near his tomb. In the middle of the century, Bishop Ingénérand transferred his venerable relics into the great church of the abbey of Saint-Waast. These words had been engraved on the stone of his tomb:

Hic jacuit Sanctus speculum virtutis Hadulphus, Here rests Saint Hadulphe, model of virtue,

Qui vigil Atrebatum rexit ad astra chorum.

Who by his vigilance led the people of Arras to heaven.

Dulcis, ave: nostris veniam, Pater, objice culpis,

Hail, sweet Pastor, obtain the pardon of our faults,

Grataque dilecto dona repende gregi.

And grant to thy beloved flock precious gifts.

Abbé Destombes.

The Blessed Emilienne of Florence, Widow of the Third Order of Saint Francis (1246)

The Blessed Emilienne, born at Florence of an illustrious family, was, from the age of sixteen, given in marriage to a man who, for some time, ill-treated her and then drove her from his house. Emilienne opposed gentleness to ill-treatment and avenged herself for it, later, by lavishing the most tender care on this bad husband attacked by a mortal illness. She had the consolation of seeing him make a Christian end. Having become a widow, she embraced the Third Order of Saint Francis, withdrew into a tower of her father’s garden and there gave herself to the most austere penance.

She had a principle altogether conformable to the spirit of Christianity: that fasting must consist not only in depriving oneself on certain days of a part of one’s ordinary food, but also of all useless words; and that this kind of fast, the fast of the tongue, is as agreeable to God as that of the stomach. During the forty days of Lent and all the time of Advent, as well as three days a week in ordinary times, she observed an absolute silence. Each Saturday, she went to receive holy communion. She had given order to the woman who accompanied her to church not to speak to her on the way, that day: “For,” she had said to her, “God is everywhere; and there where he finds a heart which opens to him, he is ready to communicate himself. I beg you then not to trouble by your words the presence of God in my soul. It has happened to me sometimes to find God in the tumultuous streets of Florence, as well as in the silence of my room. Besides, the profound respect that we owe the Lord already imposes on us the obligation of awaiting him in silence.”

God took pleasure sometimes in making extraordinary revelations to her. Emilienne had a lively desire to see the Infant Jesus, such as he must have been at the age of three or four years. Often she had asked this grace of the Lord Jesus, but with a certain restraint, not thinking herself worthy of such a favour. While fear held her back, "love, stronger than death," as Scripture says, urged her to ask unceasingly this signal favour. One day, Emilienne, visiting a sick boy, said to him: "My son, do you not think of the sorrows that the Lord endured for you?" — "Alas!" answered the child, "I think of my sufferings, much more than of those of the Saviour." — "Will you give me your illness?" Emilienne asked him. — "So be it! take it entire, and let me be delivered from it." — "However, if this illness is to contribute to your salvation, I pray God to leave it to you; in the contrary case, I pray him to give it to me." — "Oh! I do not wish you to have it entire; take only a part of it, for example the stitch in the side, which makes me suffer so much…" — "So be it!" said Emilienne. — And, after having made this answer, she returned to her house. — All at once, the child was delivered from the stitch in the side and Emilienne felt a pain so violent that she could not remain a single instant at rest. The next day, the evil having somewhat ceased, she went back to the child, and said to him: "Will you give me also your other sufferings?" — The child having hastened to consent, Emilienne said again: "So be it!" — Scarcely had she left him when the child was completely healed, and Emilienne had the whole illness, which was then called the flying fire.

Now, one day when Emilienne was in her bed, alone in her room, gravely ill, she saw a child of about four years, admirably beautiful, who was playing before her couch. Emilienne, thinking it was an angel, said to him: "My dear child, have you nothing else to do than to play?" — The child answered, smiling: "What would you have me do?" — Emilienne resumed timidly: "If you would be willing to speak to me of the good God…" — The child answered: "In speaking of God, one can say only good of him; now, it is not fitting to speak good of oneself." — After having thus spoken, the child disappeared and Emilienne rose up perfectly cured. She died at the age of twenty-seven, on 19 May 1246, on a Saturday morning, at the hour when she was accustomed to receive holy communion. After her death, she appeared to one of her friends, named Gisèle, and revealed to her that she had only passed through purgatory, without any suffering, like an innocent child. It may be said likewise that she had only passed over the earth, like the angels, without attaching herself to anything there; so interior and holy had her life been. She is honoured on the 23rd of the same month since Innocent XI permitted her cult. *Acta Sanctorum*, A. Stolz, etc.

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[1] The relics of Saint Calocerus and Saint Parthenius were formerly brought to an abbey which bore the name of Moiremont, in the diocese of Châlons-sur-Marne, arrondissement of Sainte-Menehould. This translation took place before the year 1074, but the precise date of it is unknown. The Bollandists seem to believe that they were given to a count in the suite of Charlemagne, at the time of that emperor's journey to Rome. As this count was called Nanceius, it does not appear impossible to the Bollandists that he was also the founder of the city of Nancy. AA. SS., 19 May.

[2] The Bollandists join Eubiotus to him: they treat their Acts as fabulous and yet give them from a manuscript of the king's library at Paris. These Acts, in fact, are only a tissue of tortures and torments combated by miracles each more improbable than the other.

[3] See the volume devoted to the Venerables.

[4] Often called Potentiana.

[5] *Le Monde*, of 18 February 1868. It must doubtless be understood: of the Western World, unless it is meant that the primitive walls of this church are still standing.

[6] That which increases the power of the eyes: an expressive and picturesque expression.

[7] This Germanic name signifies *rem augens*, according to Bertius; "conqueror," according to Godescard; "all gain" (German *guoin*), according to J. Froben. — As foreigners could with difficulty pronounce the W of his name, Alcwin substituted a B for it and had himself called Albin (*Albinus, Albuinus, Alboinus*). When he came to the court of Charlemagne, he took the Latin surname of Flaccus, in honour of Horace, according to the literary usage which reigned in his time. He signed Flaccus Albinus. In England, he had for some time taken the name of Publius.

[8] *History of Literature under Charlemagne.*

[9] And not in 780, as pretended by Dom Ceillier (*History of the Sacred Authors*, vol. xviii, 276) and Dom Rivet (*Literary History of France*, vol. iv, 275).

[10] Dom Pitra (*History of Saint Leger*, ch. 2 and 3) and Ozanam (*Civilization among the Franks*, p. 4S3) have perfectly proved the existence of the school of the palace under the Merovingian kings.

[11] Du Boulay, in his *History of the University of Paris*, vol. i, p. 91, has striven to show that this institution owed its origin to Alcuin: this opinion is almost abandoned today; it rests on no positive proof. All that can be said in its favour is that the school of the palace, which sojourned at times at Paris, may have inspired the inhabitants of that city with a salutary emulation, and engaged them afterwards to found a public school which was the germ of the University. On this question, see Mabillon, *Saec. IV Bened.*, part i, § 8; Launoy, *de Scholis*, vol. iv, op. part i, ch. 1 and 2; Joly, *de Scholis*, part i, ch. 22; *Literary History of France*, iv, 10.

[12] H. Ampère (*History of Literature in France under Charlemagne*) not only denies the connection which could exist between the University of Paris and the school of the palace of Charlemagne; he does not even admit the existence of a school properly so called, distinct from the academy of which we are about to speak.

[13] *Monachus Sangallensis*, book i, in D. Bouquet, v. 110.

[14] *Epistle* 10.

[15] *Epistle* 5; *Epistle* 171.

[16] This is doubtless what has made several writers, Feller among others, say that Alcuin was the almoner of Charlemagne. — Among his charitable foundations, one must cite the hospice of Douze-Ponts, erected near Troyes, on the banks of the Seine. It is there that later the monks of Cormery went to seek a refuge against the furies of the Normans.

[17] Fr. Monnier, *Alcuin and Charlemagne*, p. 336.

[18] *Epistles* 1 and 11.

[19] Alcuin had for successors: Sigulf at Ferrières, Fridugisus at Saint-Martin of Tours, and Warembald at Saint-Josse-sur-Mer.

[20] It was also pupils of Alcuin who founded or illustrated the schools of Ferrières in Gâtinais, of Saint-Wandrille in Normandy, of Reichenau in the diocese of Constance, etc.

[21] *History of Civilization in France*, lecture 22.

[22] Mabillon, *de Re diplomatica.*

[23] *Epistle* 63.

[24] The enumeration of them will be found in G. Cave, *Script. eccles. hist. litterar.*, vol. i, and in the *History of the Sacred Authors* of Dom Ceillier.

[25] He sometimes allows himself strange licences in them. Here, for example, is a very bold tmesis of the verb *appellare*: “Te cupiens apel peregrinis lare camœnis” (*Carm.* 259).

[26] *Alcuin and Charlemagne.*

[27] Description of the Bible written by Alcuin, from the year 778 to 800, and offered by him to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation. Paris, 1829, 8vo. The author is mistaken as to the date of this offering. See Alcuin’s epistle 101.

[28] Saint Dunstan was the nineteenth abbot of the abbey of Glastenbury, famous from the time of the Britons; its church passed for the most ancient of all Britain, and was believed to have been founded by those who first announced the Gospel in the country. It was, according to Gildas, towards the end of the reign of Tiberius that the first rays of the faith penetrated into Britain. The same author adds that there were then few pagans who were converted. Metaphrastes cites a passage of Eusebius in which it is said that Saint Peter preached in Britain. Fortunatus, Sophronius, etc., assert the same thing of Saint Paul. However that may be, one must at least conclude from what Tertullian, Origen, Eusebius, Theodoret, etc., relate, that the Gospel was preached to the Britons a short time after the dispersion of the Apostles. William of Malmesbury, in his book *de Antiquitatibus Glastoniæ*, published by the learned Thomas Gale, says also, from very ancient monuments, that the old church of Glastenbury was built by those who cast in Britain the first seeds of the faith. The abbey of which we speak was in the island anciently called Avallona, or Isle of Apples, from the British word *aval*, which signifies apples. It is that there was there a great number of apple trees, trees which were then very rare in the country. Twelve brothers, departed from the north of Britain, came to seek an establishment in that region. The youngest, named Glasteing, settled in the island of Avallona, which took from him the name of Glastenbury. One reads in William of Malmesbury, *loc. cit.*, that in 433, Saint Patrick, having found twelve anchorites, gathered them in a monastery which he built near the old church, and that he was the first abbot of it. This Saint has sometimes been confounded with the Apostle of Ireland; but all the writers of Glastenbury distinguish him from him, and agree in saying that he died and was buried in this abbey. Most of the illustrious Saints of Britain who flourished before the arrival of the Saxons were, it is said, buried in the same abbey, or at least lived there some time.

This is what one reads in the *Annals of the Abbey of Morgan* (in the county of Clamorgan), published by Gale: “When a tomb was being dug, in 1191, for a monk, the bones of King Arthur were found, which were of a prodigious size, with this inscription: *Here lies the illustrious King Arthur, buried in the island of Avallon.* Above his coffer, and in the same tomb, were the bones of Queen Guenevere, his wife. These facts are also reported in the history of John of Glastenbury. This author gives the detail of the principal relics which his abbey possessed. There were seen there those of Saint Aidan, of Saint Ceolfrid, of Saint Boisil, of Saint Benedict Biscop, of Saint Oswald, etc., which had been brought there from the north of Britain, at the time of the conquests of King Edmund the Elder; those of Saint Valerius, bishop and martyr, of Saint Anastasius, of Saint Abdon and of Saint Sennen, which had been given by King Edgar; those of Saint … David, and of a great number of other Saints. There was also a considerable fragment of the true Cross, which Pope Martin had made a present of to King Alfred, and which this prince had afterwards deposited in the abbey of Glastenbury.” — Alban Butler.

[29] Father Cahier speaks of an old cope preserved in England, on which this fact is represented.

[30] See, for more details, the *Admirable Life of Saint Peter Celestine*. One vol. 8vo. Bar-le-Duc, press of the Celestines.

[31] *Petr. vit. sol.*, bk. ii, ch. 17.

[32] The diocese of Tréguier (whose see is today at Saint-Brieuc) forms what is called Breton-speaking Brittany. There the old language and the old manners have been more particularly preserved.

[33] An alteration of Hilary.

[34] It is the same thing as du Plessis.

[35] To study philosophy, he lodged in the Rue du Fouarre or de Feurre (called also Rue de l'École, Rue des Écoliers). *Feurre* means Straw. This street was therefore so named because the scholars sat on the straw with which they strewed the place in which they took their lessons. After having finished his course of philosophy, he went to dwell near the schools of law, in the Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais, and beside the Clos Bruneau.

[36] It appears that in the time of Saint Ives, it sufficed to be a cleric for the charge of official: but since the ordinance of Blois, of 1579, it is required that this judge be a priest. (Note of M. the Abbé Tresvaux.)

[37] The official is an ecclesiastical judge charged with the contentious jurisdiction of the bishop and named by him for that purpose. In the time of Saint Ives, the officials took cognizance of a great number of causes of which the civil authority has gradually stripped them: actions relating to marriage, to wills, and all the affairs in which an ecclesiastic was a party. But the Church did not take cognizance of purely criminal causes.

[38] Tradition holds that he pleaded not only before ecclesiastical courts, but even before lay tribunals. Fournel, in his *History of Advocates*, asserts that "Ives de Kermartin followed for some time the bar of Paris, that he appeared there with brilliance under the reign of Philip the Bold, and that he made himself remarked there by his knowledge and his ardent zeal for justice, by the regularity of his morals and by his sincere piety." It may be, in fact, that our Breton gentleman sometimes practised before some bailiwicks of the parliament of Paris, whose jurisdiction extended to the limits of the duchy of Brittany, and that following an appeal he himself made himself heard in the capital of the kingdom. We must observe that at the epoch of which we speak, the ecclesiastical state was not absolutely incompatible with the exercise of the profession of advocate. The jurisconsult Loisel, in his *Dialogue of Advocates*, cites a great number of churchmen, deans, curés, archpriests and canons who, until the time of Henry IV, appeared with brilliance in the audience chambers of the various jurisdictions, even at the bar of the parliaments. Let the reader recall that science in general (that of law in particular) having taken refuge in the cloisters and in the cathedrals, it had indeed been necessary to go and seek it there. Since magistrates were drawn from the ecclesiastical Order and made to sit on the fleurs-de-lis, why should not advocates have been drawn from it who, though lesser in the hierarchy, are none the less useful?

[39] In the department of Finistère.

[40] *Ibid.*

[41] Popular malignity, which likes to exercise itself even on those from whom it has received services, has not spared the advocates. It found the means, in making the eulogy of Saint Ives, of launching a shaft against the learned Confraternity of which he had been one of the most illustrious members. Hence those well-known Latin verses: *Sanctus Yvo erat Brito, / Advocatus et non latro, / Res miranda populo* — "Saint Ives was a Breton, / Advocate and not a thief, / A great marvel! people say." No one ever took this innocent sally seriously, except perhaps a writer of the seventeenth century, Jean Robert, who composed expressly a big book to teach the public that there are counted at least fifty canonized advocates. And even then the list is not complete! But if advocates people heaven, do bailiffs enter it? A perilous question which uncharitable people have pretended to resolve in the negative. In support of their saying, they tell the following anecdote, the intention of which is not doubtful: Saint Ives, after his death, presented himself at the gate of paradise, and, deceiving the vigilance of the heavenly porter, succeeded in passing it secretly. But this fraud was not long in being discovered. Saint Peter, making his habitual round, perceives the intruder, asks him his name, his papers, and, on his answer that he travels without a passport, summons him to clear the premises. "Gently," replies the shrewd lawyer, who was not at his first suit; "I have possession on my side. Serve me with the sentence, otherwise I keep what I hold." — "I consent willingly," said Saint Peter; "I am going this instant to fetch bailiffs." He looks for some, but finds none; for never a bailiff, adds the legend maliciously, has entered paradise. And that is how, thanks to the subtleties of procedure, the prince of advocates was able to prepare up there places for his colleagues here below. These stories, of a questionable taste, but against which one would be wrong to be indignant, amused the good nature of our fathers without shaking their faith or imposing themselves on their credulity. For instructed Christians have never been ignorant that one can sanctify oneself and that people have in fact sanctified themselves in all honest professions.

20 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Aquila, in Lower Abruzzo, Saint Bernardine of Siena, of the Order of Friars Minor, who enlightened Italy by his word and by his holiness. 1444. — At Rome, on the Via Salaria, the birth into heaven of Saint Basilla,

virgin, who was of royal race, and who, having refused to marry a man of very high rank to whom she was betrothed, was accused by him of being a Christian; whereupon the emperor Gallienus ordered that she should marry him or perish by the sword; warned of this decision, she answered that she had for spouse the King of kings, and at once a sword was passed through her body. 253–268. — At Nîmes, in the Gauls, Saint Baudile, martyr, who, having been arrested, refused to sacrifice, persevered constantly in the faith of Christ, in spite of scourges and torments, and by a precious death gained the palm of martyrdom. — At Edessa, in Syria, the holy martyrs Thalalaeus, Asterius, Alexander and their companions, who suffered under the emperor Numerian.[1] 284. — In the Thebaid, Saint Aquilas, martyr, who was torn with iron combs for Jesus Christ. — At Bourges, in France, Saint Austregisilus, commonly Outrille, bishop and confessor. 624. — At Brescia, Saint Anastasius, bishop. About 610. — At Pavia, Saint Theodore, bishop. 778. — At Rome, Saint Plautilla, a consular lady, mother of the Blessed Flavia Domitilla; having been baptized by the apostle Saint Peter, she shone with the lustre of all the virtues, and died in peace.[2] 1st c.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Toulouse, Saint Hilary, bishop. — At Beauvais, Saint Germer, confessor; after having passed several years in a lawful marriage and in the first employments of the court of Dagobert, to whom he was related, he renounced the world entirely, founded the monastery of Flay, and was the first abbot of it. His life and his death were very precious before God. Domane or Doman,[3] his wife, also died in the odour of holiness. End of the 6th c.. — At Ghent, at the monastery of Blandinberg, the elevation of the bodies of Saint Guduval, bishop, of Saint Bertulf, abbot, and of Saint Amelberga, virgin, whose feasts are celebrated on other days. — At Nîmes, one venerates a great number of Catholics thrown down and drowned in a well by the Calvinists; this well is commonly called the Well of the Martyrs. — At Beauvais, Saint Amalbert, son of Germer and of Saint Domane. — At Hautecombe, in Savoy, the venerable Vivien, first abbot of that place, praised by Saint Bernard. About 1150. — At Ghent, the venerable Guyon, twenty-third abbot of Cîteaux, cardinal of the title of Saint-Laurence-in-Lucina, apostolic legate in Denmark, then at the council of Vienne of 1277; styled an angelic man by Pope Urban IV. — At Sains-les-Marquion, in the diocese of Arras, Saint Saturnina, who left Germany, her native land, to escape from an earthly marriage. She was put to death by her betrothed, at the spot in Artois where her tomb now stands. She is invoked for the preservation of cattle, and is represented with a distaff, keeping flocks; which makes one suppose that in order to live and to hide better, she hired herself out as a shepherdess. 7th c..

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Chartres, Saint Ives, bishop, formerly provost of Beauvais, illustrious for his zeal for regular observance, and who gathered in one volume the opinions of the Fathers. 1115.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — At Pisa, the Blessed Guy, of the counts of Gherardesca, confessor, Camaldolese monk of the monastery of Saint Michael, and afterwards hermit, who followed the way of austerities to arrive more quickly at the delights of eternity.[4] 1269.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — The Blessed Columba of Rieti, virgin, of the Order of Saint Dominic, remarkable for her purity, her patience and her abstinence. 1501.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Hersée, near Paderborn, in Westphalia, the translation of the saints Saturnina, Valeria and Fortunata, Roman virgins and martyrs, made in the ninth century. — At Cagliari, in Sardinia, Saint Lucifer, bishop, celebrated for his writings; he combated the Arians at the synod of Milan.[5] Year 370. — Among the Greeks, the saints Thalassius and Mark, hermits. — In England, Saint Ethelbert, king of the East Angles: he was assassinated by the king of Mercia, Offa, who coveted East Anglia and in fact united it to his possessions.

Offa did penance, but God, who often punishes parents in their children, permitted that his sole heir should die after some months of reign and that the crown of Mercia should pass into another family. The body of Saint Ethelbert was transported to Hereford, where a church was built in his honour, and where he worked a great number of miracles. Year 793. — In Tuscany, the Blessed Orlando or Boland, lay brother of the Order of Vallombrosa, who was invoked for the healing of the possessed. Year 1242. — At Bologna, the Blessed Albert, also of the Order of Vallombrosa, who passed for being favourable to sowing. 1245.

Saint Baudile,[6] Apostle and Martyr

End of the 2nd or of the 3rd century.

In the world you shall be trodden like the grape under the press, but, take confidence, I have overcome the world.

John xvi. 33.

Saint Baudile, whom the inhabitants of Nîmes consider as their father in the faith, as the principal founder of their church, was, according to tradition, a native of Orleans. Few saints have had a more celebrated cult: as many as four hundred churches have been counted dedicated under his invocation, in Spain as in France, and yet what is known of him is reduced to saying that he watered with his sweat and his blood the city and the territory of the Nemausians; the epoch in which he lived is absolutely unknown, as well as his civil qualities and the rank he held in the Church of God. Some place his martyrdom in 187, others in 295, others at the end of the fourth century:[1] that is to say that one is reduced to conjectures.

Nîmes had for certain been evangelized from the first century by Saint Trophimus of Arles, since it is from Arles, as the blessed Pope Zosimus has written, that the streams of the faith spread to water all the Gauls; by Saint Paul of Narbonne, since the great Roman road which led to Spain crossed Nîmes, and Saint Paul Sergius must have followed it; by Saint Saturninus of Toulouse above all, who converted there his first disciple, Honestus. But long after them still, Nîmes preserved its pagan physiognomy: all its temples of idols were still standing; the crowd continued to press around the altars of the false gods, while proscribed Christianity gathered its disciples furtively in some obscure retreat, far from the sight of persecutors. At a date therefore which floats between the end of the 2nd and the end of the 3rd century, between 187 and 295, a generous Christian, obeying a divine inspiration, left his native town to go and evangelize the countries which were plunged in error. This was Baudile; he was engaged in the bonds of marriage, and his wife had associated herself with his pious design. He learned in his apostolic journeys that the ancient capital of the Volcae, the city of Augustus and of Antoninus, the city of Nîmes, no less important, say the Acts of the Saints, by its commerce and its great riches than by its population, was still almost wholly pagan, that the inhabitants were deprived of the teaching of priests, and that they languished like wandering sheep, far from the vigilant care of pastors: he resolved to attempt a supreme effort to tear it from the idols.

The new apostle arrived at Nîmes on the very day when there was celebrated, in a sacred wood, at the gates of the town, a public sacrifice.[2] Polytheism had deployed all its pomps to attract the crowd. It was on one of the hills which dominate the town, not far from that ancient Tourmagne which is still standing. The priests of the idols led the victims destined for the sacrifice. The quivering multitude pressed around the altar. Suddenly there appears a stranger who raises his voice in the midst of the crowd. He attacks with a generous indignation those impotent gods to whom a criminal incense is offered; those gods of marble and of stone, which have eyes and see not, which have ears and hear not, impious and vain simulacra, which must be broken and trodden underfoot. He announces that unknown God who made heaven and earth and who alone has a right to the adorations of mortals. He shows that cross of the Saviour, scandal and folly to the Gentiles, become the glorious instrument of the redemption of the human race. At these unknown accents, the multitude stops astonished: it listens with a strange surprise to this language new to it. Perhaps some men of

the people, some poor slaves feel moved on hearing speak of this redeeming God, who willed to take upon himself the burden of our miseries, who made himself poor and who put on the form of a slave to redeem men. Perhaps also some philosophers, who recognize the profound emptiness of pagan doctrines, would have wished that this stranger should be left to expound freely the doctrine of which he had made himself the apostle. But the priests of the idols, listening only to the passion of interest, cry out that such language is an insult to their gods, that this man is an impious man, a blasphemer, an obstinate sectary of that new superstition which attacks the ancient divinities, and that his crime must not remain unpunished. The fickle and light crowd passes suddenly from surprise to anger and raises cries of death against the contemner of these gods. They surround him, they seize him, they stifle his voice, and the sacrificers demand that he be immolated there where he has dared to attack the cult of the city. The holy apostle, calm and resigned in the midst of this unchaining of popular furies, offers himself to heaven as a victim. He asks the Lord that his blood may become a fruitful seed which may make a flourishing Church germinate on this unbelieving land, and he consummates his generous sacrifice. According to a popular tradition, the head of the Martyr, struck off by the axe of the sacrificers, bounded three times on the ground, and each of its bounds made a spring gush forth.

The three fountains which the blood of Saint Baudile made gush forth have remained as the witnesses of his glorious martyrdom. They were then as the blessed source from which flowed, over the still pagan city, the life-giving waters of the Gospel. They have become for the Christian people the source of many graces, and it is from there that flow that ardent devotion, those generous convictions, that unshakeable fidelity which animate the Catholics of Nîmes.

Let us not doubt it, the devotion of which the Three Fountains are the object has in its favour the consecration of the centuries. At all times, the faithful have venerated this place and attributed to the spring of Saint Baudile a miraculous virtue. This pious movement which, in our days, draws the faithful to this hill, past ages have known. It may have been slackened and even interrupted, in the midst of our civil and religious discords. But in resuming it today, one only knits again the chain of the past. This little basin, hollowed in the rock, has been in all centuries a salutary pool where the faithful have steeped their souls anew and where the sick have sometimes found the healing of their ills. It is therefore an eminently pious thought which has led in our days some devoted Christians to restore and enlarge the ancient oratory of the Three Fountains. One no longer sees today three distinct springs as at Saint-Paul-Trois-Fontaines, in the plain of Rome. The works which it was necessary to do to level the rock and lay the foundations of the chapel must have upset the soil and changed the direction of the three springs which today unite by subterranean filtrations in the same basin.

When the crowd had dispersed, the wife of the holy Martyr and the servants who accompanied her furtively gathered his remains and buried them at the bottom of the neighbouring valley. “By this glorious death,” say the Acts of the Saints, “this illustrious Martyr, lately a stranger in Nîmes, has conquered there the right of citizenship and has become the immortal protector of it.”[3]

The blood of the Martyr was piously gathered by some courageous Christians. As they were accustomed to do everywhere that one of their brethren was immolated, they steeped linens in the blood which reddened the ground and preserved them faithfully as a precious memorial. It is a fragment of one of these linens, stained with the blood of the Martyr, that the parish of Saint-Baudile possesses today. This place always remained dear to the piety of the inhabitants of Nîmes. They did not separate in their fervour the hill consecrated by the martyrdom of the Saint from the valley which kept his remains. In going to visit his tomb, they made a station at the place of his torture, and they associated the two in an equal veneration.

We must mention a popular tradition which relates that the holy apostle, before coming to attack the pagan superstitions in Nîmes, evangelized the neighbouring populations. The memory of this preaching has been perpetuated in the parish of Bouillargues, and it is for that doubtless that this Church chose Saint Baudile with Saint Felix, bishop of Nîmes, as its patrons, wishing thus to honour the memory of its first apostle. The

name of the holy Martyr was not forgotten, and a sanctuary was built on the place where his body had been laid. Saint Gregory of Tours, in the sixth century, in his *Treatise on the Glory of the Martyrs*, relates that God took pleasure in glorifying the Saint's tomb by numerous miracles and that his cult was spread in the various parts of the Christian world. "One sees," he says, "near Nîmes the glorious tomb of Saint Baudile, where brilliant prodigies are often wrought. From this tomb there has come out, through the cracks in the walls, a laurel, which has grown like a tree and which spreads its salutary foliage. The inhabitants have often experienced its marvellous efficacy which restores health to the sick. In memory of its beneficent virtue, they stripped the tree of its leaves, even of its bark, and the laurel has gradually lost its vigour and dried up."[4] This miraculous laurel, symbol of the victory of the holy Martyr, has grown green again, after having had its stem dried up. It continues to push vigorous shoots near the place where the tomb of the Saint was. Before the rigours of the last winter, says M. the Abbé Azaïs, chaplain of the lycée of Nîmes, in his notice on Saint Baudile published in 1871, it rose above the other trees of the valley and drew the eyes from afar by its green foliage. It will push from its rejuvenated trunk new stems and it will remain as the faithful guardian of these ruins.

Already, in the fifth century, if we believe the Acts of the Church of Orleans, the relics of Saint Baudile had made their marvellous virtue burst forth in favour of the town which had given the Saint birth. Saint Agnan I, bishop of Orleans, seeing this city threatened by the hordes of the ferocious Attila, hesitated not, in spite of his great age, to undertake a long and perilous journey to go and implore the help of General Aetius, who governed Gaul, in the name of the emperor Valentinian III, and who had fixed his residence at Arles. Arrived in that town, he remembered that a subdeacon of his episcopal city had shed his blood for the faith in the neighbouring city of Nîmes, and he went to pray before his tomb. A pious inspiration seized him before this tomb. He said to himself that if he could carry away with him some relics of this glorious child of Orleans, they would be a pledge of powerful action for that city. He obtained from the bishop of Nîmes some particles of the body of the holy Martyr, and he took joyfully the road back to his episcopal city. The populations were stirred on his passage to salute the precious deposit which had been entrusted to him. Tradition has preserved the memory of some of his stations. He stopped near Valence, at the village of Saint-Bardoux. A colony of religious, sent by the monastery of Ainay, at Lyons, had established itself on that hillside, and it is under their roof that Saint Agnan must have received hospitality. There existed, in the last century, in this place, a chapel dedicated to Saint Baudile, which went back to a high antiquity. It must have been a memorial of the passage of the relics of the Saint.

The body of Saint Agnan was transported, in the year 1029, into a new church of great magnificence, built by the care of the pious King Robert. The relics of Saint Baudile followed those of the holy bishop and formed part of the treasury of the same church. They disappeared in the troubles of the sixteenth century, with so many other holy relics, in the fatal devastation which the church of Saint-Agnan underwent.[5]

The tomb of Saint Baudile, like that of Saint Giles, in the neighbourhood of Nîmes, of Saint Martha, at Tarascon, of Saint Mary Magdalen, in Provence, were the most celebrated of our South and had the privilege of drawing a numerous concourse of Christians. They soon had their days of mourning and desolation. About the year 719, the Arabs, crossing the Pyrenees, spread like a torrent over the soil of France. The monastery of Saint-Baudile had then at its head a pious abbot, Saint Romulus, who made flourish there, by the authority of his word and of his examples, the purest monastic virtues. Eighty religious, under the guidance of the holy abbot, perfumed that peaceful valley with the fragrance of their piety. Saint Romulus would not abandon them to the sword of the enemy. His first care was to withdraw the relics of Saint Baudile from the outrages of the Muslim hordes. He enclosed them in a leaden coffin and had them buried deep in the earth, under one of the walls of the church.

After having put in safety this precious treasure, Saint Romulus departed, at the head of his community, to go and seek an asylum in a distant region. Going up along the Rhône and the Saône, the fugitive colony made

numerous halts in its migration, and it is thus that the cult of Saint Baudile was propagated in divers places. The religious carried with them some particles of the body of the holy Martyr and distributed them, on their passage, to the populations who received them with kindness. They stopped for some time at Beaune, in Burgundy, and they paid for the hospitality they received by the gift of a relic of Saint Baudile. This precious legacy was faithfully preserved, until the end of the last century, in a church which was placed under the Saint's title, and it disappeared in the revolutionary storm.

After a long sojourn at Beaune, the religious continued their march. They made a station at Plombières-lès-Dijon, in the Côte-d'Or, where the cult of Saint Baudile has been perpetuated to this day, and probably at Parigny-la-Rose, in the Auxerrois, which, in memory of this halt, honours Saint Baudile as its patron.

They arrived next at Saissi-les-Bois, in the diocese of Auxerre. This place, which, as its name indicates, was covered with woods, suited perfectly a monastic foundation. There was already, in this valley, watered by a stream, a monastery founded by the bishops of Auxerre.[6] It bore the name of *Monasterium saxiense*, on account of the stones which cover the ground, and this appellation is found again, altered, in the modern name of Saissy. The monks of Saint-Germain, who possessed it, ceded it to this wandering colony which fled before the Saracen invasion. The establishment grew under the protection of the Frankish kings, who granted it numerous privileges, and the neighbouring forests were cleared by the patient labours of the monks. A church was built and it was dedicated to Saint Baudile, in memory of the holy Martyr, whose body reposed at Nîmes. It was at once a homage to this holy protector and a remembrance of the absent fatherland. Saint Romulus died before having finished the church of which he had laid the foundations; it was his two successors, Odo and Walaus, who put the last hand to it. The monastery of Saint-Baudile, at Saissy, became later a simple priory. It still counted eight religious in the fifteenth century. It was entirely destroyed, in 1369, by the Protestants, like that of Nîmes, and the relics of Saint Baudile, preserved until then, had the fate of all those which fell into the hands of the Calvinists.[7] The very names of Saint Baudile and of Saint Romulus are today forgotten at Saissy.

As for the monastery of Nîmes, it remained long in a state of sad decay. Towards the end of the eleventh century, the nobility of the country, afflicted by this deplorable situation, restored it to its first life, by ceding it to the powerful abbey of La Chaise-Dieu.

It was doubtless towards this time that popular piety gave to the valley of Saint-Baudile the name of Valsainte, wishing to honour by this pious appellation the memory of the miracles of which these places had been the theatre.[8] The Reformation came: Nîmes, as is known, was the principal theatre of the efforts of the religionaries in the South, its cathedral was changed for a time into a Calvinist meeting-house, and the monastery of Saint-Baudile was demolished from top to bottom (1563). What became, in the midst of this devastation, of the body of Saint Baudile? Was it torn from the tomb in which it was enclosed, and were its sacred ashes cast to the wind? or was it saved by some devoted Catholic? History is silent, and the belief of the inhabitants of Nîmes is that the religious succeeded in withdrawing the holy relics from this profanation, by burying them, as at the time of the invasion of the Saracens, in some hidden retreat. Perhaps the shrine which encloses them is buried in the bowels of the ground, not far from the ancient sanctuary, whence it is not despaired of drawing it one day.

The indifference of men and the action of time have gradually completed the entire destruction of all that remained of the ancient priory and of the two churches. The ruins themselves have disappeared.

For a long time these walls, half crumbled, became like a vast quarry where all the neighbours came to seek stones to form enclosure walls or to build new constructions. Today, there remains not a single stone standing of the church of Saint-Baudile. The ploughshare has passed over its site and has broken up the soil to give it to cultivation. Two country houses occupy the site of the ancient enclosure and of the priory.

A parish of Nîmes, that is all that perpetuates today, with the same name, the ancient memories. Faithful guardian of the memory of Saint Baudile, it discharges, in the name of the city, the tribute of honour and of gratitude which Nîmes owes to its apostle.

The characteristic attributes of Saint Baudile in the arts are the palm and the axe: the life of the Saint gives the understanding of these symbols.

Saint Baudile and his cult, by M. the Abbé Azaïs, honorary canon, chaplain of the Lycée of Nîmes; *Nîmes, 1872.*

Saint Basilla, Virgin and Martyr

3rd century. — Reign of Gallienus.

She was a Roman, sprung from the emperors, and daughter of one of the principal senators of that city, mistress of the world. Her parents, being pagans, had brought her up according to the superstitions of paganism, and betrothed her early to a lord illustrious like herself, named Pompey. But it happened, by an admirable conduct of divine Providence, that they both died soon after. Basilla had for guardian a secret Christian, named Helenus, who made her know the impiety of the cult of false gods, and inspired her with a great desire to serve Jesus Christ. At this same time, the admirable Saint Eugenia, of whom we shall speak on 25 September, came to Rome with Saint Protus and Saint Hyacinth, her servants, after her father, Philip, governor of Egypt, had been martyred at Alexandria; Basilla, being informed of it, sent word to her, by a faithful intermediary, that she wished extremely to be instructed by her in Christianity, and that she begged her urgently to give her instructions by letter, because, being watched by her betrothed and by those of her house, she could not, without danger, go to find her. Eugenia, considering that letters were much weaker than speech, sent her her eunuchs, to whom she herself owed her conversion, and let her know that she might have all confidence in them. In fact, they spoke to her with so much force, and instructed her so perfectly on all the points of our religion, that she would no longer delay to receive holy baptism. Saint Cornelius, who occupied most worthily the chair of Saint Peter, betook himself to her house, completed her instruction, regenerated her in Jesus Christ, and inspired her with so much esteem for chastity that she resolved also never to have any other spouse than Him whose alliance consecrates, purifies and perfects virgins. Thus, by one and the same sacrament, she became the daughter and the spouse of Jesus Christ, and felt herself so inflamed with his love that she would have wished to shed from then all her blood for the confession of his divinity.

Christianity having bound her very closely to Saint Eugenia, they began to work together, with great courage, to draw Roman ladies and girls to the faith, and their zeal had so much success that Saint Cornelius and the priests of the Church were extremely occupied in baptizing the persons they converted. Apart from this pious employment, they were in continual prayer, in order to merit, by their groans and their tears, the ruin of idolatry and the change of this great city, “which,” as Saint Leo says, “had made a religion of rejecting no superstition.” In one of these colloquies with God, Eugenia had a revelation that Basilla would soon be a martyr, and Basilla had a revelation that Eugenia would be so also, which they communicated to each other at once, in order not to deprive themselves of the greatest subject of joy they could have in this life.

Valerian and Gallienus were then emperors, and as their corrupt life gave them a particular aversion to Christianity, which was the condemnation of it, they had made very severe edicts to exterminate those who made profession of it (257). This made a servant of Basilla believe that she would gain something by denouncing her mistress and accusing her of being a Christian; she went therefore to find Pompey, her betrothed, and told him “that it was in vain that he expected to marry Basilla, if he did not promptly make himself master of her. The Christians had already taken possession of her mind, and, since that time, she thought no longer either of goods, or o r pleasures, or ornaments of the body, or marriage; Helenus, her guardian, was in understanding with her, and it was for that reason that he had always put off her marriage;

Protus and Hyacinth, eunuchs of Eugenia, had come to see her and had made her learned in the sorceries of this sect; finally, she had a very close liaison with Eugenia, daughter of Philip, and they spared nothing, the one or the other, to draw all sorts of persons to the religion of the Crucified."

Pompey, learning this news, was extremely surprised at it; he went first to find Helenus, Basilla's guardian, to make his complaints to him about it and to summon him to let him see his betrothed. Helenus, to get rid of him, told him very wisely that the right of his guardianship was ended, Basilla having reached the age of majority. If Basilla consented to see him and to marry him, she was perfectly free: it concerned her. Irritated at this answer, Pompey runs to Basilla's and gives order to the porter to announce him. Basilla had answer made to him: "To see you, to hear you and to receive your visit, I should need a motive; I have none," giving to understand that she found unbecoming this request for a private interview with a young virgin, whom even the gaze of a man ought not to reach.[1]

We shall not try to say the trouble of the young Pompey before such an answer. He protests that justice shall be done him. But, before asserting loudly all his rights, he wishes to strike a last blow at Basilla's heart, by sending to her skilful matrons charged to shake her resolution.

Basilla held to them this language:

"Between a wise man and a fool, there is this difference, that the fool knows neither how to repel real evils nor to seek true goods, whereas the wise man is always in quest of the good in order to arrive at the better. If to receive my mortal betrothed is good, to choose an immortal spouse is a better thing. All my happiness is to consecrate my virginity to him. I have resolved it, and it is not the vain promises of the world that will shake my courage. The joys of time are nothing in my eyes; I compare them to those spring flowers which, scarcely opened, wither and fall. Therefore let those among you who love wisdom lend an ear to the words of my mouth; let them pursue not only what is good, but what is better, and let them, in a generous disdain of perishable things, aspire only to eternal ones. Let us not lean on man; let us trust in God, who sent from heaven to earth his glorious only Son, to teach us to love him, to render him love for love. There is life, and what the world calls death is the happy passage to the true life. You are not ignorant who it is whom I love: it is Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Mary, glorious mother remaining a virgin! He descended God into her womb to make himself man there, and, scarcely born, behold him adored as a king. If he served as a disciple, he taught as a master. If he was tempted as weak, he conquered as almighty. He was sold as a slave, but he reconquered his liberty as sovereign Lord. He was regarded as a prophet, and he was the Christ! He suffered as a criminal; he died as man, but he raised himself as God. And, to strengthen faith in his divinity, he ascended into heaven in the presence of numerous witnesses. And those who saw him ascend, confirming their testimony by works, gave sight to the blind, health to the sick, drove out demons, healed lepers, raised the dead. Behold the great things divinely accomplished in favour of man; behold the price that God attaches to our souls and with what love he has loved them!"

These words of Basilla inflamed with love for Jesus Christ all these matrons, who had come to her with a quite different design. They would no longer leave Basilla, and none of them consented to carry the answer to Pompey.

Despairing at this silence, he betook himself to the senate, where he made great complaints: first, against all the Christians who despised the gods of the empire, and put it, he said, on the eve of its ruin, by hindering marriages and the honest generation of children, without which armies, towns and republics cannot subsist; then, he let his complaints fall on Basilla, who, having been promised to him from her childhood, refused to marry him, after he had waited so long for her to be of age, and had rejected in the interval other very considerable matches which had presented themselves. The senate was touched by his prayers and his tears, and a part of the senators joined him to go and find the emperor Gallienus and ask him justice. The emperor, who was already full of hatred against the Christians, had no trouble in granting them what they asked. He

condemned Basilla to receive her betrothed or to perish by the sword. He added to it very severe penalties against whoever should conceal a Christian in his house.

In consequence of this decree, Basilla was told to choose between the hand of her betrothed and death. She hesitated not; she answered: “I have a betrothed, who is the King of kings, Jesus Christ, Son of God. I cannot prefer to him a mortal betrothed, for the good pleasure of a king of the earth. What is terrible is to fall into the hands of the true King, of the living God!” After these words, she was seized by the executioner, who, in cutting off her head, gave occasion to her soul to fly away all pure into the bosom of Jesus Christ, whom she had preferred to all the things of the world.

Relics of Saint Basilla The Roman Martyrology and those of Usuard and Ado put this triumph at Rome, on the Via Salaria; but they do not say that this is the place where the Saint was buried. These two things, nevertheless, are very different, since we see many martyrs who were executed in one place and were afterwards transferred to another to receive burial there; like Saint Romanus, a soldier, who suffered death on the same Via Salaria, and who was nevertheless buried in the cemetery of Saint Cyriacus, which is on the road to Tivoli.

That being so, there is therefore no inconvenience in believing that the Saint Basilla whose life we have just recounted is she who was found, in the year 1654, on the third floor from below of the cemetery of Saint Cyriacus, and who, having been brought to France, was given to the Hospitaller nuns of the town of Bayeux, in Lower Normandy.

Here is the history of this discovery and of this translation. As one was digging with great care in the cemetery of Cynaque, which is that in which Saint Lawrence, Saint Romanus, Saint Hippolytus and many other illustrious martyrs were laid, there was found, on the lowest floor, a marble sepulchre on which was engraved: BASILLA, and at the side, there was in relief a dove and a branch, mark of her virginity and of her martyrdom; there was found also attached to the sepulchre a precious vase which was full of blood. All these circumstances made plain enough that the Saint who was enclosed in it had been very considerable in the world. The vice-gerent bishop, to whom it belongs to visit the catacombs and to make the opening of the tombs of the martyrs, made the opening of this one and found in it all the bones of this Saint, beautiful, solid, and each in its natural place, down to the smallest articulations, as if she had been buried only a few years. He had them raised from the earth and had them put in a cypress case lined with cotton, to expose them somewhere to the veneration of the faithful. Divine Providence willed that this place should be the monastery of the Hospitaller nuns of Bayeux. M. Michel, vicar general of Bayeux, wrote to us, on 22 November 1858: “The Hospitaller nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu of Bayeux possess the body of Saint Basilla. This body was, in 1658, granted to Mgr Servien, bishop of Bayeux, by Pope Alexander VII, at the request of M. de Lyonne, ambassador of France and relative of Mgr Servien. The entire body was brought to Bayeux. Mgr Servien kept a small part of it for his cathedral and deposited the rest at the Hôtel-Dieu. This small portion disappeared at the Revolution of ’93. On 27 January 1833, under the episcopate of Mgr Dancel, the shrine, which contained the precious relics, was, with his permission, opened at the Hôtel-Dieu, and there was taken from it one of the shoulder-blades, which was sent to the superior of the hospital of Rennes, and one of the vertebrae, which was given to the nuns of Notre-Dame de la Charité of Bayeux. The rest of the body is preserved at the Hôtel-Dieu of that town. The head and the phial of blood are apart, not in a rich, but in a modest reliquary. The church of the Hospitallers of the Hôtel-Dieu of Bayeux was never placed under the invocation of Saint Basilla. N. B. This Saint Basilla must not be confounded with another Saint Basilla who is said to have been martyred in the diocese of Bayeux, in the century, it is said, at the time of the invasion of the Normans. This belongs to the domain of legend.”

Saint Austregisilus or Saint Outrille, Bishop of Bourges

551–624. — Popes: Vigilius; Boniface V. — Kings of France: Childebert I; Clotaire II.

The Saints, when they are severe outwardly, are, inwardly, penetrated with charity.

Saint Gregory the Great, in I Reg., bk. vi, ch. 3. The church of Bourges does not boast only of having had for founder a great Saint, it counts also with pride on the list of the Blessed thirty-six of its bishops.[1] The imposing and luminous figure of Saint Austregisilus stands out vividly at the head of this illustrious throng. At the time when the good King Gontran held his court at Chalon-sur-Saône, there was in the palace a young man called Austregisilus, sprung from one of the first families of Bourges, but whose fortune unhappily did not equal his nobility. Brought up in the study of sacred letters, this child had been entrusted by his father Auginus to the Burgundian monarch, who had immediately taken for him a fine friendship and had attached him to his person with the title of *mapparius*, which conferred the honour of holding out the napkin when the king dined or washed his hands.[2]

This high favour had fallen to Austregisilus because, from the first days, he had shown qualities and habits of piety greatly appreciated by the master. In fact, in his hours of liberty, instead of giving himself up with the youth of the palace to bodily exercises and to the coarse pleasures of the age, he sought the conversation of grave men or the leisure of study. While his companions ran at the ring, shook the dice, threw the discus or the javelin, he was found in prayer in a stall of the church or turning over the illuminated missals in the library. Thus Austregisilus grew up at the court of Chalon, more and more cherished by all who approached him, until the moment when, seeing him arrived at man's age, his family spoke to him of marriage. Frightened at this prospect, on which he had never dwelt, Austregisilus opposed to the desires of his own his intention of leaving the world and devoting himself to the service of God and to the practice of good works. He avowed the emotion he felt at the mere thought of joining to himself a second existence, and of thus doubling the cares and hazards of a life already strewn with too many reefs. — "In marrying," he said naïvely, "I run the chance of taking a wife good or bad. Good, I fear to lose her; bad, I must keep her. Why throw myself into the doubt and the troubles which accompany marriage? Being able to live free, why should I seek slavery?"[3]

Afflicted by this answer, his parents insisted and summoned him to follow their will. Then, in order not to sadden them further, he promised them to consult his two masters, God and the king, and to obey if such was their will.

Though very respectful of divine things, the good King Gontran did not neglect temporal affairs. So he did not hesitate to counsel his favourite to secure his future, by taking a good wife who would bring him a large dowry, without troubling himself too much about the future embarrassments of marriage; for, he added, smiling, a wise man always knows how to get out of them. Moderately convinced, and while thanking the king for his advice, Austregisilus felt more than ever the need of consulting a less worldly advocate and of referring himself to God. Accordingly he wrote on three tablets the names of three men of the neighbourhood who had daughters whose birth and fortune were about equal. Then he placed these tablets under the cover of the altar, in the Basilica of Saint John, near the town of Chalon, promising himself to remain, according to the custom, three nights in prayer, and to refer himself afterwards to the judgment of the Lord for the choice of one of the tablets.[4]

The first night passed entirely in prayer; but, from the second, overcome by fatigue,

Austregisilus fell asleep and saw in a dream two old men of venerable aspect who approached him and the altar. — "Of whom is Austregisilus to marry the daughter?" said one. — "Are you ignorant," answered the other, "that he is already married?" — "To whom then?" — "To the daughter of the Just Judge."[5] On waking, the young man asked himself who she was, where dwelt this Judge and this Just One whose daughter he was to marry; and, as he could not guess it, he took, quite pensive, the road to the town again. His reflections led him as far as a village, where fatigue counselled him to enter an inn kept by a veteran and his wife. As soon as she perceived him, she came to meet him and, before any offer of service, addressed to him

these words: — “My guest, if you will listen to me a moment, I will tell you what I saw this morning in a dream concerning you. It seemed to me that I heard a great noise of voices like singing of psalms, and I said to my husband: ‘Man, what do I hear? On what feast do the priests make the procession today?’ — ‘Our guest Austregisilus is taking a wife,’ he answered. — Full of joy, I drew near to consider the face and the air of the young girl. When the clerics clothed in white, carrying crosses and singing psalms, had passed, you appeared the last followed by all the people. As, in spite of my attention, I discovered in the procession neither young girl nor any other person of my sex, I said again to my husband: ‘Where then is Austregisilus’s bride?’ — ‘Do you not see her in his hands?’ he replied. — But I looked in vain, I perceived in your hands only the book of the Gospel.”[6]

Brought together with the vision in the Church, the words of the old soldier’s wife increased the reveries of the page, who set out again and soon came to knock at the door of the palace, where a last warning awaited him.

When the porter had opened to him, Austregisilus, having advanced without noise towards the royal chamber, heard Gontran praying aloud and repeating this verse: “Lord, thou hast placed on his head a crown of precious stones, he asked thee for his way and thou hast granted him long days in this age and in the age of ages.”[7] Doubt was no longer permitted. God spoke and called him to the priesthood by the mouth of the monarch. But the demon opposed great obstacles to the accomplishment of this will. There was at court a certain Bethelen, a powerful man, but hard and proud, who had usurped the goods of the treasury.[8] To the reproaches of Gontran, he opposed a false diploma which he pretended to hold from Austregisilus. The latter denied the fact, and the angry king ordered the lists, in order that the judgment of God might reveal which of the two had lied.

On the day of the combat, Austregisilus, having risen very early, sent by his valets his lance and his shield to the field where the encounter was to take place, then he went to pray in the basilica of Saint Marcellus, at Chalon. On the way, he met a poor man, to whom he gave a *triens* or third of an as, the only one he had on him, and, after having finished his devotions, he directed himself full of confidence towards the place of combat, where the king, the court and the people were assembled. Already the trumpets were sounding, and only the second champion was awaited, when the squire of Bethelen appeared, pale and haggard, in the lists, announcing the death of his master. Summoned by Gontran to furnish details, this man expressed himself thus:

— “Sire, your servant Bethelen having ordered us to be ready at daybreak, mounted into the saddle at the hour indicated; but, to his great surprise, his horse, gentle and docile ordinarily, stood motionless and refused to advance. Jealous not to miss the appointment, my master drove the spur into the flanks of the rebellious animal, which began to bound in a terrible manner, to throw itself aside, to lower the head, to raise the croup, so that the lord Bethelen, violently unseated, was thrown to the ground like a tree uprooted by a whirlwind. That was not enough; the furious beast rushed on him, struck him without respite on the head with its two hoofs, until he was no more than a wretched corpse bleeding from the nose and the ears.” At this account, the king, turning to Austregisilus, said to him: — “The Lord, whose support you invoked, has fought for you; and Bethelen has fallen under the blows of heavenly vengeance.”[9]

Without rejoicing at the death of his enemy, the young man thanked heaven for having spared him the shedding of blood, and felt his fervour and his resolution increase. He came then to find a pious and powerful personage called Aethereus,[10] renowned among the senators and enjoying a particular credit at court. He set before him his aspirations and his doubts, related to him the trial he had attempted, the mysterious warnings he had received, and decided him to plead his cause with the king. Whatever his grief at losing his dear pupil, the good monarch could not resist the impulses of so ardent a vocation and granted the permission asked.

A few days after, Austregisilus had his hair cut and received from Aunacharius,[11] bishop of Auxerre, the order of subdiaconate; then he followed to Lyons his protector Aethereus, who had just been elected bishop of that city, and was named by him abbot of Saint-Nizier.

In spite of his youth, Austregisilus was not long in justifying this high favour and in enjoying a great reputation for wisdom and virtue in the conduct of his abbey, where he knew and had for reader Marculfus, who became later abbot of the monastery of the Château at Bourges, and who, according to some, would be none other than the author of the celebrated *Formulae*.[12] From this moment, his life shows him to us invested with the supernatural power, apanage of the elect, and relates thus his first two prodigies in the following circumstances: One day when the country was in full vintage, Austregisilus betook himself to the cellar to oversee the works and have prepared the vessels destined to receive the wine after the operation of the press. These were all filled, with the exception of an enormous vat able to contain about twenty ordinary measures; but, as there still remained a little wine at the bottom of an amphora, the abbot ordered it to be thrown into this vat, over which he made, before withdrawing, the sign of the cross. In the morning, how great was the astonishment of the keeper of the cellar when, having entered to verify the state of the vintage, he saw the great vat in complete ebullition, like the other vessels, and the wine passing over the edges and flooding the pavement. Beside himself, the poor man ran to the church to announce this prodigy; but Austregisilus gently imposed silence on him by forbidding him to reveal what God had accomplished through his servant. Another time, Austregisilus, travelling with Bishop Aethereus and his suite, on the territory of Geneva, met in the neighbourhood of the lake an old deserted castle and a half-ruined chapel, having neither clerics nor keepers, in which he had the thought of celebrating Mass. The doors of the chapel were open, but those of the sacristy firmly bolted. As water was lacking, he despatched his reader Marculfus to procure some. After having sought it uselessly on all sides, the latter returned to the chapel, where he was seized with an astonishment bordering on fright on seeing the sacristy wide open and the holy man officiating with two cups full, the one of wine and the other of water.

About the year 612, Austregisilus was still directing the monastery of Saint-Nizier when he learned one fine morning that, with the consent of the king, the people and the clergy called him to replace Saint Apollinaris, bishop of Bourges, who had just died. Neither frightened nor puffed up by the heavy burden which fell to him, imposing silence on the regret he had at leaving his dear retreat, he set out, with his deacons Desiderius and Sulpicius, of whom the second was to succeed him.

Arrived at Germigny, first stage in Berry, he knew by a nocturnal vision that he would direct the church of Bourges for twelve years, and woke his deacons to communicate to them this advice from on high. The next day, to the sound of bells and of popular acclamations, he entered triumphantly his native town, where he was to finish winning the radiant aureole of the saints by a new series of good works and miracles. But how follow the legend during the twelve years of this glorious pontificate, how pick out one by one the curious episodes which it took pleasure in recording day by day and which recall at every moment the Franco-Roman names of our fathers?

It is therefore not without regret that we renounce relating in detail the marvellous healing of Amanda, the blind attendant of the noble Paterna; those of the young Friovala, delivered from the evil spirit by communion; of the paralytic Meroald, brought before the august prelate by the valets of Berthoara; the adventure of Monulf, that imprudent miller who, having wished to pick his millstone on Sunday, felt his fingers stick so strongly to the hammer that the blood spurted from them, and that he had to have recourse to the Saint to see his torment cease; that of the baker Leodemer, to whom the pious Austreberta, widow of the most illustrious Chramnoald, restored health with a morsel of bread blessed by the bishop and destined for the Eulogiae; finally those benefits, those gifts and those graces poured out in profusion on the afflicted in soul and body, which were often obtained by simple letters, when they could not be asked for in person.

Shortly after the arrival of Austregisilus at Bourges, the renown of his virtues drew there a holy man called Amandus, himself destined to enjoy a great notoriety in Berry and in Flanders. This was Saint Arnaud of Maestricht.[13]

Austregisilus had still the happiness of knowing and guiding on the road to heaven a noble matron of Bourges, Saint Berthoara, celebrated for her virtues and for the foundation of an abbey of girls, devoted to the Rule and to the sweet Mysticism of Saint Columban, which the pious Bobolenus likewise adopted for his four monasteries of Berry.[14]

In the exercise of the high functions, the character and the piety of Austregisilus took a grave and severe tint, as reassuring to the good as formidable to the wicked. History cites several traits of the indomitable energy which he always opposed to the rash undertakings of the enemies of the Church or of the city, of which he was one of the most ardent defenders, during and after his life.

So, when on the 13th of the Calends of June the news of the death of the great bishop spread through the town, each one believed himself struck in his interests and his dearest affections. The entire population wished to attend his funeral, which was marked by brilliant prodigies. A young cripple named Leonastus, who had had himself carried in the train of the convoy, recovered the use of his limbs the following night.

Saint Austregisilus was buried by Raurac, bishop of Nevers, in the church of the Château, and the venerable priest Januarius, present at the ceremony, reported that at the moment when the sepulchre was being closed, he saw appear at the right of Raurac the image of the illustrious deceased clothed in long white garments and resplendent with light. No doubt, he added, that it was his guardian angel who, under this form, wished to accompany him to the tomb.[15]

The memory of Saint Austregisilus is found not only in the legends and the liturgies. On receiving his body, the church of the Château took likewise his name, which it never left, and which a parish of Lower Berry still recalls, Saint-Aoustrille, canton of Issoudun (Indre). Later, one of the gates of Bourges, that which led to the Bourbonnais, was placed under his protection and decorated with his statue in archiepiscopal costume. This having been destroyed in the sixteenth century, during the wars of religion, a new one was had executed in 1609 by Jean Lafrimpe, master architect and image-maker, for the sum of forty livres. This effigy, painted and placed on a pedestal, was first blessed by Archbishop André Fremiot in his chapel, then installed, in the month of May 1609, in the niche which the ancient one occupied at the Bourbonnoux gate, on the side of the drawbridge.

From the Legends of Berry.

Saint Bernardine of Siena, Franciscan

1380–1444. — Popes: Clement VII; Eugenius IV. — Emperors of Germany: Wenceslas; Frederick III.

John of Avila, the apostle of Andalusia, was one day pressed to give rules to teach the art of preaching. "I know," he answered, "no other art than the love of God and zeal for his glory." He used to say to young ecclesiastics that a word pronounced by a man of prayer would touch more than eloquent discourses.

This worthy disciple of Saint Francis was born at Massa on 8 September 1380. He was of the family of the Albizeschi, one of the most illustrious of the republic of Siena. Death took his mother from him when he was only three years old. His father, who was first magistrate of the town of Massa, died also before he had reached his seventh year.

The care of his education was entrusted to one of his aunts named Diana. She was a virtuous woman who inspired him with a tender piety towards God and a particular devotion towards the holy Virgin. She always loved him as her own son. How, in fact, independently of the ties of blood, could one not love a child who had so many beautiful qualities? The young Bernardine was modest, gentle, humble, pious; he made his

delight of prayer and of the visiting of churches; his devotion led him above all to serve Mass. As he was endowed with an admirable memory, he repeated to his companions the pious discourses he had heard, and that with as much fidelity as grace. From his first years, he showed a great compassion for the poor. Here is an instance.

One day his aunt sent a poor man away without giving him anything, because there was only one loaf in the house for the dinner of the whole family. Bernardine was sensibly touched by it and said to his aunt: “For the love of God, let us give something to this poor man, otherwise I shall be able neither to dine nor to sup today. I would rather do without dinner than make this poor man fast.” The aunt was singularly touched by his words; she took occasion from it to exhort her nephew to the practice of all Christian virtues, and even to that of fasting, as far as the weakness of his age would permit. Bernardine accustomed himself to fast every Saturday in honour of the holy Virgin, and he kept this pious custom the rest of his life. At the age of eleven, his paternal uncles had him come to Siena and placed him under the guidance of the most skilful masters. These did not weary of admiring the penetration and the beauty of the mind of their disciple; but they admired above all his docility, his modesty and his virtue.

His love of purity was extraordinary. If it happened to him to hear a word which wounded in the least this virtue, he testified by the blush of his face the pain he felt at it. Though he was naturally polite, obliging and respectful towards everyone, he was no longer master of himself as soon as an indecent discourse struck his ears. A man of quality having pronounced before him a free word, he reproved him for it in a manner a little brisk, but pardonable in a child, giving him under the chin so great a blow of the fist that the noise of it resounded through the whole square where the incident took place. The noble libertine, become the laughing-stock of the spectators, withdrew confused. But this reprimand struck him so keenly that he took from then the resolution to amend. Indeed, he watched so well over his tongue that during all the rest of his life he did not fall again into the same fault. Having heard Bernardine preach several years afterwards, he could not stop the course of his tears, so lively was the impression which was made on his soul.

What we have just said does not yet suffice to paint the purity of Bernardine. His modesty was a curb which held back the most dissolute. No one dared in his presence to depart from the laws of honesty. Every free conversation ceased as soon as he appeared. “Silence,” the most libertine would then say, “here is Bernardine.” On these occasions, the Saint did not conduct himself in a manner to make virtue ridiculous. One remarked in him a certain air of dignity which commanded respect. There was found nevertheless a libertine who tried to solicit him to crime; but he drew only confusion from his infamous undertaking. Bernardine, not content with having marked his indignation to the corrupter, so stirred up his companions against him that they pursued him with stones. His beauty was never prejudicial to him, because he watched continually over himself. He also implored with fervour the protection of the holy Virgin, who takes pleasure in interesting herself with God for chaste souls.

When he had finished his course of philosophy, he applied himself to the study of civil and canon law; he set himself afterwards to study holy Scripture with great ardour. The other sciences became insipid to him, and he felt no more taste except for those which could make him grow in the love of God and in the knowledge of his duties.

At the age of seventeen, he entered the Confraternity of the Disciplinati of Our Lady, established at Siena in the hospital of the Scala, to serve the sick there. It was there that he began particularly to master his body by fasts, vigils, hair-shirts, disciplines and by many other austerities. He practised above all the interior mortification of his will; so he was always humble, patient, gentle and affable towards everyone. In 1400, four years after his entrance into the hospital, the plague, which had already desolated a great part of Italy, attacked the town of Siena. There died each day in the hospital as many as eighteen or twenty persons. All those who distributed to the plague-stricken spiritual and bodily help were carried off in a very short time. Bernardine did not lose courage; he engaged twelve men to unite with him to serve the sick. These generous

Christians, forgetting the care of their own life, faced all the horrors of a redoubtable death. The Saint, finding himself charged with all the care of the hospital, established an admirable order there. It would be difficult to express the pains he took night and day to relieve and console, as far as lay in him, those who had had recourse to his charity. God preserved him from the contagion of the scourge, which ceased at last after having lasted four months. Bernardine, exhausted with fatigue, returned home. He was seized there with a violent fever which obliged him to keep his bed four months. During his illness, he edified as much by his patience and his resignation as he had done by his charity. Scarcely was he recovered when he resumed his former manner of living. He rendered great services, during the space of fourteen months, to one of his aunts named Bartholomea: she was a woman of rare piety, who had become blind, and who, besides that, suffered much from divers maladies.

After the death of his aunt, the Saint withdrew into a house of the suburb of Siena, and gave himself for enclosure the walls of his garden: there, redoubling his fervour, he applied himself to prayer and penance to know the will of God concerning him. One day then when he was pouring out his heart before a crucifix, he heard a voice which said to him: “Bernardine, you see me stripped of all and attached to a cross for your love; it is necessary then also, if you love me, that you strip yourself of all and lead a crucified life.” To follow this counsel, he resolved to enter the Order of Saint Francis. He took the habit at the solitary convent of Colombière, a few miles from Siena, in the twenty-second year of his age and on the day of the Nativity of Our Lady, which was also that of his birth. It was again on this solemnity that he made profession, the following year; that, some time after, he celebrated his first Mass, and finally that he preached his first sermon: very remarkable circumstances, which he used to animate himself to serve with more fervour so good a Mistress.

His fervour took sensible increases every day. He added new austerities to those prescribed by the Rule, in order to crucify more perfectly the old man. He sought eagerly rebuffs and humiliations. His pleasure was never greater than when, walking in the streets, the children said insults to him and threw stones at him, on account of the poverty of his habit and the nakedness of his feet. “Let us leave them alone,” he said, “they give us matter of merit and occasion to gain heaven.” He showed the same sentiments when one of his near relatives made bitter reproaches to him, and went so far as to tell him that he dishonoured his family and his friends by the abject and contemptible manner of life he had embraced.

It was in the school of the Saviour that he studied night and day humility and the other Christian virtues. Often he was prostrate before a crucifix. One day it seemed to him that he heard Jesus Christ again speak to him thus: “My son, you see me attached to the cross; if you love me, and if you wish to imitate me, nail yourself also to your cross, and follow me: thereby you will be sure to find me.” It was also at the feet of Jesus crucified that he drew this ardent zeal for the salvation of souls.

As he had long been preparing in retreat for the ministry of preaching, his superiors ordered him to turn to account the talent which he had received from God. He found at first great difficulties in a weakness of voice accompanied by hoarseness; but he was delivered from it by the intercession of the holy Virgin, his ordinary refuge. During the space of fourteen years, the labours of his zeal were confined to the country of his birth. At last, the brightness of his virtue betrayed his humility, and he appeared in the Church like a brilliant star. He was never heard to preach without feeling the liveliest sentiments of religion. Sinners returned home filled with compunction, melting into tears, and firmly resolved to quit their disorders.

Men came to lay in his hands the dice, the cards and the other instruments of forbidden games, and women brought to his feet their gildings, their hair, their rouge, their perfumes and the other drugs which the vanity of that sex has invented to lose souls while wishing to embellish bodies too much.

The word of God was in his mouth like a sharp sword and like a fire which consumes what is hardest and most capable of resistance. So he was called the Trumpet of heaven, the Evangelical Preacher. A celebrated

preacher of the same Order was asked one day why his sermons did not produce as much fruit as those of the Saint. “Father Bernardine,” he answered, “is a burning coal. What is only warm cannot likewise kindle the fire in others.” The Saint, having been consulted on the true manner of preaching, gave the following rule: “Take care in all your actions to seek first the kingdom and the glory of God. Propose to yourselves in everything only the sanctification of his name. Preserve fraternal charity, and practise first yourself what you wish to teach to others: thereby the Holy Spirit will become your master; he will give you that wisdom and that strength which no one can resist.”

He had no less the gift of miracles than that of eloquence. By the sign of the cross, he healed several maladies which the physicians judged incurable. A little girl having come into the world with two ulcers, the one on the chest, through which the breath of her lungs came out, and the other on the belly, which left her entrails bare, was healed by a blessing which he gave her. Another child, who was almost dead, was restored to perfect health in the same manner, and a third was delivered from the falling sickness by the force of his prayers. His very enemies had part in his benefits: a roofer, mocking him as he passed in the street, fell from the roof on which he had mounted, and broke his whole body; but having recognized his fault, he was at once healed by the Saint’s blessing. A woman found herself healed of an incurable wound after having touched the hem of his garments out of devotion. A poor leper, to whom he had given his shoes as alms, had no sooner put them on than he felt relieved, and he was soon as sound as if he had never been ill. Being obliged one day to cross an arm of water to betake himself to Mantua, where he was to preach, and the boatman having refused him passage because he had no money, he crossed it on his cloak, without being even wet when he was on the other bank. Preaching on Our Lady, he applied to her these words of the Apocalypse: “A great sign appeared in heaven”; at the same instant the whole audience saw in broad day, over his head, a star of an admirable brightness. Another time, preaching before Greeks who did not know Italian, he made himself heard by them as perfectly as if he had spoken to them in their own language.

These miracles gave authority to his words, which received no less from the example of his virtues, for he practised himself, in imitation of Jesus Christ, all that he taught to others. In fact, in the midst of his evangelical labours, he omitted none of the exercises of the Franciscan Rule: he attended Matins, he said Mass every day, he gave the morning an entire hour to prayer, during which no one could speak to him. He held so little to his own judgment that he consulted in all things the sentiments of others, and though he was in great esteem and of a very considerable family, he nevertheless went always with head bowed, and in a manner so simple that those who did not know him took him for a man of nothing, in whom grace shone no more than learning.

He had often combats to sustain for chastity; but he always came out of them victorious. One day, while begging, he was asked by a lady to enter her house, to receive alms there; but when he had entered, she shamelessly disclosed to him the passion which she had long had for him, and declared to him that if he did not consent she would call for help as if he were doing her violence, and cover him thus with shame. An accident so unforeseen embarrassed Saint Bernardine at first; but, having invoked the holy Virgin, he received suddenly the spirit of counsel: and not only did he extricate himself with an admirable prudence from this danger, but he excited a lively repentance in the heart of this lady, and made her promise to keep in future an inviolable fidelity to her husband; which she did. Bernardine applied himself above all to inspiring the love of Jesus Christ and the contempt of the world. He desired to have a trumpet whose sound could penetrate to the ends of the world, in order to make resound in the ears of all men this important oracle of the Holy Spirit: *Sons of men, how long will you be hard of heart? Why do you love vanity, and seek after lying?*[1] *O children, how long will you love childishness?*[2] Unceasingly he made the thunder of his voice heard, in order to awaken those carnal men who crawl on the earth, to bring them to love Jesus Christ and to raise themselves to the consideration of invisible goods. The remembrance of the Incarnation and of the sufferings of the Saviour drew him as it were out of himself, and he could not pronounce the name of Jesus without

feeling extraordinary transports. Often, at the end of his sermons, he showed to the people this sacred name written in letters of gold on a little tablet. He invited his hearers to kneel down and to unite with him to adore and praise the Redeemer of men.

Some ill-intentioned persons took occasion from this to rise up against him, and gave a malicious interpretation to certain terms which he was accustomed to use. They even painted him in black colours to Pope Martin V. The sovereign Pontiff sent for Bernardine, and condemned him to keep silence for ever. The humble religious submitted, without seeking to make his apology. The Pope soon recovered from the unfavourable impressions which had been given him against the servant of God. After having examined maturely his conduct and his doctrine, he recognized his innocence, loaded him with praises, and permitted him to preach wherever he wished; he even pressed him, in 1428, to accept the bishopric of Siena: but the Saint found means to refuse this dignity; he refused again, some years afterwards,[3] the bishoprics of Ferrara and of Urbino, which were offered to him by Pope Eugenius IV.

The first time he preached at Milan, Duke Philip-Maria Visconti[4] let himself be prejudiced against him on the occasion of certain things which he had said in his sermons; he even threatened him with death, in case he should dare in future to hold the same language. Bernardine declared generously that it would be for him a great happiness to die for the truth. The duke, to test him, or rather to surprise him, sent him a purse of a hundred ducats, having him told that he wished by this present to put him in a state to provide more abundantly for the needs of the poor. The Saint refused it twice. A third person having come to bring it to him, he took him with him to the prisons, and gave in his presence the ducats to obtain the deliverance of those who were detained there for debts. Such a disinterestedness dissipated all the prejudices of the duke; he conceived for the servant of God a singular esteem and veneration.

Bernardine preached in most of the towns of Italy.[5] Nothing was spoken of on all sides but the marvellous fruit of his sermons. The greatest sinners were converted; ill-gotten goods were restored and injuries repaired; virtue took the place of vice and piety made each day new progress.

The ravages caused by the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines often gave exercise to his zeal. Having learned that trouble and division were at Perugia, he hastened to go to that town. On entering it, he said to the inhabitants: “God, whom you grievously offend by your divisions, sends me to you as an angel, to announce peace to men of good will on earth.” He preached four discourses on the necessity of a general reconciliation. At the end of the last, he cried out: “Let all those who have sentiments of peace come and range themselves on my right!” There remained at his left only a young gentleman who murmured under his breath. The Saint gave him a severe reprimand, and predicted to him that he would perish miserably. The prediction was not long in being fulfilled.

The emperor Sigismund had a great veneration for him; he wished him to follow him to Rome, and to assist at the ceremony of his coronation, which took place in 1433. Bernardine returned afterwards to Siena. He employed some time there in revising his works, and in putting the last hand to them.[6] In the midst of the applause and the honours which he received on all sides, he always preserved the most profound humility. One saw by all his conduct the esteem he made of this virtue. A religious of his Order asking him one day what must be done to arrive at perfection, instead of answering him, he cast himself at his feet. He showed thereby that he loved humility sincerely, and that this virtue raises the soul and unites it to God; but the care he took to hide himself from men did not prevent his holiness from shining outwardly. He was honoured with the gift of prophecy and that of miracles. He healed several incurable maladies, and it is said that he raised four dead.

He was elected, in 1438, vicar general of his Order. He re-established the strict Observance in several convents, and he caused a great number of new ones to be built, to most of which he gave the title of Saint Mary of Jesus, for he had a singular devotion to these holy names. When he took the habit, there were not

more than twenty monasteries of the strict observance in all Italy and about two hundred religious; when he died, there were more than three hundred convents and at least five thousand religious. Five years later, he asked to be relieved of his charge. He continued to preach in Romagna, at Ferrara and in Lombardy. He returned to Siena in 1444. At the end of the winter of the same year, he betook himself to Massa, where he gave a very pathetic discourse on union and Christian charity. The beginnings of a malignant fever could not stop the vivacity of his zeal. At last he succumbed under the violence of the illness, and was obliged to take to bed on arriving at Aquila, in the Abruzzi. He prepared himself for death by the reception of the sacraments of the Eucharist and of Extreme Unction; then, feeling his strength diminish more and more, he begged his brethren to lay him on the ground, in order to breathe his last there in the same manner as his Father Saint Francis. Thus it was that he passed from this life to a better, in the year of grace 1444, on the eve of the Ascension, at the hour of Vespers, as there was sung in choir this antiphon: “Father, I have made known thy name to the men whom thou hast given me; now I pray for them, and not for the world, because I come to thee”; he was aged sixty-four.

God soon made known the glory of his Saint by several miracles which were wrought at his tomb, and which led Pope Nicholas V to put him in the catalogue of the Saints, six years after his decease, in the year of the Jubilee (1450). Saint Vincent Ferrer had predicted it long before, when, preaching at Alessandria in Lombardy, he said publicly “that there was in his audience a person who would be the light of the Order of Saint Francis, of all Italy and of the Church, and who would be declared a Saint with himself.”

His body, enclosed in a double shrine, of which one is of silver and the other of crystal, is kept with the Franciscans of Aquila.

Devotion to the holy name of Jesus dates from Bernardine of Siena. This practice was at first treated as a novelty, and the zeal with which the Saint preached it drew upon him many troubles. This is why he is represented in Franciscan costume, holding on his breast the monogram of Jesus: I.H.S.. It is related that a maker of tablets, who had lost his livelihood as a result of the success with which Saint Bernardine had preached against the game of cards and other games of chance, came to complain to him of it: the man of God counselled the merchant to make little boards, on which the divine name would be traced, and to sell them; at this trade, the tablet-maker made a fortune. — At the feet of the Saint is a mitre, to indicate that he refused ecclesiastical dignities. — Old engravings willingly represent him in the pulpit, for during sixteen consecutive years, others say eighteen, he did not pass a single day without preaching. — He is painted also kneeling before an image of Our Lady placed on a gate of Siena. This refers to a trait of his youth, which all the Manuals of devotion to the holy Virgin relate. His fellow-students one day mocked him because he sought to please no lady. “The lady of my thoughts is the most beautiful in the world,” answered Bernardine. And as curiosity was piqued, the pious young man led them before the statue of the Queen of heaven and earth. Others relate the same fact otherwise, which besides may have occurred under these two aspects: Bernardine had a holy cousin, named Tobia, daughter of the pious Diana; she was thirty years older than he, and having become a widow, had embraced the Third Order of Saint Francis. Seeing Bernardine so well made and so young, she greatly feared lest he should come to lose the purity of his body and soul. To preserve for him this precious treasure, she addressed continual prayers to God, to the holy Virgin and to all the Saints. She made remonstrances to himself in this regard. He answered: “I am already taken by love; I shall die on the very day when I cannot see her who is dear to me.” Many times he added: “I am going to see her whom I love, who is more beautiful and more noble than all the girls of Siena.” Tobia, hearing these words and not understanding the sense of them, was deeply afflicted; she suspected him smitten with love for some mortal girl; he, on the contrary, meant the holy Virgin Mary. Above the gate of Siena which leads to Florence, there was an image of the holy Virgin in her glorious assumption. Bernardine was accustomed to visit it twice a day, morning and evening, and to make his prayers there devoutly. It was of her that he spoke, when he said to Tobia: “I cannot sleep at night, when the day before I have not been able to see the image of

my beloved." To clear up her uneasiness, Tobia watched him several days in succession, at the hour when he had just said to her: "I am going to see her whom I love." She saw him each time stop before the image of the Virgin above the gate, kneel down, recite his prayers devoutly and then return straight and promptly home. The pious Tobia, seeing all her suspicions turn to spiritual consolation, said one day to Bernardine: "My dear son, I beg you, do not keep me longer in suspense, and let me no more be afflicted every day on your account. Tell me for whom you are smitten with love, so that, if she is of a suitable rank, we may procure her for you as a spouse." Bernardine answered: "O mother, since you command it so, I will disclose to you the secret of my heart, which I would have disclosed to no other. I am smitten with love for the holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, whom I have always loved, whom I desire to see with all the strength of my soul, whom I have betrothed to myself as a most chaste spouse, and in whom I have put all my hope; it is she whom I love above all, she whom I seek, she whom I would contemplate unceasingly with the respect that is due to her; but as I cannot obtain this in this world, I have resolved in my heart to visit her image each day. And behold her whom I love!" At these words, the pious Tobia could not restrain her tears, she embraced Bernardine with a spiritual joy and said to him: "Now I shall die content, since I am assured by your mouth of your holy devotion towards the Virgin Mary."

The Bollandists reproduce in their Appendices of May[7] a bust of Saint Bernardine of Siena, which will please all who give themselves the trouble to look at it. The head of the Saint, hooded, is surmounted by an aureole; the hands are passed into the sleeves. In a corner of the frame is the monogram of the holy name of Jesus. Before him are placed, so as to form a triangle, three mitres, which recall the three bishoprics which he refused. As legend, these words: *Manifestavi nomen tuum hominibus*: "I have made known thy name to men." The readers will remember that these words were sung in church at the moment when Saint Bernardine gave up his spirit: as they alluded to his apostolic mission, they were not failed to be applied to him and given him as a motto. The Poor Clares of Amiens possess relics of the holy reformer of the Franciscans.

Taken from his two Lives, written, the one in the very year of his death, by Barnabas of Siena, and the other a little after that time, by Maffei Viggio. These two authors had known the Saint particularly. See Henschenius, vol. v of May.

The Life of Saint Bernardine was also composed by Saint John Capistran, his faithful disciple, and by several other authors, cited by Father Luke Wadding, in the year 1480, in the *Annals* of his Order. He left many excellent works, which Father de La Haye had printed in four volumes, and which are in everyone's hands.

The Blessed Columba of Rieti, Religious of the Third Order of Saint Dominic

Pope: Alexander VI.

To leave prayer for the neighbour is to leave Jesus Christ for Jesus Christ.

Maxim of Saint Philip Neri.

In the country of the Sabines, at the foot of the Apennines, on the southern side, one finds a charming valley which is like the heart of all Italy. There rises the city of Rieti, in the midst of a fertile countryside, strewn with rich hills and watered with very beautiful waters. It was in this city, where the body of Saint Barbara is religiously preserved, where Saint Dominic was canonized by Pope Gregory IX, that the Blessed Columba was born, of an honest family and of very Christian parents. She came into the world in 1477, on the very day of the Purification of the most holy Virgin, a little before sunrise. Her father was called Angelo Antonio, and her mother is known only by her baptismal name, which was Joan. Married very young, Joan was only fifteen when she received for herself and her husband this precious gift of heaven. Besides, they both deserved to have such a daughter: for they seemed to live only to do good. Their charity was so ardent that, after having exhausted their own resources, they went begging to provide for the needs of the unfortunate.

The child received at baptism the name of Angelella, little angel, because angels, holding a circle of gold surmounted by seven luminous torches, had appeared at her birth; but as a dove had rested on her head during the sacred ceremony, she was more familiarly called Columba. In vain did father and mother oppose it: the people, witnesses of this prodigy, kept for her this name, which recalled the memory of it to them.

From her first childhood she led a mortified life, sleeping on the hard ground, making herself little hair-shirts of pieces of horsehair which she found, frequenting the churches, where she recited the *Ave Maria* with a piety so tender, so extraordinary at that age, that she drew tears from those who were witnesses of it. She learned to read with the Dominican nuns of the town, and having procured the little office of the most holy Virgin, she recited it every day. She made herself a discipline of a large-grained rosary which her confessor had given her. The Blessed Columba already observed very exactly the fasts of the Church, though she was hardly more than eight to ten years old. She fasted during Advent, Lent, the Ember Days, on the vigils of feasts. She wore constantly a woollen shift with a girdle of rope studded with big knots. Where had she taken this precocious love of austerities? In the Life of Saint Catherine of Siena, which she read with the Dominican nuns, and which was her delight. She loved this great saint, whose memory was not more than a century away; she wished to imitate her, and as no obstacle came to oppose these inspirations of grace, she succeeded in tracing in herself some of her virtues.

Columba's parents, though sprung from opulent families, were not rich; this is why they did a little trade to live, or at least to procure the means of bringing up and establishing their children. But, for lack of temporal goods, they had others much more estimable; we mean that they had good morals, a practical religion, and even piety; which contributed not a little to the holiness of their dear child: for it is ordinarily parents who, by their lessons and examples, give birth to virtuous inclinations; then comes grace which perfects the happy bents of nature.

Joan, like a good mother, took care to inspire her daughter very early with the love of work and to teach her the divers kinds of industries which it is important for women to know. From the age of eight to ten, household cares were familiar to her: she knew how to fulfil all the domestic offices, and to do several manual works, such as sewing, spinning, and making all that was necessary for her dress. Her precocious talents were accompanied by the most charming qualities; she was beautiful, wise and modest; we know not what air of holiness shone on her face, in her gait and in all her bearing; which rendered her extremely agreeable, and inclined all hearts towards her. One would have found with difficulty a character so gentle and a humour so even; she knew how to say only amiable things, and never permitted herself the least word that could wound or sadden anyone. Perfectly obedient to her parents, she acquitted herself of all that was enjoined her with as much promptness as prudence, which contributed not a little to make them joyful and content. So they loved her with the tenderest love, and ceased not to thank divine Providence for the gift which it had made them of this incomparable child.

When she was sent to the country with the young girls of the neighbourhood, whether to work at the vintage, or to gather dyeing herbs of which a fairly great trade was made in that country, her bearing had nothing in common with that of her companions. Instead of taking part in their songs and their vain talk, she kept silence, occupying herself interiorly in conversing with God, which, without harming her work, contributed singularly to her spiritual advancement and sheltered the purity of her soul. Thus, enemy of idleness, the young Columba imitated the valiant woman whom the Holy Spirit depicts in the Book of Proverbs, enriching her house with the fruits of her labour. She did in fact the trade of a day-labourer to help her family; it is true that her parents required no wage from those who employed her to work for them; but they received what these offered them out of gratitude; and these little presents were worth more than the customary wage, because her good conduct and her rare dexterity made her sought after by everyone. Besides, these good people were not dominated by cupidity; their clothing was simple, their food frugal, and, content to provide for the needs of the day, they left to God the care of the morrow. In this way, they could still come to the help

of indigence; and what they put in reserve, they poured with very good heart into the bosom of the unfortunate. Not content with giving their money, they willingly employed their time in works of piety and mercy; thus Columba and her mother washed, sewed and repaired out of charity the garments of the religious and novices of the community of Saint Dominic. The poor religious did not present themselves at their house without carrying away some alms more or less abundant. They took above all a particular care of Father James of Tiferno, who was their confessor, or at least that of the pious Columba, during the thirteen years that he passed at Rieti, charged with the spiritual government of the convent of Saint Dominic; Father Angelo of Perugia also had a large share in their benefactions. But their charity was not limited to doing good to those who came to ask them alms, they went in search of the aged, the infirm and the sick, carrying with them bread, eggs, meat, broth and wine; and when their resources were exhausted, they claimed in their turn the charity of others, to continue their good works. By dint of giving, it happened sometimes that they found themselves reduced to misery; and then the pious mother said to her holy daughter, with tears in her eyes: “Columba, we must resolve to fast today, for there is no more bread in the house.” Columba at this news went to pray at the foot of an altar which she had in her room; and soon there arrived either some alms sent by rich women, or some coins which were owing to them for their work; so that they could provide for their own needs and continue to relieve those of others.

The Blessed had scarcely twelve years, and already she burned with the desire to consecrate her virginity to God. One night when she was praying at the foot of a little altar set up in her room, Our Lord appeared to her, seated on a magnificent throne; he had at his sides the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, Saint Jerome, holding a book in his hand, and Saint Dominic. At this sight, the Blessed, transported with joy and admiration, cried out: “Give me, Lord, your blessing.” And after the Lord had blessed her, she begged him to accept the vow which she made into his hands of keeping a perpetual virginity.

Our Lord accepted the offering of his servant with the kindness of a father; he gave her the book which Saint Jerome held, and which she kept all night; in leaving her, he left her room embalmed with a heavenly perfume. The Blessed had a young brother whom she loved particularly and who, quite small, said of her and of himself: “Columba will be a religious and I shall be a religious.” He was received, in fact, at the age of ten, among the Dominicans. A short time after, the Blessed obtained the favour of being able to pronounce at the foot of the altars, with the good religious of Saint Dominic, the vow of entering religion. Some days after, she had a vision: she was led in spirit into the church of Saint Scholastica, where two angels gave her and her brother, before the altar of the most holy Virgin, a girdle of dazzling whiteness which each of them held in his hand. It was a mark of the purity which they had promised to keep and a help against the assaults of the demon. Two months after, the brother of the Blessed died, going to receive in heaven the crown which he had so promptly acquired.

Meanwhile the beauty of the Blessed had caused her to be asked in marriage by a very rich young man of Rieti: her parents, dazzled by the greatness of this alliance, consented to it easily and tried to win their daughter to it. They spoke to her of the necessity of settling in the world, without however speaking to her openly of the engagement they had taken. They fixed a day with the young man for the handing over of the betrothal presents, and fixed it for the next day. During the night, two religious of the Order of Saint Dominic appeared to the Blessed and said to her: “As soon as it is day, hasten to go to the mountain of Saint-Maron, you will find there a religious who will warn you of a danger that threatens you.” In the morning, the Blessed begged her mother to accompany her to the church of Saint-Maron on the mountain. As she preceded her by a few steps, she perceived a religious who said to her: “Your parents have promised you in marriage, and your betrothal is to be made today. If you wish to be faithful to the eternal Spouse, arm yourself with courage and cut off your hair.” After these words, the religious disappeared.

The Blessed entered the church, and, having confessed there, she asked counsel of her director on the warning that had been given her. This man of God, who knew her vocation, approved the means that had

been suggested to her. “Saint Catherine of Siena,” he said to her, “cut off her hair on a similar occasion; do the same and have recourse to prayer.”

In the evening, the young man presented himself, bringing a rich girdle for his betrothed, according to the custom of the country. The Blessed asked a few moments to reflect on the alliance that was proposed to her: she went up on the terrace of the house, where she cut off her hair, which she then handed to her family, saying that she wished to have no other spouse than Jesus Christ. One can well conceive the confusion of the young man and the anger of her parents. They overwhelmed the Blessed with reproaches and insults, but during the night Our Lord appeared to her and consoled her. He was accompanied by Saint Catherine of Siena, who supported on her arm the tired head of the young girl. “Fear nothing,” she said to her, “you will be a religious of my Order, as you desire.”

That same night, the young man who sought her had a vision. He saw her enter his room, magnificently adorned and crowned, as one is on one’s wedding day; but at the moment when she approached, her crown fell and he saw her faint so that she seemed to him dead. He went in the morning to consult a theolo gian. “This young girl is promised to Jesus Christ,” the theologian answered him, “and Our Lord does not agree that you should be his rival. He willed to warn you by this vision that if Columba failed in her promise, she would soon die.” The young man therefore went and withdrew the word he had given to the parents of the Blessed. Soon after he died himself on returning from a journey which he had made to Rome.

Meanwhile the parents of the Blessed came to themselves and were ashamed to dispute their daughter with Our Lord; her father even gave her a little room where she could give herself in peace to her religious exercises. She began then to lead a more retired life, more austere still than she had done till then. She ate scarcely anything but fruits, little bread, and finally she abstained from that entirely. The holy Eucharist was almost her only nourishment; but this divine Bread sustained her strength and her courage.

Every night she scourged herself three times with a discipline formed of five little iron chains; the first time for the expiation of her sins, the second for the conversion of sinners, the third for the poor souls in purgatory. She passed her nights almost entirely in prayer. The angels then came to visit her and converse with her. God favoured her at this time with several ecstasies the memory of which has been preserved for us by Father Sebastian of Perugia, her confessor.

“One day when she was in prayer, Our Lord represented to her all the sufferings he had endured in his passion. She saw him in the garden of Olives, at the house of Annas and Caiaphas, then at the tribunal of Pilate; but when the executioners bound his hands for the scourging, when she heard the blows of the whip and saw that adorable blood flow, her grief became so lively that she began to scourge herself cruelly to take part in the torment of her divine Spouse. Her mother, who slept in a neighbouring room, awakened by the noise of the blows she gave herself, rose weeping, and, running to the door of her room, cried to her: ‘My daughter, what are you doing? Why do you wish to destroy yourself?’ But the Blessed, rapt in ecstasy, could not hear her voice.

“Another time, while she was assisting at the holy sacrifice, having perceived above the chalice her Jesus fastened to the cross, pale and disfigured, his side open and his head crowned with thorns, the compassion she had for it made her fall to the ground and reduced her to a kind of agony. This faintness being prolonged, her confessor was warned, who came to her. Then the Blessed said to him: ‘Pray for me, my father, that I may see no more this heartrending spectacle; for I am persuaded that if I see it again, I shall die of grief.’”

This holy girl had also frequent ecstasies during which her body, deprived of the action of her soul, remained as in a state of death. It was already a long time that this had happened to her without her mother’s knowledge, when one day the latter, having entered her room, found her in this supernatural state which was altogether unknown to her. Columba was lying on her altar, like a person asleep. Her mother having lifted her to waken her, she rolled to the ground and remained stretched there without giving any sign of life. Her

mother, believing her dead, uttered heartrending cries which brought the neighbours running. These women, persuaded in their turn that she had ceased to live, cried vengeance against her confessor whom they accused of having killed her by dint of abstinences and austerities. The irritation became so lively that they spoke of going to do him an ill turn, when Columba very fortunately came to herself.

From that day, her ecstasies were no longer secret, and the parents and the neighbours were not long in perceiving that the confessor had nothing to do with these extraordinary states, which could come only from a supernatural principle. The assiduous work to which this holy girl gave herself put no obstacle to her habitual contemplation. Often, while weaving her cloth, her hands fell on the loom, and she remained motionless for several hours in an ecstatic state. The women of the neighbourhood, warned by her mother, ran to this spectacle, and could not recover from their astonishment on seeing her as devoid of movement as if she had been changed into stone. The same thing happened to her again when, occupied in sewing or spinning, someone came to speak or to make her speak of the things of God.

A woman, who had charged Columba to make her a piece of cloth, came maliciously to complain to her mother of the slowness she put into it, and made a great noise on purpose to draw reproaches upon this holy girl. The mother, who did not perceive the evil design of this woman, pressed poor Columba, demanded from her an impossible work, and, discontented at not obtaining it, overwhelmed her with reproaches, saying: “I offered you a husband, and you despised him. I charge you to procure some profit for the house, and you prefer to stay doing nothing. I tell you, my daughter, that you must work. See that you obey me.”

These reproaches were as unjust as could be; for she was continually in action, as far as God left her the power. Nevertheless, she did not say a single word in her defence. God, content with her patience, willed to reward her for it. One day when she had just been scolded thus by her mother, Jesus appeared to her at the window of her room which gave on the street, and said to her: Columba, follow me. Transported with joy and understanding perfectly what her Well-Beloved wanted of her, Columba said to her mother with as much gentleness as humility:

“My good mother, it is indubitable that Jesus Christ has a right to be obeyed in preference to my parents. I shall follow him therefore every time he calls me, without troubling myself about the work you shall have charged me to do. I beseech you, mother, to take in patience these apparent resistances to your wishes, and not to be hostile to this all-lovable God. What use is so much solicitude for the things of life? Is it not better to work for heaven?” Besides, it was very rare that this holy girl permitted herself to give advice to her mother. But, on the other hand, she did so often to the neighbours whom the charm of her pious conversations drew to her, and perhaps still more that of her good examples.

Here now is another marvel which God wrought in her favour. After having long desired to contemplate the Holy Places and begged the Lord to grant her this grace, she had a rapture which lasted five days, during which she was led to Jerusalem and into the rest of Palestine, where Our Lord showed her all the places consecrated by his life and by his death. She saw also on the days of his feasts the mysteries whose memory the Church celebrated; thus on the night of Christmas, Our Lord appeared to her lying in his crib between the ass and the ox, while the most holy Virgin and Saint Joseph were kneeling before him, and the angels sang the *Gloria in excelsis*. At the Epiphany she saw the star which guided the Magi; her confessor, astonished, perceived a globe of fire over her house and asked her the cause of it: — “This morning,” she said, “I prayed my sweet Master to let me see the star which led the Magi from their country to Bethlehem; at once it appeared to me, spreading in my room an extraordinary splendour; and in disappearing, it left it embalmed with the most delicious perfume.”

On Passion Sunday of the year 1486, the Blessed obtained at last from her parents permission to enter the Third Order of Saint Dominic. An uncle, who, on account of his riches, had a great authority over her family, had again tried that day to persuade her to remain in the world; but, overcome by her reasons and by her

prayers, he offered to bear himself the expense of her clothing. The following Sunday, which was Palm Sunday, she took therefore this holy habit of penance, with a wholly heavenly joy at belonging henceforth entirely to her Spouse.

God began at this time to glorify her by several miracles. She meets one day in the streets of Rieti a poor woman who wept at not having been able to find bread to feed the vine-dressers who were working at her vineyard; no one had been willing to lend her any. “Take good courage,” the Blessed said to her, “go back home and God will help you.” This woman, in fact, found, on entering, on the table, twelve large and beautiful loaves which God had sent her at the intercession of the Blessed.

One evening when she was at prayer, she saw in spirit a troop of Ghibellines,[1] who were setting fire to a gate of the lower town; she runs at once into the street, crying that the enemies were burning the gate of the Arcis. The inhabitants would not believe her; but the flames which soon rose from the suburb made them regret having despised her warnings. In a pilgrimage which she made to the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of the Oak, *della Quercia*, near Viterbo, she delivered a woman who was possessed by the demon. The magistrates of the town, who had already heard of her holiness, having learned this miracle, resolved to keep for themselves so rare a treasure; they gave therefore the order to place guards everywhere to prevent her from leaving their territory; but the Blessed, warned by an inspiration from heaven, said to her companions: “Let us withdraw very quickly, there is no time to lose.” They were able to escape, in fact, before the order of the magistrates had been executed.

On the return, the Blessed embarked on the lake of Piediluco; as they were in the middle of the crossing, the demon tried to make her perish by raising a tempest. She warned her companions of it: “We are threatened with a great danger,” she said to them; “but fear nothing, God is with us.” Meanwhile the waves came and broke against the boat with fury, and the passengers already trembled for their lives, when the Blessed, rising, restored with a glance its tranquillity to the lake.

An inhabitant of Rieti had had a rich merchant assassinated by two peasants in his pay; he was condemned to death. His wife and his mother came all in tears to beg the Blessed to obtain his pardon by her prayers. Touched with pity, she went to see this man and engaged him to be reconciled with God. When he had confessed, she said to him: — “Take good courage, you will not die this time.” Nevertheless the order of execution arrived that very evening and the judge decided that it should take place the next day. The desolate family came back to beg the Blessed. — “Be tranquil,” she answered them, “I told you that he would not die.” A few hours after, a new courier brought the pardon.

She received several times holy communion from the hand of Our Lord and of his angels. One day when her confessor was saying Mass in another church than that where she awaited him, she begged the most holy Virgin to satisfy the ardent desire she felt to unite herself to her divine son. At the end of a few instants, a priest came to her holding between his fingers the sacred body of Jesus Christ, and gave it to her. “During this time, her confessor, who was celebrating the holy mysteries, felt a very lively pain at not finding again in the chalice, at the moment of communion, the fragment of the host which he had deposited there. Columba came back to this church while he was finishing the Mass, and the Father, after having laid aside his priestly vestments, told her of his chagrin. — ‘Do not grieve, my Father,’ she answered him, ‘this fragment of the holy host was brought to me in the cathedral, by an angel, and it rests at this moment in my heart.’ — ‘In that case,’ resumed the confessor, ‘I rejoice at the loss which caused me so much uneasiness, and thank God for having made you a participant in my communion.’” One day when she was at prayer, Saint Dominic and Saint Catherine of Siena appeared to her. They spoke to her first of the happiness of heaven, then they showed her a wide and straight road, which led to a beautiful church of Saint Dominic. — “Leave Rieti,” they said to her, “and come to this church, where you will find all that is necessary for your perfection.” The Blessed, troubled at this order to quit her country to go away into a distant land, dared not answer. — “Be without fear, my daughter,” resumed Saint Dominic, “it is in the name of Jesus, your beloved Spouse, that I

give you this order. He awaits you himself in the church that you see; do not delay to betake yourself there. Besides, we shall be with you, both of us, to help you in all your dangers." She warned therefore her parents and her friends of this approaching journey, of which she did not know the aim. A great sadness seized her family and spread through the town of Rieti. Everyone spoke to her of it weeping; but she answered: — "It must be so." One day, there was seen above her house a sparkling comet which was directed towards Perugia, and it was regarded as a presage of the loss with which Rieti was threatened.

The eve of her departure, which was a Thursday of the month of September, she gathered twelve of her companions to eat with her a lamb which she had prepared for them. After the supper, she wished to wash their feet, meditating on the words of the divine Master after the Supper; then she bade them farewell, commending herself to their prayers. The next day, Friday, her mother, not seeing her appear, had the door of her room broken in, where she found nothing more than her clothes laid on the ground in the form of a cross. Her cries of grief soon made the fatal news known to all the inhabitants of Rieti. The house was filled in a moment with persons who wept with her parents the mysterious departure of the Blessed. No one knew where she had gone. People had run to the gates and made sure that none had been opened during the night.

At this moment, a stranger, who appeared a beggar, approached the poor mother: — "Woman," he said to her, "your heart is a prey to a very deep affliction." — "How do you know it?" she answered. — "I know it; but believe me, what has happened was done by God. Know that your daughter, leaning as she is on that staff, cannot fall. If you wish to lean on it after her example, your faith will cease to waver, as it has done till now, and you will see the hand of God in all these extraordinary events."

After these words, adds the confessor of the Blessed, this man disappeared, and I suspect that he was nothing less than the Lord Jesus, who, in his compassion, had wished to strengthen and console this poor mother. This conversation did in fact soften her grief and communicated to her a strength which she had not before. So she never forgot what this good Master had deigned to say to her.

What, however, had become of the Blessed? Let us hear her relate herself to her confessor the details of this mysterious event. "That evening," she said to him, "I had put myself in prayer as usual, when I felt myself stripped of my accustomed garments, which were at once replaced by others; but by whom this double operation was made, that I am entirely ignorant. I was then drawn out of my room, out of the house and out of the town, but by whom and in what manner, that I cannot say either, for I saw no one, and there remains to me no memory of what happened in this carrying off. I recall only that finding myself suddenly in sight of a town (it was Spoleto), a man came to me and invited me to follow him to a house where his wife and his daughters would willingly give me hospitality." "Not knowing in what country I was, I accepted his offer with gratitude. Having followed him, then, he led me to a house distant from the road where I found myself alone with him. A little uneasy at this isolation, I asked him where then were his wife and his daughters? 'Wait a little,' he said to me, 'they will not be long in coming back.' My uneasiness increased, but what to do? This man did not lose sight of me, and it was impossible for me to escape him. Besides, I still hoped a little to see his wife and daughters appear. It was at least for me the object of a very lively desire, but which, alas! was not to be satisfied. There were in this sad house neither women nor girls; it was a lair of monsters more redoubtable than thieves and assassins. What they were doing there, it is proper to tell you. At that time, an only daughter of a Neapolitan lord, who held an office in the province, had let herself be carried off by a seducer: her father had all the magistrates of the surrounding towns warned of it, sending them her description, and promising to those who should arrest her a large reward. This news having come to the knowledge of some young men, they resolved to seek this fugitive, with the intention of gaining the money promised by her father; and it was with this design that they had come to occupy this solitary house. Judge, my Father, of my sad situation in the hands of such scoundrels. They were then out scouring the country; but the wretch who had abused my confidence went to seek them, after having taken the precaution to shut me in."

If the counsels of God have something that astonishes, it is above all when one sees him expose to similar perils angelic virgins, the objects of all his complacencies. The situation of Columba, in this circumstance, recalls the similar trials to which a Saint Lucy, a Saint Agnes and so many others were exposed, whom God engaged in these sad combats only to make his power shine forth, and to render them, by their glorious victory, more virgin than they were before. Let the reader be without fear for the innocence of our Columba. It is not she who threw herself into the danger; it is God himself who put her in it. He will know well how to defend her and preserve her innocence.

Meanwhile the young madmen arrived, and on seeing her persuaded themselves that she was the young person who was being sought on all sides. She had in fact that elegance, that air of nobility which the description had attributed to the fugitive, and appeared to have the age indicated. After having saluted her with all the refinements of politeness, they sat down near her, and inquired honestly her name, her country and the place where she was going. Columba, seeing well the danger she ran, prayed to God in her heart, and kept silence. Then began the most criminal proposals, which were rejected with a holy indignation. The promises of rich presents came next and were despised. It was then that, subjected to the same trials as the Lucys, the Agneses and the Margarets, like the first she became so heavy that they tried in vain to make her change place, while she astonished them by the force of her discourses on death, the judgments of God and hell. Seized with terror at this spectacle, her persecutors took flight.

From there she came to Foligno, a town not far from Spoleto, where she received hospitality with the nuns of Saint Clare. As all the country was in commotion on the subject of the young Neapolitan carried off, there again she was exposed to new trials; the magistrates questioned her, and when they knew that she was of Rieti, wrote to that town to inform themselves of her past life. Thus it was that her parents learned the place of her retreat. Her father came to see her with a religious of Saint Dominic; they tried to bring her back to Rieti, but the orders which the Blessed had received from heaven did not permit her to yield to their desires.

Meanwhile her holiness had moved the town of Foligno; the inhabitants ran to see her, and the magistrates were already taking measures to keep her by force in their midst, when she went out one morning from Foligno, accompanied by her father and by this Dominican, who was the prior of the convent of Rieti. They directed themselves towards Perugia, and stopped an instant at the church of Our Lady of the Angels or of the Portiuncula. The next day they entered within the walls of Perugia, where Our Lord had fixed the dwelling of his servant. When it was known that she was arriving, the whole population came to meet her. People were heard crying in the streets: “Here comes the Saint, let us go to meet her.”

She was led first to a house where lived some sisters of the Third Order, then the inhabitants resolved to build her a convent, of which she laid the first stone on 22 February of the year 1493. During the ceremony, she fell into ecstasy and appeared to converse with Saint Catherine of Siena and Saint Jerome, to whom she urgently commended the town of Perugia. While waiting for the convent to be finished, a very celebrated jurisconsult and his wife, whom her great qualities rendered worthy of him, received her into their house, where they treated her less as a stranger than as a tenderly loved daughter.

“At that time,” says the confessor of the Blessed, “it pleased the Lord to illustrate his servant by new miracles. Caesar Borgia, afterwards duke of Valentinois, was then pursuing, still a child, his studies at the college of Perugia. One day when he had come to recreate himself with us in the garden of the convent, he followed us after the recreation into our church, where we found, at the foot of the altar of Saint Catherine of Siena, a numerous group of persons of both sexes, with whom the pious Columba was surrounded. A noble citizen, having perceived the prince, said to him in a loud voice: ‘Lord, come and see a child whom Sister Columba has just raised by her prayers.’ The prince, at these words, turning to me, said to me: ‘Well! Father Sebastian, we are going to ring the bells, that everyone may come to see this evident miracle.’ — ‘Let us beware of it, Lord,’ I answered; ‘for that might draw upon us some confusion.’ — ‘How?’ he resumed. — ‘This sister,’ I added, ‘is still only a novice, and it is so short a time that she has dwelt in this town that we

cannot know her sufficiently. When we shall have tried her at least for ten years, we shall know whether she is a woman of true virtue and of solid holiness, and then we shall be able to believe the marvels which she will work and proclaim them with assurance.’”

These miracles of the Blessed engaged several persons of the town to unite with her in the convent which had just been finished. Columba gave them a Rule similar to that which Saint Catherine of Siena observed, under whose patronage she placed this house. She recommended to her daughters never to suffer that they be condemned to a strict enclosure, which the Rule of the Third Order did not prescribe and which Saint Catherine had never observed. Columba, who had at this epoch twenty-three years, reserved besides no authority for herself, wishing to obey like the others the superior. She chose for cell a poor room under the roof, and whose cracked walls let pass the smoke of the kitchen, which was adjoining; this room had no window and resembled more a tomb than a dwelling-place.

Perugia, which had received the Blessed with so much joy and which provided generously for all the needs of her convent, was not long in feeling the effects of her presence. In the year 1494, the plague ravaged the whole country: by the counsel of the Blessed, great processions were made which stopped its ravages; all the villages which invoked her were preserved from it. She healed the sub-prior of the Dominicans, who was attacked by it. She asked God earnestly to take her as a victim and to spare his people. Our Lord agreed to her prayer; he permitted the demons to strike her, and they did so with a rage which showed their hatred against her. Nevertheless, after seven days of cruel sufferings, Saint Dominic and Saint Catherine of Siena appeared to her and healed her entirely. She warned the magistrates once of a great danger which threatened the town: “I have seen,” she had her confessor tell them, “a king of admirable beauty and of incomparable majesty. He was seated on a resplendent throne, which a brilliant court surrounded. His aspect was imposing and severe; he held in his left hand three sharp swords, and his gestures announced that he was going to use them to immolate the inhabitants of Perugia, whose sins solicited his vengeance. I was all trembling and all desolate, when I saw appear the queen, dazzling with beauty and adorned with garments woven with gold. She prostrated herself three times with her face to the ground, on approaching the throne. Arrived at the foot of the steps, she fell on her knees, imploring the clemency of the king, who at first resisted in the interest of his justice; but the queen insisting, he let himself be moved and handed her two swords out of the three which he held in his hand. The queen then withdrew, without making any instance to have the third.”

It was soon known what was this third sword with which Perugia was threatened. Her enemies entered it one night by treachery, and without the courage which the Blessed inspired in the inhabitants, without the protection of Saint Catherine of Siena who assisted them in the combat, the town would have been sacked.

Pope Alexander VI, on a journey which he made to Perugia, and his cardinals testified to her a lively interest. The secretary of His Holiness and that of the king of France also came to consult her, in the oratory of her convent, on affairs of State.

The apostolic treasurer was charged to consult her on a design of Pope Alexander VI, who felt himself inwardly pressed to abdicate the supreme Pontificate. She had on this subject a terrible vision, which frightened the treasurer, but could not overcome the irresolutions of the Pope: so the misfortunes which she had announced to him were seen to be realized. First, his States were invaded by the Venetians, who, for several years, made a disastrous war on him. Then his life was exposed to the most imminent danger. On the feast of Saint Peter of the year 1500, a violent tempest, raised by an extraordinary storm, having overthrown the chimney of the room where this Pontiff was, the roof was broken in; the floor crashed down on his head, and without a beam which fell in such a way as to protect him, he would infallibly have been crushed under the debris. He got off with a slight wound and an extreme fright, because the time of mercy was not exhausted.

The archbishop of Cartagena asked her for two white scapulars for King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. One could not enumerate the religious and secular persons who sought the favour of speaking with her at the epoch in question; but this holy girl was so humble that she would receive no visit outside the presence of her confessor, always fearing to let slip some indiscreet word. Far from it, all was admirable and truly divine in her conversations. With persons of the highest quality, her language was plain and without any affectation. With those who exercised her patience, it never happened that she let any vivacity or any weariness appear. Her gentleness did not belie itself with those who came to set snares for her. So all withdrew content with her, enchanted with her simplicity, her humility, her modesty, and much edified by her devotion. All the words which came out of her mouth had something angelic, and breathed the sweet perfume of peace and charity. Is it to be wondered at after that, the authority which she exercised over all who had the happiness of knowing her? The opinion of her holiness was universal. So the greatest value was attached to possessing something which had belonged to her, were it only a thread of her spindle. When she had nothing more to give, little pieces of her garments were cut off, without her resisting more than a sheep which lets itself be shorn. Her most ordinary little presents were beads of the rosary which she always gave in a mysterious number. Sometimes she gave three in honour of the holy Trinity, sometimes five in honour of the five wounds of Jesus Christ, sometimes seven in memory of the sorrows of the divine Mary, sometimes nine in memory of the nine choirs of angels; always adding a pious explanation of the mystery represented by her little offering. Many persons begged her to touch the pious objects which they had bought, and the amiable virgin, blushing as she did so, knew not how to refuse such acts of complaisance. In short, without ever departing from the rules of prudence, she lent herself to all desires with the most touching simplicity. If she loved to give, she received also without difficulty the alms made to her, not for herself, but for her community. It happened even sometimes that she asked certain persons, whose pious generosity she knew, for altar ornaments, priestly vestments and sacred vessels for the chapel of the monastery. She was given fairly frequently robes, veils and mantles. She used them for a few days, to please the persons who made her these sorts of alms; then she passed them to her sisters. She refused nothing, not even the sweetmeats which were brought her in abundance; but afterwards, instead of eating them, she distributed them to the priests who rendered service to the community, to the infirm nuns and to the young girls who were brought to her, carrying them herself to the mouths of the latter with an amiable familiarity. “I took it into my head one day,” relates her confessor, “to urge her to refuse these sorts of delicacies, for fear that she might be suspected of being sensual; but she answered me respectfully: I cannot refuse these little presents without saddening those who offer them to me. Leave them this satisfaction and me that of pleasing them. I do not believe that the glory of Jesus Christ is a stranger to this little commerce of charity. Oh! may this divine Saviour be praised in these trifles as in all the rest.”

Named prioress, it was perceived that she had not all that was necessary to fulfil perfectly the obligations attached to this charge. She knew marvellously how to excite others to good by her exhortations, to warn them gently, to encourage them by her examples, to sustain them by her prayers: but she was incapable of reproving with rigour, of correcting with authority. She felt it so well that she charged the confessor with this latter ministry. He was simple enough to accept this unpleasant mission; but he was not long in recognizing that such a part could not be allied with the employment with which heaven had charged him. Women especially, when they are still young, do not willingly receive reproaches and corrections, from whatever quarter they come to them. However, this severity displeases them less from their mother than from the confessor. He may be sure that a similar commission will serve only to contract their hearts and singularly diminish their confidence. We do not wish to say, however, that he should approve their errors, excuse their twists of mind and keep silent on the faults of which they make themselves guilty. God wills that he correct them, but in the holy tribunal and not outwardly. Even then he must do it with consideration and measure: otherwise they are vexed without daring to avow it to him, and their troubled conscience no longer opens or at least opens only in a very imperfect manner. It may even happen that this lack of openness compromises

the validity of their confessions. It is true that this inconvenience can be remedied by giving the religious several habitual confessors; but this multiplication itself is not without inconvenience in monasteries.

The confessor understood all this, though a little late, and hastened to hand back this commission of scolding and punishing to the mother prioress, telling her that she would have grace for it as for her other employments. This good mother therefore took it on herself to try to be severe at need, in order to do in this, as in all the rest, the holy will of God. Now, this good Master taking pleasure ordinarily in trying his saints, it happened that the first use which she wished to make of this just severity brought her an extraordinary affliction. Having thought she ought one day to reprove in public a young religious, presumptuous and obstinate, the latter took the correction very ill, and answered: “When one has a sad humour, one easily finds fault with the conduct of others.” She went afterwards to complain to the confessor to whom she related the thing in a manner to put her mother in the wrong. The father, deceived by this false report, believed that the correction had not been sufficiently discreet. He went accordingly to find the servant of God, gave her a long instruction on fraternal charity, in which it escaped him to say that a superior, in reproving her daughters, might exceed in measure to the point of making herself guilty of mortal sin.

At this frightening name of mortal sin, the Blessed began to weep so bitterly that the confessor had pity on her. He felt the need of reassuring her on the sentence he had just pronounced and which had so greatly frightened her. But he had all the trouble in the world to dry up the source of her tears. The grief of this holy girl, who had only done her duty in the circumstance, and without going beyond the bounds of discretion, furnishes us at least a fine example of the horror we should have of all that can grievously offend the divine Majesty.

The rest of the life of the Blessed was not exempt from painful trials; she was calumniated by her enviers, suspected by her superiors, subjected to tribulations which hardly ended but with her life. The confessor of this holy girl was not spared in their accusations. He was, it was said, in connivance with her for public deception, and served her marvellously by his physical knowledge. These calumnies found credence, to the point that this religious thought he ought to undertake their common justification.

At this same time, some of the protectors of the convent afflicted the servant of God in a much more sensible manner. Accustomed to judge things according to the human sense, the regime of the house seemed to them very defective; and, in their ill-understood zeal, they thought themselves called to remedy the pretended abuses by a salutary reform. After having conferred at length among themselves, they communicated their ideas to the Blessed, but without being able to make her relish them. Nevertheless they went on, and undertook, against her will, to overturn her Rule. The dress of the religious seemed to them too simple, their poverty too rigorous, the ceremonial of their professions too little solemn: they wished the youngest to learn to sing and be instructed in letters. They pretended also to introduce into the customary some dangerous innovations; and their foolish presumption called all that a salutary reform. Columba, profoundly afflicted by an undertaking of which she foresaw the unfortunate results, opposed it with all her strength.

But Columba did not find in all her daughters the docility which she had a right to expect from them, and which should have been the reward of her so gentle and so maternal government. Some ranged themselves on the side of the imprudent reformers, and carried ingratitude to the point of complaining to the superiors of so holy and so good a mother. Unhappily, their complaints were heard and produced the most unfortunate results. On the day of the feast of Saint Vincent, on returning from church, Columba found in the monastery a religious sent by the superior to give their cause to her enemies. She received, in fact, from this religious a letter which signified to her her deposition, and forbade her to have henceforth any relation with the brethren of the Order, with the exception of one only who was designated to her, and whom she should accept for her confessor. The Blessed, provided with this letter, went to the church, all trembling, and had it read to her spiritual father. While he was reading it aloud, the holy girl having heard this penal clause: under pain of privation of graces, said groaning: “Alas! to deprive me of grace! what then shall I become, in this state of

abandonment?" and thereupon she began to melt into tears.

Such is human weakness that the greatest souls let themselves sometimes be troubled by grave adversities, and cannot defend themselves from a certain sentiment of sadness. Now it cannot be denied that, speaking naturally, Columba found herself then in a sad position, condemned by her superiors without having been able to defend herself, deposed from her charge without having deserved it, and obliged to receive a confessor whom she did not know, in place of him who had her confidence. Was she less to be pitied in this state than a child deprived of its mother, than a sheep without a shepherd, than a poor infirm old man from whom his last support is taken away? The eve of this desolation, she had had as it were a presentiment of it, for these words of Jesus dying occupied her in a quite extraordinary manner: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Divine Providence is accustomed to warn those whom it wishes to try, that they may prepare to bear holily the crosses it destines for them.

A letter which the servant of God received then from Rieti taught her things which added much to her affliction. She had in that town an old friend named Cecilia, to whom she had given, before her departure, several objects which she preserved as precious relics. Among these objects was an image of the divine Mary on which this pious woman often cast her eyes. Having perceived one day that this image shed tears, she believed that this marvel was an evident sign of some calamity which threatened Columba and perhaps also the town of Rieti. The prognostic, according to what we have just said, was only too true, as concerned the Blessed. As for the town, it was not long either in obtaining its accomplishment . To return to Cecilia, she was terrified at this miracle, and, in her trouble, she carried to the monastery of Saint Dominic the image and all that had belonged to the servant of God. Meanwhile a grave sedition having broken out in the town, this pious woman went to relate to the magistrates the marvel of which we have just spoken, and counselled them to ask, on what was passing, the advice of the Blessed. Never perhaps was counsel worse addressed than that. These were no longer those ancient magistrates who, witnesses of Columba's virtues, listened to her as to an Angel of heaven. These, already little believing by nature, were besides imbued with all the calumnies that were published against this holy girl. So they mocked at the vision, at the counsel of Cecilia, at the revelations and miracles of the servant of God, treating all that as nonsense, hollow dreams, superstitions and extravagances. Now this is what Cecilia related naïvely in her letter to the servant of God.

This state of things lasted several years. At last, her former confessor succeeded in having her liberty of action restored to her.

When the day approached on which God had resolved to reward his servant for all the labours she had endured for him, he permitted Saint Dominic to announce this good news to her. The holy Patriarch appeared to her therefore with a joyful air and said to her these consoling words: "Rejoice, my daughter, for the time draws near when you shall be called to celebrate your nuptials with your beloved Spouse."

On the day of the Epiphany, she had an ecstasy during which she was believed dead; on recovering her senses she said: "Lord, since it pleases Your Majesty to defer my departure until the Ascension, may your holy will be accomplished."

She prepared herself however to leave this world; she bade farewell to her dear sisters, begging them to pardon the bad examples that she had given them. She gathered also the principal citizens of Perugia, to speak to them a last time of the joys of the kingdom of heaven, where she hoped to see them again. During Lent, she redoubled her austerities, offering herself as a holocaust for this town of Perugia which she loved so much and which great misfortunes then threatened. She was heard once to cry out at the foot of the altar of Saint Catherine of Siena: "O my good master, O my Lord Jesus Christ, hear the prayers that we address to you for your people of Perugia, grant us grace, grant us mercy. Be propitious to us, O Jesus! If you need a victim, I offer myself to your justice, but of your grace spare the poor sinners."

In the night from Holy Saturday to Easter Day, she had a vomiting of blood so considerable that one could not understand how there could be so much in a body so thin and so exhausted. The fever seized her afterwards with violent pains in the head, from which she suffered for thirty-three days. She had no other relief than the sight of her crucifix, which she kissed lovingly, saying to it: “O my Jesus! O my sweet Master! O my saving refuge! O my beloved Spouse!”

She had still several visions which consoled her in her sufferings. Our Lord appeared to her in the midst of his angels and said to her: “Prepare yourself, O my Dove, for I wish you to come soon and dwell with me.” Saint Catherine of Siena, surrounded by a brilliant train of virgins, Saint Peter of Verona, with a glorious escort of martyrs, also brought her sweet words of peace and happiness. On the vigil of the Ascension, at the end of Vespers, Father Sebastian gave her Extreme Unction and recited the prayers for the commendation of the soul, in the midst of the tears and sobs of the sisters and of the other persons who were present. The Passion of Our Lord was then read to her. The demons tried to deliver her a last assault, but she conquered them by showing them the crucifix and repeating unceasingly: I believe in God! The Passion of our Saviour was read to her a second and a third time. Soon after, she cried out, her eyes fixed on heaven: “O Queen of Angels, most sweet Mother of God, O my Father Saint Dominic, O my Mother Saint Catherine, I commend my soul to you; I commend to you all Christians, the holy Church of God, my Order, my sisters, the friends and the benefactors of this monastery.”

“Towards the middle of the night,” says Father Sebastian, “while the confessor and the religious were praying for her, the Spouse came. Columba, at his aspect, cried out all beside herself: ‘O my Spouse, O my Spouse, be welcome! yes the time has come; receive… your humble servant.’ In saying *receive*, her blessed soul flew away and followed Jesus Christ into the heavens, leaving her body with eyes open and face vermilion. She had lived thirty-three years, three months and eighteen days. It was on 20 May of the year 1501 that heaven ravished this angel from the earth.”

The Blessed Osanna of Mantua saw her, at the rising of the dawn, approach her, her head adorned with two resplendent crowns; she saluted her with an angelic air and full of goodness; then she said to her: “Dispose yourself, my very dear sister, and hold yourself ready. You will not be long in following me, and you will come to receive the immortal crown which Jesus Christ, our most faithful Spouse, has prepared for you.”

There was at that time, at Ferrara, another religious of Saint Dominic, who was the Blessed Lucy of Narni. The duke of Ferrara, having come to hear Mass in her monastery, this same day of the Ascension, wished to see her after the office. Finding her more joyful than usual, he desired to know whence came to her this great joy: “Know, prince,” the Blessed Lucy answered him, “that our illustrious sister Columba went up to heaven this very day with Jesus Christ.” The duke at once despatched a courier to Perugia and acquired the proof that the Blessed was dead in fact on the day of the Ascension.

The angels who appeared at her birth, the dove which rested on her head at the moment of baptism, Our Lord who showed himself to her such as he was after his scourging, the star which shone above her on several occasions, and notably on the day of the Epiphany, such are the facts which serve to characterize Saint Columba in the arts; they may be read in the life of the Saint. There is placed also near her a ciborium or a host, because often holy communion stood her in stead of all nourishment. She is invoked against evil spells; she is particularly helpful in temptations.

The cult of the Blessed Columba of Rieti, approved first in 1571, by Saint Pius V, was approved anew in 1627, by Urban VIII. Cf. *Life of the Blessed Columba of Rieti, by Father Sebastian of Perugia, her confessor, a work translated from the Acts of the Saints by M. the Abbé P., formerly vicar general of Evreux. Clermont, 1845.*

Saint Amalbert, Young Warrior (7th century)

A saint and a holy woman, Germer and Doraane, gave birth to Amalbert. With his milk, the young child sucked, so to speak, the germ of all the Christian virtues. His parents transmitted to him, together with life, their faith, their piety, their love of God and neighbour. From their hands he passed into those of Saint Ouen, head and pastor of that famous school where the sons of the noble Franks were brought up in the palaces and under the eyes of our first kings.[1] Saint Ouen catechized the infancy of Amalbert, regenerated his soul in the waters of baptism, instructed his youth and protected his innocence. Under such a master, Amalbert made rapid progress in knowledge, and above all in virtue. Soon he merited to be called the angel of the palatine school. More lively than all the Franks his comrades, he was humbler than the last of the poor. Accomplished in works and in words, he was the beloved of Dagobert, who found him equally brave under arms, eloquent and a good counsellor. If battle was joined, after the example of his noble father, he fought valiantly beside the king. The retirement of Germer, passed from the court to the service of Jesus Christ, having left to our Saint the free disposal of a great fortune, Amalbert consecrated it to the relief of the unfortunate and the embellishment of churches. So riches, far from becoming for him, as they are for many, a stone of stumbling, levelled for him the road to heaven.

But the world was not worthy to possess long this so pure soul. Amalbert preceded his father into glory, with his two sisters, dead also in the perfume of their youth and virginity. As he was returning from Gascony, after a military expedition, he died suddenly in the arms of Clovis, the king's son, who loved him as a brother. He was scarcely twenty years old. Amalbert could appear with confidence before the sovereign Judge, for he had not known the corruption of the age. His days had not been many, but, in a short time, "he had fulfilled the course of a long life."

Having learned the death of Amalbert, Germer came down, to bury his son, from the crypt of Saint-Samson, which he had inhabited for five years. A choir of clerics and monks accompanied this resigned father, who offered to God with joy his only son. They sang together these words of the Psalmist: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup: it is thou, my God, who wilt restore my inheritance to me." The king, the princes and the great wept for Amalbert and conducted his funeral. Germer met the funeral procession on the territory of the Beauvaisis, and conducted it to the monastery of the Isle. At a place named the Pont-Banneri, the coffin, it is said, became so heavy that the march had to be suspended. The face of the Saint having been uncovered, his cheeks appeared as vermilion as if he had still been living, and blood flowed from his nostrils abundantly. Germer believed he recognized by this sign that his son was designating to him the site of a pious foundation. In fact, he had no sooner made a vow to build a church at the Pont-Banneri, and to endow it with revenues sufficient for the maintenance of twelve religious, than the body of Amalbert recovered its ordinary weight, and the convoy could continue its way to the monastery of the Isle. The burial of the Saint took place there with great pomp, in the midst of a multitude of the faithful, who took pleasure in relating his virtues, and invoked him already as being in possession of eternal beatitude. The chapel where the body of Saint Amalbert reposed was preserved with a religious care during the whole Middle Ages. Having been burned, on 17 November of the year 1700, it was at once rebuilt. The remains of the Blessed were withdrawn from it, about the year 1758, and transported, with the authorization of Cardinal de Gèvres, bishop of Beauvais, into the abbatial church of Saint-Germer. One reads still today this inscription, on the stone which covered these relics: "On 31 March 1758, there were placed under this tomb the bones of Saint Amalbert, son of Saint Germer, found, but mingled with some other bones, in the chapel of Saint-Peter-in-the-Wood, the translation of which was made by the curé of Ferrières, deputed to this by Mgr the cardinal de Gèvres, bishop of Beauvais. *Requiescant in pace.*" After this translation, the chapel was razed.

Lives of the Saints of the diocese of Beauvais, by M. the Abbé Sabatier.

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[2] Thalalaeus, a native of Lebanon, was a physician, and his two companions were executioners; the spectacle of the invincible constancy of Thalalaeus converted them. It was not at Edessa in Syria, say the Bollandists, that these Martyrs suffered, but at Aegae, in

Cilicia, in a place of the town called Edessa. The cult of Saint Thalalaeus was formerly celebrated in the East: there existed a monastery of his name at Jerusalem, chapels under his title at Constantinople, at Chalcedon, etc. His relics and those of his companions came to enrich the church of Saint Nicholas at Verona. Saint Thalalaeus figures naturally among the illustrious physicians who people heaven and of whom we shall give the list in our *Hagiographical Dictionary*, destined to serve as the crowning of this work. *Acta Sanctorum.*

[3] Saint Plautilla lent her veil to Saint Paul at the moment when he was walking to execution: it was returned to her stained with the blood of the Apostle of the nations.

[4] Saint Domane was born at Gouy-sur-Epte, ancient diocese of Rouen, today of Beauvais.

[5] His body is preserved in the cathedral church of Pisa.

[6] It is known that Lucifer of Cagliari is the author of a schism: the Roman Church nevertheless tolerates his cult in Sardinia; which permits one to believe in good faith on Lucifer's part. Those whom the question interests may edify themselves in the *Acta*, where Father Papebrock makes himself the defender of Lucifer.

[7] He is still called Baudille, Baud'ele, Bauzille, Bauzély, Bauzel in the South; Bauzile, Baulize, Banzire in the Vivarais and the Auvergne; Bauxely in the Rouergue; Baudt in Flanders; Baudelle, Baudière, Baudel, Buei!, Boys, Boi), Baudier in the North and in the East; Boeilho, Baudelio, Boal, Boy in Spain. These alterations may modify the physiognomy of the name, but they do not change it, and under these divers terminations one always finds again the Apostle of Nîmes.

[8] This last opinion is the least probable, seeing that Baudile still found at Nîmes the cult of idols flourishing; which is hardly admissible sixty years after Constantine. Paganism had had to take refuge, at that epoch, in the country and in the woods: it was no longer tolerated in the towns.

[9] It was the feast of the Gonales, celebrated in honour of the child Jupiter. This feast fell on 21 May: one must therefore correct in this respect the ancient martyrologies; for the pagan calendar marked no feast on the 20th.

[10] *Acta Sanctorum*, 20 May.

[11] Saint Gregory of Tours, *De gloria Ecclesiæ*, book i.

[12] Life of Saint Agnan, bishop of Orleans, by M. the Abbé Cauvard.

[13] *Hagiology of the Nivernais*, by Mgr Crosnier.

[14] *Ibid.*

[15] M. Germer-Durand, *Topographical Dictionary.*

[16] Metaphrastes.

[17] Here are, according to the *Patriarchium Bituricense* of Father Labbe, the names of the thirty-six sanctified bishops: Saint Ursin, Saint Senicien, Saint Ethère, Saint Marcel, Saint Viator, Saint Palais, Saint Léon, Saint Palais II, Saint Simplice, Saint Tétrade, Saint Humât, Saint Honoré, Saint Honoré II, Saint Arcade, Saint Désiré, Saint Probien, Saint Félix, Saint Rémi, Saint Sulpice-Sévère, Saint Eustase, Saint Apollinaire, Saint Austrégisile, Saint Sulpice le Pieux, Saint Vulfolad, Saint David, Saint Étienne, Saint Août, Saint Raoul de Turenne, Saint Vulfade, Saint Géronce, Saint Dagbert, Saint Guillaume, Saint Girard, Saint Philippe Berruyer, Saint Egidius, Saint Roger.

[18] *Nova Bibliotheca*, ii, 350. Volume ii of the *Nova Bibliotheca* gives two almost identical versions of the legend of Saint Austregisilus, one at page 35 in the *Patriarchium Bituricense*, the other at p. 350 in the *Lives and Eulogies of the Saints of Berry*. — See also, on 20 May, the martyrology of Usuard, the Breviary of Bourges, Baillet and Godescard.

[19] *Nova Bibl.*, ii, 350.

[20] *Ibid.*

[21] *Ibid.*, 351.

[22] *Ibid.*

[23] *Nova Bibl.*, ii, 351.

[24] *Ibid.*

[25] *Nova Bibl.*, ii, 351.

[26] More known among the moderns under the name of Ethère.

[27] Saint Aunaire.

[28] See a Latin dissertation in which Father Labbe maintains this opinion. (*History of the Abbey of Berry*, p. 151.) See also the *History* of M. Raynal, i, 269.

[29] See his Life on 6 February.

[30] Contrary to the legend which attributes to Saint Ursin the origin of Notre-Dame de Sales, it is generally believed that this was none other than the convent founded by Saint Berthoara. (*Nova Bibl.*, ii, 861; *Breviary of Bourges*, 4 Dec.; *History of Berry*, by M. Raynal, i, 261.)

[31] *Nova Bibl.*, ii, 354.

[32] Ps. iv. 3.

[33] Prov. i. 22.

[34] In the years 1435 and 1437.

[35] In him the family of the Visconti became extinct, which descended, by a younger branch, from one of the kings of Lombardy. The Visconti became sovereigns of Milan under the title of dukes. Philip-Maria having died in 1447, the sovereignty of Milan passed to Francis Sforza, who was his general, and to whom he had given his natural daughter in marriage: thence came bloody wars between the emperors, the French and the Milanese.

[36] It does not appear certain that he went to preach in Spain, as some authors have advanced.

[37] The works of Saint Bernardine of Siena were printed at Paris in 1636, 5 vols. in folio. They are treatises of piety, which have principally for object prayer, the love of God, the imitation of the life of Jesus Christ, and the last ends. A new edition of them was given at Venice in 1745; it is, like the preceding, in 5 vols. in folio.

[38] Vol. vii, page 808, new ed.

[39] The Ghibellines were the partisans of the emperor of Germany, that is to say of the foreigner; their adversaries, the Guelphs, were of the national party, the party of the independence of their country.

[1] The palatine school was established beside the palace of our kings, sometimes even in the palace. It was frequented by the children of the powerful *leudes* of the kingdom, whom the policy of the Merovingian kings thus attached more closely to themselves. It is seen to begin in the sixth century. It shines with a remarkable brilliance under Clotaire II. It is at its highest point of prosperity at the moment when Saint Leger leaves it to go to Poitiers, thirty years before finding himself at its head.

21 May

Roman Martyrology

In Mauritania Caesariensis, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Timothy, Pôle and Eutyches, deacons, who together scattered the seed of the word of God in that country and merited to be crowned together. — At Caesarea, in Cappadocia, the feast of the holy martyrs Polyeuctus, Victorius and Donatus. — At Cordova, Saint Secundinus, martyr. — The same day, the holy martyrs Synesius and Theopompus. — At Caesarea Philippi, the feast of the holy martyrs Nicostratus and Antiochus, tribunes, and some other soldiers. — The same day, Saint Valens, bishop, martyred with three young children. — At Alexandria, the memory of Saint Second, priest, and of several others, martyrs, whom George, an Arian bishop, had cruelly massacred during the holy days of Pentecost, under the emperor Constantius.[1] 357. — Further, the holy bishops and the holy priests,[2] who were exiled by the Arians and merited to be associated with the holy confessors. — At Nice, in Gaul, Saint Hospice, confessor, whom the virtue of abstinence and the gift of prophecy have made famous.[3] 581.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saintes, Saint Eustelle, virgin and martyr, who, having been baptized and consecrated to God by Saint Eutropius, first bishop of that see, was cruelly tormented and put to death by order of her own brother. Her body was buried in the very tomb of that holy bishop, to whom she had given burial a short time before.[4] — At Auxerre, two holy martyrs, one of whom was called Valens and the other is not named in the Acts. — In the same place, Saint Valle, priest and confessor. — At Troyes, Saint Maurèle,[5] priest and superior of the monastery of the Isle. About 545. — At Aire, in Artois, Saint Isbergue or Giselle, virgin, who is held to have been daughter of Pepin, king of France, and sister of Charlemagne, and who despised all greatness to follow inseparably the Lamb without spot. — In the diocese of Aix, the feast of Saint Florentin, monk, whose decease is marked on 12 April. — At Coutances, the feast of Saint Ortaire, confessor, died at Landelle, near the river Vire. His cult was formerly very famous in Normandy, where he was invoked against gout. Before the 6th century. — At Vannes, the translation of the relics of Saint Paternus. — At Saint-Claude, Saint Lupicinus, abbot of Condat.[6] — At Chartres, the feast of Saint Ives, named yesterday. — At Arras, the apparition of Our Lady of the Ardents. 1105. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Theobald or Thiébaud, the last of the archbishops of that illustrious see, placed among the Saints. Four chapels had been erected to him in his cathedral, where his body reposed. [Printed “Xe s.”.]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Camaldolese, Cistercians, Minors, Servites. — Saint Felix… Martyrology of the Dominicans. — Saint Bernardine of Siena…

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — Saint Venantius…

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Segovia, in Spain, the translation of the body of Saint John of the Cross, of the Order of Carmelites.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Villa-Real, in the kingdom of Valencia, Saint Paschal…

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Ravenna, in Italy, Saint Martyria, martyr. — At Vienna, in Austria, the translation of the relics of the holy Fabius, Beinius, Emmanuel, Firmus, and of more than two hundred other Saints, of whom the catalogue may be seen in the *Acta Sanctorum*. — At Constantinople, Saint Constantine the Great, Roman emperor, who is still the object of a religious cult in some other places. There is no need to retrace the life of this great prince, whose conversion gave liberty and triumph to the Church, and whose name is present to all memories. He left Rome for Byzantium, which he called by his own name Constantinople, leaving the first of these cities to the high destiny that awaited it under the paternal power of the sovereign Pontiffs. He died in 337. — In Portugal, Saint Mans or Manços and also Mancio,

Christian slave, brought from Rome and put to death by the Jews. Saint Manços is one of the Patrons of Evora. — At Brauweiler, near Cologne, the venerable Erenfrid or Ezon, count palatine, and Matilda, his wife, as well as their daughter, the Blessed Richeza, queen of Poland. The monastery of that place was founded by them. 1025, 1035 and 1063. — At Lucca, in Tuscany, Saint Silaus, Irish bishop, buried in that city. 1094. — In England, Saint Godric or Gorry, hermit. 1170. — At Orvieto, in Etruria, Saint Peter Parenti, put to death by the Manichaean heretics whose perverse errors he was combating. 1199. — At Assisi, the Blessed John Bonvisio, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance, who was buried in the cemetery of Our Lady of the Angels. 1472. — At Roda, in Spain, the Blessed Catherine of Cardone.

Saint Hospice,[7] of Villefranche, Recluse

— Pope: Pelagius II. — King of Burgundy: Gontran.

Rejoice, you whose names are written in heaven. Luke x, 20.

All the authors who have written on Saint Hospice speak of him as a person of great merit, and one whom God rendered illustrious by many miracles. He shut himself up in an old tower, to practise there the exercises of penance and to keep himself further from every sort of communication with the world. This tower was no more than an abandoned ruin, near Villefranche, a league from Nice, in Provence, on a peninsula which, from the name of the Saint, is still called today San-Sospis. He was loaded with chains which he wore on his bare flesh, with a hair shirt only beneath. He ate only very little bread with dates; but in Lent he took only herbs or roots. As he was perfectly detached from present things, God granted him several great favours and gave him the knowledge of things to come. He revealed to him that the Lombards should soon make an irruption into the Gauls and cause great disorders there. Hospice often warned of it those who went to visit him, that they might be on their guard and save themselves from the hands of these barbarians. He made it known also to the religious of a neighbouring monastery, counselling them to withdraw promptly to a place of safety and to carry with them all that they wished to preserve; and as they testified to him that they could not resolve to abandon him: “Fear not for me,” he said to them, “I know well that they will do me several outrages; but they will not take my life from me.”

Soon after, the event verified this prediction; for, about the year 575, this nation, cruel and insolent, came swooping down on France and put all to fire and blood. These barbarians having advanced as far as Hospice's tower, and seeing the chains which bound his body, took him for a malefactor who had been imprisoned.[1] The Saint avowed to them that he was very criminal and unworthy to live. Then one of them raised his arm to deliver a sabre-stroke upon his head; but his arm was held back and as if paralysed by an invincible force, and the sabre fell from his hand. At the sight of this prodigy, the barbarians, struck with terror, threw themselves at the feet of the recluse, begging him to succour their comrade: the Saint restored to him, by the sign of the cross, the use of his arm. This miracle touched this soldier so much that he renounced on the spot the world and its vanities, had his hair cut off and resolved to remain all his life near his deliverer. Saint Gregory of Tours, from whom we have this history, says that he was still living in his time, and that he had the reputation of an excellent religious. He adds then that all those who despised the warnings of Saint Hospice died miserably, and that many of these Lombards were seized by unclean spirits, who cried out unceasingly: "Hospice, why dost thou torment us; why dost thou burn us?" But there were some who were delivered by the laying on of his hands; and those who profited by his good counsels returned to their own country without any danger; two captains, among others, were rewarded for the esteem and deference they had had for his holiness. The same author reports several miracles which Saint Hospice wrought afterwards: he restored hearing and speech to a man of Angers, whom a deacon of that church was conducting to Rome, to find help at the foot of the tombs of the Apostles; but this deacon having exclaimed, with great admiration, "that he had found, in Hospice, Peter, Paul, Laurence and all the other Martyrs whom he was going to seek at Rome"; Hospice, who was the declared enemy of vainglory, answered him: "Speak not so, my brother, it is not I who have healed this sick man, it is God who has repaired his work and who has restored to him the senses which he himself had given him at his birth." Thus he sent back all the glory to God, and merited, by this justice, to restore afterwards sight to a man blind from birth, to deliver a young girl cruelly tormented by a demon and to drive three of them out of the body of a woman who was brought to the foot of his tower.

After having led so holy a life, feeling the approach of death, he sent for the superior of the monastery of which we have spoken, to say to him these words: "Open this wall and send to the bishop of the town, that he may come to bury me; for in three days I shall depart from this world to go to enjoy the repose that Our Lord has promised me." A short time after, a man of consideration, named Crescent, came to his tower, and, seeing this great servant of God, not only loaded with chains but covered with wounds, asked him how he had been able to suffer so much: "I have been," said he, "strengthened and sustained by Him for whom I endure what you see; but here I am at the end of my labours, and I am preparing to go to enjoy the repose that God has prepared for me." In fact, three days after, having taken off his chains and put himself on his knees, he made a long prayer which he accompanied with a torrent of tears; then, lying on a bench and with his hands raised to heaven, he rendered his soul to God, on 21 May 581. Austadius, bishop of Cimiez and Nice, in Provence, who must be placed between Magnus and Gatulinus, caused the duties of burial to be rendered to him, as he had had him asked before his death. The chains with which he bound his body as a voluntary malefactor for the love of God; the tower which serves him as a prison, may serve to characterize Saint Hospice in the arts.

Gioffredi, author of *Nice illustrated*, Turin, 1658, echoing tradition, says that Saint Hospice was abbot of the monastery established in the peninsula of Villefranche, not far from the tower where he lived and whence he governed them, after the manner of the solitaries of Egypt: for which reason his images, very widespread in the churches of the diocese of Nice, represented him in the costume of an abbot. It is added that Saint Hospice was a native of Egypt, where he had made his apprenticeship of the monastic life.

Relics of Saint Hospice The tomb of Saint Hospice was so illustrious, from the sixth century, that even the dust which was carried away from it worked miracles: as appeared in a voyage by sea which a Christian made with Jews, after having taken a little of it in his handkerchief. As he had the design of landing at the

monastery of Lérins, the Jews could never make their ship advance until they had put it into that island, according to his desire: God manifesting thereby that he who had some relics of Saint Hospice was under his particular protection. This miracle has caused our Saint to be placed among the patrons of that island.

The cathedral church of Nice possesses at present of the relics of Saint Hospice nothing other than a bone of his hand; but there are others at Villefranche, at La Turbie, in several places of the diocese, and finally at the sanctuary which bears his name in the peninsula of Saint-Hospice, where he passed his life, and whence his soul took its flight to heaven.

The peoples of Nice, of Villefranche, of La Turbie and of the surroundings have for Saint Hospice a great devotion; they go in crowds to visit his sanctuary; and the numerous ex-votos hung there bear witness to their gratitude for graces received through his intercession. As for the other principal relics preserved in the town of Nice, the cathedral church possesses: 1° in a silver shrine of exquisite workmanship, the mitre and a bone of the arm of Saint Bassus, first bishop of Nice, who was martyred here, in the year 283, under the emperor Decius. The rest of his body is at Marano, in Italy.

2° In another very rich silver shrine, the head of Saint Victor, martyr, placed under the high altar, given by the Grand Master of Malta, Jean-Paul Lacaris, a Niçois, in 1640. 3° A portion of the skull, and some bones of Saint Reparata, virgin and martyr, of Caesarea, in Palestine, titular of the cathedral and patroness of the whole diocese. 4° The body of Saint Alexander, martyr, that is to say all his bones united together in their natural place, very well preserved. One distinguishes on his broken skull the imprint of a single wound made by a blow from some blunt instrument. At his side is seen an ampulla stained with his blood; one reads very clearly on the white marble which was upon his tomb, and which was sent with the body, the following inscription:

D. M.

Dormitione Alexandro Benemerenti in pace.

This venerable body was extracted from the catacombs of Rome, and given by the sovereign pontiff Clement XI to Father Thomas-Marie Peyre, of the Order of Preachers, a Niçois, by an authentic act passed at Rome, 14 May 1709, who had it carried to Nice, into the church of the convent of Saint Dominic, where it was exposed to the veneration of the faithful until 1792. 5° A great part of the body of Saint Vincent, martyr, of which the solemn translation was made in 1642.

6° In the church of the religious of the Visitation of the most holy Virgin, a great part of the body of another Saint Alexander, martyr, which was given to them in 1676, by M. the commander Marc-Antoine Galleau, a Niçois, who had obtained it at Rome from His Eminence the cardinal de Carpineo. There is found there also the body of Saint Candidus, martyr.

7° In the church of the convent of Saint-Pons, the greater part of the bones of the said Saint Pons, martyr, whose feast we keep also as bishop of Cimiez, in the country of Nice. There are seen there also the precious remains of the body of Saint Syagrius, first abbot of the said monastery, and bishop of Nice.

8° At Cimiez, the body of Saint Victoria, gift of Count Gubernatis, a Niçois, ambassador at Rome of the duke of Savoy, about 1700; and that of Saint Grisomolus, gift of the same Count Gubernatis. 9° In the church of the religious of the Good Shepherd, the body of Saint Soterica, martyr, brought from Rome some twenty years ago.

Nice, 24 February 1863. — Constant Martini, canon-curé.

We have already noted that it is from Saint Gregory of Tours that we know the principal actions of his life: and he says himself that he had learned them from that man of Angers, to whom the Saint had restored hearing and speech. He speaks of it in the *History of France*, book and ch. 6, and in the book of the *Glory of*

the Confessors, ch. 97. Very ample writing had been done at that time on the life of our Saint: which is why this holy Bishop omitted many things; but these Acts have been lost.

Saint Isbergue[2] or Giselle, Virgin, and Saint Venant, Martyr

806 or 808. — Pope: Saint Leo III. — Emperor: Charlemagne.

The respectable authorities and constant traditions on which the learned biographer of Saint Isbergue, in the *Legendary of the Morinie*, relies, give to his narrative very great weight. One may draw on it with confidence to present a notice which makes known this holy patroness of Artois.

Saint Isbergue is that child of blessing whose birth served to tighten the bonds which already united Catholic France to the Holy See. As soon as she had received the light, Pepin the Short, her father, sent an embassy to the sovereign pontiff Stephen II, praying him to serve as spiritual father to his daughter. The Pope accepted with joy this proposal made to him by the king of France, and deputed on the spot one of the first dignitaries of his court to hold the child in his name at the baptismal font. It appears very probable that she was then given the name of Ghirla, an abbreviation of the word Ghirlanda, which would have the same signification as the word Stephen, in Latin Stephanus, and in Greek Stephanos, which means crown. From that day, Pope Stephen gave Pepin in his letters the title of *compater* (compère), which expresses this spiritual union contracted at the baptism of Saint Isbergue. Thus, in the admirable views of Providence, the birth of an innocent little girl became a powerful means for the accomplishment by the Church of her divine work in the whole world. It will not appear astonishing, then, that Saint Isberge gave from her earliest age proofs of a resplendent holiness.

Soon after her birth, grave events which were passing at Rome forced Pope Stephen to come and seek a refuge in France, with King Pepin. Quite small still and before her age permitted her to exercise any influence by herself, the young Isbergue became then the link of the wise resolutions which were to procure the good of the peoples and the peace of Christendom. So, the circumstances having required the concurrence of France, to force to peace the unjust enemies of the Holy See, Pope Stephen found in King Pepin a good will and an eagerness which the thought of Giselle, spiritual daughter of the sovereign Pontiff, nourished and made grow from day to day.

It is believed that on the return from this expedition, King Pepin came, with his family, to dwell in the town of Aire, where he had a royal house. The position of this town had pleased him. Situated in a plain, several hills surround it. Three rivers which water it and which divide into several canals render its soil extremely fertile. Pepin betook himself therefore to Aire; he had built there, near the church of Saint Peter, a castle which bore the name of the Salle. It is in these places, where the name of Saint Isbergue is today so popular, that this Saint dwelt with her family. It is from there perhaps that there was sent to Pope Paul I the linen which had served at her baptism, when this Pontiff, successor of Stephen, wrote to King Pepin to announce to him his elevation to the see of Saint Peter, and the desire he had to continue the good relations which had existed between himself and his predecessor.

Meanwhile the virtuous Isbergue grew in wisdom and in age before God and before men. Her heart, holily abandoned to the wills of heaven, sought in all things only to accomplish them faithfully: so she often asked God that it might please him to make known to her him whom she should take for the guide of her conduct, in order to arrive more surely at the evangelical perfection toward which she felt herself strongly drawn. God heard her prayer and made her find a wise and enlightened director in the person of Saint Venant. A man of noble extraction (probably even a member of the imperial and royal family of the Carolingians, and a relative of Saint Isbergue), Venant gave himself in his youth to the exercise of arms. He loved above all, according to the custom of the time, to show his skill and his valour in those festivals at once military and civil where the men-at-arms, in presence of the crowd of their companions and of a great number of noble ladies, fought one

against the other with arms which too often did not respect the character of these combats, and made them degenerate into murderous assaults. Venant was therefore gravely wounded in the leg in one of these dangerous encounters, and, like Saint Ignatius of Loyola later, kept long on a bed of pain, he had leisure to enter into himself and to meditate seriously on the end for which he was created. The conclusion of his salutary reflections was that henceforth, imitating his patron, Saint Venant of Bourges, he would follow quite another kind of life. So, hardly was he healed, or nearly, of his wound, than at once, leaving there relatives and friends, he went to bury himself in a vast solitude which there was then on the banks of the Lys. There, towards the spot where there rises today the little town which bears his name, he built himself a little cabin, which was thus rather little distant from the church of Saint-Peter-on-the-Mountain, at Aire-sur-la-Lys. The religious who served that church saw often this pious solitary come to adore the Lord in his temple and take part in the Sacraments. They spoke of his extraordinary virtues; soon the castle of the Salle resounded with the praises that were given to his holiness; all wished to know him, and the pious Giselle, with views far superior to those of a simple curiosity, or even of a passing edification, desired keenly to enter into communication with this great servant of God. Already she was meditating a mode of life yet more perfect than that she had led until then; she had a presentiment that this was the help God was sending her to aid her to accomplish her generous designs.

The first interview of these two so holy souls took place at about a quarter of a league from the church of Saint Peter of Aire, on the slope of the mountain, and near the fountain which, for a very long time, has borne the name of Fountain Sainte-Isbergue.

From that moment, the Saint advanced still more rapidly in the career of the virtues. Her love for Jesus Christ developed more and more in her heart, and inspired her even with the desire to live for him in perpetual virginity. The occasion to manifest these dispositions in a striking manner presented itself soon. The emperor of Constantinople, Constantine Copronymus, informed of the brilliant qualities of the daughter of the king of the Franks, and wishing to contract an alliance with that prince, had Giselle asked of him in marriage for his eldest son Leo. This proposal was well calculated to flatter Pepin, and it made indeed a great impression on his mind; but the opposition which the great ones of the kingdom as well as the bishops testified to this alliance, the letters which the sovereign Pontiff himself wrote to prevent it, and still more than all that doubtless the fervent prayers of Saint Giselle, did not permit this project to be realized. The Saint, who had promptly communicated all her fears to Saint Venant, received from him the wisest counsels. It was even then that she made in his presence the solemn vow of chastity, in order to engage herself by this irrevocable act to the service of God.

Some time after, a noble prince of the country of Wales (others say a king of the Scots), having heard speak of the extraordinary beauty and of the other great qualities of the Saint, came in person to ask her in marriage, and as he was a good Catholic (the historians of the country tell us), handsome, well made, rich and accomplished in all points, he pleased the king, the queen and all the court. Giselle alone was plunged in sadness. Pressed by her parents to consent to this marriage, she asks them a night to think of it and has word sent to Saint Venant to pass it on his side in prayer, in order to obtain from God the breaking of this second project and the removal of this new peril. As she knew what was the principal cause which made her an object of desire for this prince, she asked God to take from her this beauty which made her run so many dangers. After having prayed long, a burning fever seized her, and at the same time she is covered with a sort of leprosy so hideous that she becomes an object of horror to those who look at her. Her parents doubt not that there is here a mark of heavenly intervention; they cease to speak to her of marriage, and the prince from beyond the sea, having seen her so ugly and disfigured, takes leave of the king and returns to his country.

However he had learned that it was by the counsels and exhortations of Saint Venant that Giselle had been led to think and act as she had done. He manifests then loudly his anger, and, from that moment, two of the men of his suite set about seeking the means of avenging him.

The occasion did not fail them. In fact, they persuade some scoundrels that Isbergue, in her mysterious visits, goes to carry to Venant a crowd of precious objects, that all these treasures are hidden in the cell of this hermit, and at once these resolve to kill the holy solitary, in order to make themselves masters of these supposed riches. And soon Saint Venant is killed by these impious men, and so receives the palm of martyrdom, in recompense for the wise counsel he gave to the princess.[1]

Meanwhile Saint Isbergue continued to suffer from the malady which she herself had solicited as a grace. But the Lord, whose ways are always admirable, wished this malady to serve at once to save his faithful spouse from the danger, and to procure the triumph of his servant Saint Venant.

A heavenly vision appears therefore to the pious princess, and a mysterious voice tells her that, to be healed, she has only to take as remedy the first fish that shall be caught in the neighbouring river, the Lys. At once the king gives orders, but it is in vain that the fishermen cast their nets and make long efforts; their fishing is fruitless, and they were about to return, when suddenly, at a certain spot of the Lys, they perceive something floating on the surface of the water. They approach, they see that it is a dead body, beheaded, they take it into their boat, and, in the midst of the heaped-up weeds which cover the chest of the corpse, they find an eel which, in their simple and obedient faith, they hasten to carry to Saint Isbergue. The princess, doubting not at all the marvellous character of this event, and full of confidence in God, hesitates not to eat this fish which others would have rejected with repugnance, and at once her fever ceases, the deformities with which she was covered disappear, the most perfect health is suddenly restored to her. She doubts no longer then that the body found by the fishermen is that of her venerated guide, and soon the clearest proofs come to her to justify her fully. An old blind woman had often rendered services of charity to Saint Venant, washing and dressing the wound which he had in his leg, and which was not yet perfectly healed when he came to retire into the wood of Wastelau. This woman is summoned, she comes, feels the leg, recognizes at once the scar of the wound, and recovers her sight at the same time. Moreover the head of the Saint is found, doubt is no longer possible, new miracles are wrought at the contact of these precious remains, and the king, penetrated with veneration and gratitude, orders that the greatest honours be rendered to the holy Martyr. The holy body was borne solemnly into the church where he was accustomed to go to pray, that of Saint Peter, on the mountain (today Sainte-Isbergue), and he was buried there.[2] The spot where he had led the eremitical life became famous afterwards, and growing formed a town which bore the name of the Saint and was called Saint-Venant.

After the death of King Pepin, which happened in 768, the Blessed Giselle had still to win a third victory like the two preceding. This time, it was with a son of the king of the Lombards that Bertha her mother wished to unite her by the bonds of marriage. Then again the circumstances and above all the prayers of the Saint opposed this union, which heaven itself seemed to reprove.

In order to put an end to these solicitations as importunate as they were multiplied, Saint Giselle resolved to embrace the religious life, and to live under the so wise Rule of Saint Benedict. She founded therefore at Aire, in the enclosure of the second town, and probably in the very castle of the Salle, a monastery where there soon gathered under her direction a great number of young girls.[3] For thirty years the princess lived in this pious asylum, where several times she received the visit of her illustrious brother Charlemagne. She continued to exercise around her, by her examples and her inspirations, the most salutary influence, until the day when she went to heaven to be reunited to her heavenly spouse. This blessed death happened on the twenty-first day of the month of May of the year 806 or 808. Her body was transported with great pomp and deposited in the church of Saint Peter, on the mountain where she had wished to be buried. It is this place which afterwards bore the name of Ghisleberg or Isbergue.

The cult of Saint Isbergue has always been very dear to the populations of Artois and especially to the inhabitants of Aire and its environs. Numerous pilgrims repaired each year to the fountain and the chapel which have borne her name for centuries. Here is the description which a learned author has given of this

fountain and this chapel.

“The fountain of Saint Isbergue is five or six minutes from the church, on the *voyette* of Saint Isbergue, a little path traced half-way up or almost at the foot of the mountain on which the church is built, and which goes as far as the place still called Wastelau, the presumed site of the grotto or hermitage of Saint Venant. The canal from Aire to La Bassée cuts today this *voyette*, by which Giselle loved to go from Aire to the church of Saint Peter, on the mountain, and to meet her spiritual father. A little chapel shaded by two great century-old trees is above the fountain, to which one descends by a double stair, whose steps, part in earth, part in stone, form with the fountain, situated quite at the bottom behind the chapel, a semicircle around this same chapel. This fountain never dries up. It is about a metre deep; it is surrounded by a very suitable circular wall, with an opening in front, and at the back a little niche for a statue of the Saint. It is a place delightful for freshness and recollection, in the shade of the wall at the back of the chapel and of the two great trees, at the foot of the two quarter-circles of stair, at the birth of a very little stream which escapes silently to the bottom of the slope. In front of the chapel is a fine lawn in the form of an oblong, where the people assist in great crowds at the Mass which is celebrated in the chapel during the novena of the feast of Saint Isbergue. In the chapel itself are several sticks and crutches, popular testimonies of the miracles and cures obtained by the invocation of the two Saints. Above the altar, to the right of the middle statue, are the statuettes of Saint Venant and Saint Francis of Assisi, subjects very suitably treated. On the left is seen that of Saint Isbergue and of Saint Fiacre. Saint Venant is represented holding a book in his hand, in the attitude of a man who reflects deeply and who gives explanations; he is a doctor who teaches. Saint Isbergue, on the other hand, is in the position of a person who listens with admiration and receives with eagerness the sublime things which are transmitted to her. This statue is much less well executed than the first.

“In going from this fountain to the church of Isbergue, one perceives this church surrounded by the most beautiful girdle of elms that can be seen. These elms, arranged in the form of a double and in places a triple crown, are very tall, all alike and of the same height. One cannot help thinking of the noble daughter of the king, of the illustrious sister of the emperor, of the venerated Saint, sending this magnificent crown which rises so great, so majestic and so beautiful around the church which contains her venerable remains.” The chapel which has just been described has been enlarged since, by M. Blondel, curé of the parish, with a very important construction with a charming steeple and a delightful portal, the whole in an excellent florid Romanesque style.

The images which have been made of Saint Isbergue are fleur-de-lysed, like those of several great lords and great ladies attached to the house of France, such as Saint Riquier, Saint Mauront. To the fleur-de-lysed mantle a crown is often added. But an attribute more proper to distinguish her from the other Saints is the eel which she holds in her hand or which is placed on a dish. We have related the episode of the eel. Saint Isbergue is invoked to obtain the cure of fever, of skin affections and of deformities.

Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and of Arras, by M. the Abbé Destombes; Abridged Life of Saint Isbergue, p… M. Van-Drival; Legendary of the Morinie.

Saint Gokry or Godric,[4] Pedlar and Hermit in England

1170. — Pope: Alexander III. — King of England: Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

True gold is Jesus Christ and his grace… The truly wise and the best speculators are the Saints. A. Stolz.

How many people whose money is their one God. See this poor Jew who, a knotty stick in his hand, runs through in a day all the villages of a canton, to sell a cow or a piece of land: how many pains, how many words, how many journeys, how many ruses, often useless, and he begins again the next day! — Too often for the merchant, be he Jew or Christian, a gain of a few francs has more value than paradise and than the eternal salvation of his soul!

Here, however, is a travelling merchant who became a Saint. Godric, born at Walpole, in the county of Norfolk, was of a poor and obscure family. In his youth, he ran through the villages as a pedlar, in order to procure the means to live. The gain which he made increased little by little his small fortune. At last, he saw himself in a state to frequent the towns and the fairs, he even embarked several times to go and trade in Scotland. In one of his voyages, he landed at Lindisfarne. The edifying life of the monks who inhabited that island touched him keenly; he was above all very struck by what was reported to him of the wonderful actions of Saint Cuthbert. Having put himself on his knees, he asked God, with many tears, the grace to imitate the fervour of this great Saint, and resolved from then on to detach himself entirely from the things of earth. He embraced therefore a new kind of life, and began it by making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On returning from Palestine, he took his road by Compostella, where devotion also drew a quantity of pilgrims.

Returned to his own country, he became steward of a very rich lord. The servants of the house abandoning themselves to several disorders, and committing even crying injustices, he warned his master of all that was passing. As his complaints produced no effect, he formed the resolution of quitting his place, in order not to participate in the faults of others. After two pilgrimages, the one in France and the other to Rome, he went into the north of England, in order the better to execute the design which he had formed of consecrating himself without reserve to the service of God. He joined himself to a holy man named Godwin, who had passed a considerable time in the monastery of Durham, and who was singularly versed in the knowledge of the interior ways of perfection. They lived both as anchorites in a desert situated to the north of Carlisle. They served each other mutually, and praised God together during the days and the nights. Two years after, Godwin was called into heaven to receive there the reward of his virtues. Godric, having lost his companion, made a second pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On his return, he passed some time in the solitude of Strenshale;[1] he visited then the shrine of Saint Cuthbert at Durham, and withdrew into the desert of Finchal or Finkley.[2] He chose Saint John the Baptist and Saint Cuthbert for his patrons and his models. He built himself a little hut with branches of trees, at the foot of an oak; for food he had roots, the fruits of forest trees and wild honey. Alone in the midst of a vast forest, he suffered often from hunger and thirst; he passed the days and the nights in watching, fasting and prayers, until the end of his life. He was not frightened by wild beasts, nor by noxious reptiles and insects, nor by thieves and assassins, nor by the infernal spirits who prowl in the darkness, nor by the savage aspect of this uncultivated solitude, because perfect love stifled fear in him.

At the end of some years, his retreat was discovered by hunters, and the report of the holiness of his life spread far; then a crowd of people went to be edified near him. The pilgrims brought with them provisions of food, a part of which they did not fail to offer to the holy hermit. Godric accepted, but not for himself: he distributed a part to the poor, and the rest he put in reserve for the future needs of indigent pilgrims. On Sundays and feast days, as well as three other days of the week, he received no visit, that he might not be disturbed in his exercises of piety. God testified by miracles how agreeable this kind of life was to him. His cabin was situated not far from a river which one day overflowed so much that the whole neighbouring country was inundated, including the hermitage. The people of the neighbourhood having run up, and perceiving neither Godric nor his hut any longer, wept for him as dead. Now, the waters having withdrawn, and the good villagers having approached the cell of the hermit, they found Godric praying tranquilly: he was not drowned nor even wet. As he was asked with surprise why he had not saved himself from the beginning of the inundation, he answered that he did not know what they wished to speak of. — Thus God, while his faithful servant forgot all for him, did not forget him, but saved him by a prodigy at the moment of danger. Other miracles are still related as wrought by Godric, notably predictions and supernatural cures. Each saint may be considered as a second Adam, regenerated by grace and restored to the rights and privileges which primitive man enjoyed before sin. But in some Saints these privileges, as for example that of commanding wild animals, have been more remarkable than in others. One day there was a great hunt in the neighbourhood of Godric’s hermitage. Then it happened that a magnificent stag was pursued by relatives of Bishop Ramulf; the poor animal presented itself, panting, before the cell of Godric, with the air of seeking a

refuge there. Godric, on coming out of his retreat, perceived it, all trembling with fright and seeming to implore his help. Godric, in fact, took it with him into his cell, and the noble animal lay down at his feet. But soon the hunters arrived, claiming their prey. Godric went to meet them. They asked him where the stag was. He answered: God knows. The hunters, recognizing under the rags of a poor hermit an angel and a saint, returned with their dogs, without disturbing further either Godric or the stag which, to recover from its frights, passed the night with the hermit; the next morning, it joyfully resumed its course in the woods, and several times each year it returned to express its gratitude to the good Godric by its caresses. Godric had become as it were the natural protector of the beasts of the forest pursued by the hunters: hares, roebucks, etc., in case of danger, sought near him a sure refuge. During the colds of winter, the birds came to warm themselves in his bosom: one would have said that they saw in him a son of their merciful Creator!

At the age of sixty-three, Godric fell ill: he was attacked by a general swelling of the body, and the evil always growing worse, worms were seen to come out from under his flesh. He was tended by two monks of a neighbouring convent. One day when he appeared to be at the last extremity, he began suddenly to sing canticles with a face radiant with joy. Some time after, he was asked the cause of this unaccustomed joy. Godric answered: “I saw a heavenly brightness fill my cell, coming from the East, and my breast was filled with a sweet odour: that is why I could not help singing with joy. It seemed to me that I had just arrived at the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, and that I already heard the canticles of the angels who, with the blessed, sang in chorus: Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison! and I answered them: Kyrie eleison!…” Godric died, as he had predicted, in the octave of the Ascension of the year 1170, after having passed sixty-three years in his desert. Thus the former merchant found in the field of this world a treasure, and in the sea of this world a precious pearl, which can never more be taken from him. His body was buried in the oratory of Saint John the Baptist, and honoured by several miracles. Richard, brother of Hugh Pidfey, bishop of Durham, had a chapel built under his invocation.

The pilgrim-hermit, Saint Godric, is often painted surrounded by serpents, because dangerous animals approached him without doing him harm. Alban Butler, A. Stolz, etc.

The Blessed Catherine of Cardone, Carmelite Recluse (1577)

Not far from the little town of Roda, in Spain, there was seen, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a convent of the Fathers of Mercy, those heroic religious whose life was consumed in relieving or ransoming Christians captive among the infidels. The inhabitants of the surrounding country flocked on Sundays to the church of the monastery, and remarked there a hermit whose recollection and fervour edified everyone. No one, however, knew him, no one knew the place of his dwelling. This mysterious personage awakened and piqued curiosity: people set about spying his steps on leaving the church. He perceived it soon, and he began to remain so long in prayer that he ended by wearying the patience of the curious. Sometimes nevertheless the most intrepid waited, the most cunning hid themselves; but the hermit took now one path, now another. He walked besides so fast that he could not be followed; or else he was lost sight of in the paths which crossed one another, in the thick copses, in the underwood, in the thorn-bushes where he feared not to lose himself, though barefoot and often bleeding. Thereupon all sorts of conjectures and all sorts of comments circulated in the crowd. The dwelling of the poor hermit was, however, only half a league from the convent: it was a kind of grotto hollowed by nature in a rock, in the midst of thick thickets of thorns and brushwood, and the entrance of which was closed by a gate of broom. The solitary kept himself hidden there and gave himself to the hardest exercises of penance, having for all nourishment only roots, herbs, wild fruits and a little water drawn from a small brook of the forest. There, his days and nights were passed in praising the Lord, in praying to him, in meditating his grandeurs and his love, and in imploring his mercy on a world full of sins and corruption. Does not such a world need lightning-rods to turn aside the thunderbolts of divine justice? A shepherd, pursuing one day some wandering goats on the rocks, came upon the grotto of the pious

solitary, who begged, for the love of God, his visitor not to make his refuge known to anyone. “I could not promise you that, my father,” said the shepherd; “I serve a master who is a good Christian, and who has long desired to know where you dwell. He will be happy and delighted to know you: he gives to so many others who are not worth as much as you. You lack everything, and he will not let you lack anything.” The hermit defended himself in vain: he had to accept first of all a share of the bread which this good peasant had taken for his day, and to receive afterwards what his master sent him.

This was not the most disagreeable part of the discovery. The secret was not kept, and soon the grotto of the pious solitary was known to everybody. There was a considerable concourse: all wished to see this man of God, this angel of solitude, this wonder of penance. People came from all sides to consult the friend of the Lord, to be edified by his virtues, and to ask the help of his prayers.

One day when the solitary was absent, — to go to church no doubt, — a curious person penetrated into the grotto to visit it and examine its furniture. A crucifix, and among the instruments of penance, a book of hours, was all he met with. This book did not fail to be examined; there was found in it this inscription: *Given to Catherine of Cardone by the princess of Eboli.* It was therefore a woman who dwelt in this grotto, who led this austere life, and this woman was of the family of the dukes of Cardone, of one of the most illustrious houses of Spain. From the age of eight years, Catherine had felt herself carried to the practice of the evangelical counsels. But, far from seconding her, her parents thought of marrying her as soon as she was marriageable. The humble young girl submitted as a true victim of filial obedience and everything was prepared for the wedding. But God, who read in the depths of her heart, delivered her from the hands of those who did violence to her liberty: the noble young man destined to be her husband died in the interval. After this catastrophe, no one was astonished to see her enter among the Franciscan nuns.

The family withdrew her soon from this pious asylum to lead her to the court of Spain, where she was successively maid of honour to the princess of Salerno and to the princess of Eboli. But her soul experienced in this worldly milieu unspeakable sufferings. One morning, there was found in her room a letter to the princess of Eboli by which Catherine thanked that lady for all her kindnesses and announced to her her resolution to go and live in solitude.

After twenty years passed in the cavern where we saw her at the beginning of this narrative, she received so many importunate visits that she yielded her hermitage to the Carmelites and entered into a reclusion which these religious prepared for her near their convent. She lived there five years more: Catherine ended her mortal career, in 1577, at the age of sixty-three. From M. the Abbé Chapia.

Our Lady of the Ardents, at Arras

In the year 1105, a frightful malady, known under the name of burning fire, which decimated a part of Europe, invaded Artois. Not a town, not a borough, not a hamlet was spared. The limbs attacked by this terrible fire became black as coals and fell into dust; the hand detached itself from the arm, the foot from the leg, and the inflammation spread from one limb to another. The sick, recognizing the finger of God in so cruel a scourge, had themselves carried to the church, confessed, and prayed with tears and groans. Lambert, bishop of Arras, broken with grief at this spectacle, comes to pour out his prayers with his tears before the altar of Mary, and his prayer is heard.

In the night of 21 May, the Blessed Virgin appears successively to two men, Hier and Norman, the first living in Brabant, the second dwelling in the castle of Saint-Pol in Ternois; both sworn enemies of each other. She orders them to go and find the bishop of Arras, and to tell him from her that he must watch with them in the church, all the night of the following Saturday to Sunday, and visit the sick who are suffering there; that there, at the first crow of the cock, she will give them a lighted candle; that they shall make drops of it fall into a vessel full of water; that they shall make the sick drink of this water and shall pour some on

their sores; that those who receive this remedy with faith shall be healed, and that those who refuse it shall be struck dead. As Hier and Norman feared to be the sport of an illusion, they delayed to set out; but the Virgin, having come back, the following night, to declare to them that, if they did not set out that instant, they would themselves be attacked by the burning fire, they set out. Norman, as less distant, arrives first, makes his vision known to the bishop, who gives it no credence. Hier arrives in his turn and fulfils his message. The bishop represents to him that Norman has already come to relate to him the same fact, and that he fears they have come to an understanding to deceive him. At this word, Hier falls into anger, breathes forth against Norman, the murderer of his brother, a furious hatred to the point of showing himself determined to kill him if he meets him. The bishop, by his gentle words, calms this exalted soul, and persuades him to be reconciled with his enemy. He puts them both in presence of one another, and has the happiness of seeing them give each other mutually the kiss of peace.

The prodigy of this reconciliation disposed the bishop to believe in the miracle of the vision; and in consequence, after having had a light refection taken, towards nine o'clock in the morning, by his two visitors, he engaged them to prepare themselves by prayer, by fasting on bread and water, for the great marvel which they announced. In fact, Itier and Norman passed the whole day in prayers in the church; and, the night having come, the bishop came to join them. All three vied with each other in fervour and humility in prayer, when at the appointed hour, at the first crow of the cock, they see Mary descend softly from the vault of the choir; a lighted candle shines in her hand: "Here," she says to them, "is a candle which I confide to your keeping, and which shall be henceforth a pledge of my mercy." She repeats to them in a few words the use to be made of this candle for the cure of the sick, and disappears. Then Itier, Norman and the bishop make drops flow from this heavenly torch into three vessels of water; and, advancing on three lines, they give some to the sick to drink, and sprinkle their sores with it; and all, to the number of a hundred and forty-four, are healed; the hundred and forty-fifth alone expiates, by death, his incredulity.[1]

After a solemn *Te Deum* of thanksgiving, and the deposit of the miraculous candle in the parish church of Saint-Aubert, there was formed, under the direction of Itier and Norman, a pious association which took the title of Charity of Our Lady of the Ardents.

The holy candle, esteemed a relic as signal as it was incontestable, became famous throughout the whole country; and the miraculous cures which it wrought in the chapel of Saint Nicholas, where it had been deposited, drew to it numerous pilgrims.[2] Saint Bernard, passing through Arras about the year 1131, asked to see it; and after having contemplated with a holy curiosity, an ineffable rapture, this present of Mary brought by herself, he thanked God and his holy Mother for the happiness he had experienced on this occasion. He asked even that a monument be erected on the spot where such a favour had been granted him. His prayer was acceded to and a cross was raised there.[3] Alvise, successor of Robert in the see of Arras, took all his care to preserve and increase the veneration of the faithful toward this holy candle, and he was the first to have its charter renewed.[4] About the year 1140, the concourse of pilgrims who came from every direction to venerate the precious gift of the Blessed Virgin and to ask their cure of it, was so prodigious that the counts of Flanders thought they ought to cede a vast piece of ground proportioned to the needs of a religious service which was taking such a development. There was built on it a great chapel for the holy offices, a hall eighty feet long for the assemblies of the confrères, a lodging for the keepers of the chapel and of the Confraternity; and finally several tents were set up there for the horses of the men who watched in turn at the guard of the holy candle.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, the counts of Flanders did still more: they raised, at their own cost, a monument of the most delicate and most graceful workmanship, destined to enclose the heavenly torch. It was an elegant pyramid, forty feet in height, in the most ornate ogival style, under which were a little chapel and a little sacristy. The holy candle was placed in the upper part, under several successive doors, the last of which was of iron and opened only by different keys. One of these keys was entrusted to one of the *mayeurs*

chantres, and the other to the honorary *mayeur*. They could lower the holy candle into the chapel, to show it to strangers, but never carry it outside without the assistance of the principal officers of the prince; and things were thus until ’93, when this magnificent sanctuary was overthrown.

Happily, before the demolition, the *mayeurs* of the confraternity were authorized to carry away all the furniture and the precious objects contained in the monument. A respectable lady consented at first to be their depositary; then, at the moment of the Terror, her son, fearing to be compromised by the mere fact of the detention of these religious objects, threw into a well the silver case which contained the holy candle. The next day, a private person, having drawn up this case in drawing water, carried it to the administrators of the district, who ordered its sale. A good Christian, named Grimbert, bought it, deposited it, in 1803, in the cathedral, in a niche near the chapel of the Blessed Virgin; and, from that time until our days, it has remained there without great honour. It was only in 1860 that Mgr Parisis, bishop of Arras, preserver of the religious memories of his diocese, had the reliquary restored, placed in it a new candle, with a notable particle of the old, which bears this inscription: *Sanctus cereus Atrebatensis*, and enclosed the whole under a Gothic pinnacle, sparkling with gold and rich embroideries, imitating the summit of the ancient pyramid. The Ursulines of Arras, for their part, attentive to enter into the views of the prelate, are at this moment having rebuilt at their own cost a pyramid worthy of the ancient one, where the holy candle, for nearly seven centuries, was the object of the devotion of the whole country. May the Confraternity of Our Lady of the Ardents rise again and rebuild itself with the edifice which recalls to the faithful of Arras such fair memories.

Cf. Our Lady of France.

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[5] These Martyrs and the following are victims of the cause of Saint Athanasius: that cause was the cause of Jesus Christ and of his Church.

[6] Saint Athanasius gives the names of these bishops and of these priests (apology for his exile). “Here,” he says, “are the bishops of Egypt and of Africa whom the Arians have expelled from their churches: Ammonius, Sinus, Gains, Philo, Hères, Pliny, Psinosiris, Palemon, Agathon, Anagamphon, Mark, another Ammonius, another Mark, Dracontius, Adelphius and Athenodorus; to which must be added the priests Hierax and Dioscorus. They have been treated with so much harshness,” continues Saint Athanasius, “that they died, some on the road, the others in exile.” — Baronius.

[7] Today there is celebrated at Rome the feast of Saint Felix of Cantalice. See his life on 18 May.

[8] See 30 April.

[9] See the life of Saint Ursion and of Saint Maurèle, in the preceding volume.

[10] See 31 March.

[11] Commonly Sospis.

[12] This penance existed from all antiquity among the peoples of the centre of France, according to the account of the miracles of Saint Florian and Saint Florent, and must probably have taken its origin from some religious custom of the Gauls. (Ludovic Lalanne, *Study on pilgrimages*, Biblioth. de l’Ecole des Chartes, t. vii, p. 13.) Dom Mabillon (*Acta SS. ord. S. Bened.*, saec. iv, t. ii, praef., §§ 4 and 41) explains in fact that quite frequently in the first centuries of the middle ages, when a man had drawn the iron against one of his relatives and had killed him, the bishop had chains forged with the blade of the murderous sword and had them attached to the girdle, to the neck, to the arms of the guilty man, who was then driven from the country and who obtained his pardon only after having made, without quitting his irons, a certain number of pious pilgrimages, sometimes until he had visited Rome and Jerusalem. (See Pierre Kouvière, *History of Moutier- Saint-Jean*, note 75; Saint Gregory of Tours, *de glor. Conf.*, cap. 87; *de Joanne abbate*, and the Bollandists, in t. ii of January, p. 866.) These sorts of penitents were still widespread enough in the time of Charlemagne for a capitulary to have been issued then with the aim of stopping the dangerous vagabondage in which they indulged. (Canciani, *Leges barbarorum*, t. iii, p. 209.) The name of the conqueror of Staffarda and of La Marsaglia, Câlinât, who belonged to a bourgeois family of the Perche, seems to us to bear in itself a trace of this old usage; which would give ground to believe at the same time that there were still *catenati homines* in the eleventh century, the epoch when nicknames begin to become family names.

[13] The primitive name of Saint Isbergue was Ghirla in Latin, Giselle in French. Ghirla is the translation of Stephen, name of the Pope, her godfather. Stephen, in Latin Stephanus, comes from a Greek word which means crown. Very shortly before, Pepin had received from a Pope the crown of France; it was quite fitting that the spiritual daughter of him who was named crown, the daughter of him who had just been crowned, should herself be called by a name which recalled at every instant this double fact. Now, Ghirla is only the abbreviation of the word Ghirlanda, which signifies crown of flowers. The illustrious godfather could not therefore better render than by this happy word the double idea which he had wished to express. People soon became accustomed to pronounce Ghisla instead of Ghirla. Then, after the death of our Saint, there was given to the mountain where her body reposed the name of Mountain of Ghisla (Mountain of Giselle, or Ghisle-berg); after the Invasion of the Normans, many words were changed to the point of becoming almost

unrecognizable, and of this number was the word Ghisle-berg or Gisele-berg, of which was made Isle-berg by removing the initial aspiration Gh, then Is-berg and Isbergue. Finally, people became accustomed to designate by the same word both the name of the mountain where the Saint reposed and the Saint herself, who from then on was generally called Isbergue. We have a striking example of this kind of transformation in the name of Compostella, place of the celebrated pilgrimage of Spain, which comes certainly, by corruption, from Jacobus Apostolus. The first two letters, vowels I and A, were first cut off, as well as the purely Latin endings *us*, and there remained: *cobpustol*; from that to the present form there is only a step, the letter b, when it is found before p, often changing into m in all languages. It would be far too easy to cite many other analogous examples, just as extraordinary at first sight.

[14] Proper of the Saints of the diocese of Arras.

[15] This is a point of constant tradition, formulated in a popular manner and confirmed by painted and written documents.

[16] This monastery was situated on this side of the Lys, in the enclosure of the second town, which was enclosed between the three watercourses: the Lys, the Laquette and the Madicq. It still existed in 857, and gave its name to that part of the town, which was called Arie-Hunster, while the other, situated beyond the bridge of the Castel, was called Ariacum. Later it was destroyed, doubtless by the barbarian hordes who came to invade the country. Nevertheless a chapel was preserved or re-established in honour of the Saint; remains of it are still seen today in rather bad condition in the garden of the building which serves as a warehouse for tobacco, and which, before the Revolution, was a house of religious. This chapel has some parts which offer the character of the fifteenth century. — The religious of whom we speak here bore at Aire the name of Grey Sisters.

[17] Gorry is the common name. It has also been written Godericus, Godricfe, Godrioh, Goiry, Goéry, Goeury.

[18] Today Witty.

[19] Three miles from Durham, near the Wear.

[1] Extract from a charter dated the month of May 1201, furnished with six seals, and registered by the notaries of the Holy See in the year 1482, by order of Sixtus IV.

[2] Bull of Gelasius II.

[3] Ferri de Locre; Father Fatou, p. 63.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 19.

22 May

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the decease of the holy martyrs Faustin, Timothy and Venustus. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Castus and Aemilius, who accomplished their martyrdom by fire. Vanquished in a first combat, according to the report of Saint Cyprian, Our Lord made them victors in a second; and those who had previously yielded to the rigour of the fire became stronger than the fire itself. 210. — In the island of Corsica, Saint Julia, virgin, who won the crown of immortality by the punishment of the cross. — At Comana in Pontus, Saint Basiliscus, martyr, who, under the emperor Maximian and the president Agrippa, was condemned to put on shoes armed with burning nails, and who, after having endured a quantity of other torments, was finally beheaded and thrown into the river, and thus acquired the glory of martyrdom. 308. — In Spain, Saint Quitère or Quitterie, virgin and martyr. — At Ravenna, Saint Marcian, bishop and confessor. 127. — In the Auxerrois, Saint Romanus, abbot, who, after having assisted Saint Benedict in his grotto, came into France, built a monastery there, peopled it with several holy religious and died there in peace,[1] 6th century. — At Aquino, Saint Fulk, confessor.[2] 12th century. — At Pistoia, in Tuscany, the Blessed Atto, of the Order of Vallombrosa.[3] 1155. — At Auxerre, Saint Helen, virgin.[4] 5th century. — At Cascia, in Umbria, the Blessed Rita, widow, religious of the Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine, who, freed from the bonds of marriage, loved only Jesus Christ, the eternal Spouse. 1456.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Angoulême, feast of Saint Ausonius, first bishop of that city. 1st and 2nd centuries. — At Châteaudun, in the diocese of Chartres, another Saint Quitterie, virgin and martyr. — At Bourges, Saint Aigulf, commonly Saint Août, who was drawn from the exercises of the solitary life to govern that church: which he did with a prudence and a holiness admirable, which God declared by several miracles. He gave his name to a borough of Berry, which was previously called Husden. 835. — The same day, Saint Iolaine, virgin and martyr, whose birthday is 17 January.[5] — At Limoges, Saint Wolf, one of the bishops of that diocese, illustrious for

his piety and his miraculous actions. About 640. — At Auxerre, Saint Vitalis, priest. — In the same place, Saint Alimena, virgin. — In the diocese of Soissons, Saint Boetian, confessor. — This same day, Saint Wolfhelm, confessor, honoured at Cologne, in the chapel of the hospice of the abbey of Brauweiler. — Further, the venerable Evrard, monk of Morimond.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — In the country of Auxerre, Saint Romanus, abbot of the Order of Saint Basil. The same among the Benedictines, the Cistercians and the Camaldolese. Martyrology of Vallombrosa. — At Pistoia, in Tuscany, Saint Atto, bishop and confessor. Martyrology of the Trinitarians. — Saint Paschal Baylon.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Maastricht, Saint Servatius, bishop of the church of Tongres.[6] Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Florence, the Blessed Humiliana, widow, of the Third Order of Saint Francis, illustrious for her abstinence, her patience and the renown of her miracles. She made her entry into heaven on 19 May.

Martyrology of the Minors. — Saint Celestine, pope, whose soul flew to heaven on 19 May 1246.[7] Martyrology of the Carmelites and Servites. — Saint Ubald, bishop.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Cascia, in Umbria, the Blessed Rita.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Pavia, the translation of Saint Aurelian, Roman martyr, put to death in the persecution of Decius. — At Capua and in Campania, the saints Castus and Cassius, bishops and martyrs. — At Rome, Saint Goswin, whose name signifies child of God, a young child of Germanic or Belgian origin, who suffered martyrdom in that city, in the second century. — At Belluno, in Venetia, Saint Joathas, martyr and patron of that city. He endured a glorious punishment in the Pentapolis,[8] whence his body, discovered miraculously, was carried to Belluno. Reign of Maximian. — Among the Greeks, Saint Sophia, martyr, who was skilful in medicine; and the holy Marcellus and Codratus, likewise martyrs. — At Thmuis, in Egypt, the saints Donatus, bishop, Macarius, priest, and Theodore, deacon, martyrs, under Licinius. — At Como, in Italy, Saint Eusebius, bishop. 6th century. — At Otricoli, in Italy, Saint Fulgentius, bishop. 6th century. — At Parma, in the same country, Saint John, abbot, who made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem six times. Year 982. — At Voghera, in Italy likewise, Saint Bobo or Bovo, who put to flight the Saracens occupying the fortress of Fresnet.[9] Year 986. — At Florence, the Blessed Humility, of the Order of Vallombrosa. 1310.

Saint Ausonius, First Bishop of Angoulême and Martyr

1st and 2nd century.

To live is to serve Jesus Christ; to die is to go to heaven. Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians, i,

Even in bodily indispositions, spiritual remedies are the most beneficial. Maxim of Saint Philip Neri.

The acts of Saint Ausonius[1] do not indicate the year of his birth, and teach us only that he was born at Mortagne, a little coasting port, in the ancient province of Saintonge, today the department of Charente-Inférieure. His father was named Albin, and his mother Eugenia: they belonged to those Roman families which, as a consequence of the conquest of the Gauls, had come to settle in our countries. Though pagans, they led a pure and honest life, and like the centurion Cornelius, of whom mention is made in the book of the Acts,[2] they were naturally religious and God-fearing. So they were judged worthy to be enlightened with the divine light. For when Saint Martial, first bishop of Limoges, and sent into the Gauls by Saint Peter himself,[3] extending his zeal as far as the banks of the Gironde, came to Mortagne to preach the name and the knowledge of Jesus Christ, Albin and Eugenia showed themselves docile to his word, and

received from his hand holy baptism together with their two children, Ausonius and Aptonus.[4] These even attached themselves to Saint Martial, and followed him in his apostolic journeys. It was thus that they came with him to evangelize the populations of the Angoumois. But because the character and virtue of Ausonius appeared to Saint Martial to suit these populations best, he joined him to himself particularly as a precious aid in his labours among them, and, on leaving them, he left him to them as spiritual head; he consecrated him therefore bishop of the little Christian community which he had succeeded in forming in the town of Angoulême.

What were, after the departure of Saint Martial, the successes of Saint Ausonius in his apostolate? How did he triumph over the resistance of minds so as to make them adopt the grave teachings of the Gospel on a God creator, saviour and judge of men, on the eternity that awaits them on leaving this life? A double question which is guessed rather than read in the few facts of which the Acts of Saint Ausonius have preserved the memory. One of the most important is the conversion of Garrulus, count, prefect or governor of Angoulême. Cited to his tribunal to give an account of his preaching, Saint Ausonius, as formerly Saint Paul before the proconsul Sergius Paulus, first made the doctrine of Jesus Christ admired, and then won him who wished to persecute and proscribe it. The éclat of this conversion doubtless brought about a great number of others, by the facility which the pious bishop then had of preaching publicly the word of God. It is also about this time and in these favourable circumstances that he built a first church, where he could without obstacles gather his little flock and dispense to it the holy mysteries. Besides, Count Garrulus, since his baptism, gave himself with fervour to all the practices of Christian piety, and he distinguished himself above all by a great liberality toward the poor and the indigent. He had had also the joy of seeing his sister, named Caligia, abjure, after his example, the errors of paganism, as she shared his merciful charity. The Lord was soon to reward them for it. And in fact, it happened that during a walk which Caligia was taking with her companions along the Charente, she felt the first attacks of a violent malady, which quickly brought on delirium and then a complete paralysis of the senses and of all the limbs. At the sight of this state and of an imminent death, Garrulus had but one thought, that of having recourse to the powerful intercession of the Blessed Ausonius. He betook himself therefore to him, and on accosting him: “Man of God,” said he, “my sister is gravely ill, but come and you will heal her by your prayers.” He related then the accident in all its details, mingling abundant tears with his words. So the holy bishop, touched by the misfortune of Caligia and the lively faith of her brother, hastened to follow him. Arrived at the dwelling of Garrulus, he was introduced into the apartment where on a bed of pain the young Caligia lay paralysed and dying. Approaching then this bed, he prayed, and taking the hand of the sick girl, he said to her: “In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you, arise.” Instantly she rose, and Saint Ausonius gave her back entirely healed to the tenderness and joy of her brother. In testimony of her gratitude, Caligia contributed largely to the construction of a second church which the zealous pontiff had built to the south of the city, and which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, manifest proof of the devotion which he had known how to inspire in his dear neophytes toward the august Mother of God. It is in this church that Caligia loved to pray, and that she must have sought soon after some consolation at the death of her brother. He, having fallen ill, knew as by a divine presentiment that his last day was approaching. He had therefore Saint Ausonius begged to come and see him, and he said to him: “Servant of God and pastor of the souls who believe in Jesus Christ, I know that the hour of my death is near: therefore, I beseech you, assist me with your prayers, that my enemy may not rejoice at my loss and may not say: I have conquered him.” Saint Ausonius promised it to him, and Garrulus added: “I have disposed in your favour of all the gold, all the silver as well as all the furniture that I possess: receive them to share them among your churches and the poor; by this use, these riches will be salutary to my soul.” After having thus instituted Jesus Christ his heir, the sick man lost speech, and when he gave up his last breath, there were heard, the Acts relate, heavenly voices which praised God and celebrated the happy death of his servant. His conversion went back only three and a half years, but he was already ripe for heaven. Saint Ausonius himself took care of his funeral, honouring thus a memory all embalmed with the perfumes of charity and mercy.

Besides, the healing of Caligia was not the first miracle that Saint Ausonius had wrought, as it was followed by a great number of others. For his Acts attest to us that by his prayers, infirm and sick persons were healed and possessed delivered; that the blind recovered sight, the lame the use of their legs, and paralytics the movement of their limbs. But these same Acts contain the detailed narrative of none of these prodigies, except the following. A blind man, known as such in the town of Angoulême, where he asked alms, had himself conducted to Saint Ausonius, and throwing himself at his feet, said to him: “Ausonius, servant of God, I know that your prayers can open my eyes.” — “Be it done to you according to your faith,” the pious bishop answered him, and at the same time he touched his eyes. Suddenly the blind man recovered sight, and in his gratitude began to glorify God and to thank his benefactor. But because he was poor and almost naked, Saint Ausonius had a complete garment given him, adding thus the gift of charity to that of healing. This miracle, it is understood, soon became of public notoriety, and the account of it reached the ears of a young and rich Gallo-Roman woman, named Calfagia. Remaining an orphan from her adolescence, she found herself mistress of a great fortune, and dwelt not far from Angoulême in one of those sumptuous villas with which the Romans had strewn the banks of the Charente. It was there that in the midst of the luxury of opulence and surrounded by numerous slaves and servants, the young patrician, afflicted for twelve years with a flow or loss of blood, dragged languidly sad and painful days. In vain had she had recourse to the science of the physicians; her malady, become incurable, cast on her life only a sombre and afflicting future. It was then that she learned, perhaps as formerly the Syrian Naaman, from a Christian slave, the miracle which Saint Ausonius had wrought in favour of a blind man; she conceived at this account a lively desire to see the pious bishop, and ordered at once that her chariot be prepared and that a large sum of gold and silver be placed in it, of which she wished to make a gift to the holy pontiff if his prayers restored her health. Her servants hastened to execute her orders; but one of them, named Arcadius, and steward of her house, strove to stop her, saying to her: “You have lavished on the physicians a great part of your fortune, and you have drawn no relief from it; it will be the same with the man whom you are going to consult; you will enrich him, and he will be of no help to you.” So spoke Arcadius, and suddenly, by a visible chastisement from heaven, he felt himself attacked by the same infirmity that Calfagia experienced. She became only the more ardent to hope for her cure; she wished therefore to go before her escort and set out immediately. Arrived in the town of Angoulême, she had herself conducted to the holy bishop, and throwing herself at his feet, said to him: “Ausonius, servant of God, I ask you for baptism.”

Touched by these words, and admiring in this young patrician the action of grace, Saint Ausonius answered her: “If you believe from the bottom of your heart, the Lord will grant your request.” Then Calfagia resumed: “I believe in the almighty God who created the world: I believe in Jesus Christ son of the living God, whom the Jews crucified, and who rose again the third day.” A profession of faith so clear and so precise appeared sufficient to the holy bishop, who, having water brought to him, baptized the noble catechumen in the name of the holy and august Trinity. But the virtue of the sacrament did not purify her soul only; it spread also over her body, for Calfagia was instantly healed of her infirmity, and she said aloud: “I glorify you, Lord, who, by your servant Ausonius, have restored my health to me, and who by holy baptism have illumined my soul with the clearness of faith.” At this moment Arcadius was seen to arrive with the other servants, who supported him to help him descend from the chariot, for his malady was growing in violence; and they conducted him to Saint Ausonius. “Servant of God,” said then Calfagia, “I ask you humbly that by the merit of your prayers you heal Arcadius, my steward, even as you lately restored sight to a blind man.” Such was the prayer which was received by the silence of the crowd, and the expectation of a second miracle. This expectation was not to be deceived, for the pious bishop, moved with compassion for this unfortunate man, said to him: “In the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Arcadius, be healed of your infirmity.” At these words, the steward rose up full of health, and at a sign from Calfagia, ran to take and lay at the feet of Ausonius the sums of gold and silver that he had brought. But the holy pontiff would receive them only to have them distributed to the poor by the hands of Caesarius, his archdeacon.

Following this narrative, the acts of Saint Ausonius teach us that after a grave and serious trial, he gave to Calfagia the sacred veil of virgins, and that Caligia, whose miraculous healing we have related, received it likewise, together with several other emulators of their life of prayers and good works. It is known that the Church has always surrounded with her pomps and her solemn blessings the ceremony of a religious consecration, and although every detail fails us here, we can well affirm that in this circumstance the pious bishop forgot nothing that was fitted to heighten its éclat, and to make better understood the merit of this sacrifice. Besides, in those first times, and until the fourth century, Christian virgins remained in the paternal house, going out of it only to go to church, where they had a separate place, or to apply themselves, conducted by the older ones, to the exterior works of charity, such as visiting and relieving the sick and the prisoners, feeding the poor, gathering and instructing orphans and children, serving strangers and burying the dead. Such were therefore, under the wise direction of Saint Ausonius, the occupations of these pious virgins, and Calfagia, placed at their head, maintained them in fervour and directed them in the service of God and neighbour.

This is the last fact that the acts of the blessed bishop report to us touching his apostolic ministry, and they pass immediately to the account of his martyrdom. The city of Angoulême had for governor, they say, a man whose name they keep silent, but who, violent and fierce, was moreover personally animated against Saint Ausonius. What were the motives of this hatred? History has not made them known to us; and it tells us only that the pious bishop, to turn upon the head of the pastor a storm which threatened the whole flock, resolved to offer himself as victim. He presented himself therefore of his own accord before the tribunal of the governor, and then the following dialogue was established between them: — Ausonius. — Here am I, who have drawn thy anger upon this innocent people: sate thy fury by my death. — The governor. — It is thou then who utterest the impious fables of the religion of Christ, thou who resistest my orders, and who hast infatuated an ignorant populace with its belief in thy God. — Ausonius. — I am a Christian and a bishop, I confess one only and true God who made heaven and earth. It is he alone whom we serve, we who are Christians, and whom we pray day and night for ourselves, for you, O prince, and for all men. — The governor. — Dost thou persevere in thy impiety? — Ausonius. — The good will which comes from God cannot change. — The governor. — Adore the immortal gods. — Ausonius. — I shall do nothing of the kind. — The governor. — Then thou shalt die. — Ausonius. — Do what thou wilt.

Seeing therefore the invincible firmness of the holy bishop, the governor condemned him to have his head cut off; and the sentence was executed on the evening of the same day, before one of the gates of the city and at the place where the church of Saint Martial rises today. Under cover of darkness the faithful piously gathered the body of their father and pastor, and deposited it religiously in a tomb which was not long in being famous for numerous miracles. But no account of them has been preserved to us; we know only that a church and then a monastery of virgins were built over this glorious sepulchre, and that the body of Saint Ausonius reposed under the high altar with those of Saint Aptonus and Saint Gesarius. These relics, venerated by all, were the object of several translations, of which the most solemn took place on 30 March 1118, during the episcopate of Gerard, legate of the Holy See for the ecclesiastical provinces of Tours, Bourges, Bordeaux and Auch. Even today the church of Angoulême celebrates each year the memory of this translation. But in the year 1562, the wars of religion brought about the destruction of the church and of the monastery, as well as the profanation of the holy bodies which they enclosed. Scarcely could a few bones be stolen from the pyre, which the religious of Saint-Ausonius deposited in the new monastery they built for themselves on the Place Beaulieu, and on the site of which the lycée stands today. These precious remains were themselves dispersed in 1793, and there remain of them in the treasury of the cathedral only a few feeble fragments. As for the church, it was rebuilt on the foundations of the ancient one only in the year 1864, and it was Mgr Charles-Antoine Cousseau, bishop of Angoulême, who, on 4 December, solemnly blessed its first stone. The Christian virgins who watched over the tomb of Saint Ausonius have also resumed their guard of honour and of sacred psalmody, not indeed in the person of the Benedictine nuns, who had

continued the pious succession of the Caligias and the Galfagias, but in that of the Daughters of the Cross who have a numerous boarding-school in the faubourg Saint-Ausonius, and of the Daughters of Carmel who came, some years ago, to pitch their tent near these same places. The church of Angoulême celebrates on 22 May the feast of Saint Ausonius, and this day is the one which the breviary of the Benedictine nuns, printed in 1606, assigns to his martyrdom, reproduced from an ancient office a manuscript of which went back to the beginning of the eleventh century. It is also the tradition which Mgr Antoine de La Rochefoucauld, bishop of Angoulême, adopted and definitively fixed in 1633, in the proper of the Saints of the diocese.

Saint Ausonius may be represented healing Caligia, the sister of the governor of Angoulême, or the rich Gallo-Roman woman, Calfagia and her steward. His attribute is naturally the sword, or else the axe.

Other Saints of Angoulême; Saint Julia

Other Saints of the Church of Angoulême

The other Saints who are peculiar to the church of Angoulême are: Saint Caesarius, archdeacon of Saint Ausonius (29 January). He had a proper office in the Breviary of the Benedictine nuns.

Saint Ainand of Boixe (1 March). This Saint, a native of Bordeaux, was attracted to Angoulême by the great holiness of life of Saint Cybard, near whom he would have wished to settle. But the latter counselled him to choose as the place of his retreat a desert and savage place, then named Buxia, today Boixe. Saint Amand, deferring to this counsel, withdrew therefore into this solitude, where several persons having begged him to receive them under his direction, he built for them a monastery which the counts of Angoulême enriched successively with their liberalities, and which gave birth to the borough which bears the name of the holy founder.

After the death of Saint Amand, which happened in 600, his monastery embraced the Rule of Saint Benedict, under which it subsisted until 1792. As for the church, begun by Arnault, count of Angoulême, in 958, it was finished only in 1170, and consecrated on 15 November of the same year by Bernard, archbishop of Bordeaux, assisted by the bishops of Périgueux, of Poitiers, of Saintes and of Angoulême. The abbey of Saint-Amand of Boixe depended very anciently on the church of Saint Peter of Angoulême.

Saint Sauve, bishop of Angoulême, and Saint Supère or Exupère,[1] his companion, martyrs (26 June). Father Longueval says that these two Saints, having gone to preach at Valenciennes, were put to death there by a lord named Winegard, about the year 801. Charlemagne, having learned this murder, punished its author, and had the bodies of the two martyrs buried honourably. In these last years, a church has been built in their honour in the diocese of Cambrai. Saint Cybard (1 July). See his life on that date. Saint Aptonus (26 October). See his life given on that day by the Bollandists. Saint Benignus (3 November). It was long believed that this was Saint Benignus of Dijon, but Mgr Cousseau thinks it would be Benignus, successor of Dynamius in the see of Angoulême, about the year 453, and whose tomb was found again, under brambles, in a country place of Touraine, under the episcopate of Saint Gregory. Driven from Angoulême by the Arian Visigoths and pursued even into his retreat, he perished under their blows. His body, brought back to the cathedral of Angoulême, was deposited first in a crypt, under the sanctuary, and then in a magnificent reliquary until the year 1562, when it was burned by the Protestants.

Calfagia, honoured as a Saint by the Benedictine nuns of Saint-Ausonius (on 13 August), was also feasted by the clergy of Angoulême; but Mgr Régnier, bishop of Angoulême, and today archbishop of Cambrai, has struck her name from the catalogue of the Saints, because he found no really authentic monument of this cult.

This interesting life of Saint Ausonius was furnished to us by M. the Abbé Duchassaing, canon at Angoulême.

Saint Julia, Virgin and Martyr, Patroness of Corsica

5th century.[1]

The virgin thinks on what is due to the Lord and busies herself to be holy in body and in soul. 1 Cor. vii,

Virtue has such powerful charms that it makes itself loved even by its enemies: we are going to see a new proof of it in the virgin Julia, one of the most illustrious martyrs of the Church. This virgin was at Carthage, in Africa, when, by a just judgment of God, this city, so celebrated in antiquity and long the rival of Rome for the sovereignty of the world, was surprised by Genseric, king of the Vandals, on 19 October 439. This prince, not content with taking from the Africans what they possessed, made them all captive, without regard either to age, or to sex, or to the condition of persons; Saint Julia, who belonged to a patrician family, found herself enveloped in this misfortune, and became the slave of a pagan named Eusebius, a native of Syria, but settled in Africa. As she was perfectly well instructed in the maxims of Christianity, and as she knew the lesson which the prince of the Apostles gives to servants and handmaids to be subject to their masters, not only when they are good and modest, but also when they are of a vexatious and difficult humour; she acquitted herself so well of her duty, and had so much care of the household, that her master had no ground to complain of it: on the contrary, seeing that after her work she applied herself to prayer and to reading, and that she mortified her body by continual fasts and vigils, he had compassion on her and exhorted her to spare herself a little. But the love of God and the desire to suffer for his glory prevented her from relaxing anything of her austerities, and it was only on Sunday, on account of the resurrection of Our Lord, that she took a little more food. Eusebius, whose employment was to trade in various countries, embarking to carry merchandise into the Gauls, took his slave with him. When his vessel was near Corsica, he made it approach the northern point, called today Cap Corse,[2] and landed. He joined the inhabitants of the country, who were celebrating a feast in honour of their gods, and who were going to sacrifice a bull to them.

Julia kept apart so as not to participate in this ceremony; she could not even help deploring aloud the impiety and extravagance of the pagans. Felix, governor of the island, was soon informed of the generous freedom with which she had expressed herself. He asked the merchant who this woman was who dared thus to speak against the gods. Eusebius told him that she was a Christian whom he had never been able to determine to change her religion; that besides, he found her very faithful and very exact in her duty, and that never would he take it upon himself to send her away. Felix proposed to Eusebius to deliver her to him, and offered him in exchange four of his best slave-women. “All your goods,” answered the latter, “would not suffice to pay what she is worth; I would sacrifice what I have most dear and most precious to keep her.” Felix did not stop there; he invited Eusebius to eat with him and gave orders that he be made drunk. When he saw him asleep, he sent for Julia, and told her that if she would offer a sacrifice to the gods, he undertook to have her set at liberty. The Saint rejected this proposal with horror. “I am free,” she answered, “so long as I serve Jesus Christ, and whatever may happen to me, never shall I buy liberty by a cowardly apostasy.” The governor, who thought himself braved by so bold an answer, commanded first that her cheeks be struck with several blows which made her mouth and all her face bloody. Afterwards he had her dragged inhumanly by the hair, and scourged with so much barbarity that her body was all torn. Finally, he had her fastened to a cross, that she might end her life by the same punishment by which her God and Spouse had ended his. Julia had an extreme joy at it, and regarded it as more glorious for her to mount this gibbet than the first throne of the world. The cross was in fact the instrument of her happiness, and served her as a step to mount more easily to the place of eternal rest. Her soul went out of her body under the figure of a dove: marking thus that in the midst of the temptations of the world and the dangers of a servile condition, she had preserved her chastity inviolable. Eusebius on awaking, having learned what had passed, dared not demand vengeance: he had need of the support of the governor for his commerce!

After her illustrious martyrdom, angels warned some religious who dwelt in the island of Gorgona or Margarita, to betake themselves to Corsica, to carry off her precious body. They embarked at once on the sea,

arrived at the island which had been marked out for them; and, having found the body still hanging on the cross, they detached it and carried it to their monastery. But, in the course of time, Arize or Arse, wife of Didier, king of the Lombards, had built in Brescia, a town of Italy, a magnificent church, where she had her bones transferred (766). Corsica has today for patroness the illustrious patrician of Carthage. She is still particularly honoured at Brescia, and at Bergamo in northern Italy.

The dove which comes out of her mouth and takes its flight toward heaven to indicate the departure of her soul, the crucifix put in her hand or the cross to which she is fastened, to signify her punishment, are the attributes of Saint Julia in the arts.

Such is the abridged history of this illustrious Martyr according to her Acts, published by Dom Ruinart. The examples of her fidelity, of her chastity and of her invincible courage in bearing torments for the cause of the faith, ought to serve as a great instruction to all Christian servant-women.

The Blessed Rita of Cascia, Widow, Religious of the Order of Saint Augustine

1456. — Pope: Callistus III. — Emperor of Germany: Frederick III of Austria.

Quia qui passus est in carne desiit a peccatis. To avoid sin, one must know how to suffer in one's flesh. 1 Pet., iv, 1.

La Boche Porena is a place in the duchy of Spoleto, in Umbria, dependent on the little town of Cascia. This place was in the fourteenth century the habitual residence of two very virtuous spouses, already advanced in age, and having no children. Their wishes and their prayers were efficacious enough to obtain at last a daughter, who was named Margaret at baptism, and whom people afterwards became accustomed to call Rite, by abbreviation. She was a child of blessing, prevented from her earliest years with precious favours of heaven. Her respect for the authors of her days, her solid virtues at an age when, ordinarily, one gives oneself little trouble to acquire them, her contempt for the childish games and vain occupations of other young persons soon rendered her a model of perfection. From the age of twelve years, she resolved to consecrate herself to the Lord by the vow of chastity; but her parents, who found themselves near the end of their career, required that she should engage in marriage before she lost them. Rite submitted to their wishes, and God, who doubtless wished that her example should serve as a lesson to Christian women who have troublesome husbands, permitted that she should be united to a man of a ferocious character, and who was the terror of his canton. She knew so well how to soften him that she lived in peace with him for the space of eighteen years, and that she ended by rendering him not only tractable, but even submissive in heart to the law of God. This man having been killed by enemies, she prayed for them, and prevented two sons whom she had from avenging the death of their father. These two young men dying some time after, Rite, freed from all the bonds which attached her to the earth, thought seriously of quitting the world and consecrating herself to the Lord in a monastery. Persuaded that such was the will of God with regard to her, she betook herself to Cascia, and, presenting herself at the convent of Saint Mary Magdalene, she solicits the favour of being received there. The usage of this house was not to admit widows there; so Rite, having presented her request on three different occasions, was refused all three times; but Saint John the Baptist, Saint Augustine and Saint Nicholas of Tolentino came to her help. One night when, prostrate, she was breathing out her soul in prayer, these three holy protectors made her hear their voice, bore her away through the air and introduced her, the doors being closed, into the solitude after which Rite sighed. Converted by this miracle, the religious received her with kindness and admitted her into their society. The Blessed, at the summit of all her wishes, went to sell all her goods, distributed the price of them to the poor and then re-entered the convent, where she engaged herself by solemn profession. Having become the spouse of a crucified God, she crucified herself also by the most rigorous practices of mortification. Fasts, hair-shirt and discipline had nothing that could frighten her. She ate only once a day and took only bread and water for all nourishment. She said that the best means of delivering oneself from temptations against purity was not to occupy oneself with one's body and

to have no compassion for it. Her obedience to her superiors equalled her ardour for penance, and for quite a long time, to obey her abbess, who wished to try her virtue, she went, without complaining, to water each day, with fatigue, a piece of dry wood which was in the garden of the convent.

A soul so mortified and so obedient could not fail to be very agreeable to God, and to receive precious favours from him. Rite soon possessed the gift of prayer and gave herself unceasingly to this holy exercise. The passion of Our Lord and the torments he suffered were the habitual object of her meditation, from midnight until sunrise. She occupied herself with it with so much attention that she melted into tears, and that she appeared near to succumbing to the vivacity of her grief. It is reported that one day, after having heard a sermon on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, preached by James of la Marche, celebrated Franciscan missionary, Rite having withdrawn into her cell to occupy her mind with it and asking the Saviour the grace to share his sorrows, she felt the points of a crown which made her an incurable wound, from which came forth pus of an infected odour, and which she had to bear the rest of her days. There was only one circumstance in which this holy woman was momentarily delivered from her painful infirmity. It was a question of the journey to Rome, which the other religious were to make on the occasion of the universal jubilee. The prioress, for this reason, did not wish her to go; but Rite was healed at once and could thus satisfy her pious desire. On returning to the monastery, the wound reappeared anew and in so frightful a manner that worms came out of it. In order not to incommode her companions by her presence, she kept apart, lived solitary and sometimes passed fifteen days in succession without speaking to anyone, conversing only with God. Her patience in this state as painful as it was humiliating rendered her more and more agreeable to the Lord, who granted her the gift of miracles. A woman of Cascia, who had her daughter sick, having addressed herself to the Blessed to recommend her to her prayers, found this child healed when she returned home. This prodigy and others which Rite wrought rendered her famous, and people came to visit her from even the most distant countries. She received all these visits with charity, and none of those who saw her went away from her without her having consoled and edified him. An illness which lasted four years came to finish purifying the servant of God, by the resignation she showed in the midst of her sufferings; she took almost no nourishment, and her sisters, who were surprised at it, believed that it was rather the holy Eucharist than material foods which sustained her. When she felt herself near her end, she asked for the last Sacraments; after having received them, she exhorted her sisters to the faithful observance of their Rule; then, having put her hands in the form of a cross and the abbess having given her her blessing, she expired tranquilly on 22 May 1456. Her body became beautiful at the instant of her blessed passing, and the wound of the forehead, which until then was horrible, appeared shining at the same moment. A great multitude assisted at her obsequies, and soon people began to invoke her. Several miracles having proved the power of Rite with God, Pope Urban VIII placed her among the Blessed, on 11 October 1627.

An old painting, which was formerly in the church of the Augustinian nuns of Cascia, recalled the principal circumstances of her life: her introduction into the convent by the three Saints her protectors; her taking of the habit; the part she had in the passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by means of the wound which marked her forehead in the form of a crown: rays set out from a crucifix and ended at her head; her death: the religious, her sisters, are in prayer around her bed; her tomb and the concourse of pilgrims who visit it.[1] — But the principal attribute of Saint Rita is, with the rays of the crucifix which go to mark her forehead, the flowers and the fruits which God miraculously granted to his servant in her last illness. One of her relatives, who had come to see her, asked her if it would not be possible to bring her something that would give her pleasure. — “Yes,” answered the Blessed, “figs and roses.” Now, it was the month of January, and this request was taken for an effect of delirium. The relative having returned home, was greatly astonished to find figs and roses in her garden: she hastened to pluck them and to come and bring them to the Blessed Rita. It has also been claimed that bees came to flutter around her head while she was in the cradle; but these bees must be the symbol of the stings which the rays of the crucifix left on her flesh.

The Blessed Rita of Cascia is patroness of a little church of Rome, situated at the foot of the Capitol. On the day of the patronal feast, at Mass, the young girls dowered by the corporation of the *pizzicaroli*, pork-butchers, communicate. The visitors receive blessed rosebuds, in memory of the blossoming of roses which God miraculously granted in winter to the prayers of the Saint. This Blessed is invoked against smallpox. This patronage has doubtless its reason in the malignant wound which afflicted the servant of God and marked her forehead during the last part of her life. See 1° the Life written in Italian by Augustine Cavalucci, and inserted in the collection of the Bollandists, vol. V of May, and the Proper of the Hermits of Saint Augustine, printed at Paris in 1771. — Alban and Charles Butler, Brussels edition, *Perfumes of Rome*, etc.

Saint Quitère or Quitterie, Virgin

Quitterie was daughter of a prince of the province of Galicia, in Spain. Baptized unknown to her parents, she knew early the mysteries and dogmas, and practised the virtues of the Christian religion; she even made to Jesus Christ the offering of her virginity. Soon invited by her infidel father to engage in the bonds of marriage, she conceived fears for her faith, as well as for her vow, and, quitting the paternal house, she withdrew into a solitary valley named Aufragia. Her father, learning her flight, sent armed men, with the order to put his daughter to death if she did not consent to abjure her religion and to contract the union which he proposed to her. Quitterie remained firmly attached to her faith as to her resolution to keep her virginity, and the satellites executing the order of their cruel master, cut off her head. Her body was buried by the Christians near the town of Aire, which glories in having her for patroness. She is ordinarily invoked against rabies: for which reason she is represented holding on a leash a dog which pulls out its tongue. At Alenquer, in Portugal, mad dogs are given bread soaked in the oil of the lamp which burns before her image.

Although her relics were thrown to the wind by the heretics, her sepulchre is still honoured. Her cult is very popular in Spain and in the south of France; she is patroness of several parishes and titular of a very great number of churches. At Périgueux, she was titular of the church of the Dominicans, and on her feast a great procession was made around the town. At Moissac, she was secondary patroness of the abbey and of the town on account of her miraculous intervention against the enemies who were driven out on 22 May, the day of her feast. The greater part of the dioceses of the South keep her office. The bishop of Aire, of Gascony, where the Saint was martyred, was called the bishop of Saint Quitterie.[1]

Saint Gemma, sister of Saint Quitterie, is honoured in the diocese of Auch, on 20 June. She is titular of some churches.

Proper of Bordeaux and local notes furnished by the Very Rev. Father Charles of Calvary of Toulouse.

Saint Wolf, Bishop of Limoges (640)

Wolf, a priest of holy life, faithful guardian of the tomb of Saint Martial, owed it to a miracle to be raised to the see of Limoges. The clergy and the people of that city were undecided about the choice of the person who should replace their deceased bishop. After prayers which were made at the tomb of the blessed apostle Martial, it was decided that Wolf and another priest should be sent to the king, who would choose the one who pleased him.

Wolf, who distinguished himself neither by his nobility nor by the brilliance of his garments, did not easily penetrate to the king. But the son of King Clotaire being ill, it happened that the queen, after a fast of three days, was warned to have recourse to Wolf, that he might heal the sick prince by his prayers: in effect, the man of God celebrated the holy sacrifice, and the young man recovered health. The king, touched by this miracle, made his choice fall on Wolf, and sent him back laden with presents.

The new bishop did not deceive the hopes which had been conceived about him. His elevation increased his holiness still more. He gave his consent to the foundation of the abbey of Solignac by Saint Eligius. He granted his signature to Saint Eligius for this affair, at the same time as other bishops. He died on the 22nd of the month of May, glorious by his miracles. His body was buried in the basilica of Saint Martial. Gerald, bishop of Limoges, raised it from the earth in 1158 and transferred it to the church of Saint-Michel-des-Lions, where it is still today very religiously preserved. *Proper of Limoges.*

Saint Boetian, Solitary at Pierrepont (668)

Boetian, companion of Saint Gobain and disciple of Saint Fursey, was a noble Irishman. He withdrew to Pierrepont, a village situated fifteen kilometres from Laon (Aisne). The poor and austere life which he led in his solitude gave authority to his discourses; but some barbarians irritated at the freedom with which he rose against their vices, killed him on 22 May 668. His relics were gathered with care and placed in the church of the village, which adopted him as patron. Twelve canons served this church. The fear of the Normans obliged them in the ninth century to take refuge in the abbey of Saint Vincent of Laon and they carried with them the body of Saint Boetian; but they afterwards returned to Pierrepont, where Bishop Dido had had a fortified castle built to keep the relics of the Saint in a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. This castle was occupied until the thirteenth century by lords allied to the counts of Rethel and of Roucy. When the castle had been ruined, the Chapter of the canons of Saint Boetian became extinct, and the remains of the Saint were transported to the parish church contiguous to the castle. — The French Revolution, which profaned or destroyed so many relics, did not lay its sacrilegious hands on those of Saint Boetian. The church of Pierrepont venerates them still today (1872) enclosed in a shrine in which the head is very well distinguished. The rest of the body is wrapped in a silk veil. The authentic documents are enclosed in a tin box. — Saint Boetian is invoked above all for the cure of little children who are sick or who have trouble in beginning to walk. He is the object of a pilgrimage. The faithful of the neighbouring parishes come to venerate his relics on the day of his feast, 22 May, and during the whole novena.

Henri Congnet, dean of the chapter of Soissons; D. Lelong.

Saint Aigulf, Commonly Saint Août,[1] Bishop of Bourges (835)

This Saint began from childhood to give, by his piety and by his virtuous inclinations, the hope that he would attain an eminent holiness. Brought up with care in human and divine letters, he preserved, thanks, in part at least, to this knowledge, the purity of morals, and consecrated himself particularly to the service of God. When he saw himself in a state to choose a manner of life, he quitted the world to follow Jesus Christ. He withdrew into a solitude, where he gave himself wholly to the exercises of penance and prayer, and to the meditation of the holy Scriptures. He studied to imitate, as far as it was possible to him, the conduct of the prophet Elias and that of Saint John the Baptist, by his great abstinences and his distance from the commerce of men. But God, who was to make of him an example for his people, would not have so rare a virtue remain always hidden. The brilliance of his merit made him known and drew to him many persons who came to recommend themselves to his prayers or to receive his instructions. The archiepiscopal see of Bourges having become vacant, about the year 811, by the death of Ebroin, whom others call Elbon or Elboin, Aigulf was elected by unanimity of suffrages. He refused long to quit the sweetness and obscurity of his solitude; at last, after long instances, he let himself be dragged rather than went where he was called. When he was consecrated, he applied himself to fulfil all the duties of this sublime ministry, with the same ardour and the same fidelity which he brought to the service of God in the exercises of solitude. We know nothing of the beginning of this episcopate, except by the eulogy which Theodulf, bishop of Orleans, made of it in his prison of Angers. The Saint continued to conduct his people in the true road to heaven, both by his examples and by his instructions, watching unceasingly over himself and over the flock which was entrusted to him.

These cares extended also to the cities subject to his metropolis, whose primacy was qualified with the title of patriarchate. He assisted, in the year 829, at the council of Toulouse, one of the four which were held that year in the principal cities of the kingdom, to remedy the disorders which had drawn the wrath of God on France, then desolated by the scourges of famine, of plague and other misfortunes. When several prelates of the kingdom, forgetting what they owed to their lawful prince, Louis the Debonair, embraced inconsiderately the revolt of his sons, Aigulf did not let himself be drawn by this bad example. Ebbo, bishop of Reims, who, abusing his good-nature and his submission to the Church, had dared to degrade this prince, was at last obliged to declare himself guilty. He chose the holy bishop of Bourges as one of his judges in the council of Thionville, where the prelates were assembled, at the beginning of Lent of the year 835, for his affair and that of the other rebels, after having solemnly replaced the crown on the head of the emperor, at Metz, on the Sunday which preceded the fast of the forty days.

Aigulf could not help condemning the conduct of this confrère and working at his deposition with the others. He returned to his church before Easter, but the consolation it had in seeing him again was not of long duration, for he died on the following 22 May, the Saturday which preceded the litanies of the Rogations, after twenty-four years of episcopate. The place of his death was a solitude of his diocese, where he had retired to recollect himself. He was buried there, and a church of his name has since been built on his tomb, seat of a parish in the archpriesthood of Châteauroux. Some of his relics were carried into Champagne and into the Low Countries. John of Suilli, archbishop of Bourges, made a solemn translation of his body into the very church of his burial, on Sunday the 16th day of April, in the year 1279, and had a procès-verbal drawn up of it, which he enclosed in the shrine. Archbishop Roland Hébert, wishing to visit these relics, in the year 1623, had the shrine opened in his presence, on 22 May, day of his feast, and found there the title of his translation, where he was qualified as Martyr, without it being known why. *Cf. Acta Sanctorum, Baillet, etc.*

The Blessed Humility of Florence (1310)

Rosana, who was afterwards called Sister Humility, was born at Faenza, in Romagna. Her noble father, the signor Altimonte, and her no less noble mother, the signora Rachilda, saw with pain their child despise from an early age the fine robes and the adornments on which feminine vanity feeds so willingly.

The emperor Frederick Barbarossa having placed a garrison at Faenza, one of the officers of his army was seduced by the beauty of Rosana and asked her hand. The young girl succeeded in declining this alliance: later, however, she married, through submission to her parents doubtless, an inhabitant of her native town, Ugolotto Caccianemici, whose family had furnished a pope to Catholicity: Lucius III. This union lasted nine years, during which Rosana ceased not to ask her husband for an amicable separation. He answered such a prayer only with irony; but it happened that Ugolotto fell ill; the physicians declared to him that continence was becoming a necessity for him. In this manner, a first separation found itself realized; grace worked another. The two spouses had themselves, each on his own side, admitted into the double convent of Saint Perpetua, situated at the gates of Faenza. Sister Humility remained there only three years, at the end of which she embraced the life of a recluse, near the church of Saint Apollinaris. Twelve years later, she went to found at Florence a convent of the affiliation of Vallombrosa. She dedicated this convent to Saint John the Evangelist, for whom she had a particular devotion, and who often favoured the servant of God with his visits. Among the numerous revelations which she received from heaven, one of the most remarkable is that which taught her that besides her guardian angel, she had a second who had been given her when she became abbess, to aid her in the government of her community. The first, who was of the legion of the angels, was called Sapiel, that is to say wisdom of Jehovah, and the other, who belonged to the order of the cherubim, was called Emmanuel, that is to say God with us. It will be pleasant to read the prayer by which our Blessed recommended to them the guard of all her senses. “When I think,” she says, “of the high origin and the heavenly nobility of my two guardian angels, I am all glorious in my heart. But when I think of their

incomparable beauty, I am in rapture; finally, when I think that I have for friends two heavenly genii who, while standing constantly before the throne of God, yet accompany me through life, to assist me faithfully in my pains and in my needs, I am in an ecstatic joy. With them I fear no enemy; they are for me like an impenetrable wall, like an invulnerable shield, like an unshakable rock. They conduct me and direct me with the wisdom of a father and the tender solicitude of a mother, instructing me in all sorts of virtues. — Good angels, my powerful protectors, guard all my ways and watch carefully at the door of my heart, lest I be surprised by the enemies! Brandish before me your protecting sword; guard also the door of my mouth, that no useless word may escape from my lips! May my tongue be like a sword, when it is a question of combating vices or of teaching virtue! Close my eyes with a double seal, when they would wish to see with complacency anything other than Jesus; but hold them open and awake, when it is a question of praying and of singing the praises of the Lord! Watch also at the door of my ears, that they may always repel with disgust all that comes from vanity or from the spirit of evil! Put fetters on my feet, when they would go to sin; but quicken their steps, when it is a question of labouring for the glory of God, or of the holy Virgin Mary, or for the salvation of souls! Make my hands be always, like yours, ready to execute the orders of God! Stifle in me the smell of the body, that my soul may inhale only the sweet perfume of heavenly flowers! In a word, guard all my senses, in such a way that my soul may delight constantly in God and in heavenly things! My beloved angels, I have been placed under your guard by the sweet Jesus; I pray you to keep me always with care, for the love of him! Pray the eternal Word not to permit that I ever love anything other than him! O Emmanuel, O Sapiel, my beloved angels, I beseech you to lead me one day into the presence of the Queen of heaven, and to pray her to put in my arms the divine Child Jesus, her beloved son!”

The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ was the constant object of the meditations of our holy religious. One day when the consideration of the sufferings of Jesus had drawn tears from her, she perceived, on wiping them, that these tears were of blood.

The Blessed Humility was reunited to the angels and the saints whom she had so much loved on earth, on 22 May of the year 1310. The convent which she had founded at the gates of Florence was destroyed in 1529, on the occasion of the wars between Charles V and the Florentines: there remained, to mark its site, only a well where, it is said, the Saint found ice in the middle of summer. *AA. SS., 22 May.*

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[1] The monastery founded by Saint Romanus of Subiaco was called Font-Rouge and was situated at Druye-les-Belles-Fontaines, six leagues from Auxerre (Yonne).

[2] According to tradition, Saint Fulk was a pilgrim who died at Saint-Peter, in the diocese of Aquino, in Italy, on his return from the Holy Land.

[3] Saint Athon, abbot of Vallombrosa and afterwards bishop of Pistoia for twenty years, was, it is believed, a native of Spain. It is perhaps on account of his origin that he obtained for his church relics of Saint James of Compostella. The Bollandists combat energetically the opinion which makes Saint Athon come from beyond the Pyrenees.

[4] There is mention of this Saint in the Life of Saint Amator of Auxerre: she saw the soul of the prelate fly away to heaven in the form of a dove. After 418.

[5] See her life on 17 January.

[6] See 13 May.

[7] See his notice on 19 May.

[8] Of which Pentapolis is it a question? ask the Bollandists. Is it the Pentapolis of Libya, which was composed of the five towns of Berenice, Arsinoe, Ptolemais, Cyrene and Apollonia, or the Pentapolis of Italy, composed of the towns of Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Osimo and Ancona? One might believe that it is a question of the latter, if one considers that Saint Joathas was buried at the villa Adria, whence later his relics could easily be carried to Belluno. Do not these words *villa Adria* recall the Adriatic Sea, on the coasts of which the Italian Pentapolis lay? This can however be given only as a conjecture.

[9] See the following day.

[10] See the Bollandists, volume v, May.

[11] Acts, x.

[12] See the proofs of this apostolate in the Life of Saint Martial, 30 June.

[13] The echoes of the country faithfully repeat these facts. Without forgetting that the old church of Mortagne is dedicated to Saint Stephen, three or four hundred toises south of the castle, one may visit a hermitage hollowed in the rocks and whose chapel bears the name of Saint-Martial. Enlarged in the eleventh or twelfth century, it became a monastery, and at the moment when the revolutionary storm dispersed the religious Orders, it was still inhabited by seven Franciscans. Not far from there, two churches situated on the course of the ancient Roman road from Ebéon to Blavia, bear the same title and show around them medals, tumuli, numerous remains of their first age: these are Saint-Martial of Cogulet and Saint-Martial of Vitaterne. Their Romanesque architecture and ornamentation abound in characters of antiquity. The first, which borrows its name from its ruins, and which celebrates the feast of Saint Martial with a fair, had been preceded by an oratory of Saint Peter which has succumbed to its decay. The second, to which a priory of Augustinians was attached, was mentioned by Father Bonaventure of Saint-Amable, who had lived there, as one of those places where the Apostle of Aquitaine announced eternal life. To these may be joined Saint-Martial of Mirambeau, whose primitive edifice, of small dimension, had a crypt and ciborium. — M. Cirot de la Ville, *Christian Origins of Bordeaux*.

[14] It is also written Supice, Super, Supery, according to the countries.

[15] "It would please us rather," say the Bollandists, vol. v of May, p. 169, new ed., "to place the martyrdom of Saint Julia at the epoch of the invasion of the Persians, who took possession of Carthage in 626. Her master was probably a Saracen of Palestine, to whom the Persians sold her in regaining their country, and whom the redactor of the Acts will have taken for a polytheist pagan, not making the difference which exists between these latter and monotheist infidels. The island of Corsica was entirely Christian in the 7th century; but nothing prevents us from thinking that Cap Corse served as a lair for Saracen pirates."

[16] In the Acts of the Saint, it seems that *caput Corsicae* designates a town, and not precisely a cape. Cf. *Memories of the Church of Africa*.

[17] AA. SS., at 22 May.

[18] Catalogus Sanctorum et Sanctarum, in the notes.

[19] He is still called Saint Au, Saint Hou, Saint Ayoul, Saint Ayeul. He is named in Latin Agiulfus, Aygulphus, Aiulphus.

23 May

Roman Martyrology

At Langres, in Gaul, the martyrdom of Saint Didier, bishop, who, seeing the army of the Vandals maltreat his people, went to find their king to beg him to prevent their insults; but this king having at once commanded him to be butchered, he willingly stretched out his neck for the sheep which had been entrusted to him: he was therefore struck with a stroke of the sword and flew away to heaven. With him suffered several of his diocesans and of his clerics, who were buried near that town. 264. — In Spain, the holy martyrs Epitace, bishop, and Basilée. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Quintian, Lucius and Julian, who suffered in the persecution of the Vandals and so merited the eternal crown. — In Cappadocia, the memory of the holy martyrs who had their legs broken in the persecution of Maximian Galerius, and died in this torment,[1] and also of those who, at the same time, in Mesopotamia, were hung in the air with feet up, head down, suffocated by smoke, then burned by a slow fire, and thus achieved their martyrdom. 4th century. — In the Lyonnais, Saint Didier, bishop of Vienne, who was stoned by order of King Thierry, and so received the crown of martyrdom. 608. — At Synnada, in Phrygia, Saint Michael, bishop.[2] About 820. — The same day, Saint Mercurial, bishop.[3] — At Naples, Saint Euphèbe, bishop. 3rd century. — At Norcia, Saint Eotyque and Saint Florentius, monks, of whom Saint Gregory, pope, makes mention. 540 and 548. — At Rome, the Blessed John Baptist de Rossi. 1764.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Nice, Saint Siacre, bishop, close relative of the emperor Charlemagne, who founded a monastery at Cimiez, in memory of the illustrious martyr Saint Pons, where he became a religious and whence he was drawn to be placed on the see of Nice. His body, after his death, was carried back to Saint-Pons of Cimiez. About 787. — At Gorze, in Lorraine, Saint Guibert, founder and abbot of the celebrated monastery of Gembloux, near Namur, whose rights he sustained with an invincible courage against the persecution of several enviers, and which he preserved from the fury of the barbarians when they ravaged the country. His life was written by Sigebert. 962. — At Voguera, in Italy, the Blessed Bobon, man-at-arms, a native of Noguiers, in Provence, who fought generously against the Saracens of Fresnet and died in that place on returning from the pilgrimage to Rome. His body, which was at Saint-Apollinaris, in the suburb of Pavia, has

been transferred into the town to the church of Saint Catherine of Siena. 986. — At Clairvaux, the venerable Tezelin, father of Saint Bernard, afterwards monk. 12th century. — At Marseilles, the venerable Jean-Baptiste Gaud, bishop. 1643. — In Franche-Comté and notably in the parishes of Saint-Point, Montmahoux, Chaux-du-Dombief, Saint Point, monk of Condat, who founded a hermitage on the banks of Lake Joux, and cleared the neighbouring country. In 1770, the priory of Saint-Point still possessed a portion of the arm, preserved in flesh and bone for many centuries by a continual miracle. 4th century. — At Huisseau, on the banks of the Cosson, in the diocese of Blois, feast of Saint My,[4] beneficent and laborious solitary, who dwelt in the rustic spot where the borough of Huisseau afterwards rose. The parish church possesses his relics. Formerly his shrine was carried in procession on Whit Monday: this ceremony drew a great concourse of pilgrims.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Canons Regular, Camaldolese, Cistercians, Augustinians. — At Prague, Saint John Nepomucene…

Martyrology of Vallombrosa. — The Blessed Humility, widow and foundress of the religious women of our Order.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — Saint Peter Celestine, pope… Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At Rome, the decease of the Blessed Crispino of Viterbo, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, placed among the Blessed by Pope Pius VII. Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — Saint Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Verona, in Italy, Saint Annon, bishop, who made the translation into that city of the relics of the saints Firmus, Rusticus, of Saint Teuteria and of Saint Tusca and of several others. About the year 780. — At Roffa, in England, Saint William, martyr, a native of Scotland. He was killed on his way to Jerusalem by a servant whom he had taken in as a little child and whom he was taking with him. He wrought several miracles after his death. His epoch is uncertain.

Saint Didier,[5] Bishop of Langres, and His Companions, Martyrs

3rd century.

Bonus Pastor animam suam dat pro ovibus suis. The good Shepherd gives his life for his sheep. Saint John, x.

Saint Didier, third known bishop of Langres, was the successor of Saint Justus, who himself had succeeded Saint Senator. His election to the episcopate goes back to about the year 253; from a simple husbandman, he became pastor of souls by an altogether miraculous vocation.

The church of Langres was widowed of Justus, its bishop, and the faithful gathered in the oratory of Saint John the Evangelist, transformed later into a vast cathedral under the invocation of Saint Mammes, were asking God for a head after his own heart. Heaven made known by revelation that this pastor would be Desiderius, in French Didier, Dizier or Désiré. But as no one of that name was known, it was resolved to send to Rome to obtain the advice of the sovereign Pontiff. The deputies were returning to Langres and were passing in the environs of Genoa, when they met in the village of Bavari[1] a ploughman who was driving the plough in his field. They learned that he was named Desiderius. They accosted him. What was not their astonishment when they saw his staff, fixed in the ground, suddenly cover itself with leaves! By this sign, they recognized him whom the Lord had announced; they saluted Desiderius bishop of Langres.

Didier was received with joy by the people of Langres as the elect of Providence. He obtained by prayer and humility the graces necessary to be raised to the fullness of the priesthood, and the Holy Spirit, who distributes his gifts as it pleases him, enlightened him with his divine lights in the government of his diocese. He propagated the reign of the Gospel, and his episcopate is a proof among a thousand others that the Catholic Church owes her conquests, not to human resources, but to the action of the Almighty who established her.

Since Our Lord pronounced this word: "The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep," and since he himself died for us, adding example to the lesson of sacrifice, an innumerable multitude of bishops have voluntarily immolated themselves for their flocks. Saint Didier has taken an august place in the midst of them. At the epoch when he lived, the barbarian peoples beyond the Rhine were beginning to stir to throw themselves upon the provinces of the Roman empire as on a prey. About the year 264, a horde of Alemanni rushed upon the east of the Gauls, under the conduct of a chief named Ghrocus. They laid siege to Langres, which must not have been fortified at that epoch, any more than the other towns of the Gauls. The hagiographer Warnahaire,[2] however, supposes it defended by walls of hewn stone. There was no hope of saving it; the first barriers had yielded to the efforts of the besiegers: the massacre was beginning and the barbarians spared not even the little children in the arms of their mothers. The title of Christian only kindled the more the fury of the barbarians. Didier hesitated not to give himself up, accosting Chrocus to beg him to spare the lives of the inhabitants. The barbarian remained insensible to this sublime devotion. The bishop then threatened him with heavenly vengeance. But Ghrocus, without regard for the white hairs of the pontiff and braving his maledictions, ordered his head to be cut off and those who accompanied him to be put to death. The deacon Vincent was of this number.

It is to indicate the beheading of Saint Didier that he is ordinarily represented carrying in his hands his severed head. At the moment when he received the mortal blow, he held a book on which the blood spurted; the leaves were covered with it, but the letters remained intact and were still read a thousand years later, as a celebrated author, Vincent of Beauvais, attests in the thirteenth century. The wretch who had struck the bishop was seized with a sudden madness; he ran on the ramparts uttering frightful cries, and he went and broke his head against a gate of the town which afterwards remained walled up in memory of the blood which had stained it. At the sight of the corpse and of his scattered brains, the barbarians ceased to give themselves to carnage. But the blood of the Martyrs cried for vengeance; Ghrocus, according to the report of Saint Gregory of Tours, threw himself upon the south of France. He was made prisoner before Arles and underwent the fate which he had merited by persecuting the Saints of the Lord. Shut up in an iron cage, he was paraded through the midst of the towns he had ravaged: afterwards he was put to death. An ancient tradition of Langres relates that his punishment took place beyond Saint-Geosmes, at the spot named the Croix-d'Arles.

The holy bishop received burial in a stone tomb, in the oratory which has since borne his name and which he had himself dedicated to Saint Magdalen. Canons regular were established there at first, and it was later a priory of the Order of Saint Benedict. The crypt where the Martyr reposed is still seen in the part of this church which has been preserved and which contains a museum of Gallo-Roman antiquities.

The prodigies which manifested the power of Saint Didier with the Lord inflamed the devotion of the peoples. History reports that no one could on the tomb of the Saint take a false oath without being at once punished by divine justice.

It is to this same epoch, that is to say to the year 264 of the Christian era, that goes back the foundation of Saint-Dizier[3] (Haute-Marne). After the pillage of Langres, a company of men of Langres, carrying with them the relics of Saint Dizier or Didier, came to withdraw into the forests which covered a part of the extent of the country. They stopped on the banks of the Marne, raised a chapel destined to receive the precious relics and grouped their huts all around their modest sanctuary. They formed thus the nucleus of the town of

Saint-Dizier.

In 1315, at the request of Stephen of Noyers, prior of Saint-Didier, the bishop of Langres, William of Durfort, made the verification and the solemn translation of the relics of the Martyr. The ceremony took place on 19 January in presence of the neighbouring bishops, of the abbots of the whole diocese and of an immense concourse of people. William opened the stone coffin. The relics appeared intact, the head detached from the shoulders and the linens stained with blood. These precious remains were exposed to the gaze of the faithful, and an antique inscription which guaranteed their authenticity was read aloud; then they were wrapped in silken stuffs and enclosed in a silver shrine adorned with chasings. The head, with the exception of the lower jaw, was put in a bust of silver-gilt all brilliant with precious stones, and there was transferred to the treasury of the cathedral, in silver reliquaries of an admirable workmanship, the right arm, a rib, the lower jaw and some other parts of the bones. New miracles were seen to burst forth on this memorable occasion. Afterwards, the relics of the Martyr spread through the Catholic world, especially at Genoa his native land, at Bologna in Italy and in the towns of Arles and Avignon. In 1455, the bishop of Langres, Guy Bernard, made obligatory the celebration of the feast of Saint Didier for all his diocese. Mgr Sebastian Zamet opened the shrine of the Martyr in 1657, to give relics to the church of Avignon and to the parishes of Hortes and Frettes. He made himself the translation to Hortes on 22 May. The processions of Rosoy, Rougeux, Maizières and of the abbey of Beaulieu increased the pomp of this ceremony. The relic of Saint Didier was carried to Rosoy, into the house of a woman in childbed whose life ran great danger. At the contact of the relic, the sick woman was saved. This miracle, of which the chronicler Clement Macheret, curé of Hortes, drew up a procès-verbal, contributed much to spread the confidence which people have in the intercession of the Saint for a happy delivery.

Saint Didier was always regarded as the patron of the town of Langres, which invoked him solemnly in public calamities. There was a celebrated confraternity instituted under his patronage. Kings of France and dukes of Burgundy held it an honour to be inscribed on its registers. The greater part of the bones of the Martyr were lost at the Revolution; but a part of the lower jaw is possessed which was in the altar of the hospital of Saint Laurence.

A church of rather little importance as a monument and six centuries old — when it disappeared in 1792 after the suppression of a parish of 1,800 souls, of which it was the centre — had consecrated at Poitiers the cult of the holy bishop of Langres: the church of Notre-Dame of the capital of Poitou still possesses one of his relics.

This holy pastor was not the only one who suffered martyrdom in this persecution. The Martyrologies join with him on this day several of the faithful of the number of his diocesans. They mark also, on 22 October, Saint Florent, one of his disciples, who was put to death by the same Vandals, at Tille-Château, between Langres and Dijon, and on the 27th of the same month, Saint Valère, his archdeacon, who was beheaded by the same Barbarians, in a place named Port-Buxin, and commonly the Port-de-Loue, near Salins, in Burgundy.

Cf. Saints of the Haute-Marne and Life of Saint Aubin, by M. the Abbé Mazelin.

Saint Didier, Bishop of Vienne in Dauphiné

608. — Pope: Boniface IV. — King of Austrasia: Theodebert II.

His persecutors did not say to him: Die or sacrifice to the idols; but: Die or consent to our sins and keep silent the truth. Ado, *de transl. S. Desiderii.*

In the first half of the sixth century, under the reign of Childebert I, there was born at Autun a child of blessing named Didier,[1] who was one day to illustrate one of the greatest episcopal sees of the Merovingian empire by his life and by his death. He passed his adolescence in his native town, and received probably the

first lessons of knowledge and virtue in the illustrious abbey of Saint-Symphorian, then governed by Saint Germain.

Saint Numace, bishop of Vienne, having made the acquaintance of Didier, discovered in him the germs of eminent qualities and wished to cultivate them himself. He took him therefore near his person and loved him as a son (558). Saint Philip, his successor, could not fail to take the same interest in a young man who gave such fair hopes and admitted him among the clerics of his church. Didier soon made himself remarked among all by his piety and his progress in ecclesiastical sciences. Dear to Saint Evance as to Saint Numace and Saint Philip, appreciated by Saint Verus as much as by the three preceding bishops, he was raised by him to the charge of archdeacon and distinguished himself so much in this important ministry that, after the death of this holy prelate (596), the clergy and the faithful of Vienne called him with a unanimous voice to fill the vacant see. The choice could not have been better. Didier shone in the Church of the Gauls by his knowledge and by all the episcopal virtues. His reputation extended even soon to Rome; and Saint Gregory, eminent appreciator of true merit, gave him in the letters which he wrote to him the most honourable testimonies of esteem and confidence. This great Pope recommended to the holy bishop of Vienne, as to Saint Virgil of Arles and Saint Syagrius of Autun, the missionaries whom he was sending to England, made use of his zeal, as firm as it was enlightened, to combat simony, and confided to him the so important care of preserving intact the ecclesiastical discipline in his province. Meanwhile Didier, who had received a brilliant education, thought he might continue to cultivate or to give as a relaxation to his mind the study of human letters. Assuredly nothing was more legitimate: besides he employed the advantages he drew from this study only to present religious truths better. But some weak, narrow or envious minds accused him before the Pope of substituting pagan fables for Scripture and of profaning by the praises of Jupiter a mouth destined to sing the praises of Jesus Christ. The illustrious head of the Church wrote of it to the holy bishop. The latter had no trouble in getting his apology accepted by a Pontiff who was himself so enlightened. Saint Gregory confounded the accusers of Didier by rendering him justice publicly.

Soon after the great Pope died, and a more terrible hatred was unleashed against our Saint. Brunehaut, who had no longer for counsel and for curb the word and authority of Gregory, abandoned herself from then on to the passion of vengeance. She did not pardon Didier for having raised his voice, with the generous and holy liberty of a bishop, against the disorders fomented by the ambition of a scandalous court. In order that her vengeance might be fully satisfied, she needed two things: to decry the bishop who had condemned her, in order to take away all value from his reproaches; then to banish him, in order to deliver herself from his presence, which was for her an accusation and a remorse. She convoked therefore a conciliabulum at Chalon-sur-Saône and produced false witnesses who charged Didier with crimes. The new Chrysostom was deposed and relegated to a distant and savage island, on the coasts of Scotland. But God took upon himself both to justify the calumniated innocence of his servant and to proportion glory to humiliations, honouring him with the gift of miracles. The renown of these prodigies made a great noise, and Brunehaut trembled: she was afraid doubtless of divine vengeance. Perhaps also she feared public opinion, which reproached her with persecuting a Saint. However that may be, she permitted Didier to see again, after four years of exile, his desolated diocese. But the governor of Vienne did not leave him long tranquil there and seemed to make it his task to molest him on every occasion. One day among others, he had twelve of the servants of the Church thrown into prison. The Pontiff, penetrated with grief, shed tears before God: his prayer was not finished when Saint Severus appeared to the prisoners and delivered them. Thus heaven, by this miracle and by others still, continued to show that the cause of our Saint was its own. The young king Thierry II was struck by it: he wished to see the man of God and asked counsels of him. Didier, whom persecutions had not taught to hold the truth captive, dictated to him boldly his duty: “Drive out,” he said to him, “those wretched women whose presence defiles the court and take a lawful wife, a princess worthy of you, worthy of Burgundy.” The prince, docile to this advice as generous on the part of the bishop as it was salutary and glorious for himself, asked the daughter of Witteric, king of the Visigoths. But Brunehaut, fearing to lose by this marriage her

authority as queen mother, succeeded in preventing it and prepared a new vengeance against Didier. This new Herodias had three assassins hired, Beffan, Galifred and Betton, to whom she gave order to follow him when he should return from Chalon to Vienne. Accompanied by a troop of scoundrels, they joined him in the country of the Dombes, in the borough of Cormoranche,[2] where they maltreated him inhumanly; continuing his road in the midst of his executioners, this holy bishop succumbed, overwhelmed, under a hail of stones, in the place of Prissignac[3] (Prisciniacum), near the river Chalaronne. Thus died our holy bishop, on 23 May 608; thus, having suffered for justice what martyrs have endured for truth, he had part in their glory, as a true imitator of Saint John the Baptist and of the prophet Elias, in the conduct which they held with regard to Herodias and Jezabel.

His body was buried in the village of Prissignac, where it pleased God to discover, by the miracles which are wrought at his tomb, the holiness of his servant and the felicity with which he had been rewarded. The blind recovered sight there; the lame and infirm, afflicted with various maladies, were healed there; but it is above all to be delivered from fever that the crowd, at all times of the year, from all parts of the Dombes and the Lyonnais, came on pilgrimage to the church of Prissignac. A considerable borough was formed there, which took the name of Saint-Didier-sur-Chalaronne; it is today a very large parish in the canton of Thoissey. The growth of this borough must therefore be attributed to this Saint.

Five years after, in 613, Clotaire II having united the whole French monarchy under his domination, put Brunehaut to death and exterminated all her race by massacring the children of King Thierry, grandson of this princess. The bishop of Vienne, Domnolus, who had been substituted for the Saint, being dead about the year 620, his successor, Saint Ethère, transferred the body of Saint Didier to Vienne, to the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, outside the walls, on the 11th day of February, about the year 620. Numerous miracles burst forth during this translation: those which continued to be wrought near his relics rendered his cult long famous throughout Dauphiné. Ado, bishop of Vienne, the author of the Martyrology, who wrote also the history of the martyrdom and of this translation of our Saint, detached some relics from it, about the year 870, to send them to the abbey of Saint Gall, in Switzerland. The attributes of Saint Didier of Vienne in the arts are the staff with which he was beaten, the cord with which he was led like a malefactor and perhaps with which he was strangled. He is represented also speaking with authority to Brunehaut.

We have completed Father Giry, in this place, with the *Hagiological History of the diocese of Belley*, by Mgr Depéry; this prelate, of learned and pious memory, having deigned, only a few days before his death, to send us his works with a letter, one of the best encouragements that we have received. We have also made use of *Saint Symphorian and his cult*, by M. Dinet; of the *Legendary of Autun*, etc.

Saint Guibert, Founder of the Abbey of Gembloux

892–962. — Popes: Formosus; John XII. — Kings of France: Charles III; Lothair.

Guibert or Wibert was born about the year 892, in the country of Arnau, which was formerly called the county of Namur. He was the son of Liétold and Osburge, both of very good and very ancient family. He lost his father in early childhood, and his mother having married several times, had a great number of children, who formed the principal nobility of Lorraine. Guibert gave from childhood marks of the high holiness to which he was one day to arrive. The maxims of the Gospel, which had been engraved deeply in his soul, made so much impression upon him that he wished to renounce all the advantages of the world. While his brothers and sisters were thinking of providing for themselves by advantageous establishments, he embraced celibacy, to serve God with more liberty. Reflecting one day on these words of the Gospel: “It is easier to make a cable pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to be saved,” he resolved either to leave his goods, or to make so holy a use of them that he might be of the number of those who are sanctified in riches.

He followed nevertheless for some time the profession of arms, and he might have attained the greatest honours had he ambitioned any other title than that of Christian. But, far from yielding to the bad example which is often given by those who embrace this dangerous career, he kept in duty the soldiers who served under him. He prevented their violences, arrested their debaucheries, corrected their disorders, and, if any one of them had done some wrong, he repaired it with his own money. As for himself, he lived in piety, in abstinence, and made continually liberalities to the poor and to the churches of the places where he passed. When he thought he had done enough for his condition, his prince and his country, he quitted the service of men to consecrate himself entirely to that of God.

He withdrew first to one of the lands of his patrimony to make trial of the solitary life which he wished to embrace. There, he often pursued this thought: “If I disposed of a part of the goods that I possess to raise here a monastery where a great number of religious would assemble who would offer continually to heaven a sacrifice of praise, of prayers and of mortifications, should I not have part in the good works of these servants of God? Would it not be also a great service rendered to my brethren to tear them from the corruption of the age and to open to them, in a pious retreat, a port of salvation and the way of perfection?” Deeply touched by this thought, he gave, about the year 936, his land of Gembloux with its dependencies, to found there a great monastery, four leagues from Namur and seven from Brussels. He was aided in this holy enterprise by his grandmother Gisle, who contributed of her property to found this establishment. The monastery built, he assembled religious there. He wished them to live there in the spirit of the Apostles and of the first Christians who, possessing nothing of their own, had but one heart and one soul, and who lived like angels in a mortal body. He adopted for his community the Rule of Saint Benedict, and chose as abbot Erluin, whose merit and holiness he knew. As for himself, when he saw that his presence was no longer necessary at Gembloux, he quitted that place, which was nevertheless so dear to him, and went to shut himself up in the abbey of Gorze, in the diocese of Metz, where monastic discipline was very flourishing, under the abbot Agenold. Why then did he quit Gembloux? He feared that people would always see in him the founder of the monastery and surround him with regards and attentions. And then, in seeing these walls which he had had built, these monks whom he had assembled, this community which he had founded, how could he resist certain complacencies, certain returns of self-love? It was therefore by a sentiment of humility that he quitted that house. Arrived at Gorze, the Saint, who had already renounced the world and its pomps, renounced himself completely. He applied himself to observing all the virtues in which each of his brethren excelled, in order to imitate them, and he succeeded so perfectly that soon he became their model in humility, in obedience, in gentleness, in patience, in mortification, in charity.

While he practised the virtues of a perfect religious at Gorze, a storm was forming, and was about to burst on his monastery of Gembloux. Flatterers gave Otto I to understand that Guibert had not been able to dispose of the land of Gembloux, because it was a fief of the empire which had been given to his ancestors only by title of benefice; that thus the donation made to the Church was of no value. Otto, though he was rather little touched by this accusation, was nevertheless glad to see the holy man, to hear his reasons and to confront him with his accusers: he summoned Guibert therefore, who came, and who pleaded his cause himself without any preparation; he contented himself with a quite simple exposition of the state of his land of Gembloux, and of the donation he had made of it. Otto was so satisfied that, full of admiration for the virtue of Guibert, he confirmed the establishment of the abbey by letters patent, in 948, which he accompanied with great privileges. Among others, 1° the monks could always choose a regular abbot of the Order of Saint Benedict; 2° the abbot could establish public markets and coin money; 3° no count, nor royal officer, had the right to exercise any authority whatever there without the authorization of the abbot.

This storm had scarcely passed when a new one was forming. The count of Namur, brother-in-law of our Saint, seeing with spite that the fair property of Gembloux escaped him, claimed it in the name of his wife. And without other formalities, in spite of the letters patent of Otto, he seized the revenues of the abbey. This

violence drew on him the excommunication of Rome, but did not stop his ardent covetousness. Guibert could not remain indifferent to what was passing at Gembloux; he tore himself from the repose of solitude and came to console his brethren. His presence arrested, at least for a time, the insolence of the soldiers, and prevented the depredations which the satellites of his brother-in-law committed.

While he remained at Gembloux, God furnished him an occasion to labour at the conversion of several infidel Barbarians, who passed and repassed the Meuse from time to time. These were the remains of that flood of Hungarians and Slavs who had come to make irruption into the whole country since 954. Guibert went to meet them to announce to them words of salvation and the faith in Jesus Christ; he expected to drink the chalice of the Saviour, he desired it ardently, and he willingly exposed his life to save souls redeemed by a divine blood. But God, refusing him the glory of martyrdom, granted him another merit, which is perhaps not less great, that of converting a great number of Barbarians. He enlightened their mind with the lights of the Gospel, at the same time that he touched their heart. Having baptized them, he had the consolation of seeing that the change of their life answered for the sincerity of their conversion.

Guibert, returned to Gorze, strove more and more to destroy the remainder of his imperfections in the fire of divine love. A long and cruel illness, which he bore with great patience, finished purifying him. The monks of Gembloux, having learned the state of their holy founder, hastened up to console him, to assist him in his last moments, and also to gather his precious remains. The monks of Gorze, who regarded him as the principal ornament of their abbey, pretended also to keep these holy relics; they yielded nevertheless at the end. The Blessed died in the arms of the one and the others, on 23 May 962, in the seventieth year of his age. God rendered his tomb glorious by miracles which attested his holiness.[1]

M. the Abbé Caillet. — Cf. Surius on 24 May. This hagiographer reproduces the account of the monk Sigebert, first biographer of our Saint.

Saint Beuvon, Provençal Nobleman

986. — Pope: John XVI. — Emperor of Germany: Otto III.

The life of man upon earth is a perpetual warfare. Job vii, 1.

Saint Bobon, whom we commonly call Saint Beuvon, and the Italians San-Bovo, son of Adelfrède and Odilinde, was born in Provence in the castle of Noguiers, towards the beginnings of the reign of the emperor Otto I and of King Louis of Outremer. His father, who followed the profession of arms, had him brought up in the same exercises; but he took great care to form him at the same time to virtue; so that Beuvon, having always the fear and love of God in his heart, knew how to ally, by a very rare happiness, piety and modesty with greatness of courage and the other military qualities which attract the esteem and consideration of the people of the world. Sober, chaste and temperate, he was unceasingly applied to restraining and moderating his passions; he made the exercises of running, of the chase and of the bow serve usefully to that end: he sought what could harden his body and guard him from softness and idleness. He did nothing without referring it to God; in all his actions, he had in view either to serve the Church or his neighbour, or to acquire a higher degree of virtue. Thereby he made himself the object of the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and the model of Christian gentlemen and soldiers.

God caused various occasions to arise for him to exercise his zeal for the honour and interests of religion. The Saracens, declared enemies of the name of Jesus Christ, incommoded extremely the coasts of Provence, both at sea by their piracies, and on land by their brigandage. Having made themselves masters of the castle of La Garde-Fresnet, which was a peninsula of the gulf of Saint-Tropez, in the diocese of Fréjus, they had made of it the lair of their crimes and violences. They slaughtered with impunity, in hatred of religion, the Christians who fell into their power. The whole country was their prey: there was no longer any safety for the life, goods and honour of private persons. The inhabitants of the country, knowing the courage of Beuvon,

had recourse to him to deliver them from so cruel a vexation: he embraced with ardour this occasion of exposing his life for his brethren. At the head of a troop of armed men, he seized the mountain of Pierre-Impie, which was opposite Fresnet. Aided by the keeper of this castle, he took possession of it, defeated the Saracens and took prisoners their chief and his children. He granted him mercy, as well as all those who wished to embrace Christianity. After having restored security and peace to this coast, he renounced arms entirely to give himself to the exercises of penance in retreat. He lived always afterwards in great mortification, and made every year a pilgrimage of devotion to Rome, in a very poor equipage, taking with him only a mule which he used only to carry some baggage and to relieve passers-by who had need of it. He made this long journey on foot, seeking to bear his cross in every way in order to try to follow Jesus Christ. In one of these pilgrimages, in the year 986, having arrived after the Sunday of the Ascension at Voghera in Lombardy, near Pavia, on the other side of the Po, he was arrested there by an illness of which he judged at once that he would not rise. He prepared himself to receive death like a Christian, for which he had long been disposing himself; and, having distributed to the poor all he had, he died on Saturday, eve of Pentecost, which was 22 May. The inhabitants of Voghera did not know the treasure they possessed; but the éclat of miracles taught them soon that a Saint had died among them.

The body of the Saint was raised from the ground some years after his first burial: it was put in a new coffin, and an altar was erected under his name, in a church built at the same time. This body was found anew in the year 1469, and exposed to public view from 22 February until 21 May of the following year; then it was enclosed in a marble tomb, at the first Vespers of his feast, which was to be celebrated very solemnly on the morrow. In 1522, it was transported into the sacristy of the same church on account of the war which was being waged then in Lombardy between Charles V and Francis I. This is what the inhabitants of Voghera say, who produce titles in charters and in engraved stones to authorize themselves. Some of these precious relics were carried to Pavia. The cult of Saint Beuvon has become very famous throughout all Lombardy, on account of the heavenly favours which the peoples have obtained from God by his intercession. His feast is kept there on 22 May in most of the towns, as at Voghera, at Pavia, at Lodi, at Milan, at Padua, at Vicenza; but it is kept only on the 25th at Verona. That of his invention and translation is celebrated with great solemnity at Voghera on the second Sunday of Lent, because the body had been found on the Tuesday after the first Sunday, which fell on 22 February, in the year 1469.

Saint Beuvon is invoked, in Italy, against the maladies of flocks, because, it is said, his tomb having been neglected, the animals which trod on it were struck with a mortal disease. He is represented in the costume of a knight or as a pilgrim.

Cf. Acta Sanctorum, Baillet and most of the modern hagiographers.

The Blessed Crispino of Viterbo

1750. — Pope: Benedict XIV.

Let us strive to acquire purity of heart, for the Holy Spirit dwells in simple and candid hearts. Maxim of Saint Philip Neri.

This sublime ignoramus who, by his simplicity, ravished heaven, while many learned men, his contemporaries, slaves of their passions, were marching toward a sad end, the Capuchin brother Crispino was born at Viterbo, capital of the province of the Pontifical States called the Patrimony of Saint Peter: it was on 13 December 1668. He was given at baptism the name of Peter. His father, Ubaldo Fioretti, and his mother Marzia were what are called in the world poor workmen; but rich in their faith and their piety, they marched bravely, they too, to the conquest of heaven.

The angels and the saints must have rejoiced in the eternal courts on the day when the mother of this future companion of their glory led her child to the altar of Mary and said to him: “Look, my child, there is thy true

mother; I give thee to her at this moment; love her always with all thy heart and honour her as thy only mistress."

The child, who was then but five years old, never forgot these words. His mother had said to him besides: "My child, in all dangers, thou must cry out: Virgin Mary, come to my aid, and she will come." Some time after, Crispino fell from a tree into which he had climbed with comrades. These all wounded themselves grievously on a heap of stones; he alone had nothing: he had invoked the Blessed Virgin.

When his mother went to the convent of Saint Rose of Viterbo to carry or receive linen to be washed, the child went to wait for her in the church, and prayed before the body of Saint Rose. The religious, witnesses of his fervour, could not help calling him the little saint; which made him blush. Games and amusements had for him but little attraction: his greatest pleasure was to serve holy Mass in the churches, and when people wished to give him a small wage, he refused and said, showing the Blessed Virgin, that his mistress had already paid him.

When he was ten years old, he was made to study grammar at the college of the Jesuits. In spite of his successes, his parents did not judge fit to have him continue his studies: they put him as apprentice with one of his uncles who was a shoemaker, in order to have him learn a trade which might furnish him later with the means of existence. Every Saturday evening, when he was content with his work, this uncle gave him a small wage. On Sunday morning, the pious child ran to the market and bought a bouquet there. "Give me your most beautiful flowers," he said to the merchant; "for it is to offer them to a great lady." He went then to carry them to some image or statue of the Virgin, and remained all the morning serving the Masses in the church which had been his choice.

His devotion for the Mother of grace seemed to grow in him with the years: since he had reached the age of reason, he fasted on Saturday; henceforth he fasted also on the eve of her feasts. Accustomed, from his tenderest childhood, to practices of mortification, he gave himself to them with ardour: each night he scourged himself with a bundle of cords, in memory of the passion. So penitent a life had an influence on his temperament. His uncle, who remarked his pallor and thinness, was angry at it and required that he should nourish himself like the others; the servant of God obeyed, but became only the weaker and punier for it; then the uncle said to the mother: "Let him fast, for it is better that he be well while being thin than to have plumpness and be a bad subject."

After several years passed in the shop of the shoemaker, Crispino was called to a more perfect state. A great drought desolated at that time the patrimony of Saint Peter. Processions of penance took place to appease the wrath of heaven. One of these processions was the means which the Lord used to call him to his service. The religious Orders assisted at this ceremony. The virtuous young man was so touched by the modesty and the penitent air of the Capuchins that he regarded them as angels, and felt the desire to enter their Order to work out his salvation there. From that moment, he frequented the church of the good religious, procured the Rule of Saint Francis, learned it by heart, and placed it on his breast not to be parted from it. The Father provincial having come to Viterbo, he presented himself to him and obtained permission to enter the novitiate. He made known his resolution therefore to his relatives and friends. His good mother, during the farewell interview, wept bitterly. "Why do you weep?" said Crispino to her. "Did you not consecrate me from the age of five years to God and to the Virgin? You made this gift freely, without reserve, without condition; I no longer belong to myself; you must fulfil your promise and console yourself." Then he covered his mother's hands with kisses, embraced the persons present and left them at once. It was in the month of July 1693. The convent of Paranzana was the place designated for his novitiate. The guardian at first made difficulty about receiving him on account of his small stature and his frail constitution: he feared that the new brother could not bear the rigours of the Rule and give himself to the labours of the institute. But by his supplications and his tears, by his prayers and his confidence in Mary, the difficulties were smoothed as by enchantment. The provincial intervened and ordered that he be received, since he had admitted him. He took the habit on the

day of Saint Mary Magdalen and changed his name for that of Crispino or Crispin, patron of the shoemakers, in memory of the trade he had exercised. The Blessed was in his twenty-fifth year.

He was admitted as a lay brother. Not that he could not study and attain the priesthood; he had learned the first elements of Latin and did not lack natural wit; but in his humility, he did not think himself pure enough to aspire to the sublime functions of the altars. He dug the garden, went begging, tended the sick: he sufficed for everything, with the grace of God; he appeared to have acquired new strength.

A sick religious near whom he was employed was so satisfied with his charity and his cares that he said: “Brother Crispino is not a novice, but an angel.” This testimony and many others of the same kind which could be rendered in his favour caused him to be admitted unanimously to profession. When he had pronounced his vows, he was sent to the convent of La Tolfa, where he exercised the charge of cook. As soon as he had taken possession of his domain, he set up an altar there to the Blessed Virgin which he adorned with care with flowers, renewed every day; the kitchen had become a veritable paradise, so much sweet perfume was breathed there. Every evening, he sang there the litanies of his good Mother. The Immaculate Virgin was not long in rewarding the devotion of her servant.

An epidemic came to ravage La Tolfa, a country near the sea, and subject to unhealthy fogs. A lady who knew the virtue of the Blessed was attacked by it: she begged the Father guardian to permit Brother Crispino to visit her: when he had entered, the sick woman begged him to make the sign of the cross on her head with the medal of his rosary which represented the Immaculate Conception. The Blessed acceded graciously to this request, and at once the sick woman was cured. This prodigy began his reputation outside. The sick ran up from all sides; in vain the brother wished to hide himself: the Father guardian ordered, and a very great number were cured by means of this medal.

The governor of the alum mines, situated in the neighbourhood, paid his tribute to the epidemic. Now, this personage had a bad reputation as regards morals. The Blessed went to see him: “Lord governor,” he said to him on entering, “if you wish the Blessed Virgin to cure you, you must not offend her son; who offends the one afflicts the other.” The governor began to weep and promised to change his life; he kept his word and lived holily, after the brother had cured him by making the sign of the cross with the all-powerful medal.

These miracles gave the Blessed a great influence in the country; his mere presence sufficed to disperse the gamblers and appease the quarrels.

The superiors sent him next to Rome as infirmarian. In vain the people of La Tolfa asked that Brother Crispino be left to them, whom they regarded as the protector of the country. The provincial answered that it was against the spirit of the Rule: in fact, the custom of the Capuchins is to make the brothers change convents often, in order that they may not attach themselves to the places they inhabit.

The Blessed entered Rome by the gate nearest to Saint Peter’s. He had had to turn aside from his road for this and make some miles more. It was that he wished, according to his expression, to pray at the tomb of him who holds the keys of paradise, before going to the convent. He remained but a short time at Rome: he needed the fire of the kitchen or the sun of the garden. “I am not a beast that can be kept in the shade,” he said, “I am too cold in the love of God. I need work to warm myself.” He fell ill in fact. The superiors sent him to Albano, where he was again charged with the kitchen.

His first care was, as at La Tolfa, to arrange himself a little altar on which he placed an image of Mary. When people came to see him, and people came much, he led the visitors before this image and recited to them the beautiful stanzas that Tasso sang to Mary in his *Jerusalem Delivered*. This furnished him the occasion to come to pious conversations, to counsels useful and salutary for the good of souls. A religious reproached him one day for thus having recourse to profane authors. “My Father,” answered the Blessed, “the fish does not come of itself to the hook; it is attracted by a bait. Our austerities are hardly to the taste of the people of

the world; these stanzas are the bait with which I attract them and make them bear the little discourse that I add to it."

Albano is the rendezvous of a great number of lords and prelates during the autumn: all those who came there wished to see the altar of Brother Crispino, and hear him recite his verses: his sweet gaiety, his amiable simplicity, the air of holiness spread over his whole person charmed the visitors.

Pope Clement XI himself was taken by this charm, and came rarely to Castel Gandolfo without going to the convent and asking for Brother Crispino. One morning the Pontiff had two candles carried to him for his altar. This gift recalls to us an adventure in which the good religious had shown an abandon of tenderness toward Mary, his beloved, truly worthy of an affectionate son.

A lord had made him a present of two magnificent silk flowers. Some mischievous young men, who went and came in the kitchen, stole the flowers; which afflicted the brother sensibly, for it was a failure of respect to the most holy Virgin, for whom these flowers were destined. Soon after, a religious, Father Damasceni, gave him two candles for his altar: the Blessed lights them and goes out to gather vegetables in the garden. Father Damasceni had the candles removed at once, so that when the Blessed returned, he thought they had been stolen from him again. He complained of it to the Blessed Virgin. "But how," he said to her with an altogether filial familiarity, "yesterday the flowers and today the candles! But truly, my Mother, you are too good; some day, they will take your son from your arms, and you will not dare to say anything!" and he continued long in this tone. Father Damasceni, who had hidden himself, heard these tender reproaches: he re-entered the kitchen, took the brother in his arms, returned him the candles and left him full of an admiration easy to understand.

The kindness of the Pope and of the prelates of his court made the humility of the Blessed tremble. Some miracles which his charity forced him to work carried his fears to their height: he asked therefore to be sent to another convent. That of Monte Rotondo was assigned to him.

When he arrived, the brother questor was ill: he did the quest, cultivated the garden, took upon himself almost all the service of the convent. When people pitied him for this surplus of work, he repeated laughing the saying of Saint Philip Neri: "Paradise is not made for cowards."

At this epoch, a contagious disease had fallen upon the convent of the Capuchins at Bracciano: an infirmarian had to be sent there. But whom to choose? life was at stake. Our charitable religious offered himself at once. — "But, Brother Crispino, as there is peril of death, I do not intend to force your will," said the provincial, — "What will?" he answered him; "I left it at Viterbo, when I entered among the Capuchins." He set out, provided with the blessing of his provincial, taking with him, as he still said, Saint Francis as physician, and holy obedience as preservative. Physician and preservative worked marvels, for Brother Crispino returned some months after, in better health than ever: he had cured by his cares and his prayers all the sick of the convent.

At the following Chapter, he was sent to Orvieto, where he was to pass forty years of his life, as questor. He was soon known and loved, and people gave him in abundance all that he desired. He profited by it to relieve a great number of miseries. The love of the inhabitants of Orvieto for our Blessed was such that it was necessary to leave him to them. Each time that an attempt was made to change him, all the doors closed before the new brother questors, and in order not to die of hunger, it was necessary to resolve to bring back him who, through humility, called himself the ass of the Capuchins.

When he had to cross the crowd, he cried out: "Come, my children, make room for the ass of the Capuchins." — "And where then is this ass?" said one day a man who did not know him. — "Dost thou not see that I carry the pack-saddle?" said the Blessed, showing his wallet. He was asked once why he always went bareheaded. — "It is because an ass wears no hat," he answered with an amiable jovialty.

In a convent of religious women, the sister who was charged to receive him never failed, to try him doubtless, to overwhelm him with foolish insults, to treat him as a cheat and hypocrite. The servant of God contented himself with answering: “God be praised, that there is at Orvieto a person who treats me as I deserve.”

Miracles continued to spring up under his steps: multiplication of flour and wine, prediction of the future, foresight of events, happy or unhappy, gift of reading consciences, God had granted him everything in profusion.

He arrives one day unexpectedly at a convent of sisters of Saint Dominic; he has one of the religious asked for and says to her: “We are born to die; how happy you are, you are going to leave this valley of miseries where we are prisoners; an eternity of happiness is assured to you. How happy you are! how happy you are!” Now, this religious was in perfect health; her astonishment is therefore understood. However, reflecting that she had had to do with a man of God, she resolved to prepare herself: a few days after, she died the death of the saints. Cardinal Gualtieri, who inhabited a villa in the environs of Orvieto, had one day to receive the king of England, son of James II: his steward had had flowers asked for from Rome, of which there was a lack, owing to the season. The person charged with the commission forgot the flowers. The cardinal’s steward met Brother Crispino and told him his desolation: “Do not be desolate,” said the brother, “you shall have all the flowers you need and beyond.” He sets out and returns almost at once, carrying magnificent flowers, of which, astonishing thing, the species was not cultivated in the gardens of Orvieto. When the Blessed was asked whence he had drawn them, he answered: “Let us busy ourselves with winning paradise; if we have the happiness to attain it, we shall see there flowers far more beautiful and of a perfume incomparably more exquisite.”

One would have to run through the numerous series of Christian virtues, if one wished to speak in detail of those of this holy religious; for he possessed them all to an eminent degree. But he distinguished himself above all by his zeal for the glory of God; the idea of seeing him offended afflicted him so much that he made a thousand efforts to prevent sin; thus when he was on the quest, and heard swearing or the holy name of God pronounced without respect, he went at once to reprove the culprits, were he even laden with heavy burdens. The rank and quality of the persons did not stop him then, disposed as he was to suffer everything to arrest the evil of which he was witness. No step cost him anything to bring sinners back to better sentiments. Two brothers, on matters of interest, had so quarrelled together that they had resolved to fight a duel. Crispino learns it, his zeal is inflamed; and, though the friends of these two poor blind men had not been able to succeed in bringing them together, he does not despair of making them renounce their fatal design; in fact, he goes to see them and acts so happily with them that, on the very day when they were to expose both their soul and their body in a single combat, he reconciles them so perfectly that afterwards there was never any division between them.

It was at Rome that the Blessed was to die, it was at Rome that the last years of his life passed. They were so full of miracles that the eternal city was in admiration of them. Knowing by revelation the hour of his death, Crispino bade farewell to his benefactors and to his friends who laughed at it, for he was still in good health and nothing gave presage that he was so near to going to heaven. However some days after he fell ill: he was aged eighty-two years and there was no hope of preserving him. The demon tried to trouble his last moments. He offered himself to him under the form of a hideous beast which holy water sufficed to put to flight. As soon as the news of his illness had spread, everyone wished to see him. The Blessed was astonished at it and admired the simplicity of these people who testified admiration for a wretched sinner like himself. After having received with great fervour the last Sacraments, he expired sweetly (1750). Immediately after his death, his limbs stiffened by age regained their suppleness, they became fresh and rosy, and the gangrene which was devouring him disappeared: since then he has been preserved intact and may be seen in the church of the Capuchins at Rome. The miraculous cures were numerous at his tomb. Pope Pius VII beatified the

Blessed Crispino in 1806 and fixed his feast on 23 May, although he had died on the 19th.

The image of Our Lady, which played so great a part in the life of the holy Capuchin, ought in all justice to be assigned him as characteristic attribute.

Vita del V. Servo di Dio Fr. Crispino da Viterbo, laico professo dell' Ordine de' Minori Capucini di S. Francesco, edizione prima romana, notabilmente accresciuta ed emendata dal Padre Fr. Emanuele da Damo d'Ossola, postulatore della causa, Roma, 1761.

The Blessed John Baptist Rossi, Canon at Rome

1764. — Pope: Clement XIII.

The servants of God may acquire knowledge; but they must never show it nor make parade of it. Maxim of Saint Philip Neri.

John Baptist Rossi has been called the Saint Vincent de Paul of Rome, in the eighteenth century: we shall see that these two saints and good priests resemble each other in more than one point.

John Baptist Rossi was born at Voltaggio in the diocese of Genoa, on 22 February 1698. His childhood was distinguished by the manifestation of an early piety. Early he loved to fill at the altar the function, envied by the angels, of server of Mass. A noble Genoese named Scorsa, who passed a part of the summer at Voltaggio, was so edified by his piety that he asked the father of the child the favour of charging himself with his education. After three years passed at Genoa, in the house of his protectors, who had only to praise his conduct, he was called to Rome by his cousin Lawrence Rossi, canon of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. John Baptist was then thirteen years old. Placed in the Roman college, he pursued with success the course of classical studies, as far as theology. A book of spirituality which he read at this epoch carried him to indiscreet austerities, and made him fall into a state of weakness which forced him to interrupt his studies and to leave the Roman college.

"If I had been able to finish my courses happily," he said later laughing, "who knows whether I should not have had the temptation to take vanity in my science?" However, as he felt himself called to the ecclesiastical state, he passed from the Roman college to that of the Minerva kept by the Dominicans, and was able to acquire as much theological knowledge as he needed later to be a good preacher and a confessor useful to souls. He celebrated his first Mass on 8 March 1721 at the Roman college before the relics of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, for whom he had a tender devotion. The fervour, the piety with which he offered for the first time the holy sacrifice, he preserved all his life: so it was a permanent subject of edification to assist at his Mass.

The first care of the new priest was to model his exterior conduct on the decrees of the council of Trent relating to the life and morals of clerics. His clothes were clean, and nothing more. He kept his eyes lowered like a man who walks constantly in the presence of God. His conversations were always intermingled with some edifying word; of an extreme reserve toward seculars, and principally toward persons of the sex, he prolonged his conversations only as far as propriety required. He referred everything to the celebration of our divine mysteries and divided his day into two parts: preparation and thanksgiving. He recited the office at the canonical hours, and never did so except on his knees.

He had begun his life of apostolate at the Roman college, where he was one of the most fervent associates of the congregation established in that house. The director of this congregation had made useful use of him to work good among the students. God had given our Blessed all the qualities necessary to succeed: an open air, grace in his words and an astonishing facility in forming ties with all his fellow-students. On vacation days, he had the talent of preventing idleness from ruining his young comrades: he led them into the churches, into the hospitals, to spiritual conferences, created games, invented relaxations in which he took an active part.

After his promotion to the priesthood, his zeal took new increase; the drovers and herdsmen who bring each week cattle to the market of Rome attracted first of all his attention: he repaired early in the morning to the Campo Vaccino and returned late in the evening to bring some good words to these men burdened with the weight of the day, and to prepare them for the reception of the Sacraments. Until then the girls who begged in Rome had no shelter for the night. Rossi founded for them a house of retreat which subsists still today and is known under the name of hospice of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga. Two other hospices, those of Santa Galla and of the Trinity of the Pilgrims, were still the object of his assiduous cares.

The cousin of Rossi, who had formerly called him to Rome, spoke to him one day of leaving him his canonry as inheritance. “Though I should have only my Mass stipends to live on,” answered the Blessed, “it is more than I need.” However he let himself be overcome and became canon of Santa Maria in Cosmedin in 1737. He would never inhabit a house which the deceased had given him: he consecrated the value of it to decorate the collegiate church of which he had become canon and to found a revenue for the maintenance of the organ and the salary of the organist; as for himself, he inhabited a poor garret which belonged to the Chapter.

Rossi had not yet wished to give himself to the ministry of confession, which had always frightened him. But a bishop, a friend of his, having engaged him to try himself in his diocese, he consented. Returned to Rome, he gave himself wholly to this important and meritorious apostolate. The collegiate church of Santa Maria had been until then almost deserted; but it soon began to be frequented by the crowd of penitents: there came not only from all the quarters of Rome, but also from the country: he loved above all to direct the poor of the hospitals and the disinherited of fortune, peasants and workmen. “The fortunate of this world,” he said, “can find confessors very easily; but the unfortunate and the forsaken have more trouble in this.” God made him taste in the exercise of his functions consolations which were a first reward of his zeal. “I did not know the shortest road to go to paradise,” he said one day in confidence to some one; “but now I know it; it is to conduct others there by confession!… what good one can do there!” When Benedict XIV had established catechisms for the personnel of the prisons, it was he whom the Pontiff charged with them specially. The executioner was not a stranger to his cares: he heard his confession, went to visit him in his illnesses, and rendered him all the services which charity inspires. More than once he arranged the differences which broke out between this practitioner and his assistants: he called that jestingly arranging affairs of State.

Although devoted by attraction to the least esteemed classes of society, he did not refuse his cares to religious communities: thus it was that he consented to become the habitual confessor of the Brothers of Charity. There are few quarters of Rome that have not been witnesses of his zeal and have not heard his voice: the streets which neighbour the Bocca della Verità and the Piazza Montanara above all saw him at work during long years. There as everywhere, to make God loved, to sanctify his brethren by sanctifying himself, such was the constant aim of his efforts. It is in these holy dispositions that death found him: he succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy at the age of sixty-six years, on 23 May 1764.

He was buried at the hospital of the Trinity of the Pilgrims: he had died so poor that this hospital bore the costs of his funeral.

The holiness of the servant of God appeared so certain that Pius VI had the process of his beatification begun in 1781. Pius VII and Gregory XVI continued it. Pius IX gloriously reigning completed it in 1859.

Cf. Bull of beatification; Life of the Blessed, by the postulator of the cause, Rome, 1790, and the Analecta, vol. ii passim.

Saint Eutychius, Abbot, and Saint Florent, Monk in Italy (540–548)

About a league and a half from Norcia, in Umbria, there opens a valley formerly called Castoria and known today under the name of Val-Saint-Eutychius. There was founded, in 471, that is to say nine years before the birth of Saint Benedict, a monastery which a great number of Saints rendered illustrious, whose virtues Pope

Gregory the Great has related in his *Dialogues*. Among these Saints whose cult has become popular, we shall distinguish today Saint Eutychius and Saint Florent.

Saint Eutychius lived at first solitary in a grotto from which he went out only to give himself to the labours of preaching and of evangelizing the country districts. Saint Spé, founder of the monastery of the Castoria valley, having come to die, his religious called Eutychius to charge himself with their direction.

The Saint quitted only with regret his grotto and the modest oratory adjoining. At least he had the consolation of entrusting them to the keeping of a disciple worthy of him, Saint Florent. Now, an isolation as absolute as that in which the departure of Eutychius left him weighed on Florent: so, as all the Saints and all the afflicted do, he had recourse to prayer. God was not long in hearing the wishes of his confident servant. A bear came out of the neighbouring forest and came to lie down at the door of the holy solitary. When he appeared outside, the animal dragged itself to his feet and marked to him by its attitude that it came to put itself at his service and keep him company. Four sheep made up all the possessions of the hermit and even these were wasting away for lack of a shepherd to lead them regularly to pasture. The shepherd was found: Florent confided them to the bear, which was ordered to bring the flock back to the house either at noon when the Saint did not fast, or at three o'clock when he fasted: and the bear, it is said, never failed in his charge. A like marvel, it is understood, made great noise in the neighbourhood. But four monks of the monastery of Saint Eutychius were bitten by the serpent of jealousy, laid ambushes for this improvised shepherd and killed him. So why did Eutychius, their master, not work miracles, while Florent meddled with working them? such was the reasoning of the jealous monks. In punishment for the grief caused to Saint Florent, the four wicked men were struck with leprosy and died of it.

The servant of God worked another marvel: serpents in great number infested the environs of his hermitage. He prayed again and the serpents were crushed by thunderbolt. "There they are well dead, Lord," cried Saint Florent; "but who will carry them far from my eyes?…" And at once a cloud of birds swooped down on them and carried them off.

Saint Eutychius died full of merits on 23 May 540: he had governed very holily for fourteen years his monastery, which became powerful in the sequel, founded a great number of priories and furnished priests for a long time to a great part of Umbria. There is no more mention of this monastery since it fell into commendam in the sixteenth century. Saint Eutychius was invoked above all for rain. The inhabitants of Norcia, who had often been heard on this score, kept his feast as a holiday through gratitude.

As to Saint Florent, it is believed that, after the death of Eutychius, he withdrew near Saint Vicence, bishop of Foligno, and passed the rest of his days in a grotto which Vicence had inhabited before his elevation to the episcopate. After his death, which happened about 543, he was buried in the cathedral and his cult became no less popular than that of Saint Eutychius. The flock of sheep, the bear which guards them, the serpents carried off by the birds figure in the representations which have been given of Saint Florent.

The Bollandists, 23 May, after Saint Gregory the Great, Dial., book iii, ch. 15. See also Baillet.

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[1] It would be an error to believe that the punishment of the breaking of the legs was practised only on the bodies of the crucified. The custom of breaking the legs of the crucified to make them die more quickly existed only among the Jews, whose law forbade them to leave the persons executed hanging on the cross more than a day. Among the pagans they were left until entire putrefaction. The breaking of the legs was a punishment apart. It is described in the Acts of Saint Adrian, martyr, acts whose authenticity is not contested. The instruments of this punishment were an anvil with an iron bar and a hammer. The sufferer stretched his legs on the anvil, and the executioner struck with the iron bar or the hammer until he had broken them. One finds in Plautus (*Poenulus*): *ex Syncerasto crurifragium fecit*; in Cicero (*pro Roscio*): *Opinor, inquit, iis crura suffringantur*. Polybius speaks more at length of this punishment in the first book of his history. It was inflicted only on the vilest persons, or for some enormous crime. A slave of the senator Apollonius, informer against his master, was, by sentence of the senate, put to death by the breaking of the legs. As Christians were treated as slaves even when they were free and noble, one meets many Martyrs who perished by this punishment. — Baronius.

[2] He was sent into exile by Leo the Iconomachus for the cult of the holy Images. He had been a disciple of Saint Taraise, who had employed him in a deputation to Pope Leo III.

[3] Bishop of Forlì, says Baronius in his Annotations. His body was found in 1576.

[4] Medye, Medicus.

[5] He is more commonly named, in Champagne, Saint Dixier; in Languedoc and in Italy, Saint Desery and Saint Drezery; in the Low Countries, Saint Désir.

[6] Another opinion makes him be born at Geneva. The resemblance of the Latin names may have caused hesitation between Genoa and Geneva. But Italy claims Saint Didier specially for one of her children, and the celebrity of his cult in that country has doubtless for its cause the origin of the Saint. Genoa, which received some of his relics under Louis XIV, consecrates to him an office of the double rite on 23 May. He is in veneration in a great number of other towns of Italy: at Milan, at Castelnovo, near Tortona. At Castelnovo, he is even the principal patron.

[7] The annalist Warnahaire or Garnier, whose name has already been met several times under our pen, was a cleric of the church of Langres who lived at the beginning of the seventh century. "He must," say the authors of the *Literary History of France*, "have had the reputation of a studious and lettered man, since Saint Ceraunus, bishop of Paris, in the design he had formed to gather as many Acts of Martyrs as he could, addressed himself to him in preference to any other, to have those which concerned the diocese of Langres."

[8] *Fanum sancti Desiderii.*

[9] Didier (*Desideratus*, *Desiderius*). This name, Latinized from of the first bishop of Lyons, became very common in Gaul and spread there with the cult of that illustrious disciple of Saint Polycarp, of that companion of our apostles Saint Benignus and Saint Andochius.

[10] As soon as Didier was declared a Saint, the church of Cormoranche took him for patron, and there was preserved there the staff which his assassins had torn from him to strike him with it.

[11] Father de Colonia, *Literary History of the city of Lyons*, vol. i, pp. 16 and 43, believes that the true ancient name is *Pistriniacum*, which came to it from the mills built in great number on the river Chalaronne; Paradin and de Rubuys were mistaken in saying that Saint Didier was massacred at Caluire. Caluire is a village a league from Lyons, in which no vestige of a stream is seen. Those who make him die at Briguais, another borough near Lyons, have not committed a lesser error; tradition and history leave no doubt about the true place of the martyrdom of Saint Didier.

[12] The abbots of Gembloux preserved until the end of the last century the title and rank of counts, and they occupied in the assemblies of the Estates of Brabant the first place among the nobles. (Molanus, *Nat. SS. Belgii*, 23 May; Miraeus, *Diplom. belg.*, t. i.) — Gembloux, formerly a stronghold, is today a small town of Belgium, 15 kilometres north-west of Namur. In 1578, Don John of Austria defeated there the army of the States General, and in 1794, the Austrians, commanded by Beaulieu, were defeated there by the French. (See *Gallia christ.*, t. iii, col. 555, the series of the forty-nine abbots.) — Sigebert of Gembloux, a Brabantine Benedictine (1030–1112), entered the abbey of Gembloux very young. He knew Hebrew and taught several years at the abbey of Saint-Martin of Metz. We have from him a *Chronicle* (Latin) which goes from the year 381 to the year 1112, printed at Paris, 1513, in-4° (continued by Robert of Thorigny until 1266); the *Lives* of Saint Thierry, of Saint Sigebert, king of Austrasia, of Saint Guibert, of Saint Maclou.

24 May

Roman Martyrology

At Antioch, the birth into heaven of Saint Manahen, foster-brother of Herod the Tetrarch, doctor and prophet under the grace of the New Testament, died and buried in the same city.[1] 1st century. — In the same place, the Blessed Joanna, wife of Chuza, steward of the house of Herod, of whom the evangelist Saint Luke makes mention.[2] 1st century. — At Porto, the birth into heaven of Saint Vincent, martyr. — At Brescia, Saint Afre, martyr, who suffered under the emperor Hadrian.[3] 2nd century. — At Nautes in Brittany, the holy martyrs Donatian and Rogatian, brothers, who, under the emperor Diocletian, after having been put in prison, then stretched on the rack and torn, then pierced with lance-thrusts, had finally their heads cut off. About 288. — In Istria, the holy martyrs Zpë, Servilius, Félix, Sylvain and Dioclès. About 284. — The same day, the holy martyrs Meletius, an officer in the army, and his companions, to the number of two hundred and fifty-two, who accomplished their martyrdom by various kinds of death.[4] — Further, the holy martyrs Suzanne, Marcienne and Palladie, wives of some of these soldiers, who were cut in pieces with their little children. — At Milan, Saint Robustien, martyr. — At Morocco, in Africa, the punishment of the Blessed John of Prado, of the Order of Discalced Minors of the strict Observance, who, for the preaching of the Gospel, after having endured irons, dungeons, scourges and many other torments, consummated his martyrdom by fire.[5] 1636. — At the monastery of Lérins, Saint Vincent, priest illustrious for his doctrine and his holiness. About 450. — At Bologna, the translation of Saint Dominic, confessor, in the time of Pope Gregory IX. 1233.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In a great number of churches of France, feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. — At Tarbes, the solemnity of the general procession for the deliverance of the town, attributed to the prayers and protection of Saint Misselin, priest, patron of the town, praised by Saint Gregory of Tours. At present, the feast of Saint Misselin is celebrated at Tarbes on 7 May. — At Liège, the translation of Saint Lambert, whose feast is on 17 September. — At Villiers, in Brabant, the Blessed William, whose body was raised from the earth by ecclesiastical authority on account of the marvels which appeared at his tomb. — At Bayeux, Saint Patrice,[6] bishop of that see. — At Corbie, the memory of the holy virgins and martyrs Laurienne and Agrippine, of whom a part of the bones is today preserved in the parish church of that town. — At Montpellier, the Blessed Gère or Gerard, confessor. — At the monastery of Hasnon, the Blessed Rolland or Rotland, at first a religious of Saint-Amand, then abbot of Hasnon. 1070. — On the Sunday following 24 May, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Patronage at Drancy, in the diocese of Paris. This pilgrimage was founded, after the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, by pious ladies of Paris in favour of the young persons placed as apprentices in the various workshops of the capital. — At Pontlevoy, in the diocese of Blois, feast of Our Lady of the White Ones, founded by Gelduin, lord of Pontlevoy, in the eleventh century. This lord, surprised by a violent tempest, invoked Mary: the Mother of God presenting herself at once to him, clothed in garments whiter than snow, snatched him from a death which was about to be inevitable. Jealous of perpetuating the memory of this deliverance, Gelduin gave to the church of the abbey the name of Our Lady of the White Ones, which one of its chapels still preserves today. — On 24 May and 31 October, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Wohlfartshoffen, in the canton of Niederbronn, diocese of Strasbourg. It is a pilgrimage much frequented by the Alsatians and the Lorrainers. The archives of the mairie possess a numerous list of abjurations of Protestants, which took place in this chapel. — At Paris, in the mother-house of the Catholic Circles of workmen, feast of the translation of Saint Generosus, martyr. (See the Supplement of this volume.)

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Bologna, the translation of Saint Dominic, confessor, in the time of Gregory IX: his holy body, among other miracles which it wrought while it was being transferred to a more worthy place, exhaled so many sweet and suave perfumes that it filled all souls with a marvellous joy; God attesting thereby how agreeable to him was the holiness of this apostolic man.

Martyrologies of the Carmelites, Augustinians, Servites, Capuchins. — The feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of Help of Christians.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the East, Esther and Mardochée. — In Istria, the holy Zebelle, Servule and Secondin, martyrs. 283. — At Atella, ancient town of Campania, the saints Elpide, bishop, Cyon, priest, and Elpice, levite. The second was the brother, and the third the nephew of the first.[7] 5th century. — At Foligno, in Umbria, Saint Vincent, bishop of that city.[8] About the year 553. — At Antioch, in Syria, Saint Thomas Salus, monk. 6th century. — On the Admirable Mountain, near Antioch, in Syria, Saint Siméon Stylite the Younger and Saint Martha, his mother, widow.[9] About 596.

Esther and Mardochée

Between 521 and 485 B.C.

> *Nature and heaven have vied in adorning her. — Racine, Esther, act iii, scene 9.*

We know what wars of extermination the ancient peoples generally waged on one another, and especially the powerful races of the old East. Most of those whom the fortune of arms had just betrayed on the field of battle perished by the sword or in chains; cities taken by assault were given over to the flames and to pillage; the whole body of the unhappy nation, torn from its native soil, went to vegetate under other skies, where only a certain measure of air, of movement and of life was allotted to it, like a tree stripped of its crown that

is carried to a foreign land, and which the native plants seem to want to smother with their jealous shade. Victory was without pity. We know also that the Jews went through a trial of this kind under Nebuchadnezzar II, king of Babylon; it was cruel and lasted seventy years. It was this great misfortune that drew from the heart of Jeremiah those eloquent sobs which the complaints of no exile have ever been able to equal; it is this which another prophet wept beforehand in that song so full of melancholy:

> *Captives on distant shores, Exile has withered us with its gloomy rigours; And, weary of seeing our chains, Our eye seeks Sion and is wet with tears.*
>
> *Juda no longer has those noble feasts Where her joy burst forth in holy and sweet transports, And the Euphrates has seen our prophets Hang their harps on the willows of its banks.*[10]

It is true that Cyrus, one of the successors of Nebuchadnezzar, decreed, by an edict famous in sacred history, that the Jews were free to return to Judea and to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. From then on, the captivity ceased legally; but, in fact, the antipathies of some subordinate administrators and the rivalries of the Samaritans, brothers of the Jews by blood and separated from them by interests of politics and of religion, destroyed in part the benefit of the liberal dispositions of the monarch. Several families preferred to dwell in the land of exile, beside the ashes of their fathers, rather than return to a fatherland where their God had as yet no altar. It was from one of these Jews seated at the hearth of the stranger that Edissa or Esther was born. These names, which in the Hebrew tongue express the sweetness of the myrtle and the beauty of the moon, had perhaps been chosen by a special disposition of Providence. At least they were of good omen, and the young girl did not belie them; for the graces with which she was adorned won her sovereign power, and her exiled brethren found a refuge and a protection in the goodness of her heart.

Death was not long in taking from her her father and her mother. The grief of this premature loss, joined to the sadnesses of the captivity, might have broken her courage, had she not found in her uncle Mardochée a counsel and a support.

Esther grew in age and in virtue; but she lived solitary and hidden, like those modest flowers cast aside by the hand of spring, which bury their corolla and their perfume under the greenery. It did not seem that she would ever come out of the obscurity and the anguish which the misfortunes of her nation had made for her, when suddenly the caprice of a tyrant, or rather God, who holds in his power the heart of kings, changed the course of her destiny.

Cambyses bore ill the burden of glory that Cyrus, his father, had bequeathed to him; an end was put to his extravagances by cutting his throat. Divers plots resulted in passing the crown to the head of Assuerus, whom the profane authors designate under the name of Darius, son of Hystaspes. Assuerus thus became master of the numerous peoples who dwelt from India to the Aegean Sea, from the Pontus Euxinus and the Caspian Sea to Ethiopia and the Ocean. He bore the sumptuous title of great king, or king of kings, doubtless because his empire was formed of several conquered kingdoms, or because he had kings under his dominion. The Persian monarchs went to reside at Ecbatana during the summer; but their capital was Susa, a charming city seated among the lilies which grew in crowds on the banks of the Choaspes. Now, in the third year of his reign, in the intoxication of his glory and to make his magnificence and his riches shine forth, the king ordered splendid feasts, to which were invited, under his presidency, the princes of his court, his officers, the bravest among the Persians and the Medes, and finally the governors of the hundred and twenty-seven provinces of the empire. This rejoicing of the great continued for six months. But the last week, the king wished to have also his people of Susa for guests. Tables were placed in the royal gardens; pavilions of fine linen protected the guests against the inclemencies of the air; the richest colours, ivory, porphyry and marble, gold and silver, shone on all sides; the delicacy of the dishes and of the wines answered to the luxury of the decorations. On her side, the queen Vasthi offered to the women a sumptuous feast which was celebrated in the interior of the palace.

They had reached the last day of this long solemnity; it could hardly end without some scene of extravagance. Assuerus, heated with wine, asked that the queen should be brought in, the diadem on her head and in all the brilliance which her beauty borrowed from adornment, so that the great and the people might behold and admire her. Vasthi did not come; was it a caprice opposing another caprice, or virtue which, before indiscretion and outrage, withdrew in the majesty of disdain? In any case, Assuerus, irritated and furious, questioned his ordinary counsellors to learn from them what punishment the queen had deserved by braving the orders of the monarch her husband. All the follies of powerful men easily find adorers or accomplices: one of the courtiers represented that so great an example of disobedience would be contagious among the Persian women; he applauded, in passing, the wrath of the master, and concluded for the repudiation and degradation of Vasthi. The decree was in conformity. Imprudence had dictated it, precipitation executed it.

But soon Assuerus remembered Vasthi and all that had been done. It could hardly be remedied without incurring the reproach of a childish levity. The servants of Assuerus, to abolish in his wounded soul the cherished image which was still painted there, proposed to seek throughout the empire the most beautiful among the young girls, to bring them to Susa before the eyes of the prince, so that she who pleased him most should become queen in the place of Vasthi. This project was approved; on the royal edict, the whole empire sent to Susa the most beautiful among its young girls. Esther was of the number of those brilliant flowers which the manners of the time and country did not sufficiently protect against despotism and licence, and which, gathered in crowds under the avid hand of one man, slowly faded, consumed in the weariness of a sumptuous solitude.

All these rivals were to appear in succession before the king. Who could paint the ambition and the hope with which they were agitated? Long in advance they exercised themselves, so to speak, to deserve the crown which Vasthi had let fall from her brow; they spent their days amid the most exquisite perfumes and aromatics, and, at the moment of their visit, they supported their beauty with the prestige of the rarest ornaments.

At last Esther was presented in her turn. Now she was extremely beautiful, and one could not see her without being touched by her graces. Content with the ornaments that were given her, she would not ask any others for her adornment. The victory fell to her. The heart of the king was inclined toward her, and he loved her more than all the other women. He placed the diadem on her head, and made her queen in the place of Vasthi. To honour the nuptials of Esther, a rich banquet was offered to all the great of the court and to all the servants of the palace; Assuerus relieved the peoples of his kingdom by a diminution of taxes, and signalled his liberality by numerous and brilliant benefits. The elevation of Esther did not alter the simplicity of her soul. She continued to show herself gentle toward Mardochée and docile to his counsels, as in the time when, a little child and an orphan, she lived under his guardianship and by his care. To obey him, she kept hidden the name of her fatherland and of her people. She found means to call Mardochée to the court, and he dwelt at the gate of the palace. The uncle and the niece consulted often, but with so much discretion that no one suspected their kinship. Thanks to this good understanding, a plot woven against the life of Assuerus was foiled: Mardochée discovered it; he made it known to Esther, who informed the king; the guilty were seized, interrogated, convicted, put to death. The history of this conspiracy was written in the annals of the empire, where the events of former reigns, the regulations established, the services rendered, were reported with exactness and in detail; the name of Mardochée was recorded there in a very honourable manner: this is about all the reward he received for his good offices, at least for the moment. Then there lived also, at the court of Persia, a great lord named Aman. He drew his origin from the Amalekites, one of those nations which the Hebrews had effaced from Palestine on entering it. Whether by favour or by merit, he had become the first personage of the Empire after the king. At his passing, all the servants of the palace bent the knee with signs of adoration: it was the etiquette regulated in his honour by Assuerus. Mardochée alone refused

this homage to the fortunate favourite, and on all sides it was said to him: “Why do you not obey, like all the others, the command of the prince?” Mardochée answered that he was a Jew, and alleged, to dispense himself from the idolatrous ceremonial of the court, the contrary precepts of his religion. Aman was warned of the resistance of Mardochée, and could moreover perceive it himself. He fell into a great anger; his wounded pride counted as nothing the immolating of the supposed culprit, and, knowing that he was of Jewish race, he resolved to envelop all the Jews in a common ruin. Perhaps he wished also to serve the interests of a hereditary hatred and to avenge the blood of Amalec, formerly shed by Saul in the fields of Hevila.

Aman goes to find Assuerus, represents to him that the empire nourishes in its bosom a whole people which has its laws and its manners apart, and which braves the royal authority; that it is important not to encourage licence by impunity: “Wherefore,” he said, “order that this people perish; and, that you may not lose the tributes drawn from them, I will pay ten thousand talents to the treasurers of your exchequer.” This sum was prodigious for a private person; but Aman counted doubtless either that his offer would not be accepted, or that the fortune of the proscribed would be confiscated to his advantage: he knew his master.

In effect, Assuerus drew from his finger the ring which he used to seal his letters, and placed it in the hands of his minister, saying to him: “Keep your gold; as for this people, do with them what you will.” It was already a frequent usage among the Oriental monarchs to proceed by way of justice, or rather of summary iniquity; it is true that, on their side, the subjects had like caprices, and that often they appealed from an edict to their dagger. Unbridled power abused its force, and dishonoured obedience took refuge in revolt.

But what could the Jews do against a rival armed with the favour of an absolute monarch? A sanguinary edict was drawn up against them, furnished with the royal seal, translated into all the languages of the empire and sent to the hundred and twenty-seven provinces. It was said there that the great king, in the mildness of his government, wished to assure to all his peoples the benefit of a happy and durable peace, that he had learned that an odious nation troubled the universal harmony by the diversity of its habits, and that he gave in consequence the order to exterminate, on one and the same day, all the Jews, down to the women and children, and to seize all their goods. Cruelty has wings: the couriers set out in haste for all points of the kingdom; the edict was immediately posted in Susa. Assuerus and his favourite made merry at feasts, and the Jews filled the city with their lamentations.

As soon as Mardochée knew these things, he rent his garments and took all the signs of mourning in use among the peoples of the East: covered with a sack, ashes strewn upon his head, the grief of his soul burst forth in plaintive cries. He came as far as the gate of the palace, for one could not cross its threshold in this mournful apparel.

Meanwhile the empire still did not know that the queen belonged by her origin to the condemned nation; Esther likewise was ignorant of the misfortunes reserved for her companions in exile. However, she was informed by her women of the extreme affliction of her uncle; she summoned him to learn the cause, and sent him suitable garments, that he might present himself. But he would not leave his mourning, and he waited till some faithful servant should be deputed to him to receive his communications. By this means Mardochée disclosed to Esther the frightful peril which menaced the Jews, sent her a copy of the edict published in Susa, and begged her to go to Assuerus and use her position and her credit for the salvation of Israel: “Remember,” he said, “the days of your lowliness, and that you were nourished by my hand. Invoke, then, the Lord; speak for us to the king, and deliver us from death.”

Esther had answer made that in Persia it was rigorously forbidden to enter the apartments of the king without express order, and that whoever had not respected this prohibition was put to death on the spot, unless the monarch inclined his golden sceptre toward the culprit in sign of clemency. The courageous old man sent at once to his niece patriotic remonstrances, exhorting her not to nourish the vain hope of escaping the blow that was to strike the whole nation: “If you keep silence,” he added, “God will find some other means of

saving the Jews, and you will perish, you and your father's house. Besides, who knows whether you have not been raised to the throne precisely in view of the crisis in which we are today?" Esther yielded. "Go," she said; "assemble all the Jews who are at Susa, and pray for me. Let no one take food or drink during three days and three nights; I too will fast with my women. Then I will present myself before the king, without order from him and contrary to the laws of the country, braving peril and death." Mardochée withdrew and did what the queen had ordered. He poured out before God his grief and his prayer; all Israel followed his example. Meanwhile Esther had laid aside the pomp of her royal garments to take garments which answered better to her affliction and her mourning; the precious perfumes no longer scented her hair; her brow was lowered in the ashes and her body subjected to the rigours of fasting; her abode, once so smiling, was filled with a sombre sadness. She betook herself to prayer: "Ah! Lord, our only monarch, succour me in my abandonment… I have heard it said by my father that you chose Israel among all the peoples… to make of it your eternal inheritance… We have sinned before you; that is why you have delivered us into the hands of our enemies. And now, not content with oppressing us by a hard slavery, and attributing the strength of their arms to the power of their idols, they wish to belie your promises, abolish your inheritance, close the mouth of those who praise you, and extinguish the glory of your temple and of your altar, to open the mouth of the nations, and praise the strength of their idols and glorify for ever a king of flesh and blood. Do not leave your people to these powers of nothingness, lest they insult our ruin; but turn their design against themselves and destroy him who makes us feel his rigours. Lord, give me assurance… put on my lips wise and fitting words… You know the necessity laid upon me to appear on days of splendour, and that I hold in abomination the proud sign of glory which adorns my head… and that I never wear the crown in my days of retreat and isolation… and that finally, since the hour when I was brought here, your handmaid has never rejoiced save in you, O Lord God of Abraham!…" Thus Esther prayed; and her prayer was not in vain. For there is always a great force in the complaints of oppressed innocence; often even they arm, in this world already, the wrath of God, who comes, thunderbolt in hand, to visit the wicked in the midst of their unjust works.

Meanwhile, on the third day of her penance, the queen clothes herself in her richest ornaments. In all the splendour of this royal pomp, she goes to find Assuerus. Two of her women accompany her: leaning on one, she seems, frail and delicate, to have difficulty in supporting herself; the other follows her mistress, lifting the floating draperies of her long robe. Under a vermilion complexion and eyes full of charm and brilliance, Esther hides her sadness and the extreme fright of her soul. She crosses all the halls which lead to the apartment of the king, and suddenly appears before him. Assuerus was seated on his throne, and his garments glittered with gold and precious stones. He lifts his eyes, and at once fury bursts upon his face. Trembling, bewildered, Esther grows pale and lets her head fall upon the young girl who was supporting her. At this sight and under the hand of God, the heart of the king softens, and his fierce humour gives way to gentleness. All anxious, he quits his throne in haste, receives the queen in his arms, and, recalling her to herself, says to her with tenderness: "What is the matter, Esther? I am your brother; fear not. You shall not die: the law was made not for you, but for all the others. Come, then, and touch this sceptre." And he inclines toward her his golden sceptre, in sign of clemency, and invites her to speak. Esther excuses herself on the fright into which the majesty of the great king has thrown her, and falls back almost fainting. Assuerus was troubled, and his servants hastened to relieve the queen. At last she came to herself, and the king said to her: "What do you wish, queen Esther? what do you ask? Even if you asked the half of my kingdom, I would give it to you." Esther, not judging that the moment to explain herself had yet come, invites Assuerus to a banquet, and asks him to call Aman also to it. She is granted her wish. Assuerus repeats to her, in the joy of the feast, the assurance of his liberal intentions, and offers her again the half of his kingdom. Esther confines herself to praying the king to come again on the morrow with Aman to a second banquet, promising to make known then her desire and her wishes. Aman went out with great gladness; but it was as short as it was lively: it seems that sorrow chooses to visit us the moment when our heart is open to the most confident gaiety. Mardochée was seated at the gate of the palace: he did not rise to honour the passing of the all-powerful

minister, who found in this act of independence the rock on which all his felicity was wrecked. With anger in his heart, Aman returns home and assembles his friends with his wife Zarès. He represents to them the immensity of his riches, the number of his children and that high degree of power to which he has risen in the empire; he recalls the signal favour which the queen does him, in inviting him twice to her table, to the exclusion of all the great of the empire: “Well, with all that,” he says, “I shall think I have nothing, so long as I see the Jew Mardochée remain seated before me at the gates of the palace.” His wife and his friends advise him to have a gallows raised and to ask of the prince that Mardochée be hanged on it. Thus the course of his rejoicings would no longer be disturbed by the sight of the inflexible old man. Aman approves this advice and has a high gallows set up.

That same night, Assuerus passed it without sleeping. To beguile the weariness of his sleeplessness, he sent for the annals of the kingdom. In reading them before him, they came to the account of the conspiracy discovered by Mardochée. He wished to know the reward decreed to so faithful a subject; he was answered that this service had not been worthily recognized. Now, Aman repaired early to the palace, with the design of soliciting and obtaining the death of his rival. Assuerus was informed of his presence and summoned him: “What must be done,” he said, “for a personage whom the king desires to load with honours?” The courtier, in the pride of his thought, imagined that no one but himself could be meant, and replied that there must be given to this personage royal garments, the king’s diadem and the horse which the king habitually rode, and that the first of the princes and great ones of the court should walk before the triumphant man, holding the reins of his horse and crying in the city: Thus shall he be honoured whom the king will honour. “Make haste, then,” replied Assuerus, “and do all that you have just said to the Jew Mardochée.” Certainly nothing more strange and more unexpected could happen to the proud Amalekite. He resigned himself, however, and rendered to him whom he hated so much the honours which he believed he had stipulated for himself. But he returned home weeping with rage and with his head covered to hide his shame. He poured out his grief in the bosom of his friends and of his wife; but he received, for all consolation, only gloomy forebodings of the total fall of his fortune, which had just tottered before Mardochée. In the midst of these lamentations, the servants of the palace came to seek Aman, because the hour of the feast had arrived. He entered, then, the queen’s apartment with the king his master. Assuerus encouraged Esther anew to ask what she would. “O king!” she answered, “if I have found grace in your eyes, I beseech you, grant me my life, grant life to my people…. My people and I are condemned to oppression, to death and to destruction. And would to God that we were sold, men and women, into slavery! It would be a tolerable evil, and I should groan in silence. But the cruelty of our enemy attacks the king himself, in taking from him numerous subjects.” — “And who is he?” replied Assuerus. “Who is strong enough to dare so much?” — Esther said: “Behold him; it is Aman, our unjust and barbarous persecutor.” These words were like a thunderclap for Aman; he remained dumbfounded, unable to endure the looks either of the king or of the queen. Assuerus rose transported with anger, went out of the banquet hall and withdrew into the garden. Aman understood that all was lost; he fell at the knees of the queen, asking her for his life. This submission completed his ruin; for Assuerus, on re-entering the hall, perceived the culprit at the feet of Esther, and was indignant at a boldness which he misinterpreted. At once the servants of the palace led Aman away, veiling his face; it was the custom of the country thus to cover, in the presence of kings, the faces of the culprits condemned to death, for fear doubtless that the glance of the monarch might be saddened by the sight of a funereal object. One of the officers represented that there was before the house of Aman an instrument of torture quite ready: it was the gallows which awaited

Mardochée. The order was given to hang Aman on it; and the wrath of the king was appeased.

The same day, Assuerus declared that all the goods of Aman should be confiscated for the benefit of Esther. He gave over his royal ring and conferred the functions of prime minister on Mardochée, who was then presented to him as a relative of the queen. Esther also loaded her uncle with goods and honours, and named

him steward of her house. Hitherto she had provided only for the safety and the glory of her family; it remained to think still of the salvation of the nati on. She went therefore to find the king, entreating him with tears to pronounce the revocation of the measures which had been decreed against the Jews. Assuerus consented. By the care of Mardochée, become the father and protector of his compatriots, new letters were written to the effect of annulling the primitive ordinance, then translated into all the languages of the empire and addressed to the hundred and twenty-seven provinces. Moreover, the proscribed were recommended to hold themselves ready to defend their lives, and they were permitted to render injury for injury, to destroy the houses and plunder the goods of their enemies, and to exterminate them, men, women and children. These were the terms of the royal despatch, and the Jews executed it to the letter. One must not be too much astonished at it; the penalty of retaliation is written in all ancient legislations; Moses himself consecrates this harsh manner of doing justice: “Eye for eye,” he says, “and tooth for tooth.” It was reserved to the Christian nations, fashioned to gentleness by the Gospel, to lay down as a principle that the law, in its calm and dignified vengeance, ought not to equal the barbarity and the transports of the culprit.

However that may be, on the day fixed by Aman for the general massacre of the Jews, they appeared under arms, assembled in the towns and boroughs, and fell upon their enemies. Everything yielded before them; for they were supported by the officers of the king, and their sudden greatness made them feared; moreover, the judges and governors of the provinces, and all those who possessed any dignity or exercised any functions in the empire, trembling before Mardochée, arbiter of their lot, vied in exalting the glory of the Jews. Wherefore vengeance became easy. The ten sons of Aman were immolated, and their corpses hung on the gibbet; a great number of men perished in Susa and in the whole kingdom; the Jews, content with these executions, would not touch the goods of the dead, in order to prove that zeal for justice, and not covetousness, had armed their arms.

In memory of this marvellous deliverance, Esther and Mardochée established a solemn feast which was celebrated every year. It was fixed on the very day which Aman had marked for the destruction of the Jewish people, but which Providence had just glorified by so fine and complete a triumph. It was called the feast of Lot, because Aman, faithful to the superstitions of his country, had committed to lot the care of fixing the day of his vengeance.

Thus was the misfortune of the Jews alleviated: Esther appeared, in the night of their exile, like the soft and consoling gleams of the dawn which announce to the traveller the approach of day; for the protection of the Persian kings was continued to them even after the death of the queen; they were able to see Jerusalem again, to raise again its walls, its temple and its altar. Thus again is manifested one of the laws which preside over the government of the world: that virtue is powerful even in its weakness, and that the strength of the unjust man is only infirmity.

Everyone recalls that Racine brought this narrative upon the French stage with all the brilliance of the most magnificent poetry. Composed for the young ladies of Saint-Cyr and first played by them before select assemblies, *Esther* had a prodigious success in these private performances. The public succeeded to the privileged spectators of Saint-Cyr, and for twenty years applauded the wit of the poet and his beautiful verses. The eighteenth century refused to continue this concert of admiration, and today several critics judge the tragedy of *Esther* with some severity. Perhaps it must be said that something is indeed lacking to this subject on the side of dramatic interest; but, on the other hand, what splendour and what purity in the form! above all what eloquence in the complaints, the prayers and the cries of triumph of the young Israelites who form the choruses!

Esther has inspired painting as well as poetry. Without speaking of the compositions of Domenichino, of Paul Veronese and of Tintoretto, we shall cite the work of our immortal Poussin. He chose the moment when Esther, who has just entered the apartment of Assuerus, falls fainting in the arms of her attendants before having been able to utter a single word. Assuerus, seated on his throne, the sceptre in his hand, seems as

much astonished at the appearance of Esther as moved at seeing her fainting; his pose is full of nobility. The prostration of the queen is marvellously rendered, and her head is of a finished beauty.

The Women of the Bible, by the late Mgr. Darboy.

Saint Donatian and Saint Rogatian, Brothers, Martyrs, and Patrons of Nantes

287 or 288. — Pope: Caius. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

To have the same spirit, to be animated by the same will, this is true brotherhood. — Aug., serm. xxv.

As soon as the emperors Diocletian and Maximian had decreed their cruel persecution against the Christians, they sent to the prefect of the Gauls an edict by which he was commanded to subject everyone to the worship of the gods of the empire; to promise rewards to those who should religiously practise the pagan ceremonies and offer sacrifices to the gods, and to employ torments and the last penalty against those who should persist in confessing the name of Christ.

There was at Nantes a young man named Donatian, of illustrious birth, but still more recommendable for his faith. This virtue, joined to a mature mind, moderated in him the vivacity of youth, and, penetrated with the fear of God, he conducted himself like an old man at an age when reason has not always reached its maturity. God having granted him the grace to recognize the vanity of idols and to embrace the Catholic faith, he had received baptism; and, strengthened by the holy mysteries, he proclaimed aloud the triumph of Jesus Christ, and spread in the hearts of the Gentiles the divine seed which had so happily borne fruit in him.

Rogatian, his elder brother, still an idolater, was won to the Christian faith by Donatian, at a time when to make profession of a religion proscribed by the orders of the sovereigns was to expose one's life to the most evident peril. But this consideration could not turn Rogatian from yielding to the conquering attractions of truth: he devoted himself to death at the same time as to the service of Jesus Christ, and, to have strength to sustain the dangerous combat to which he saw well that he was exposing himself, he ardently asked for the sacrament of regeneration; but the flight and absence of the priest,[1] whom the news of the persecution had driven from the country, were the cause that Rogatian could be baptized only in his blood.

In the meantime a commissioner of the emperors[2] betook himself to Nantes, furnished with his ordinance, and was favourably received by the idolatrous multitude. One of the inhabitants spoke to him in this manner: "Equitable and moderate judge! you come very opportunely to bring back to the worship of the gods those who have strayed from it to attach themselves to a man whom the Jews put to death on a cross. The first among them on whom you ought to exercise your severity is Donatian, who not only has withdrawn from the service he owes to the gods, but who, by his vain discourses, has also seduced his brother; so that both of them obstinately despise the immortal gods whom the invincible emperors adore and whom they wish to be adored throughout the universe. The very confession of the two brothers will convince you, whenever it pleases you to question them, that they are not falsely accused." The commissioner, irritated, had Donatian brought before him, and began his inquiry thus: "I learn, Donatian, that not only do you refuse, by a criminal disobedience, to adore Jupiter and Apollo, from whom we hold our life, but that you moreover dishonour them by injurious speeches, and that, by an extravagant pretension, you publish that one can be saved only by believing in the death of a man who was punished with the torment of the cross, to whose worship you try to engage everyone." Donatian answered: "You say nothing but what is true; I avow that I would wish everyone to serve him, for there is none but he who deserves our adorations." The commissioner said: "Moderate yourself on this point, and cease to preach uselessly this vain doctrine, otherwise I shall soon make you find the end of your life." Donatian answered: "If death has anything terrible, it is not for me, it is for you, whom error and false prejudice engage in darkness and prevent from opening your eyes to the light of justice." The commissioner commanded that the Saint be chained and cast into a prison, that the violence of the torments might shake the Martyr and make him lose the faith, or at least that his punishment might turn away those

who should be the spectators of it from believing in Jesus Christ.

The Acts call him Praeses.

Rogatian was brought to the commissioner in the presence of the people, and the commissioner, wishing to win him by gentleness, said to him: “I have been informed, Rogatian, that you wish to abandon thoughtlessly the worship of the gods who have deigned to give you life and to adorn your mind with wisdom and fine knowledge; I am ashamed for you to see that so many things as you know do not prevent you from consenting to lose your mind. Take care that, wishing to confess only one God, you do not incur, to your great regret, the wrath of many others. But as you are not yet defiled by I know not what baptism, if obstinacy has not yet hardened your will, receive the goods and honours which the clemency of the emperors and the goodness of the gods offer you.” Rogatian answered: “I am not astonished that you put the clemency of the emperors before the goodness of the gods. Everything is perverted in your mind, although for the rest you have some reason to give the first rank to living beings, who are still worth more than gods of cast metal. But, both your gods and you, you are equally insensible: they, because they are of metal or of stone, and you, because you deserve to resemble what you adore.” The judge commanded that Rogatian be cast into the same dungeon where had been put the man from whom he had received this doctrine, extravagant according to him, that on the morrow the sword of the executioner might avenge both the gods and the emperors for the contempts and insults of the one and the other.

Rogatian felt but one pain: it was to have been forestalled by the persecution before he had received baptism; but the faith he had in God made him hope that the kiss of his brother would stand to him in place of the sacred bath. Donatian, informed of the pain of his brother, made this prayer to God: “Lord Jesus Christ, with whom desires have the same merit as works, when absolute impotence prevents the effects of a will wholly devoted to you, grant to your servant Rogatian that his pure faith may stand to him in place of baptism and his blood in place of sacred unction, if it happens tomorrow, by the obstinacy of the judge, that the sword ends the course of our life.” They both passed the night in strengthening themselves by the hope of the immortal crown which was to be the prize of their confession.

On the morrow, the judge mounted his tribunal, and having caused the two brothers to come, laden with chains, said to them: “The severity of which I owe examples to the public prevents me henceforth from using with you terms of gentleness, since you despise the worship of the immortal gods through ignorance, or, what is still worse, you labour to destroy it, because you think yourselves better instructed than we.” The Martyrs answered him: “May your science, which is beneath stupid ignorance, be like your gods whom you adore in metals that have no feeling. We are ready to suffer for Jesus Christ all that the rage of the executioner shall be able to invent; we do not reckon it to be losing life to give it for him from whom we received it, and who will give us back another infinitely happier.” The judge, transported with anger, ordered that the two brothers be tormented and dislocated on the rack, so that, if they did not change their resolution, they might have longer to suffer, and that afterwards they be beheaded. The ministers of his fury, seeking to please him by an excess of cruelty, after having tormented the Martyrs, drove a lance into their throats, which had not been ordered, and then cut off their heads. It was thus that Donatian, after having won his brother to Jesus Christ, had the consolation of seeing him respond worthily to the grace of his vocation; that Rogatian, baptized in his blood, showed himself not inferior to his brother, and that both gained an illustrious victory, which united them to the blessed troop that is never separated from the immortal Lamb, author and consummator of their beatitude. According to the most followed opinion, their martyrdom occurred in 287 or 288.

Relics and Cult of Saints Donatian and Rogatian

The bodies of the holy Martyrs were buried near the place where they had suffered death, and afterwards placed in a sepulchre which the Christians built for them, at the foot of which several ancient bishops of Nantes wished to be buried. Formerly, a monument marked the precise place where they had suffered death.

The revolutionaries having overthrown it, two crosses were planted there in 1816, and an inscription placed which recalls the martyrdom of the two brothers. From the end of the fifth century, a fine church was built on the tomb of the holy Martyrs, which was at first possessed by the monks of Bourg-Dieu, in Berry; they afterwards ceded it or gave it back to the canons of Nantes, and it is now a parish church. During the Revolution it was partly destroyed. Two pious ladies had it restored at their expense, in 1806, and gave it back to divine worship. It is situated at one of the extremities of the town and near the high road to Paris. The foundation of another church of Saint Donatian and Saint Rogatian, in the suburb of Saint-Clément of the town of Nantes, and the establishment of six canons to perform the service there, are attributed to the duke of Brittany, John IV; but one is mistaken: this foundation is of the duke John III, who made it in 1325. Francis I, one of his successors, instead of six canons or chaplains, established in this same place a community of Carthusians, in the year 1445. This church was destroyed during the Revolution. The ladies of the Visitation now occupy the buildings of the Charterhouse. The bodies of the two Saints were raised from the earth, in the year 1145, by Albert, bishop of Ostia, who made the translation of them to the cathedral church of Nantes, in the presence of Hugh, archbishop of Rouen,[1] and of several other prelates. These precious relics are now preserved in the parish church dedicated to the holy

Martyrs, and they have been enclosed in two fine silver shrines. There remain only some bones of each of the two bodies. A part had been carried to the cathedral church and was preserved there above the side doors of the choir. This treasure was lost during the Revolution with the other relics of the same church. The feast of these two Saints was celebrated on 24 May in the diocese of Nantes, with an octave, and until 1804 it was kept as a holiday. Now, it is transferred to the Sunday within the octave of the Ascension. The two Saints are often designated under the name of *Children of Nantes*.

Life of the Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau, revised by M. l'abbé Tresvaux. The Acts we possess were written in the fifth century by an anonymous author. Dom Ruinart admitted them into his collection.

Saint Vincent of Lérins

450. — Pope: Saint Leo the Great. — King of France: Merovech.

> *Take heed that no man seduce you, for many shall come in my name, saying: I am the Saviour, and they shall seduce many. — Matth. xxiv, 4, 5.*

Vincent, own brother of Saint Loup, bishop of Troyes, was born at Toul. He had at first embraced the profession of arms and shone in the world. Touched by grace, and perhaps drawn by the example of his virtuous brother, he went to shut himself up in the monastery of Lérins, to think there no more of anything but the work of his salvation.

Grievously affected at seeing the church torn by heretics, and wishing to contribute, for his part, to forewarn the simple faithful against the sophisms of error, he composed, about the year 434, three years after the Council of Ephesus which proscribed Nestorianism, a book which he entitled *Commonitorium* or warning against the heretics, and which, from humility, he published under the name of *Peregrinus* (the Traveller or the unknown). It is in this fine and solid work that he traces this rule, to which it is more strictly than ever important to conform: In the Catholic church, the greatest care must be taken to hold that which has been believed everywhere, always and by all. *In ipsa Catholica Ecclesia magnopere curandum est ut id teneamus quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est.*

This book, which Father Labbe styles a golden book, and which Bellarmine, on account of its brevity, calls small in extent, immense in value,[1] has for its aim to preserve the faithful from novelties in matters of faith. This treatise was originally divided into two parts, the second of which had for its object the Council of Ephesus, and to which was joined a recapitulation of the whole work. The second part having been taken away from Vincent, he contented himself with putting this recapitulation at the end of the first part, and

making of the whole only one book; it is in this state that we have it today.

The author establishes an infallible rule to distinguish truth from error, namely, the authority of the Scriptures explained according to the tradition of the Catholic Church.

Vincent of Lérins applies himself above all things to forearm the faithful against one of the most dangerous temptations to which their faith is exposed, which happens when God permits that great men, men esteemed for their talents and in a reputation of holiness, become the doctors of heresy. He brings as examples Valentin, Donat, Photin, Apollinaire, Nestorius, Tertullian, and above all Origen, two Fathers of whom he makes the most magnificent eulogy, to conclude from it that "all true Catholics ought to receive the Doctors with the Church, but not abandon the faith of the Church with the Doctors."[2]

The *Commonitorium* is one of those writings that one cannot read too often; there are few in antiquity which contain so many admirable things in so few words. The style is agreeable, clear, sweet and flowing; the phrase of Vincent of Lérins, always pure and harmonious, modulates and balances itself like the Ciceronian period. As regards style, the author of the *Commonitorium* seems to us far superior to Salvian, who lived in the same century.

As a controversialist, Vincent of Lérins has been very well judged by Mgr. Gerbet. After having shown that the division of the heretics into two principal classes determined also with regard to them a double controversy, he adds:

"We have not to occupy ourselves here with that which consisted in showing, by the monuments of tradition and the dogmatic decisions, what was the faith of the Church; but that which had for its object to prove the necessity of believing in the Church deserves a particular attention.

"Christian antiquity has produced on this subject two fundamental works, one toward the beginning of the third century, and the other in the fifth: the *Prescriptions* of Tertullian, and the *Commonitorium* of Vincent of Lérins. We call them fundamental, because in effect the considerations developed in them strike equally all the sects, whatever their particular doctrines may be: and just as, in algebra, one obtains, by eliminating the special conditions of such and such a particular problem, general formulas applicable to every kind of quantity; so, by setting aside in the reading of these two writings the names of the contemporary heretics and the accessory reflections attached to them, one sees disengaged, in its logical purity, the general principle of the controversy with all those who create or choose their faith, according to the proper signification of this name of heretics. Here is the humble opening of this fine book: 'It seems to me, a pilgrim, the least of all the servants of God, that it would not be, with the help of the Lord, a thing of mediocre utility to commit to writing what I have faithfully received from the holy Fathers, a precaution very necessary doubtless to my own weakness, since I shall have there at hand wherewith to supply, by assiduous reading, my little memory.'[3]

"These lines explain well the sense of the title chosen by the author. At that period there was given the name of *Commonitorium* to a collection of notes which were to aid the memory: thus the emperor Theodosius gave a commonitorium to the count Elpidius departing for the Council of Ephesus, and Pope Zosimus handed one to Faustinus whom he was sending into Africa.

"One of the most admirable pages of the *Commonitorium* is that which treats of progress, that great question of all times and of ours in particular. 'Some one will perhaps say: Can there then be no progress for religion in the Church of Christ?' 'Let there be, and let there be much. For who would be so malevolent toward men, so accursed of God, as to hinder this progress? But it must nevertheless be truly a progress, and not a change. What constitutes the progress of a thing is that it take increase without changing its essence; what on the contrary makes its change is that it passes from one nature to another. It is therefore necessary that the intelligence, the science, the wisdom of each as of all, of one man as of the entire Church, according to age

and century, grow and increase much, but nevertheless in their kind, that is to say, preserving the same doctrine, the same sense, the same thought.

“’Let the religion of souls imitate the state of the body, which, while developing and growing with the years, does not cease nevertheless to be the same.

“’There is much difference between the flower of youth and the maturity of old age; but he who is today an old man is nothing other than he who was formerly an adolescent; so that one and the same individual may change state and disposition as he will, he changes nevertheless neither nature nor person. The members are small in a child at the breast, large in a young man; they are however the same in the one and in the other. As many members as children have, so many have men; and if there are parts that develop at a more mature age, they existed nevertheless in the principle of their origin, so that nothing new appears in an old man which was not hidden in him when he was a child.

“’So then, there is no doubt of it, the right and legitimate rule of a fine development, the perfect and invariable order of a fine growth, is when the number of years comes to discover in a young man the parts and forms which the wisdom of the Creator had first hidden in a child. But if man, with time, changes into a figure that is not his own; if the number of his members increases or diminishes, it must needs be, in that case, either that the whole body perish, or that it become monstrous, or that it be weakened at the least.

“’In like manner, the doctrine of the Christian religion ought to follow these laws of perfecting, to consolidate itself by the years, extend itself with time, rise with age, but remain nevertheless pure and intact, show itself full and entire in all the measures of its parts, as in its senses and its members so to speak, admit no change, lose nothing of what is proper to it, and undergo no variation in the points defined.

“‘As for the Church of Christ, careful and prudent guardian of the dogmas entrusted to her, she never changes anything in them, diminishes nothing, adds nothing; she does not cut off what is necessary, she introduces nothing superfluous, she lets nothing be lost of what belongs to her, she usurps nothing foreign; but she puts all her industry, all her understanding, into treating faithfully and wisely the ancient things, into shaping and polishing what there may formerly have been of begun, of sketched; into consolidating, into strengthening what was expressed, developed; into guarding what was confirmed, defined. Finally what other aim has she ever proposed to herself in the decree of councils, if not to make us believe with a livelier faith what was believed with more simplicity; to make us preach with more force what was preached with more weakness; to make us adore with more zeal what was already adored with assurance?’”

Saint Vincent of Lérins died before the end of 450, under the reign of the emperors Theodosius II and Valentinian III. His relics, it is said, are respectfully kept at Lérins; we believe, however, that we have seen particles of them somewhere elsewhere.

Saint Vincent of Lérins saw, in the wave of a brook which goes away from its source toward which it must never go back, the image of the fleeting moments of life, which flow on never to return! Alas! what mouth is there that has not said sometimes, in thinking of the brevity of our days: What is life?

In recalling our happy childhood, in treading again in thought that lawn where we frolicked with so much gaiety, in beholding again in spirit those fields where we walked our careless youth, does it not seem that we still touch instants which have yet passed away many years since? Now, it will be the same when, on our death-bed, we shall be able to take in at a single glance our whole life: what will it then be for us, if not a frivolous dream, a light and fleeting shadow? What is your life, says the apostle Saint James? It is a vapour which appeareth for a little time and shall soon be dissipated. Are you not then fools, you who say: Today or tomorrow, we shall go into such a city, we shall trade there for a year, and we shall make a considerable gain there: do you even know what will happen tomorrow?

Many persons think rather often of the brevity of life; but this thought, which God destined to bear so much fruit, is sterile for them. Far from profiting by it, in effect, they hasten to drive it away as soon as it presents itself, and strive to replace it by smiling and frivolous thoughts. In truth, is it not a folly like that of the senseless who would dance above a volcano opened under their feet to devour them?

The Proper of Fréjus and that of Nancy mark the feast of Saint Vincent of Lérins on 28 May.

Annales hagiologiques, Godescard, Lille edition; local notes furnished by M. l'abbé Guillaume, canon, almoner of the ducal chapel, at Nancy.

Saint Gérard or Gère, of Lunel (1298)

Gérard or Gère[1] *of Lunel, 1298*

> *Jam civitas Lunelium Laudem repende debitam, Novam tibi per Gerium Deus paravit gloriam.*
>
> *Lunel, praise worthily the Lord who gives thee a new glory by Gérard.*
>
> *— Prose of the Saint.*

Gérard was born at Lunel, a small town of the ancient diocese of Maguelonne, whose see was transferred to Montpellier in the year 1536 by Pope Paul III. This town is situated between Nîmes and Montpellier, at four leagues from the one and the other. The precise year of the birth of Gérard is unknown; nevertheless it is concluded from certain facts which have some relation to our Saint that he must have been born about the year 1274 or 1275. He was the son of Gérard Amicy, lord of Castelnaud, of the house of Sabran, one of the most ancient of Languedoc, and who enjoyed the first dignities at the court of the counts of Toulouse;[2] his mother, Thérèse Raymond, was the daughter of Raymond Gausselin, baron of Lunel. One sees in the *History of Languedoc* how illustrious and pious these two families were.[3] Gérard had a brother called Effrenaud, of whom we shall have occasion to speak, because he was his faithful companion in the practice of Christian virtues and in his penance. Piously brought up, Gérard took, from the age of five years, the habit of penance in the Confraternity of Saint Francis, recently founded at Lunel. He did not remain long in this town. Gérard, his father, ceded the half of the barony of Lunel, inheritance of his mother, to Philip the Fair, king of France, in order to place at the disposal of this prince the neighbouring port of Aigues-Mortes for the expedition which he meditated making beyond the seas and particularly to the Holy Places; and he withdrew with his two sons Gérard and Effrenaud to the county of Rochefort, on the Rhône, which the king had given him in exchange for the barony of Lunel. Soon the two pious young men made the vow of a pilgrimage to the threshold of the Apostles and to the crib of Our Lord. But they wished to prepare themselves for it by the exercise of the eremitical life. To this end, they quitted the paternal manor and went away to the Pont du Gard, where they established themselves in cells near one another and where they lived as hermits. The holy life that they led was soon known throughout the surrounding country. This was for them a motive to hasten their departure, because they dreaded the praises of men. They set out, then, for Rome with the settled design of continuing their pilgrimage as far as the Holy Land. Already, after having visited the tomb of the holy Apostles, they had set out to go to Ancona, where they were to embark. As they went on foot in the manner of pilgrims, fatigue caused Gérard a great headache; in spite of this he wished to continue; but the pain grew worse, and the two pilgrims were forced to halt at Colombaro, near Monte-Santo, in the diocese of Fermo, in a wretched cottage. Gérard died there alone, while his brother had gone out into the neighbourhood to seek help (1298). The peasants of the place knew his death miraculously, and they began to honour him as a Saint. Over his tomb a chapel was built which still subsists today. The cult of the Blessed Gérard became, from year to year, more famous, on account of the succour which his intercession procured for the peoples, principally for headaches. Benedict XIV approved this cult at Monte-Santo in 1742; Pius VI extended it to the whole diocese of Fermo. Nevertheless this cult was still unknown in France, when priests exiled in Italy for the faith, during the Revolution, discovered it and made it known. At length Charles-Thomas Thibaut,

bishop of Montpellier, introduced it into his diocese with the authorization of Pope Pius IX.

Ancient pictures which, according to the people of the art, are of about 1300, represent Saint Gérard aged from twenty to twenty-five years. Effrenaud continued his journey to Palestine: he died holily, on the return, in the island of Rhodes.

In Italy, Saint Gérard is invoked especially against epilepsy: for this purpose the sick are made to put on a habit of devotion of a light green colour. The sole existence of this habit of devotion and of the Confraternity, for which it was specially created in 1735, shows sufficiently what is the importance of the cult of Saint Gérard in the diocese of Fermo.

His Lordship the bishop of Fermo ceded to the parish of Lunel, in 1838, one of the only two bones of Saint Gérard that still exist: the bone ceded belonged to a canon of Monte-Santo who made use of it with success to bless epileptics. It would have been difficult to detach anything from the bone which remains in the collegiate church of Monte-Santo. The population would have opposed it, even at the price of a struggle with armed hand.

The first feast in honour of Saint Gérard was solemnized with great pomp in the diocese of Montpellier on 8 June 1837. On this occasion a medal was struck on which the Saint is represented at the Pont du Gard in the habit of a solitary, kneeling, in meditation; at his feet have been placed the emblems of his greatness, the escutcheon of Lunel, the arms of his family, the baron’s coronet, his sword, his spurs; there has also been represented the serpent which nourishes him miraculously at the Pont du Gard. The characteristic of the serpent requires an explanation: during his sojourn in one of the piers of the Pont du Gard, the Saint was surprised by a flood of the waters which lasted several days. He would have died of hunger if God had not sent him a loaf carried by an eel. To the eel might be added the she-bear which came to his aid in the midst of a thicket and made him find his way again. The thing took place between the moment of his landing in Italy and his arrival at Rome. — Proper of Montpellier and Life of the Saint, published in 1838.

Our Lady Help of Christians

It has often happened that the Christian people have experienced in an admirable manner the actual assistance of the Mother of God in triumphing over the enemies of religion. It is on account of a benefit of this kind that the most holy Pope Pius V, after the signal victory won by the Christians over the sultan of the Turks, at Lepanto, thanks to the intercession of the blessed Virgin, had this Queen of heaven invoked in the Litany of Loreto, among so many other titles, under the name of Help of Christians: *Auxilium christianorum.* But one of the most memorable traits of the assistance of Mary, and which must be ranked among the best attested miracles, is what happened to the sovereign pontiff Pius VII. This successor of Saint Peter, driven from the Apostolic See by the machinations and the arms of the impious, kept in a close prison, particularly during the five years and more that he passed detained at Savona, reduced to having no more any communication with the outside, and to the impotence of governing the Church of God, an unheard-of example in the annals of persecution, was suddenly re-established on the pontifical See when it was least thought of, amid universal applause, and so to say by the hands of the whole universe. This prodigy was renewed the following year, after a new tempest had obliged the Pope and the Sacred College to quit Rome, to withdraw to Genoa. The very visible assistance of God having suddenly calmed this storm, whose consequences might have been terrible, the Pontiff returned to the capital of the Christian world amid the felicitations which this new subject of rejoicing provoked among the populations. But Pius VII had not wished to return to Rome without having fulfilled a pious desire which his captivity had hindered him from satisfying before, and without having placed with his own hands a golden crown on the head of the signal image of the Virgin Mother of God, which is solemnly honoured at Savona under the name of Mother of Mercy. The same sovereign Pontiff, yielding to his most intimate convictions, attributed with reason this admirable succession of events to the powerful intercession of the holy Mother of God, whom he had himself

continually invoked, and whom he had caused to be prayed to by all the faithful of Jesus Christ: he instituted in perpetuity a solemn feast, in honour of this Virgin Mother, under the title of Our Lady Help of Christians, for the 24th of the month of May, anniversary day of his happy return to the city of Rome. He gave to this feast a proper office, approved, wishing by this to preserve the particular memory of so great a benefit, and to perpetuate the gratitude for it.

— Proper of Rome.

Supplement — 24th Day of May: Saint Generosus, Martyr

At Paris, in the mother-house of the Catholic Workmen's Circles, feast of the translation of Saint Generosus, martyr.

History teaches us nothing of his life. It is known only that his body was discovered in 1846, on the 22nd of April, in the cemetery of Saint-Hermes, accompanied by all the characters which, according to the judgment of the Church, verify martyrdom and denounce holiness. According to the study which the learned have made of the inscriptions of the cemetery of Saint-Hermes, the death of Generosus would be placed between the eighth and the tenth persecution.

Pius IX granted this holy body to the Catholic Workmen's Circle of the boulevard Montparnasse; solemn feasts took place to this effect on the 24th of May 1874.

Univers of the 25th–26th of May 1874.

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[1] He was the son of an illustrious personage of Jerusalem, named Manahen, like himself, who had been substitute of the famous Hillel, chief of the Sanhedrin, and who had afterwards quitted this high dignity to attach himself to the service of Herod the Great, father of Antipas. The young Manahen could therefore hope for a great fortune, a brilliant position in the world. He preferred poverty and the cross of Jesus. Cf. Acts of the Apostles, xiii; Dr. Sepp, *Life of Jesus*.

[2] Saint Joanna was one of the holy women who followed Jesus, during his mortal life, assisted him with their goods, were present at his death on Calvary, took part in his burial, and to whom Jesus appeared on a road, permitting them to kiss his feet.

[3] This Saint was the wife of Italicus, governor of Brescia, who condemned to death the saints Faustin and Jovite. See the Acts of the latter.

[4] In Egypt, reign of Antoninus.

[5] The Blessed John of Prado was born at León, in Spain. It was the Propaganda which sent him to Fez and to Morocco. Benedict XIII beatified him in 1728.

[6] Patrice was born at Bayeux, of parents as religious as they were noble, and was the fifth bishop of his native town. He distinguished himself from his childhood by his piety and his contempt for the world. When had deprived him of his parents, resolved to give himself wholly to God, he enrolled in the sacred militia and gave all his goods, part to the Church, part to the poor. It is even said, according to a tradition as constant as it is ancient, that he built a church on the site of the house of his fathers. All his fair and holy works caused him to be chosen to succeed Saint Loup in the episcopal see of Bayeux. It is believed that he died at Lisieux: this city, in fact, formerly glorified itself in possessing his relics. — Proper of Bayeux.

[7] Out of the ruins of Atella, situated between Naples and Capua, the modern city of Aversa was formed. Now, at three or four miles from Italy, about a league, is found the borough of Sant'Arpino, whose name is only the altered translation of the name of Saint Elpidius, formerly bishop of Atella. This borough was founded at the time of the burning of Atella, in the time of Pope Siricius and of the emperor Arcadius. There was gathered, in a church dedicated to Saint Elpidius, a part of the relics of the holy Bishop: the rest was carried to Salerno, where his office is also said. Recourse was had to the intervention of Saint Elpidius, especially for the deliverance of the possessed: this intervention had shown itself so efficacious, and so many times, that the possessed, on the approach of the places inhabited by the Saint, took to flight with all their strength. — *Acta Sanctorum*.

[8] Saint Vincent, bishop of Foligno, was a native of Laodicea, in Syria: he was one of the three hundred Orientals whom the zeal of the apostolate and the desire to visit the Holy Places of Rome brought into Italy about the year 516, and whom Pope Hormisdas sent to preach in Umbria, among the Sabines, the Etruscans, etc.

[9] There have been three holy Simeons, stylites: the Elder, whose Life we gave on 5 January; the Younger, whom the Greeks honour today and whom Baronius carries back to 3 September, "one does not know for what reason", say the Bollandists and, after them, Baillet; a third, of whom only the name is known, mentioned in the *Acta Sanctorum* on 27 July.

[10] Psalm cxxxvi, 1 and 2.

[11] *Sacerdotis abgentia fugitiva.* (*Acta SS. Don. et Rog.*) The words mean: the absence of the priest, a fugitive.

[12] It is believed that this was Rictius Varus, commonly named Rictiovarus, and famous for his cruelties against the Christians in Belgic Gaul.

[13] Letter of Hugh of Rouen to Albericus. D'Achery, *Guibert*, p. 690. [Printed "Ep. Hugonis Rotom. ad Albericum. D'Acheri, Guibert, p. 690."]

[14] *Mole parvum, sed virtute maximum.* [Latin as printed: small in bulk, but greatest in power.]

[15] *Commonitorium,*.

[16] *Videtur mihi minimo servorum Dei peregrino, quod res non mlnimae utilltatis, Domino adjuvante, futura sit, si ea qus fldeliter a sanctis Patribus accepi, litteris comprehendam, infirmitati certe propri» pernecessaria; quippe cum adsit In promptu onde imbecillitas mémorise me* assidua lectione reparetur. *The sense is given in the text above.*

[17] Girio, in Italy.

[18] Memoir of Guillaume Catel, *History of Languedoc*.

[19] *General History of Languedoc*, edition of 1730, vol. ii, iii.

25 May

Roman Martyrology

At Salerno, the decease of the Blessed Gregory VII, pope, intrepid and zealous defender of the liberty of the Church. 1085. — At Florence, Saint Mary Magdalen, virgin, Carmelite, illustrious by her fair life and by her holiness. Her feast is celebrated on 27 May. — At Rome, on the Nomentan Way, the Blessed Urban, pope and martyr, who, by his exhortations and his doctrine, brought several persons, among others Tiburce and Valérien, to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ and to suffer martyrdom for it. He himself, after having suffered much for the church of God during the persecution of the emperor Alexander Severus, had his head cut off and thus received the crown of martyrdom.[1] 230. — At Dorostore, in Moesia (Bulgaria), the feast of the holy martyrs Pasicrates, Valention, and two others, crowned together. — At Milan, Saint Denis, bishop, who was banished to Cappadocia for the Catholic faith by the Arian emperor Constantius, and there rendered his soul to God by a death which approaches martyrdom. His holy body was sent, by the bishop Aurelius, to Milan, to the Blessed Ambrose, bishop. It is held that Saint Basil the Great also contributed to this translation.[2] About 328. — At Rome, Saint Boniface IV, pope, who dedicated the Pantheon in honour of Saint Mary of the Martyrs. 615. — At Florence, the feast of Saint Zenobius, bishop of that city, illustrious by the holiness of his life and by the glory of his miracles, 5th century. — In England, Saint Adelm, or Aldhelm,[3] bishop of Sherburn. 709. — In the territory of Troyes, Saint Léon or Lyé, confessor. About 550. — At Assisi, in Umbria, the translation of Saint Francis, confessor, in the time of Pope Gregory IX. 1230. — At Veroli, in the Latin country, the translation of Saint Mary, mother of Saint James, whose body works miracles.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Acquigny, on the Eure, in the diocese of Évreux, the holy martyrs Maxime or Mauxe, bishop, and Venérand, deacon, who, having come from Italy to bring into this country the light of the Gospel, happily found there the palm of martyrdom. — At Saint-Omer, in the abbey of Saint-Bertin, the holy martyrs Volcade and Vinchaud, priests; Gervar and Regenar, deacons, massacred for the faith by the infidel Danes. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Injurieux, one of the most illustrious senators of that city, who kept the holy continence of virgins with his wife, named Scolastique, whom he had also as companion of his death, of his sepulchre and of his entrance into heaven. They are commonly called the two lovers. About 388. — At Faverney, in the county of Burgundy, the miracle of the holy host, which remained suspended in the air in its ciborium for the space of thirty-three hours. 1608. (We shall speak of it at length on 30 October.) — At Algiers, feast of Saint Camion, bishop and confessor. 5th century. — In the territory of Arles, the feast of the holy women Mary Jacobé and Mary Salomé.[4] — In the island of the

Camargue (Bouches-du-Rhône), in the diocese of Aix, pèlerin[age] to Our Lady of the Sea or of the holy Maries. This venerated sanctuary is visited on this day by more than ten thousand pilgrims.[5]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Locri, in Magna Graecia, Saint Jéjune, monk of the Order of Saint Basil.

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, Camaldolese and Vallombrosa. — Saint Gregory VII, Saint Boniface, Saint Gennadius, bishop of the Asturias, who abdicated the episcopate and returned to his monastery, and went out of this life laden with good works.

Martyrologies of the Dominicans and Carmelites. — Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Assisi, the translation of the seraphic Saint Francis.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Bieda, the ancient Blera, in suburban Tuscany,[6] Saint Vincent and the holy Sentienne, Sanctie and Julienne, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — Again at Bieda, Saint Senzio,[7] priest, who evangelized this city and the surrounding country in the fifth century: he is the patron of this city, and is also honoured at Spoleto, where some of his relics were transported. — In Africa, the saints Flavien or Fabien, and Septime, martyrs. Year 259. — In Spain, Saint Gennadius, Benedictine religious, abbot of San Pedro de Montes, and afterwards bishop of Astorga. About 925. — In the East, Saint John Psichaïte, who suffered for the cult of the holy images. — At Florence, the Blessed Clarito, keeper of the tomb of Saint Zenobius, who consecrated his goods to opening pious retreats for virgins; these religious embraced the Rule of Saint Augustine, and took through gratitude the name of their founder, and were called the Clarites. 1348. — At Monte-Sancto, in ancient Picenum, Saint Géri, confessor, patron of the place.[8] — At Faenza, in Romagna, the Blessed Jacques-Philippe, of the Order of the Servites of Saint Mary. Year 1483.[9]

Of two things one: either the pontificate of Saint Urban I will be carried back to the reign of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, in the neighbourhood of the year 177, or his place will be preserved to him in the succession of the Pontiffs generally adopted, between the years 222 and 230. In the first hypothesis, the Saint Urban of whom there is question in the Acts of Saint Cecilia might be the Pope, first of that name; but according to the best documents, he occupied the chair of Saint Peter from 222 to 230, and not under the reign of Marcus Aurelius. In the second hypothesis, it could not be he. It is this last proposition that M. Rossi has undertaken to demonstrate in an indirect manner, by proving, in the course of his second volume, that Saint Cecilia was martyred about the year 177 and not about the year 230, in the second and not in the third century. We shall return, on 22 November, to this question of the date of the martyrdom of Saint Cecilia, and consequently of the distinction of the two Urbans. There, after having given the text of the Acts, it will be easier for us to make it felt how little this text agrees with the reign of Alexander Severus and the pontificate of Saint Urban I, pope.

The Roman martyrology adds that Saint Urban died a martyr; but nothing is less certain. It cannot be repeated too often, the Church was not persecuted under Alexander Severus. Admitting that some provincial proconsuls, placed far from the eyes of the master, could, in the shadow of the ancient edicts, permit themselves acts of arbitrariness, sacrifice some victims, it is difficult to admit that the prefect of Rome could, under the eyes of the emperor himself and of his mother who was a Christian, send to the torture the very head of the Christians, citizens as distinguished as Tiburce, Valérien and Cecilia, give himself up, in a word, with impunity to the butchery which the acts of Saint Cecilia and of Saint Urban describe (of him who is passed off as the pope, first of the name). If, on the other hand, we admit that the Saint Urban of the Acts of Saint Cecilia is not the Pope of that name, the Acts which are given as being those of the martyrdom of Saint Urban cannot apply to him; the prefect of Rome who put Saint Cecilia to death, Almachius, being the same as the one named in the Acts of Saint Urban. The *Liber Pontificalis* speaks of his confession and not of his martyrdom. The ancient documents on Pope Urban are far from agreeing. For a long time the learned have remarked that traces of equivocation appear in the writings which treat of this Pontiff. Instead of the solemn

distinction which the martyrologies and liturgical books ordinarily make between confessors and martyrs, one perceives here a mixture of denominations very little in conformity with ancient customs: sometimes Urban I is decorated with the title of martyr, and sometimes, to the exclusion of this title, he is officially called confessor. This important observation has sufficed to make several learned men suspect that a confusion of persons, of very ancient origin, had been wrought, and that a sound criticism should divide the individuality at first reputed simple of Urban, and distinguish two personages: a martyr and a confessor. The famous Bollandist Du Sollier, after a severe examination, inclines also toward this opinion. But the works of M. de Rossi have put into our hands elements of judgment altogether new. Thanks to the very extraordinary restitution made by him of an important Inscription, thanks to the sagacious examination of divers martyrological and epigraphic manuscripts, the question has made a great step. It is positive now that in the fifth century two Saints of the name of Urban were venerated on the Appian Way. One of them, whom people believed to be the Pope, and the only one of whom ordinarily mention is made, was visited by pilgrims in the cemetery of Praetextatus; another, certainly a bishop also, rested in the cemetery of Callistus. This last fact was unknown, but it is not only established by written documents of incontestable authority: it has received from monumental discoveries a brilliant demonstration. In effect, among the debris of sepulchral inscriptions found in the papal crypt of the third century, a fragment of epitaph offers us the following letters: ΟΥΡΒΑΝΟΣ, and gives thus to the existence of the two Urbans a material confirmation. — Cf. Rossi, *op. cit.*; Baillet; the *Acta*.

Saint Zenobius, Bishop of Florence

407. — Pope: Innocent I. — Emperor of the West: Honorius.[1]

According to the author of the *Italia Sacra*, Zenobius was sprung from the very illustrious family of the Hieronymi, which long subsisted at Florence. His education answering to his birth, he passed his childhood and youth in great purity of body and mind. He had no share in the corruption of his age and of his country, and, although he was delicately nourished, according to his condition, he remained nevertheless so perfectly master of his senses and of his flesh that he never loosed the bridle to them to satisfy themselves in their disordered appetites. He was so wise and so reserved that he was never seen to laugh immoderately. His occupation, when age permitted, was to study the belles-lettres, and he became so skilled in grammar, poetry, dialectic and the art of eloquence that he passed for the most accomplished young man in Florence; he doubtless owed this reputation also to his gentleness, his good grace, his honest and agreeable manners, and his natural bent to every kind of good.

When he was eighteen years old, he placed himself in the rank of the catechumens; this was not disagreeable to his parents, who were also in that rank; but when he had himself baptized, at the age of twenty, by the bishop Saint Theodore, they felt much grief at it, fearing that this new state might bring him to a life too reformed. They complained of it to the bishop as of a thing contrary to custom and to paternal authority. But Zenobius answered them himself so well, above all by his humble and submissive conduct, that he made them approve what he had done, and even persuaded them also to be baptized, without waiting for the extremity of life, whose hour and moment are uncertain. Moreover, they permitted him to renounce the world, where such fair hopes awaited him, and to enter the clergy. At the end of some years, he received the diaconate; then, the archdeacon of Florence being dead, the bishop obliged Zenobius to accept that charge. He was thirty-two years old. The Church, in that time, was extremely tormented by the Arians. Saint Hilary had been driven from Poitiers and banished to the East. Saint Athanasius was persecuted in all the places of the world, and except the tombs and the caverns, there was not a single place on earth where he could be in safety. The prelates assembled in 359, at the council of Antioch and of Rimini, had almost all been forced to subscribe to professions of faith either heretical or captious; in a word, said Saint Jerome, the whole world was astonished to see itself become Arian. Our admirable archdeacon, touched by so many evils, mounted

the pulpit courageously, and, arming himself with an intrepid zeal for the defence of truth, he refuted Arianism, established the consubstantiality of the Word and the divinity of Jesus Christ, maintained the authority of the council of Nicaea, and strengthened by this means the Catholics, and converted many heretics.

He showed no less courage when Julian the Apostate, having attained the empire in 361, wished to destroy Christianity and re-establish the worship of false gods. He knew that in opposing the designs of this emperor he risked being ill-treated, exiled, or even put to death, like Saint John, Saint Paul, Saint Gallican and many others. This consideration was far from stopping him; he publicly branded the impiety and the apostasy of Julian, and was one of the firmest supports of the Church. His reputation made him known to Saint Ambrose, raised to the chair of Milan in 374. This prelate wished to see our Saint and to form friendship with him. Having gone to Rome in 380, he made his eulogy to Pope Saint Damasus, who summoned him to Rome and kept him near him. Zenobius was sent to Constantinople, as legate of the Holy See, to repress the heresies there and strengthen the orthodox. His mission was crowned with success, thanks to his learning and his miracles; for he publicly delivered two persons possessed and cruelly tormented by the demon. Scarcely had he returned to Rome when Saint Theodore, bishop of Florence, being dead, and the Florentines being unable to agree on the election of his successor, the Pope charged our Saint to pacify minds. God made use of this means to raise him to that chair: scarcely had he arrived when the votes became unanimous: Zenobius was elected bishop of Florence. He fled at once from the city and went to tell the Pope that he had not been able to obtain from the Florentines that they should make a good choice. But the deputies of Florence having arrived immediately after, informed the Pope of all that had passed, and made great instances that he should give them this holy deacon for bishop. The Pope, separating with regret from so good a counsellor, obliged him to accept this charge, consecrated him with his own hands, and sent him with his blessing to govern that Church. One cannot tell the joy and the magnificence with which he was received: the feast lasted several days; but it was the more brilliant in that it did not consist in banquets and dances, but in sacred canticles and continual thanksgivings to God. The Saint answered perfectly to the joy of his people; his humility became only the deeper; and the more his dignity raised him above others, the more he abased himself in the consideration of his nothingness and his miseries. The tenderness he had for all his diocesans was so great that there was no afflicted person who did not gladly have recourse to him. He protected those whom he saw in oppression, and made no difficulty of opposing for this the violence of the great and the injustice of the secular power, although he did it only with all the prudence and moderation that could be desired in a man not at all passionate. All that he had of goods belonged to the poor; he distributed his patrimony to them, except one estate which he applied to the foundation of a fine monastery.

As he knew that retreat is the more necessary to prelates the more they are distracted by affairs, he withdrew often with Saint Eugene and Saint Crescentius, two of his ecclesiastics, outside the city, to a little chapel of Saint Lawrence, called the Ambrosian, because Saint Ambrose had dedicated it. It was there that he shook off, so to say, what dust he might have gathered in his relations with the world; that he regained strength for the government of his diocese, and that he enjoyed in rest the sweetnesses of contemplation.

God rendered him illustrious by several miracles. The resurrection of five dead persons is reported, among others. The first was the son of a Gaulish lady who, passing through Florence on her way to make her devotions at Rome, had left him there ill under the protection of the Saint, hoping to take him again on her return; but when she came back, she found him dead for an hour. As he was an only son, she felt an extreme affliction at it, and ceased not to adjure Saint Zenobius to raise him; she told him that she had left him to him alive, and that he ought to give him back to her alive: which he did by his prayer and by the sign of the cross. The second was a young man whose funeral procession our Saint met while going to visit the suburbs of Florence. The relatives of the deceased told him that, having raised a stranger, it was quite reasonable that he should do the same grace to one of his own flock; he let himself be touched, and, after having raised his eyes

and hands to heaven, he restored life to the dead man and sent him home. The third was a man named Simplicius, by whom Saint Ambrose was sending him relics of the holy martyrs Vitalis, Agricola, Nazarius, Celsus, Gervasius and Protasius: this envoy having fallen with his horse into a precipice, had broken his whole body there; but the Saint restored him so perfectly that there did not even appear on him any mark of his wounds. The fourth was a child of noble family, who had been crushed under the wheels of a cart, while playing before the door of the cathedral of Saint Saviour. Saint Eugene and Saint Crescentius presented him to him in this state; he joined his prayers to theirs, and obtained the resurrection and perfect cure of this child. Finally, the last was the father of the same Saint Eugene, who had died without sacraments and in a state of mortal sin. The Saint, seeing the affliction of his deacon, himself ill, ordered him to rise and go and cast holy water on the body of the dead man; he rose as if he had not been ill, and the aspersion of holy water that he made on this unfortunate was so efficacious that it gave him back life and the power to do penance.

Saint Zenobius also cured a blind man, and made him embrace Christianity with his mother and sister. His power over the demons was no less than over diseases and over death. A pagan widow had, by her imprecations, drawn demons into the bodies of her two sons, who had treated her with indignity; these demons tormented them so cruelly that they tore themselves with nails and teeth; the Saint was prayed to have compassion on them and to deliver them from so great a misfortune. He promised to do so, provided the mother bound herself, for herself and for them, to quit paganism and receive baptism. She promised it, and, after a prayer of two hours, he drove the demons out of the bodies of these unfortunates with so much authority that they dared no more approach them. This lady and her children fulfilled their promise and became Christians with all their family.

After the death of Saint Ambrose, Saint Zenobius often saw him, all resplendent with glory, praying at the altar of his cathedral: a testimony to the beatitude of the one and the holiness of the other. At last, after he had sent before him into heaven his two admirable disciples, Eugene and Crescentius, of whom the first died two years before the second, the end of his day and the blessed term of his wages arrived. An illness, joined to age (he was eighty years old), made him know its approach. He gave notice of it to his clergy, to be assisted by their prayers; but the report of it having spread through the whole city, the people came in crowds to his house to have the happiness of seeing him once more and of receiving his blessing; he gave it to all, and at the same time quite paternal counsels; he recommended to them above all to love sobriety and prayer, to have no communication with heretics, to hold to the doctrine of the holy Fathers and to the tradition of the Church which he had taught them, to make no schism among themselves over the election of his successor: but to choose a man of God who could maintain them in faith and piety. He assured them also that he would assist them in heaven as much as on earth; and, having had the sign of the cross made upon his members by the bishops, he rendered to God his fair soul, all laden with merits, on 25 May of the year 407, according to the reckoning of the learned Ughelli. His body was, according to his orders, carried with great solemnity to the chapel of Saint Lawrence, so often watered with his tears; but the following year it was transferred to the cathedral, dedicated under the name of Saint Saviour, by Andrew, his successor.

Two great marvels occurred at this translation. The coffin having touched, in passing, an elm which was dead and dried up with age, made it grow green again and bear leaves and flowers at the very hour. It was afterwards so cut up by the devotion of the people that it was necessary to put in its place a column of marble, with an inscription in memory of this miracle. The same coffin remained motionless at the entrance of the church, unable to advance, until the bishop Andrew had promised to found twelve chaplains to sing perpetually the praises of God in the chapel where the Saint should be buried. He was buried in the same place as his blessed disciples Eugene and Crescentius; and God has wrought there, in honour of his servant, an infinity of prodigies and miracles. In the course of time, he was raised from the earth and placed above the high altar. His head is in a silver reliquary, which is exposed to the veneration of the peoples; he is invoked especially against headaches.

The tree that grows green at the passage of his relics; — the child of Florence crushed by a car, and the son of the Gaulish lady, whom he raises, both publicly, on his knees in the public square: these are the principal facts which serve to characterize Saint Zenobius in the arts. We have related these facts.

We have drawn this Life from that which was composed by John Tortel, archpriest of Arezzo, about 1433. Many faults have slipped into it, and even contradictions, as to chronology; but we have re-established it on the other authors. Ughelli has given one in the third volume of his *Italia Sacra*.

Even with a robust faith, more than one reader will perhaps surprise himself smiling in incredulity on seeing so often the relics and shrines of the Saints remain immovable, in spite of the efforts of the bearers. Our intention is not to impose a blind belief and to plead in favour of this or that of these facts in particular, but simply to refer to the history of the translation of Saint Philomena, the wonder-worker of our epoch: it will be seen there that in the full nineteenth century there was wrought several times, in the presence of thousands of witnesses, this miracle of immobility, so dear to the chroniclers of the Middle Ages.

Saint Gregory VII, Pope

1073–1085. — King of France: Philip I; Emperor of Germany: Henry IV.

Remove far from you all prevarication; make unto yourselves a new heart and a new spirit. — Ezech., xviii, 31.

Our Lord has promised to watch over his Church; when it is thought that she is about to fall, he does not permit her even to lean, to the ages of ages; he has fixed her on an immutable base, on Saint Peter and his successors, and this rock is immutable because it holds to the eternal rock of the divinity. We are going to have a brilliant testimony of this truth in the life of Saint Gregory VII. Everything, in the eleventh century, seemed to conspire to shake the edifice of the Church to its very foundations: the emperors of Germany, by a violence more fatal than that of the persecutors of the first centuries, pretended to elect the successors of Saint Peter, the vicars of Jesus Christ. They sold ecclesiastical dignities at auction, or gave them to unworthy favourites. Other Christian princes followed these sad examples; a great number of bishops had bought their bishoprics, forgetting the example of Our Lord who, although Son of God, arrogated to himself no other mission than that which he held from his Father; they enriched themselves with the wool of the flock without care to lead it into the pastures of the Lord; instead of keeping from it the contagion of evil manners, they gave it to it themselves. Our Saint was chosen in the decrees of Providence to apply the remedy to so great an evil.

He was called Hildebrand; according to Bruno, bishop of Segni, and Hugh of Flavigny, two contemporary authors, he was born in the capital of the Christian world of a family which has been believed to be that of the Aldobrandini, because of the resemblance of the name; others say he was the son of a carpenter of Soano, in Tuscany: this last opinion is the most probable. Popular art has taken pleasure in representing him still a child in his father's workshop, tracing with shavings and sawdust these words which were the presage of his future greatness: *Dominabitur a mari usque ad mare* — "He shall rule from sea to sea."[1] He was brought up, in his childhood, by his maternal uncle, abbot of the monastery of Saint Mary, on the Aventine hill. He had afterwards as master in the sciences Laurence, archbishop of Amalfi, a man of holy life and very learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, then the archpriest John Gratian, who was Pope under the name of Gregory VI. The latter, having abdicated the sovereign Pontificate, begged our Saint to accompany him to Germany; they visited afterwards together the monastery of Cluny, then one of the most famous in the world, where Hildebrand, charmed by the holiness of Saint Hugh and of Saint Odilo, embraced the monastic life. He was, for the community, during seven years, a model of regularity and fervour; he even became prior, and his reputation going out beyond the enclosure of the monastery, he passed some time at the court of Henry III; this prince said that he had never heard anyone preach the word of God with so much assurance; the best bishops admired his discourses. He of Toul, who had just been elected Pope in the diet of Worms, on the

proposal of the emperor Henry III, invited our Saint to accompany him to Rome; he refused at first, blaming the bishop of Toul for having accepted from the emperor, his relative, a dignity which he ought to hold only from the clergy and people of Rome; but, seeing him ready to return to his bishopric, he admired his humble and submissive dispositions, and engaged him to continue his road on condition that, on his arrival at Rome, he should have his election ratified; he followed him thither (1049) and became, from that time, the inseparable companion, the right arm and the soul of all the undertakings of this holy Pope, who reigned so gloriously in the Church under the name of Leo IX. Promoted cardinal sub-deacon of the Roman Church and named superior of the monastery of Saint Paul, Hildebrand made disappear the abuses which had been introduced into the community, restored to vigour the observance of the Rule, and knew how to make of his religious the worthy brethren of those of Cluny. There was already such a confidence in his lights and his virtue that, after the death of Leo IX, the clergy and people of Rome sent him at the head of an embassy to the emperor, with full power to elect a sovereign Pontiff. He chose Gebhard, bishop of Eichstätt, relative of the emperor, he chose him in spite of the emperor and in spite of the bishop himself, who took the name of Victor II, whether God had enlightened him on this choice, or whether he had of himself recognized the pilot who suited the bark of Saint Peter for these times of tempests. This new Pontiff, pursuing the irreconcilable war which his predecessor had declared on simony,[2] gave, so to say, the mission to Hildebrand. As the enemy which had to be conquered had invaded above all Burgundy and Italy, our Saint held a council at Lyons, to depose there the bishops convicted of having bought their sees: the bishop of the place was himself guilty of this crime; the legate, having had him appear, presses him to acknowledge his fault humbly; the culprit, seeing himself in his own city and supported by the count of the country, answers only with contempt; but he perceives soon that it is seriously intended to judge him according to the rigour of the canons; then he boldly denies what he is accused of: the affair is put off till the morrow; our simoniac, who is not ignorant that he has to do with an inflexible severity, thinks to escape it by corrupting, during the night, for money, both the accusers and the witnesses. When his batteries are thus set up, he presents himself at the council and asks proudly: “Where are my accusers? let him appear who wishes to condemn me!” All keep silence. Our Saint, heaving a deep sigh and having consulted with the Fathers of the council, says to him: “Do you believe that the Holy Spirit, whose gift you are accused of having bought, is of the same substance as the Father and the Son?” The bishop answered: “I believe it.” — “Say then,” continues the legate, “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.” The simoniac, the hypocrite, begins, but he can never name the Holy Spirit, although he tries up to three times. He throws himself then at the feet of his judge, convinced by the miracle, touched by grace; he avows his crime, he is deposed, and immediately he finishes without trouble the *Gloria Patri*.[3]

Stephen IX, who succeeded Victor II on the chair of Saint Peter, had no less confidence in our Saint; as he had sent him to Germany, on affairs of State, he ordered very expressly the bishops, the clergy and the Roman people, assembled in the church, that, if he should come to die, the Holy See should be left vacant until the return of Hildebrand, to dispose of it only by his counsel. This Pontiff died in fact a short time after, and the return of the holy ambassador was awaited, although the factious had made an antipope in the interval. He chose Gerard, bishop of Florence, who took the name of Nicholas II and lived under the tiara only until 1061. His successor, Alexander II, laboured like his predecessors, with our Saint, to free the Church from the temporal power, to make discipline flourish and to heal the hideous wound of which we have already spoken: “simony.” At his death, a successor was elected for him on the spot; here is the decree of this election:

“Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning, in the year of the merciful Incarnation 1053, indiction and Moon the eleventh, on the tenth of the calends of May, the second series, the day of the burial of the lord Alexander II, pope, of happy memory, in order that the apostolic chair be not long in mourning, deprived of a capable pastor, we cardinals, clerics, acolytes, sub-deacons, deacons, priests of the holy Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church, assembled in the basilica of Saint Peter in Chains, with the consent of the venerable

bishops, abbots, parish priests and monks here present, amid the acclamations of a considerable crowd of both sexes and of divers ranks, we elect for ourselves as pastor and sovereign Pontiff the religious man versed in both sciences, accomplished lover of equity and justice, intrepid in adversity, moderate in prosperity, and, according to the word of the Apostle, adorned with good morals, modest, sober, chaste, hospitable, governing well his house, raised and instructed in a distinguished manner, from his earliest childhood in the bosom of this mother Church, and for his merit promoted up to this day to the honour of the archdiaconate; in a word, the archdeacon Hildebrand, whom we wish and approve to be for ever, under the name of Gregory, pope and apostolic, etc."

Before and after this decree, the clergy and people cried in the church: "Saint Peter has elected the archdeacon Hildebrand! Saint Peter has elected the pope Gregory!"

As soon as our Saint had become the father of all the faithful, he watched over all with a paternal care; no corner of the earth escaped his regard, his love, his government as severe as just; he consecrated his whole life to executing the plan of his predecessors, which was to bring kings, princes, bishops and priests to the practice of their duty for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls confided to their zeal. The greater part of these sons, of these beloved brethren, asked, or at least received with docility, the counsels which Our Lord gave them by the mouth of his vicar.

We shall cite only a few examples of these friendly relations, to give an idea of what the Christian family was at that period: the holy king Canute, of Denmark, having asked counsels of our Saint, received from him the following letter:

"We congratulate with sincere charity your dilection, that, being placed at the extremities of the earth, you nevertheless seek with zeal all that concerns the honour of the Christian religion, and that, recognizing the Roman Church for your mother and for that of all the world, you claim her instructions and her counsels. We wish and we recommend to you that your devotion persevere in this eagerness and these desires, that it grow in them with divine grace, that it never relax from this good design, but that each day it make itself capable of something better, as becomes a wise man and the constancy of a king; for your excellence ought to consider that, the higher it is raised and the more it dominates above the great number, the more it can, by its example, either incline its subjects to evil, which God forbid, or bring back to good even cowards; your prudence ought to consider further the joys of this temporal life, how frail they are, how fugitive, and, even could one hope for the longest life, how liable they are to be troubled by unforeseen adversities. You must therefore apply yourself above all to direct your steps and your intentions toward the things which do not pass and which do not abandon him who possesses them. We should be very glad if a prudent man among your clerics would come to us, to make known to us the manners of your nation and to carry back to you with more intelligence the instructions and mandates of the Apostolic See."[4]

Poor Norway, which finds itself today in darkness and in ices more fatal to the soul than those which bodies dread, knew well then, in spite of the distance, how to draw near to the hearth of light and heat, and the holy Pope was far from forgetting this distant flock; he wrote to king Olaf:

"Seated on the apostolic chair, we are the more obliged to take care of you in that, being at the extremity of the earth, you have less convenience of being instructed and strengthened in the Christian religion. Wherefore we desire, if we could, to send you some of our brethren; but as it is very difficult, as much on account of the distance as of the difference of tongues, we pray you, as we have commanded the king of Denmark, to send to the apostolic court young men of the nobility of your country, so that, being instructed in the law of God, under the protection of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, they may carry back to you the orders of the Holy See, and usefully cultivate religion among you. For the rest, think always of the hope of your vocation, and be attentive to what the Lord says in the Gospel: They shall come from the East and from the West, and shall sit down to the feast with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; delay not,

run, make haste. You are of the last confines; but if you run, if you make haste, you will be associated in the kingdom with the first ancestors. Let your course be faith, charity and desire! your career, to meditate how frail is the glory of this world, and to convince yourself that it must be regarded with bitterness rather than with delight; the use of your power, to succour the oppressed, to defend widows, to avenge orphans, in short, not only to love justice, but also to uphold it with all your forces. It is by this way, with this treasure and these riches, that one arrives from the terrestrial kingdom to the heavenly; from passing joy to eternal joy, from fragile glory to the glory which remains for ever."

Our Saint ended almost all his letters in the same manner, recalling to the great the brevity of life and the eternal reward; but all were not equally docile to his lessons. Boleslaus II, king of Poland, in spite of the counsels of the Holy See, used his power only to satisfy his brutal passions; he ended by giving himself up, even in public, to the most infamous debaucheries: he abandoned himself at the same time to acts of tyranny and injustice so horrible that his contemporaries and posterity have branded him with the name of the Cruel; the lords and the people groaned to see themselves the prey of such a monster; Saint Stanislaus, bishop of Cracow, made him up to three times useless remonstrances; at last, after a fourth, he had the courage to excommunicate him. He thus merited and drew upon himself the crown of martyrdom, the object of his noble ambition. The ferocious Boleslaus, having sought in vain among the Poles an assassin of the holy Pontiff, employed the instrument most worthy of such a sacrilege: he cut the throat with his own hand of the august victim at the foot of the altars. On the news of this execrable crime, Pope Gregory VII, to avenge at once religion, morality and humanity, strikes with anathema the assassin king, deprives him of royalty, releases all his subjects from the oath of fidelity, and finally takes away the title of king from the sovereigns of Poland, who for a long time had only that of dukes.

The throne of France offered to the world, not the same cruelty, but the same scandals: Philip I, master of others at fourteen years, could hardly yet be master of himself: his conduct was that of a libertine rather than of a king; he put debaucheries in the first rank among the enjoyments of royalty, and, instead of wise counsellors, he had about him vile courtiers, flatterers eager to excite his passions, to serve them, and assured of an advancement the more rapid as their services were the more shameful; to pay the instruments and accomplices of his vices, he sold the bishoprics and abbeys; religion served, so to say, as food for passions which it ought to have extinguished. What would have become of the holy laws of morality in France, trampled underfoot by him in whose hands God had put the sword to defend them, if Gregory VII had not recalled, like his predecessors, that the whole universe is a family, that he was the father of it, and that he ought to reprove, correct, punish, exclude even from the circle of the family of the faithful, the guilty children, the more guilty as they are placed higher and obliged to give finer examples? He wrote several letters to the bishops to repress the scandals of the king, who often promised to amend, always failed in his promise, and who did not sincerely amend until under Pope Paschal II.

But the prince who afflicted the Church most by his disorders of all kinds was Henry IV, emperor of Germany; our holy Pontiff addressed remonstrances to him, above all on the shameful traffic he made of holy things: the hypocritical emperor, engaged against the Saxons in a war of which the issue was uncertain, answered by fair promises; but when he had triumphed over his enemies, he continued to protect the scandalous and simoniacal bishops, who were his creatures. Then our Saint, in spite of his firmness, seeing that he could not reform so great an evil, fell into a profound discouragement; his humility gave him the thought of abandoning to others the government of the Church; he wrote to Hugh, abbot of Cluny:

"I should like to be able to paint to you the torments that agitate me within, the daily labours that overwhelm me without. I have often conjured Jesus Christ to withdraw me from this miserable world, if it is not given me to serve with more success our common Mother. An inexpressible grief, a mortal sadness poison my life. I see the East separated from us by the instigation of the demon, and, when I turn my eyes toward the West, I find there scarcely a few bishops worthy of their title and who govern their flock according to the rules of the

Gospel. Among the princes of the earth, there is none to whom his own glory is not dearer than that of God, and who is not disposed to sacrifice justice to a sordid gain. If I consider myself, I feel that I succumb under the weight of my sins, and my only resource is in the immense mercy of Jesus Christ. If I had not the hope of repairing my past faults by a more Christian conduct, and if I did not believe I could still be useful to the Church, I take God to witness, nothing could retain me longer at Rome, where, for twenty years, I am forced to remain in spite of myself."

One sees by these words what zeal for the glory of God devoured the heart of Saint Gregory, and what was the purity of his intentions; no alloy altered the gold of his actions. Firmly resolved to fight even at the peril of his life for the laws of God and of his Church, he deposes the bishop of Bamberg, creature of the emperor, who publicly displayed the most dissolute manners, and who was accused of simony and concubinage; he convokes at Rome a Council for the re-establishment of discipline and for the reformation of the manners of the clergy; it is there that he issues the celebrated decree which forbids every layman, whatever be his power and dignity, to give the investiture[5] of ecclesiastical benefices, and he notifies this great resolution by briefs throughout Christendom. Henry IV, irritated by this blow, tries to parry it according to his usual manner; he hires assassins, who throw themselves upon our Saint at the moment when he is about to celebrate the Mass of Christmas; but the people, warned by this tumult, deliver their pastor, who celebrated without any trouble the holy sacrifice, offering himself for the Church with the divine Lamb. Nevertheless, this attempt, added to so many others, determines him to cite the emperor to Rome; he summons him to appear before the tribunal on which the whole universe depends, to give account of his conduct and to justify himself of the crimes imputed to him. And as the culprit puts the crown on his scandals, by assembling a pretended Council of bishops his accomplices, where all these criminal subjects pronounce the deposition of the Pope their head and their judge, our Saint, by the unanimous advice of the bishops who are found assembled at Rome, fulminates a bull of excommunication against Henry, and renews those which had already been launched against the greater part of the bishops of his party. Germany rises at once: the princes and peoples abandon this emperor hated for his crimes, despised for his conduct, and publicly excluded from the Christian family. The general diet, assembled at Trebur,[6] gave him a year to have his excommunication lifted, failing which it would declare him fallen from the empire (15 October 1076). Cruel when he was strong, his weapon, when he felt himself weak, was hypocrisy; he has recourse to it in this general abandonment, he comes into Italy, with penitence on his face, but not in his heart; he advances as far as the castle of Canossa, which belonged to the pious countess Matilda,[7] his relative, and where Saint Gregory awaited him; instead of a pitiless judge, whose eyes read through the mask of hypocrisy, he finds a father who wishes to believe in repentance so as not to lose the occasion of pardoning. After having waited three days, according to the ancient rules, to test his sincerity, in the first enclosure of the fortress, barefoot and with his body covered with a hair-shirt, he is admitted before the Pontiff, who gives him a firm and paternal reprimand and gives him absolution.[8]

He returned absolved, but not changed. As soon as he was in Germany, he made preparations for an expedition against Italy and in particular against the Pontiff, whom he had deceived by his fair promises; excommunicated a second time, deposed by the electors of the empire, he defeated Rudolf, duke of Swabia, who had been named to be emperor in his place, had pronounced anew, in a synod composed of his creatures, a deposition against Saint Gregory and had elected in his place Guibert, former chancellor of the empire, who, having become archbishop of Ravenna, had been excommunicated for having despoiled his Church; then he marched on Rome, to set by force upon the see of Saint Peter this antipope named Clement III. Our Saint, full of confidence in the justice of his cause, saw without fear the storm that was forming over his head; he awaited with resignation what Providence should ordain of him. All the sufferings of the Church, it is true, came to unite in him, who was its head; but those that were particular to him disquieted him little. While his enemy advanced by forced marches, he presided tranquilly over a synod at Rome and had wise ordinances drawn up on the most important points of ecclesiastical discipline. In the letters he wrote in this so critical circumstance, to the bishops and princes of Italy, one remarks a great love for the Church, the piety

of a Saint, a touching abnegation of himself and of his own interests. When it was proposed to him to employ the goods and revenues of the Holy See to procure troops for his defence, he rejected this proposal and answered that he did not wish to make such a use of its goods. The enemy of the Church appeared at last before Rome and made himself master of it after two years of siege, on the Thursday before Palm Sunday of 1084; he enthroned his antipope in Saint Peter's and had himself crowned by him on Easter day. Saint Gregory, who was blockaded in the castle of Sant'Angelo, was drawn out of it by Robert Guiscard, prince of Apulia, who had hastened to his succour; he withdrew first to Monte Cassino, then to Salerno. The decline of his forces and the weakening of his health made him feel that his end was approaching: then he thought no more but of appearing before the sovereign Judge. He protested, in the presence of the cardinals, that he had never had in view anything but the good of the Church, the reformation of the clergy and the re-establishment of morals among the faithful. He assembled them several times around him, recommending to them, with the liveliest instances, to choose for his successor only him whom they should believe before God the most capable of conducting the bark of Saint Peter in times so stormy; and, as he was begged to choose his successor himself, he designated the three men whom he judged the most capable of it: Desiderius, abbot of Monte Cassino, who succeeded him in fact; Odo, bishop of Ostia, who became pope under the name of Urban II and had the glory of accomplishing the great and holy thought of Gregory VII, for the deliverance of the tomb of Our Lord; and finally, the cardinal Hugh, archbishop of Lyons. Desiderius hoped to assist at his last moments; but the Saint predicted to him that he would not be there, and he was in fact obliged to return to his monastery, on account of an attack by the Normans.

Three days before his death, Saint Gregory lifted all the sentences of excommunication which he had launched, with the exception of those which fell upon Henry and upon Guibert; he preserved his presence of mind to the end; his last words were: *Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio*: — "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." He went to receive the crown due to his combats on 25 May 1085. His body was buried in the church of Saint Matthew, at Salerno, and several miracles were wrought at his tomb. He was inscribed in the Catalogue of the saints in 1580, by order of Gregory XIII, and Benedict XIII had his office placed in the Breviary.

We have relics of his mind no less precious than those of his sacred body: these are nine books of letters; we cannot refrain from citing that which he addressed to the princess Matilda in 1074; it will be seen that this powerful genius, who embraced at a glance all the kingdoms, who attacked at the same time and everywhere all disorders, even on the most formidable thrones, who appeared more unshakable than heaven and earth, had a tender piety, an ardent devotion to the holy Eucharist, a child's confidence toward the holy Virgin, in short a heart and an affectionate language; he reconciled qualities which seem incompatible, because he lived by that wisdom from on high, which reaches from one end to the other with strength and disposes all things with sweetness. Here is this letter: "Saint Ambrose expresses himself thus in the fourth book *On the Sacraments*: If we announce the death of the Lord, we announce the remission of sins. If every time that the blood of the Lord is shed, it is shed for the remission of sins, I ought always to receive it, that always my sins may be remitted to me. Sinning always, I ought always to take the remedy. In the fifth book *On the Sacraments*, the same Saint says again: If it is a daily bread, why do you take it after the year, as the Greeks are accustomed to do in the East? Receive it every day, that every day it may profit you: live in such a manner as to deserve to receive it every day."

Saint Gregory says likewise, in the fourth book of his *Dialogues*: "We ought, at least seeing it already past, to despise with all our soul the present age, to offer each day to God the sacrifice of our tears, to immolate to him each day the victim of his flesh and of his blood; for, what saves our soul from eternal perdition is this incomparable victim which renews for us, by the mystery, the death of the only Son. Although risen from the dead, he dies no more, and death has no more power over him, nevertheless, living immortally and incorruptibly in himself, he is immolated anew for us in the mystery of the sacred oblation; for his body is

there received, his flesh is there shared for the salvation of the people, his blood is there poured, no longer into the hand of the faithful, but into the mouth of the faithful. Let us think from this what this sacrifice is for us, which imitates without ceasing, for our absolution, the passion of the only Son. What faithful can doubt that at the moment of the immolation, at the voice of the priest, the heavens open; that the choirs of angels assist at this mystery of Jesus Christ; that what is lowest unites with what is highest, earthly things with heavenly, and that a certain unity is formed of things visible and invisible? Saint Chrysostom says in the same sense to the neophytes: See to what point Christ has united himself to his spouse; see with what food he nourishes you. He is himself our substantial food and our nourishment. As a mother, by a natural affection, hastens to nourish with her milk the child she has just brought into the world, so Christ nourishes without ceasing with his blood those whom he himself regenerates. The same Chrysostom writes to the monk Theodore: The mortal nature is something very casual; it falls quickly, but rises slowly; it falls easily, but does not raise itself as promptly. We ought therefore, O my daughter, to have recourse to this admirable Sacrament, and to desire this admirable remedy.

“I have wished, dearest daughter of Saint Peter, to write you these things in order to increase your faith and your confidence in receiving the body of the Lord; for such is the treasure, such are the presents, not gold nor precious stones, which, for the love of your father, namely the Sovereign of the heavens, your soul awaits from me, although you could, according to your merits, receive better ones from other Pontiffs. As to the Mother of the Lord, to whom principally I have recommended you, I recommend you and shall not cease to recommend you, until we have the happiness of seeing her as we desire; what shall I say to you of her whom heaven and earth cease not to praise, though they cannot praise her worthily? Hold this, however, beyond doubt: as much as she is higher, and better, and holier than any mother, so much is she more clement and sweeter toward converted sinners, men and women. Put thus in your will a term to sin, and, prostrate before her with a contrite and humbled heart, shed your tears. You will find her, I promise without any doubt, readier than a mother according to the flesh and more tender to love you.”

Saint Gregory VII is represented with a dove on his shoulder: everyone knows that the dove is the symbol of inspiration from on high. — Prostrate before an image of Our Lady, he weeps over the evils of the Church: the holy Virgin weeps also to show him what part she takes in his sorrows, and to encourage him in the generous struggle he maintains against the enemies of the good; — the great Pope of the eleventh century is specially honoured at Salerno and in Dalmatia: at Salerno, because he died there; in Dalmatia, because Gregory VII had conferred the title of king on Demetrius, duke of the Dalmatians and Croats. Saint Gregory gave also the name of king to Michael, prince of the Slavs, known more particularly under the name of Servians. This is seen by a letter in which the Pope sends word to him that he awaits his ambassadors to recognize in him the royal dignity, to give him a standard, and to hold him henceforth as a beloved son of Saint Peter, and to terminate a difference between the archbishop of Spalatro and that of Ragusa. The letter is of 9 January 1077. One sees by these examples, which are not the only ones, what was the constitution of Christendom in the eleventh century. The princes and peoples submitted, even temporally, to the Roman Church, to the vicar of Christ. Bossuet himself shows us, according to the historical monuments, how then the dukes, the counts, and even the kings vied with one another in submitting to the Holy See in order to find in its protection safety and peace. And he adds that in effect it was no mean assurance to have received royalty or the kingdom from the Apostolic See. The sovereigns found there notable advantages. The authority of the head of the Church protected them against the invasion of foreigners and against the revolt of their own subjects. Thus, in a letter to Vezelin, noble knight, Saint Gregory recalls to him the fidelity which he promised to the Apostolic See, and forbids him in consequence to make war on Demetrius whom the same See has constituted king in Dalmatia. A thing still more astonishing had been seen in 1075. The son of another Demetrius, king of the Russians, came to Rome and asked Pope Saint Gregory to hold from his hand the paternal kingdom. Hungary had been thus submitted to the Holy See by its first king and apostle. In the time of Saint Gregory VII, it had for king another saint, namely Saint Ladislaus, who was a model of

Christian, royal and military virtues. We have a letter of the holy Pope to the holy king, in which he congratulates him on his piety, his zeal and his devotion, and recommends to him some faithful or vassals of Saint Peter, who had been unjustly exiled, and whom this good king had succoured. Bohemia, on its side, had a sovereign who was not contemptible: this was Wratislaus II. He loved singularly Pope Alexander I, who repaid him in kind. But often the duke profited by it to make unusual requests, which the Pope granted him from affection, and not without some solicitude. Thus the prince begged him one day to send him a mitre, of which it appears he wished to make a ducal insignia of Bohemia in the great ceremonies. Such a request embarrassed somewhat the Pope and the cardinals; never had a mitre been granted to a lay person. Alexander, however, so much did he love this prince, sent it to him at Prague by his legate John, bishop of Tusculum. Saint Gregory VII, having mounted the chair of Saint Peter, confirmed these privileges of his predecessor, and had a like affection for the duke of Bohemia. Pope Gregory VII was calumniated during his life, he has been calumniated after his death; but the day of truth begins to shine, and, a thing astonishing, this justice comes to him from the Protestants. One of them, Voigt, has written a *Life of Gregory VII* from the original and authentic monuments. He examines Gregory VII both as to the aim he proposed to himself and as to the means employed to arrive at this aim. In both respects he finds him, not only exempt from blame, but worthy of praise. His great aim, his only aim, was to render the Church of God free and independent of men, and to subordinate politics to justice and morality. As to the means, he could take no others than those he took. Here is how the Protestant author sums up: “Gregory was Pope, he acted as such; and in this respect he is great and admirable. To bear a just judgment on his acts, one must consider his aim and his intentions, one must examine what was necessary in his time. Doubtless a generous indignation seizes the German when he sees his emperor humiliated at Canossa, or the Frenchman when he hears the severe lessons given to his king. But the historian who embraces the life of peoples from a general point of view rises above the narrow horizon of the German or the Frenchman, and finds quite just what was done, although others blame it. — It is difficult to give this Pope exaggerated praises, for he laid everywhere the foundations of a solid glory. But everyone ought to wish that justice be rendered to whom justice is due; that the stone be not cast at him who is innocent; that one respect and honour a man who laboured for his age by ways so great and so generous. Let him who feels guilty of having calumniated him re-enter his own conscience.” Such is how this Protestant author speaks of Pope Saint Gregory VII. May all Catholics profit by this lesson!

The Life of Saint Gregory was written by Paul of Bernried, and is found in the *Acta SS.*, May, vol. VI, with the notes of Father Papebroch. — This Pope, so great and so misunderstood, has been defended by the pen of Saint Anselm of Lucca, of Lambert of Aschaffenburg, of Paul Langius, of Marianus Scotus and of his continuators Dodechin and Stephen, bishop of Halberstadt; of Saint Anselm of Canterbury, of the priest Domnizo, in his *Life of the Countess Matilda*; of Leo of Ostia, *In chron. Casinensi*; of Bernald of Constance, of Onuphrius Panvinius, of the Dominican François d’Enghien, in his work: *Auctoritas Sedis apostolicae pro Gregorio Papa VII, vindicata adversus Natalem Alexandrum*, and of several authors. See Baronius, *Annal. eccles.*, century XI; Gretser, vol. ii, *Defensionis controversiarum cardinalis Bellarmini*; the dissertation of Muzzarelli, and above all the learned notes of the Bollandists. Following the example of Mgr. de Ram, from whom we have borrowed several excellent notes, to shelter ourselves from the reproach of prejudice and partiality, we have made it a duty to take as authorities, in our work, learned Protestants who have distinguished themselves by their historical researches, principally the professor John Voigt, *Hildebrand als Papst Gregorius der Siebente, und sein Zeitalter, aus den Quellen dargestellt*. Mgr. de Ram cites besides: Heeren, *Ueber die Folgen der Kreuzzüge für Europa*; Kühs, *Handbuch der Geschichte des Mittelalters*; Luden, *Allgemeine Geschichte der Völker und Staaten*; the work of a Catholic writer, Frederick von Kerz, entitled: *Ueber den Geist und die Folgen der Reformation*, Mainz, 1822.

> *Cedant equi phalerati, Cedant caeci rabulae, Cedant canes venatores Ac minorum fabulas Et accipitres rapaces Nec non aves garrulae.*

Ad haec Simonis leprosam Execrate haeresin, Sacerdotum simul atque Scelus adulterii, Laicorum dominatus Cedat ab ecclesiis.

Let the caparisoned horses yield, let the blind brawlers yield, let the hunting dogs yield, and the tales of the lesser men, and the rapacious hawks, and also the chattering birds. — Abominate, besides, the leprous heresy of Simon, together with the crime of adultery of priests; let the domination of laymen depart from the churches.

Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, Carmelite

1566–1607. — Popes: Pius V; Paul V. — Emperors of Germany: Maximilian II; Rudolf II.[1]

She loved her neighbour beyond all expression. She had acquired the habit of not saying men, but souls. — Life of the Saint.

This Saint had for father Camillus Géri de Pazzi, whose family was allied to that of the Medici, and for mother Maria-Laurence de Bondelmonte, whose blood was not less illustrious. She was born on 2 April of the year 1566. She was named Catherine at baptism, in honour of Saint Catherine of Siena, for whom she was always seen to have a tender devotion. As she advanced in age, she increased also in grace before God and before men; she was delighted when she could hear the word of God or pious conversations.

At the age of seven years, having found in a book the creed of Saint Athanasius, she read it with so much pleasure that she ran on the spot to show it to her mother: which proves that God was already giving her lights on the adorable mystery of the most holy Trinity. Having learned, with an admirable avidity, the *Pater*, the *Ave* and the *Credo*, she repeated them very often and loved to teach them to the poor. When her father took her to the country, nothing pleased her like gathering young village girls to instruct them in the Christian doctrine. One day, she was told that they must leave the country and return to Florence; she was seized with a lively sorrow and began to weep, because she had begun to catechize a little girl of one of her father's farmers: she could not be appeased until the little girl was taken with her to Florence that she might finish instructing her. She applied herself early to prayer, God himself serving her as master in this, before she was of an age to be formed to it by directors; she sought for this purpose the most solitary and peaceful places of the house; prostrate on the ground, she passed whole hours in this holy exercise; so, to find her, one had only to look for her in these little solitudes, where she occupied herself in the contemplation of divine things. It was thus that she formed herself to the practice of the virtues; she conceived so ardent a desire to please God that she could no longer taste the sweetnesses which the world seeks with so much eagerness. She rose sometimes in the silence and amid the darkness of the night to lie on a sack of straw, and often she withdrew into little corners, apart, to take the discipline there without being seen. She made one day a crown of thorns, which she wore all night on her head with a pain that cannot be expressed. But what is more admirable at so tender an age is the ardent desires which inflamed her heart to receive the most holy Sacrament of the altar, and, because this grace was not yet granted her, she approached as near as she could to her mother when she communicated, and did not leave her during the day; being near those who had partaken of the holy Table, she tasted the same sweetnesses which they had received there, and often much greater. A fervour so rare having obliged her confessor to permit her communion at the age of ten years, she made it as often as it was possible to her; but it was with so many consolations that she afterwards passed whole days shedding tears in the presence of God. She made a vow of virginity at the age of twelve years, and she was so faithful to it that in all her life she never had anything to reproach herself with on this matter.

The father of our Saint, being sent by the grand duke to the city of Cortona, as governor, left his daughter at boarding with the religious of Saint John, at Florence. She saw herself with joy separated from the world, and practised all the virtues of the cloister: each morning, she meditated four hours on her knees.

When her father was back at Florence, he sought a match worthy of her; but he could not obtain her consent; she asked him even permission to embrace the religious state: which was at last granted. She chose the Order of the Carmelites, because they communicated there almost every day. She entered it, then, on the eve of the

Assumption of Our Lady; but after having been there fifteen days in secular dress, although she was entirely resolved never to leave it, she saw herself constrained to do so by obedience, her father wishing it so to try her the more. After a trial of three months, she obtained at last permission to return, and, having received the blessing of her parents, she entered it on the eve of the first Sunday of Advent, in the year 1582, aged sixteen years, the same year in which Saint Teresa had quitted the earth to go to heaven, and the following Saturday, day of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, she was unanimously received to be a religious.

On 30 January of the following year, she took the holy habit of religion, with the name of Mary Magdalen, and, when the crucifix was put in her hand while this antiphon was sung in choir: "God forbid that I should glory in anything but in the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ," a seraphic ardour appeared on her face, and she felt herself inflamed with an ardent desire to suffer all her life for Jesus Christ. She said afterwards that she had never felt such an interior consolation.

After a most fervent noviciate, she was made to make her profession sooner than was desired, and as she had predicted, because she fell dangerously ill; as she was believed to be at the extremity, they wished to procure her the advantage of dying a religious. The ceremony took place before the altar of the most holy Virgin, on 17 May 1584, feast of the Trinity. As her pains were very acute, a sister asked her how she could bear them without complaining; Catherine answered, showing her a crucifix: "See what the infinite love of God has done for my salvation; that is what gives me courage. Those who recall the sufferings of Jesus Christ and who unite their own to them find them sweet and agreeable." As soon as she had been carried back to the infirmary, she was ravished in ecstasy, and her face appeared brilliant as the sun. She remained more than an hour in this state: which recommenced every morning, four days in succession, after holy communion. These were her first ecstasies, but not the last; they happened to her afterwards almost every day. The spirit of God then dictated to her things so lofty that the superiors assigned her two sisters as secretaries to write them down, and a large volume of them has been printed, divided into four parts, and approved by the Ordinary of the place and by the most learned men of Italy.

Our Lord, wishing to raise this Saint to a very high degree of perfection, cast into her heart, as a foundation, a great desire of mortification and a profound humility. In effect, Magdalen, saying to him one day, in a rapture, these words of Saint Paul: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" he made her know that on Sundays and feasts she might use the dishes of Lent, but that on the other days she ought to nourish herself with bread and water, in order to do penance for the great sins that were committed in the world: she observed this abstinence exactly all the rest of her life, which was still twenty-five years. Another time, her divine Spouse commanded her to go always barefoot, and clothed only with a poor robe and a scapular: she undertook it with great courage. The superiors recognized that in all this she followed the will of God, for when she ate other things by obedience, she could not keep them down, and when she put on shoes or wore other garments, it was impossible for her to walk or to support herself on her feet.

Besides this, Our Lord prescribed to her admirable rules for the conduct of her life, of which the principal were:

"1. To have the same purity in all her words and in all her actions as if they were the last of her life.

"2. Never to give advice without having first consulted Jesus Christ fastened to the cross.

"3. To have always a holy eagerness to do charity to others.

"4. Not to make more account of her body than of the earth that is trodden under foot.

"5. Never to refuse anyone what she could grant.

"6. To have, as far as she could, much condescension for others.

"7. To make as much account of these rules as if Jesus Christ himself had given them to her.

“8. To offer often, from six o’clock in the evening until the time of communion, the Passion of Jesus Christ to his Father, and to offer herself also, and all creatures, in memory of the fact that he was separated from his holy Mother from his Passion until his Resurrection and, finally, to try to visit the most holy Sacrament day and night, up to thirty times, if charity or obedience did not take away the means.

“9. To be always, and in all her actions, transformed into Jesus Christ, by resignation to his will.”

God favoured her with the gift of miracles and of prophecy. She drove the demon out of the body of a young girl, commanding him imperiously to go out of it. She cured a religious, ill to the extremity, by making the sign of the cross over her and presenting to her an image of Our Lady, while she herself, being in ecstasy, said these words: “Thy will be done, O my God!” Having made her prayer and the sign of the cross, by obedience, over a cask of wine, she communicated to it so much virtue that a sick religious, having drunk of it from devotion, found herself at once in perfect health. As to the gift of prophecy, here is a sensible proof of it: she predicted to the cardinal Alexander de Medici, archbishop of Florence, who had come to visit her, that he would one day be Pope; she renewed her prediction when this cardinal, being sent as legate to France, by Pope Clement VIII, to King Henry the Great, she said of him these words: “This prelate possesses at present a great honour; but he will possess a still greater: he will be raised to the sovereign Pontificate; but he will not enjoy long this supreme dignity, for, when he wishes to embrace it, it will pass in an instant.” In effect, Alexander de Medici was elected under the name of Leo XI, in the year 1605, and survived his election only twenty-six days. What shall we say now of her ravishments, which, far from prostrating and weakening her body, gave it, on the contrary, new strength? They did not hinder her either from going and coming, from speaking and answering, nor even from working with the needle with as much perfection as if she had been in entire liberty and in perfect use of her senses. And as a proof of this, there were long preserved, out of respect, three rochets and some pictures which she had worked very neatly at the very time of her ecstasies. Being ill to the extremity, she rose from her bed in a rapture, and, running to the altar of the infirmary, she embraced a crucifix, crying with all her strength: “O Love! O Love! no one knows you, no one knows you, no one loves you.” Meeting a religious one day, she said to her, pressing her hand: “Come with me, sister, and let us run together to call Love.” Hearing it said that a sister had a great desire to accomplish the will of God, she replied that she was right, because there was nothing so lovable as to do the will of God. And thereupon, being ravished in ecstasy, she went through the whole convent, saying aloud: “My sisters, O how lovable is the will of God!”

The cries and sighs that she often uttered in the midst of her ecstasies were evident proofs of the extreme pains she suffered in them, by conformity to Jesus Christ crucified, whom she wished to imitate in this state; these sufferings were so great that it would have been impossible for her to endure them without dying, if the powerful hand of Him who wounded her with so much love had not, at the same time, preserved her life. In effect, one day, having heard recalled that Jesus pronounced these words: “It is consummated!” and that, bowing his head, he expired, she fell all stiff without giving any more sign of life.

But we pass to her revelations: as she prayed at the tomb of the venerable mother Mary Bagnesi,[2] she saw her all brilliant with glory on a throne enriched with precious stones; and she was made to know that this throne was the virginity which she had kept immaculate, and that the precious stones represented the souls which this religious had attracted to the service of God. She saw another religious transported into paradise, after having remained fifteen days in purgatory, because she had worked a little without necessity on feast days, because she had not warned the superior, according to her duties as discreet Mother, of some disorder that was going on in the monastery; and, finally, because she had had too human an attachment to her relatives. She saw another, deceased in a reputation of holiness, who appeared very brilliant over the whole body; but she had her hands black and altered, because, letting herself go to her liberal nature, she had made, without permission and with attachment, several little presents to secular persons. Saint Magdalen saw in heaven Saint Aloysius Gonzaga all resplendent with light, and she cried out in an ecstasy: “O what glory has

Aloysius, son of Ignatius! I would never have believed it, if my Jesus had not shown it to me."

Not only did our Saint have these visions, but she herself was also seen, though still living, in places from which she was very far distant: for she appeared to Catherine de Rabatta, her sister, who had a sore eye, and cured her by touching only the eyelid.

So many graces and consolations were not without some bitternesses. In the year 1585, on the eve of Pentecost, she saw in spirit a place which she called the lake of the Lions, in which there was a multitude of demons under frightful figures; and she heard a voice which said to her that she would remain there five years. This news at first astonished her extremely; but knowing that it was the will of God, she submitted to it and abandoned herself to it with all her heart. In effect, on the day of the holy Trinity of the same year, she entered this lake by horrible temptations of pride, of sensuality, of despair, of gluttony and against faith; they were so violent that Magdalen said sometimes, when she had a little relaxation: "No, I do not know whether I am a reasonable creature or one without reason: I see nothing good in myself but a little good will never to offend the divine Majesty."

The arms she used in these combats were prayer, during which she was often heard to utter these words: "Where are you, my God! where are you?" and devotion to the most holy Virgin, whom she never quitted: one day when she was tempted extraordinarily against purity, this all-pure Virgin appeared to her, and, putting a white veil on her head, assured her that she would come out victorious from this struggle. She overcame her enemies also by a profound humility and by a great fidelity in giving account of her interior and of all her actions to her superiors. Finally, she employed in it penances and mortifications that were not common, for, besides that rigour which the Spouse of virgins had prescribed to her in her food and in her garments, she wore a very rough hair-shirt with a girdle armed with points of iron, and often took the discipline with little chains of the same material. And when her sisters, astonished at these austerities, exhorted her to moderate them, she said to them, with a smiling and agreeable face: "Let me suffer for my sins, Jesus Christ wills it so." Feeling herself one day tempted more strongly than ordinary, she threw herself into brambles and thorns, to draw blood from herself, and, by this means, she stopped the revolts of the flesh. At last, God having sufficiently tried the courage of Magdalen and purified her virtue, caused this furious tempest to cease, at the end of five years, as he had predicted to her; and, the heaven appearing to her quite serene, gave her back abundantly her first lights.

In effect, in the year 1590, as she was in choir, at Matins, she fell into ecstasy during the *Te Deum*; and, after the office, her face, which before was pale as that of a dead person, became admirably beautiful; she pressed with transports of extraordinary joy the hand of the mother prioress and of the mistress of novices, inviting them to take part in her happiness: "The storm is past," she said to them; "help me to thank and to bless my lovable Creator."

In this rapture, she saw all the saints to whom she had devotion, with her guardian angel; one put a crown on her head, another a collar of gold on her neck, another clothed her with a very white robe; which made her say: "O my God, it seems that you wish to reward me for the offences that I have committed against your divine Majesty!" One day when the demon pressed her extraordinarily to quit the holy habit, she had recourse to Saint Albert, general of the Carmelites, whom she had taken for one of her advocates in heaven; and, at that very hour, being ravished in ecstasy, she saw that this Saint, taking a white habit, with a scapular and a girdle of the same colour, in the side of Jesus crucified, clothed her with it, and that at the same time the holy Virgin put a lighted candle and a crucifix in her hands, with a crown of flowers on her head, like those who make profession; after which all the temptation vanished. These sorts of graces are not granted to souls slack and lukewarm in the path of virtue: so Mary Magdalen was so fervent that she observed the least things of her Rule with the utmost exactness. All her desire was to do nothing but by obedience, and, when it was represented to her, at her entry into the monastery, that she would find less time for prayer than she had had in the world, she made answer "that she did not trouble herself about that, knowing well that the least

exercise done by obedience was as good as the longest prayer." She was so content to live in an angelic chastity that she sometimes kissed the walls of her enclosure, because they contributed to preserve for her this precious treasure. Finally, her love of poverty was so great that, far from ever complaining that something was lacking to her, she always said that she had too much, and asked nothing better than to have nothing. She lived in an admirable purity of heart, seeking only to please God alone and to glorify him: this it was that made her desire in all things the accomplishment of his most holy will; she was glad when God did not hear her prayers, "because," said she, "I recognize by that that God does his will rather than mine." And she had so much pleasure in uttering these words: "the will of God," that she repeated them continually, saying to her sisters: "Do you not feel how sweet a thing it is to name the will of God?" To render herself more exact in it, she made a day of retreat each month, in which she examined herself on this article; after which she took the discipline, for the space of an hour, with chains of iron, to expiate her negligences. She had so great a horror and apprehension of mortal sin that she could not hear it named without trembling with fright. And, fifteen days before her death, she said "that she was quitting the world without having yet been able to understand how the creature could resolve to commit a sin against its Creator." Her very presence, which, besides, consoled the afflicted, was a torment to persons abandoned to crime. A libertine had come to the grille to speak to one of the sisters who was a novice: scarcely had he perceived the Saint in the company of this young religious when he was quite troubled and felt forced to go out of her presence. He profited nevertheless by this meeting, and, recognizing the bad state of his soul, he was converted, did penance and changed his life.

Magdalen guarded not less her eyes, her ears and her tongue than her heart; not believing that a girl who takes pleasure at the grille can be truly a religious, she said "that a sister never came away from the grille as she had entered it, because she would need much time to recover the peace which she enjoyed before, and which secular discourses had ravished from her; that these sorts of conversations threw dust into the mind, and often even made some attack on chastity."

Her zeal for regular observance was so great that she could not bear the least relaxation of it, "because," said she, "it was offending the apple of God's eye." So Our Lord made her see one day several religious souls who were in hell for having made bad use of the time of recreation; which made her utter these words: "O extreme misery! what is permitted to religious for a holy diversion gives them the death of the soul and causes them torments that will never end." It was from this zeal that proceeded the transports and ardours she had for the salvation of souls, and which impelled her sometimes to cry: "O Love! Love! give me a voice so strong that I may make myself heard from the East to the West and in all parts of the world, that you may be known and loved everywhere, as the true Love." Seeing in spirit the soul of a sinner condemned to eternal flames on leaving this world, she cried out: "Thou hast then become a brand of hell, and the time past is changed into most cruel pains! O eternal God! the men of the world consider not these things."

But it is time to finish this holy life by the happy death which ended it. It pleased the divine goodness to dispose her for it by unspeakable pains: her teeth fell out one after another; she was stretched on her bed like a statue, unable to move, and, for the slightest touch, one hurt her no less than if one had hacked her with razor-strokes. Nevertheless, all these bodily pains were nothing in comparison with the spiritual ones which she endured; for God forsook her inwardly, that she might suffer solely out of love, without any relief or consolation, as she had always desired. In effect, her intention was to be entirely conformed to her spouse Jesus Christ, and to have part in all the sorrows which he had endured on the cross; her confessor giving her hope of receiving some relief: "No, no, my father," she answered, "it is not consolation that I seek, but sorrows; I desire to suffer until the last moment of my life." She said ordinarily that what she most wished was to suffer or to die, or rather to live still in order to suffer still, and not to die so soon so as not so soon to cease to suffer.

Meanwhile the physicians having declared to her that she could not live more than three days, she received this news with perfect submission. Her mind, in spite of the pains of her illness, was always applied to God, and she had her eyes fixed on a crucifix that could never be taken from her hands; she listened attentively to the divine office which two religious recited in her presence, and her lips, to use the terms of Scripture, distilled milk and honey by the words of edification that she said to all her sisters. At last, she received the last Sacraments with an admirable devotion and fervour, and, learning that the confessor, who was to go to a hermitage near Florence, feared not to find her alive, she assured him that he would have all the time to make his journey, and that she would not die before he was back: as in fact happened.

Seeing that the hour of her death approached, she had the mother prioress called, to whom she said many things touching the government of her monastery, and then, taking leave of all the religious, she gave this last advice: “My reverend mothers and my dearest sisters, behold me on the point of leaving you until eternity; I beg of you one thing in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and it is the last grace I shall ask of you: That you love nothing but him, that you put all your hope in him, and that you inflame yourselves continually with the desire to suffer for his love.” After which she rendered happily her soul to God, on 15 May of the year 1607, the day after the Ascension, at noon, aged forty-one years, two months and some days, after having passed twenty-five of them in religion. Her face became so beautiful and so vermilion that one could not weary of looking at it.

The honours that were rendered at once to her memory cannot be expressed; but the miracles that were wrought before she was laid in the earth showed sufficiently that she deserved still greater ones. We shall content ourselves with relating one very edifying. As she had been laid in the church for the satisfaction of seculars, with the face turned toward the sacristy, it was perceived that she suddenly turned it to the other side, because there was in that place a debauched man whose looks she could not endure, even after her death.

Her body, clothed with a tunic, a scapular and a mantle of white taffeta, instead of that of cloth, was buried behind the high altar, where, two years after, it was found as sound and as intact as on the day when it had been put there; moreover, the body exhaled an admirable perfume, although it had been buried without a coffin, and without having been embalmed. Urban VIII declared her blessed, and Clement X canonized her, with order to make her office on the 27th of this month.

Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi is ordinarily represented with a ring on her finger. This ring recalls that, being still a child, following her vow of virginity, Our Lord appeared to her testifying his acceptance, by passing a ring on her finger. She received the same favour after her profession. The fact took place this time in the presence of the most holy Virgin, of Saint Augustine and of Saint Catherine of Siena. She is represented also with this inscription: *Pati, non mori*: “To suffer and not to die”; or: *Semper pati, numquam mori*: “Always to suffer, never to die”; — holding a flaming heart in her hand. This manner is not sufficiently characteristic, seeing that it has been applied to a great number of other holy lovers of Jesus Christ. Our Lord puts a crown of thorns on her head; she embraces the cross or receives from the hands of Our Lord the instruments of the Passion and the stigmata as an all-powerful remedy against temptations.

One of her relics is in the chapel of the Hôtel-Dieu of Abbeville.

The Life of this Saint was written in Italian and divided into six parts, by Vincent Puccini, confessor of the monastery in the suburb of Saint-Fridien, at Florence; and the religious of this convent dedicated it, in the year 1609, to the queen Mary de Medici, spouse of Henry the Great, of happy memory. Father Dominic of Jesus, discalced Carmelite, and Father Léon, of the Reform of Brittany, have also composed it, besides those who have made the menology or entire history of this Order. Her memory is marked with much honour in the Roman martyrology, on the 25th and on the 27th of this month.

Saint Urban I, Pope (222–230)

Saint Urban, a native of Rome, was the son of Pontian and succeeded Saint Callistus. This holy Pope made a constitution according to which the funds and inheritances given to the Church for the maintenance of priests and clerics, and for the assistance of the poor, were not to be sold, but to remain inalienable: the revenues of them were to be employed to meet their needs, without its being permitted to use them for anything else, "because," he says, "these are the offerings of the faithful, the ransom of sins and the patrimony of the poor." He ordained, further, that the chalices, patens and other sacred vessels destined for the holy sacrifice should be of silver, or even of fine gold, enriched with precious stones. He declared that Christians ought to receive the sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of the bishop, and forbade that any excommunicated person be elected to the episcopate, even if his sentence had not been quite just. He occupied the chair of Saint Peter for eight years, eleven months and twelve days.[1] It is said that Pope Nicholas I, who mounted the chair of Saint Peter in the year 848, gave the body of Saint Urban to the monks of Saint-Germain of Auxerre, in the year 862. The translation took place the following year, and was accompanied by many miracles. In 865, the monks of Saint-Germain gave their precious deposit to Erchanrad, bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, and this prelate put it in the monastery which he had had built near Joinville (today in the diocese of Langres), and which changed its name of the Holy Trinity to that of Saint-Urbain. It is today a borough of nearly a thousand inhabitants. The parish church is very rich in holy relics: so it is said. But this translation of the relics of Saint Urban, pope, is anything but authentic. It would concern a Saint Urban, bishop, a refugee at Rome and martyred during the persecution of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus,[2] and not the Pope, first of that name. This is what Father Papebroch has proved, or tried to prove, rather at length, in his notes on the life of Saint Urban. In effect, the Romans are persuaded that the body of Saint Urban, pope, is still entire among them; for, in 1599, it was found again in the church of Saint Cecilia, and Clement VIII had it replaced under the altar from which it had been taken, after having separated the head from it for the church of Our Lady of Ara Coeli, and some particles for other churches. "Thus, although Pope Nicholas intended to send the true body of Pope Urban to Auxerre," says Baillet, "it is wished that he was deceived in good faith, and that, ignorant that Paschal I had transferred this body, forty years before, into the church of Saint Cecilia, he gave that of another under this name." However that may be, it is to Saint Urban, pope, that the cult rendered to the relics brought into France referred; it is he whom the faithful invoked as patron. In several places, Saint Urban is invoked for the prosperity of the vine. The reason given for this patronage is that 25 May is the extreme limit of the contrary influences and of the temperatures which may harm the vine. Hence the need that has been felt to place oneself under the protection of a Saint on whom depends the safety of the vintage. This patronage exists in Spain, as well as in Germany and in France. For these reasons, Saint Urban is painted with a bunch of grapes. — *Acta Sanctorum*; Baillet; Rossi, *Roma sotterranea*. — See the Supplement of this volume.

Saint Maxime or Mauxe, Saint Vénérand, and Their 38 Companions, Martyrs at Acquigny in Normandy (4th Century)

These two Saints were brothers: they were born in Italy, not far from Formiae (today Mola, in the kingdom of Naples). They sold and distributed to the poor all their goods, then came to Rome, where Maxime was ordained bishop, and Vénérand raised to the diaconate by Pope Damasus, who sent them both to preach the faith to the infidels; they acquitted themselves at first of this mission among the Barbarians who, having crossed the Alps, had made an irruption into Lombardy; but they drew no other fruit from it than the honour of suffering divers tortures for the name of Jesus Christ.

Having escaped the rage of the persecutors, they abandoned Italy and came into the Gauls, accompanied by two holy priests named Marc and Etherius. They passed through the towns of Auxerre, Sens and Paris. After having made some stay at the confluence of the Oise and the Seine, they continued their march toward

Évreux. Having arrived at the village of Acquigny, a league from Louviers, and three and a half from Évreux, they were arrested by a troop of barbarians, who had their heads cut off in a neighbouring island, formed by the rivers Eure and Iton. Several Christians, newly converted, carried off with them the palm of martyrdom. These Christians, to the number of thirty-eight, were soldiers whom the patience and courage of Maxime and Vénérand had won to Jesus Christ. The chief of the troop, furious that they had changed religion, treated them with the same cruelty as the two holy Martyrs.[1] Marc and Etherius, who had not been enveloped in the massacre, escaped while they were being led to Évreux. They returned on their steps, and buried the bodies of Saint Maxime and Saint Vénérand, not at the very place where they had suffered, but in the interior of the half-ruined walls of an ancient church, on the site of the present cemetery of Acquigny, at the very spot where the chapel of Saint-Mauxe stands.[2]

About the year 960, Richard I, surnamed the Old, being duke of Normandy, and Guiscard bishop of Évreux, a certain Amalbert discovered at Acquigny the relics of Saint Maxime and Saint Vénérand: he carried them off, with the exception of the heads of the two Martyrs and some bones. It is reported that a miraculous illness with which he was attacked in crossing the Seine, in the Pays de Caux, near Fontenelle or Saint-Vandrille, obliged him to deposit them in this celebrated monastery, and that duke Richard built a chapel to receive them. These relics were burned in the sequel by the Huguenots. In 1753, the religious of Saint-Vandrille obtained from the parish church of Acquigny[3] a portion of the bones of the holy Martyrs, whom they honour with the title of second patrons.

The relics which had remained at Acquigny were always kept there in a church built on the tomb of the holy Martyrs, which became a priory dependent on the abbey of the Benedictines of Conches.[4] The church falling into ruins, M. de Rochechouart, bishop of Évreux, ordered, in 1750, that they be transferred to the parish church. They were deposited there under the high altar and enclosed in fine shrines. The church was demolished in 1752; but a chapel has been left standing, whose altar, filled with relics, is on the tomb of the holy martyrs. On 25 May they are carried in procession to the place where the Saints received the crown of Martyrdom; and there is found at this ceremony a very great number of the faithful who come from all the neighbouring parishes. Saint Maxime and Saint Vénérand are honoured with much devotion in the diocese of Évreux and at Saint-Vandrille. They are invoked especially in times of drought. Their relics are then carried in procession; and their merits are not claimed in vain. Thus it was that rain was obtained in the years 1559, 1615 and 1726.

The new diocese of Laval also keeps the feast of the holy martyrs of Acquigny: there exists in the episcopal city of the Mayenne a church of the name of Saint-Vénérand which occupies the first rank after the cathedral: this church was founded on the occasion of a particle of the skull of Saint Vénérand, which the religious of the priory of Acquigny had given to Laval; a fragment of it remains, which could be saved at the time of the Revolution.

Godescard; Propers of Évreux and of Laval; *Notice on the Commune of Acquigny*, by M. l'abbé Lebeurier.

Saint Injurieux and Saint Scholastique, His Wife (388)

Injurieux, noble senator of Clermont in Auvergne, gave, with his holy wife, the example of a perfect continence, by promising to God, on the very day of their wedding, to live in chastity. They exhorted each other mutually, in pious addresses, to the practice of a virtue the more difficult for them to keep as they loved each other tenderly. But what appeared to them at first so painful became sweeter to them toward the end of their days, and the chaste delights which they tasted in the service of God compensated them beyond all expression for the sacrifices which they saw themselves obliged to make to remain constant in their resolution. Although they took care to hide from the eyes of men the secret of their holy life, the Lord, to reveal their courage, made known, at the very moment of their death, the virtue which had made them illustrious in his sight. Saint Gregory of Tours reports on this subject what follows: "When the time of their

trials was ended and the chaste virgin went up to Christ, her husband, after having fulfilled the funeral duties, said, laying her in the tomb: ‘I give thee thanks, Lord, eternal God, that I commit to thy mercy this treasure without stain such as I received it from thee.’ But she, smiling at these words, replied: ‘Why dost thou say what is not asked of thee?’ A short time after having buried her, he followed her himself to the tomb. As their sepulchres had been placed against different walls, a quite new miracle took place which proved the chastity of the two spouses. The people having gone on the morrow morning to their tombs, which they had left at a great distance from one another, found them united, doubtless because the tomb ought not to separate the bodies of those whom heaven united. The inhabitants of the place have called them until this day the Two Lovers.”

Borrowed from Godescard, completed by Mgr. de Ram, Brussels edition, where are cited as sources: Gregory of Tours, *Historia Franc.*, lib. i, cap. 42; and *de Gloria Confess.*, cap. 32. — The legend of Gregory of Tours furnished M. Guerrier de Dumast with the subject of a poem: *The Tomb of the Two Lovers of Clermont*, Nancy, 1836. M. Nolet de Brauwere published a charming imitation of it in Flemish verse: *Het Graf der twee Gelieven*, Louvain and Rotterdam, 1842.

Saint Canion, Bishop (5th Century)

Canion was one of those bishops who, in the persecution of the Vandals, after having endured divers torments, were at last cast into an old ship and launched on the sea to be carried at the will of the winds and waves. Setting out from the Carthaginian shore, they landed on that of Campania. There they spread into divers cities which took them for bishops. The companions of Saint Canion were Castrensis, Priscus, Tammarus, Rosius, Heraclius, Secundinus, Adjutor, Marcus, Augustus, Elpidius and Vendo. Canion governed the church of Acerenza, and after having shown all the virtues of an excellent pastor, he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord. Elpidius, bishop of Saint-Arpino,[1] one of his companions in the persecution, buried him in his cathedral church, and his holy body is still surrounded there with the veneration of the peoples. — Proper of Algiers.

Saint Léon or Lyé, Abbot (550)

Saint Lyé was born in the village of Mentenay which now bears his name, a few kilometres from Troyes, in Champagne. He succeeded, as abbot of the monastery of Mentenay, the Blessed Romain, who had become bishop of Reims. There shone in him, from his childhood to his death, all the evangelical virtues. Saint Hilary, Saint Martin and Saint Aignan appeared to him one night when he was resting, according to his habit, in the baptistery, on a wretched pallet, and announced to him that he would leave the world in three days, after he should have given burial to the venerable Maurelus. The three days being accomplished, the same holy bishops appeared to him once more, warning him that his hour had come, and that he was awaited at the heavenly banquet. The holy abbot asked a truce of three days, in order, he said, that he might put on a funeral habit which someone had promised him. This delay being granted him, he at once despatched his nephew to a noble lady. Arrived before the lady, the messenger said to her: “Our good Father is about to leave the world, wherefore he sends me to claim the funeral habit that you promised him.” The lady answered: “Fool that I am, the habit is not ready; but the Father was not very old, and I did not believe that he should die so soon: but only wait three days, and you can take it away.” Three days after, the Blessed Léon, having received his habit, passed from this life to a better. His body was formerly in the parish church of Mentenay, enclosed in a gilded shrine. Today it rests on the high altar of the church of Saint-Lyé, near Troyes. — Ancient Breviary of Troyes and local notes.

Saint Boniface IV, Pope (615)

Boniface IV, son of a physician of Valeria, a town of the country of the Marsi, was a monk of Saint Sebastian outside the walls, and priest-cardinal, when he was raised to the sovereign Pontificate under the reign of the emperor Phocas, and consecrated on Sunday 28 August of the year 607. He held the Holy See six years, eight months, thirteen days, during which he made two ordinations, both in the month of December, and created twenty-five bishops and eight deacons.

He made a monastery of his paternal house, and endowed this monastery with his own goods. He did still more for monastic institutions; for, having convoked a council of all the bishops of Italy, he restored the ancient discipline which was falling. Mellitus, bishop of London, who happened to be at Rome for the affairs of the Church of England, assisted at this synod, and carried the decrees of it into England, with letters of Boniface.

The holy Pontiff obtained from the emperor Phocas a celebrated pagan temple of Rome, the Pantheon, which he consecrated and converted into a church dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God and to the holy martyrs. To increase the majesty and holiness of this church, he had transferred there an incredible quantity[1] of holy relics, which he drew from the catacombs, and which he had placed around the high altar. At last, full of merits and virtues, he fell asleep in the Lord, under the reign of Heraclius, on 26 May, and was buried at the Vatican. His head was preserved at Mont-Saint-Quentin (diocese of Amiens), where a fragment of it still exists.

— Proper of Rome.

Supplement — 25th Day of May: Saint Urban I, Pope

In the notice which we gave of Saint Urban on the 25th of May, we contented ourselves with saying: “The parish church of Saint-Urbain, diocese of Langres, is very rich in holy relics.” Having received, during the printing of this volume, complete archaeological and hagiographical documents on this parish, we hasten to consecrate a few pages to them.

We owe the precious notes which are about to be read to the kindness of M. l’abbé Morel, curé of Saint-Urbain.

Archives of the Parish of S.-Urbain, in the Diocese of Langres

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Pilgrimage Formerly the pilgrimage of Saint Urban was celebrated. We have the proof of it in the history of the miracles wrought on sick persons, several of whom had come from very distant countries. This pilgrimage has ceased. But it is continued, in times of calamity, to make the exposition of the shrines for nine days. This novena is terminated by a solemn procession of the shrines. This procession goes to about two kilometres, to the ancient chapel of Saint-Urbain, near the bridge of the Marne. The inhabitants of the

neighbouring countries come to these processions in great concourse.

Path of Saint-Urbain To the east of this chapel, about a kilometre away, in the middle of the hillside covered with vines, rises a cross called the cross of Saint-Urbain. Now, from the chapel to this cross, in certain years, one perceives a straight line, about a metre broad. Over the whole of this line, the cereals and other plants have a shade which they have neither to the right nor to the left. To perceive it, one must be a little distant. This is what is called the Path of Saint-Urbain. It has not yet been possible to explain it naturally. Its appearance announces the protection of the Saint. Its disappearance is a sign of misfortune. The Saint abandons us, say the inhabitants. According to tradition, the Saint appeared during the night, following this direction, in pontifical vestments, accompanied by lighted torches.

Great Saint, revive our faith.

Treasury of the Relics

The treasury of the relics of the parish of Saint-Urbain is composed of six reliquaries, of which four are shrines and two busts.

I. — Shrine of Saint Urban Head composed of eight parts: frontal, two parietals, occipital, two temporals, two fragments of the sphenoid, no. 1; — two tibias, no. 2; — a lower half of the humerus, no. 3; — two iliac bones, nos. 4 and 5; — a half-rib from the upper region of the thorax, no. 6; — a small molar contained in a crystal tube sealed at both ends, no. 7. These bones repose on a cushion of red watered silk, under which are enclosed the old primitive shroud and the second mentioned in the official record of 1666, as well as the cloth of which the same record speaks, and finally a thread cord found in the shrine at the last opening that was made of it.

II. — Shrine of Saint Menehould Two femurs, one complete, no. 1, and the other deprived of its upper third, no. 2; — a right radius, no. 6; — a left fibula, no. 5; — a fragment of bone appearing to belong to the ulna, deprived of its two extremities, no. 7; — two clavicles, nos. 10 and 10; — a sacrum deprived of its left part, no. 16; — five vertebrae belonging to different regions, no. 14; — two astragali, nos. 3 and 4; — a left calcaneum, no. 8; — a fragment of bone appearing to belong to the tarsal region, no. 1; — fifteen fragments of ribs, no. 12; — four metacarpals and two phalanges, no. 13; — a large molar, no. 17; — four fragments of vertebrae, no. 15; — three other small fragments, no. 19. (In all forty-four pieces.) These bones repose on a cushion of plain white silk, under which is enclosed the white silk of which the official record of 1701 speaks.

III. — Shrine of Saint Sacerdos Head composed of the half of the frontal, the two parietals, a rather small portion of the occipital, the right temporal, no. 1; — two femurs, both deprived of their lower extremity, nos. 3 and 3; — a left tibia, no. 4; — a third of a tibia, no. 5; — a radius, no. 7; — an ulna, no. 6; — a left fragment of the lower jaw, no. 2; — a half-rib, no. 8. (In all fourteen pieces.) In the same tomb, the following bones of Saint Amand: Two femurs, nos. 1 and 1; — a half of the left iliac bone, no. 2; — then: a right humerus and ulna, nos. 1 and 2, which must come from another saint; for they were enclosed apart. (In all five pieces.) These bones repose on a cushion of red damask silk, under which is enclosed the old red shroud mentioned in the ancient official records.

IV. — Shrine Called the Treasure *Second group.*

Particle of Saint Clare of the Saint-Mont, no. 19; — *sancti Perini,* no. 1; — *sancti Hydulphi,* no. 3; — *de sancto Arnulpho,* no. 28; — *sancti Ninati,* no. 12; — *sancti Aratoris,* no. 22; — bone (inscription illegible), no. 31; — *sancti Lucii,* no. 11; — *sancti Viti,* no. 6; — *sancti Memmii et sanctæ Pomæ,* no. 4; — *sancti Theobaldi,* no. 7.

All these bones are wrapped in white watered silk.

Third group.

Sanctæ Theodosiæ V. et M., no. 2; — *sanctæ Illuminatæ,* no. 35; — *sancti Innocentii,* no. 16; — *sancti Epiphanii Ep.,* no. 50; — *sancti Arthemii Ep.,* no. 49.

All these bones are wrapped in white watered silk.

Fourth group.

Sancti Placidi, no. 36; — *sancti Laureati,* no. 34; — *sancti Desiderii,* nos. 49, 2; — *de capsa sancti Sacerdotis; reliquiæ sancti Amandi Episc.*

All these relics are wrapped in white watered silk.

Fifth group.

De sepulchro D. N. J.-C., no. 10; — *de terra sepulchri D. N. J.-C.,* nos. 49, 3; — various altars, no. 4; — leaves of the rose-bush of Saint Benedict, no. 13; — taffeta of the body of Saint Airy, bishop of Verdun, no. 32; — shroud of the hand of Saint Catherine, no. 20; — *sancti Remigii de tunica,* no. 13; — powder of Sublac, no. 15; — wood of Our Lady of Montescu, no. 25; — from the bedstead of Saint Bernard, no. 27; — heart of Our Lady of Foy, no. 20; — linen in which the body of Saint Helena was wrapped; — from the staircase of Saint Alexis, no. 26; — from the shrine and the shroud of Saint Benedict, no. 46; — shroud which has touched that of Besançon.

All these objects of devotion and piety are wrapped in white watered silk.

Sixth group.

A small wooden casket containing: stones, wood, some particles of holy relics and of *Agnus Dei,* a rosary bead which has touched that of Saint Jane of Valois, etc. As a souvenir: two fragments of large glass tubes which formerly served as reliquaries, and an oval of very beautiful rock crystal, letting appear through it a figure of the Good Shepherd with an inscription. This oval is one of the ornaments which formerly decorated the ancient shrine of Saint Urban.

In the same shrine, outside the casket:

1st. A group of bones bearing the no. 1,[1] and which contains: A left parietal, no. 2; — a fragment of occipital, no. 1; — two femurs in several fragments, nos. 3, 3, 4, 4; — two fragments of tibias, nos. 7, 7; — an upper fragment of tibia, no. 6; — a fragment of a lower jaw and a fragment of a flat bone, nos. 9 and 11; — eight particles of bones, nos. 8, 5, 4; — *sancti Eleutherii m.,* no. 17; — *sancti Rustici m.,* no. 21; — *sancti Justi de pulvere,* no. 14; — *sancti Nauiani de pulvere,* no. 3.

All these bones are wrapped in watered violet silk; they were taken from the shrine of Saint Menehould, and in the official record of 1701 they are thus designated: *Item multa fragmenta reliquiarum incognitarum in quibus duo vel tria ossa notabilia sanctorum Bercharii et Anatolii.*

2nd. A small cardboard box surrounded by a ribbon of red silk with this inscription: *Fragmenta reliquiarum sanctæ Manehildis virginis,* among which is a particle of the veil of this Saint.

3rd. Six packets of the stuffs which served to wrap the holy relics and having each their superscription.

V. — Bust of Saint Urban It contains a particle of bone of Saint Urban extracted from the shrine of Saint Urban, with the inscription: *S. Urbani, M. P.*

VI. — Bust of Saint Sacerdos It contains a particle of bone of Saint Sacerdos, extracted from the shrine of the same Saint, and a small bag of red silk containing a folded paper, with this inscription: *Reliquiæ et pluvis SS. Reliquiarum Ecclesiæ sancti Urbani.*

Authentic certificates of the relics have been deposited in each of the shrines. The present extract made and signed at Saint-Urbain by us, Henry-Claude-Hippolyte Morel, curé of the parish of Saint-Stephen of Saint-Urbain, diocese of Langres, the eleventh of September one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, to be addressed to Monseigneur Paul Guérin, chamberlain of His Holiness Pius IX, author of the *Petits Bollandistes*, at Bar-le-Duc (Meuse).

Morel H.

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[2] The Roman archaeologist Rossi has undertaken to demonstrate, in his celebrated work entitled *Subterranean Rome*, that the Saint Urban who baptized Saint Tiburce and Saint Valérien, spouses of Saint Cecilia, is not the Pope who reigned from the year 222 to the year 230, but a bishop probably a refugee at Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, about the year 177. Those who will take the trouble to follow the demonstration of the learned archaeologist will perhaps be convinced, as we are, that the martyrdom of Saint Cecilia is not to be placed under the reign of Alexander Severus, when there was no persecution, but under that of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, and that, consequently, the Saint Urban of whom there is question in the celebrated Acts of Saint Cecilia is not the Pope of that name.

[3] The life of Saint Denys of Milan was consecrated entirely to struggling against Arianism: it belongs to the history of the Church and not to hagiography. He was exiled at the same time as Saint Eusebius of Vercelli and Lucifer of Cagliari, after the synod of Milan, where the Arian Constantius, who was only a catechumen, decked himself with the title of bishop of bishops and drove out the pastors of souls with blows of the flat of the sabre. Saint Denys is one of the patrons of Milan.

[4] Aldhelm signifies old helmet. Whoever has the least notion of the Saxon tongues will easily account for this etymology, and those who will rely only on French will recognize the word *heaume* in *helm*. Saint Aldhelm was at first abbot of Malmesbury, of which he made the finest edifice that then existed in England. He was the first, it is said, who allied the cultivation of Latin poetry with that of Saxon poetry: he composed a *Treatise on the Praises of Virginity*.

[5] Mary Jacobé and Mary Salomé are counted, in the Gospel, in the first rank of the holy women who followed Jesus and who served him. Mary Jacobé, whom Saint John calls Mary of Cleophas, was the mother of James the Less and of Joseph. Mary Salomé, wife of Zebedee, gave birth to James and to John, those whom Jesus saw and called to follow him, while they were washing their nets on the shore of the sea. The holy women attached themselves also to Jesus Christ, followed him while he preached the kingdom of God; and, after he was taken by the Jews, while the Apostles fled, they followed him courageously. Nor did they abandon him while he was on the cross: they stood near the cross of Jesus, to console his so afflicted Mother. Once the Master was buried, they bought aromatics to embalm him, and very early, on the morrow of the sabbath, they came to the tomb. Finding the stone rolled away and the sepulchre empty, they ran to announce to the Apostles that Jesus was risen from the dead. But Jesus, coming to meet them, appeared to them, and they were thus the first witnesses of the resurrection of the Saviour. When Christ ascended into heaven, they were blessed with the disciples; then, persevering in prayer with the Apostles, Mary the mother of Jesus and his brethren, they awaited the coming of the Holy Spirit. Then, inflamed with a heavenly fire, they enjoyed the sweet company of the blessed Virgin Mary, they, her happy relatives and her faithful companions. Mary taught them the heavenly virtues which they made shine forth in our regions. In effect, when the persecution of the Jews arose, they were taken with Martha, Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, Maximin and several other disciples. They were placed on a bark without sail and without oars and launched on the open sea to a certain shipwreck. But the ship, governed by God himself, landed happily on the coasts of Provence. The others dispersed to various destinations. Mary Jacobé and Mary Salomé, stopping at the mouths of the Rhône, on the southern shore of the island of the Camargue, led there an austere life, rendered sweet by meditation. Mary Jacobé died first, and Mary Salomé flew away shortly after to Jesus Christ, to the great grief of the islanders whom they had formed to Christian manners. She was buried near her sister. The testimonies of their protection having multiplied, there was built on their tomb a church in the form of a citadel, under the title of Our Lady of the Sea, which was to defend the holy bodies and the inhabitants against the incursions of the pirates. Their holy relics rested in the earth until, in the year 1448, René, king of Sicily and of Jerusalem, and count of Provence, with the consent of Pope Nicholas V, had them carefully sought. They were found apart, before the high altar of the church of Our Lady of the Sea, and they spread a sweet odour. Wherefore, in the presence of the king, of a splendid court, with the assistance of thirteen bishops, numerous abbots, theologians, dukes and notables, Peter, cardinal of Fusco, legate *a latere* of Pope Nicholas V and specially named by him, pronounced, by virtue of apostolic authority, that the bodies of the holy Marys Jacobé and Salomé really rested in the said church. Then, raising them from the earth with great pomp and a great apparatus, he placed them solemnly in a double shrine of cypress wood. Several times recognized since, in the year 839, on the visit of the relics of the district of Arles made by order of Joseph (Dammoles), archbishop of Aix, they were wrapped in a red silk stuff, each apart, sealed with the archiepiscopal seal, then transferred from the old shrines into new shrines. How dear the holy women are to Christ and to God is attested by the immense concourse of the neighbouring populations which takes place each year near their relics, and the abundant graces which are seen to issue from these sacred pledges. (Proper of the diocese of Marseilles.) The abbé Magnan (of Marseilles) wrote, in 1866, an interesting notice on the holy Maries.

[6] See the notice of the holy Maries for this day, page 150, note 3.

[7] This is what is called today the Patrimony of Saint Peter, chief town Viterbo.

[8] Sencius, Sentius, Sence, Sens.

[9] See the preceding day.

[10] See 28 May.

[11] In Italy, Zanobi.

[12] The Bollandists, correcting in their appendix to the month of May what they had said previously, report, according to William of Malmesbury, who had his account from the mouth of Hugh of Cluny himself, contemporary of Gregory VII, that at the time when Hildebrand was already archdeacon of the Roman Church, he passed through Cluny, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade. At the sight of the procession, Saint Hugh could not help saying to himself: "Must a man who set out from so low display so insolent a pomp!" Hildebrand, who had the gift of reading hearts, gently reproved Hugh for these thoughts contrary to charity. Now, observe the Bollandists, who knew Hildebrand better than Hugh of Cluny? Had not Hildebrand been one of his monks? If, in his heart, Hugh calls him a man of a despicable family — *homuncionem despicabilis parentelae* — it is apparently because Hildebrand was not born of a noble family. This, they add, should end the controversy about the origin of Hildebrand, to whom it suffices to have been great before God. — This detail lost in a medley of notes which the Bollandists threw to the end of their last volume of May, has been noticed, so far as we know, by no modern historian, not even by the learned and conscientious Rohrbacher.

[13] Crime of which one makes oneself guilty in buying or selling employments of the Church, and which draws its name from the magician Simon: it is known that he offered money to the Apostles for the gifts of the Holy Spirit. This plague had spread at that period in a frightful manner and had gained principally the emperors and kings. This infamous venality had thrown such deep roots that, in spite of the efforts and anathemas of the Popes, Ferdinand of Aragon was not ashamed to sell the diocese of Taranto, for the sum of thirty thousand ducats, to a Jew, who passed his son off as a Christian. Thus it was that he gave to his huntsmen and to others abbeys and benefices, on condition that they should maintain a certain number of dogs and decoy birds for his pleasures of the chase. The emperor Henry III, in a synod held at Constance in 1047, spoke with energy against this disorder, and said to those who were present: "You who ought to spread the blessings, you are perverted by avarice and covetousness, equally worthy of anathema, because you give and because you receive. My father also, whose salvation causes me much disquiet, exercised only too much this guilty traffic. Wherefore he among you who defiles himself with such a stain ought to be excluded from the holy priesthood; for such an injustice calls down upon men famine, mortality and war." Voigt, p. 9. Peter Damian depicts, in the two following stanzas, this disorder in a manner rather palpable:

[14] Labbe, vol. ix, p. 1080; Pet. Dam. in ep. ad Me. Pap.; Paul Bernried in *Vita Gregorii VII*.

[15] Book vii, epistle 8.

[16] This is the investiture about which so much noise has been made. The bishops and abbots received in it the ring and the crosier, as a sign of their spiritual jurisdiction. Dr. Walter says in this regard, in his (German) *Manual of Canon Law*, 2nd edition, § 52: "At all times the ring and the crosier have been the insignia of the episcopal dignity; but they related only to the spiritual and not to the temporal power which chance might attach to them. However, as the king named the bishops, and assigned to the benefices, in the quality of suzerain lord, it was from his hands that the prelates received these insignia. According to the general character of the Middle Ages, the outward form was soon succeeded by the thing itself, the spiritual functions occupied only a secondary place; the solemn handing over of the two insignia being regarded as an ordinary investiture, the licence of the bishops was accomplished. The war of investiture had for its aim to break these feudal relations and to restore to the Church the nomination of the bishops. After long and lively disputes, a convention was finally concluded, under Callixtus II and Henry V (in 1122), by which the spiritual power and the temporal power were separated, even in the exterior forms. The emperor gave back to all the churches the liberty of canonical election, and renounced investiture by the ring and the crosier. The Pope, on his side, permitted that the choice of the bishops and abbots of Germany should be made in the presence of the envoys of the emperor, but without violence and without simony, and that the new prelate should receive from the emperor the regalia by the sceptre." — See also Count de Maistre, *On the Pope*.

[17] Formerly an important town, today a village of 1,400 souls in Hesse-Darmstadt. The ruins of the palace of the emperors may still be seen there.

[18] This princess, full of wisdom, courage and piety, remained always faithful to the see of Saint Peter; she did all she could to defend it in the storms which arose against it, and increased its revenues by the donation of lands and towns. Her counsellor and her confessor was Saint Anselm, bishop of Lucca, whose feast is celebrated on 18 March. Voigt, speaking of Anselm, says among other things: "He was a model of piety and of a boundless ardour for the things of heaven. Truth never departed from his mouth. He never neglected prayer and fasting, etc." — Besides Tuscany, the countess Matilda possessed Mantua, Reggio, Modena, Ferrara and Cremona. She made a donation of all her States to the Holy See in 1077 and renewed this donation in 1102. The popes and the emperors disputed her inheritance for two centuries; the Holy See preserved only a part of it, that which is known under the name of patrimony of Saint Peter (province of Viterbo). — Born in 1046, the great countess, as she has been very justly called, died in 1115.

[19] Saint Gregory has been reproached more than once for the manner in which the emperor was treated in this circumstance. No one will deny that this treatment was harsh and mortifying; but every man free from prejudice will avow at the same time that the conduct of the prince was made to provoke it. Let one read the *History of Henry IV and Gregory VII*, by Voigt, whom no one will accuse of partiality in favour of the Pope, and in seeing how Henry's education was neglected, in seeing the licentious conduct which was its inevitable consequence, his bad government, his fatal despotism, his hypocrisy and his bad faith, above all in the affair of the Saxons with their princes and in the repeated promises to the head of the Church and the violations of these promises; one will be convinced that nothing good or constant could be promised oneself from a prince so versatile and so corrupt, as the events which followed the amendment solemnly promised at Canossa proved. As to the affair of Canossa, here is how Luden expresses himself: "If we consider without prejudice, and with regard to the time, what happened at Canossa (in 1077), we shall find nothing in it that is unworthy of our regard. Not a shadow of personal enmity toward Henry on the part of Gregory. The latter, on the contrary, if he showed himself severe as a bishop, inflexible as head of the Church, the man in him is not insensible. This is seen in the manner in which he called Henry III

to the judgment of God; if it does not prove in his favour, it proves at least against Henry, and seemed unable to miss its aim." *Allgemeine Geschichte der Völker und Staaten*, vol. ii, p. 434, Jena, 1822. — It was a superb moment, says Count de Maistre, and which would furnish the subject of a very fine picture, that of the interview of Canossa, when Gregory, holding the Eucharist in his hands, turned toward the emperor and summoned him to swear, as he swore himself, on his eternal salvation, that he had never acted but with a perfect purity of intention for the glory of God and the happiness of the peoples; without the emperor, oppressed by his conscience and by the ascendancy of the Pontiff, daring to repeat the formula or to receive communion. — *On the Pope*.

[20] Some hagiographers place her Life on 27 May, which is the day of her feast.

[21] See the life of this Blessed, on 28 May.

[22] See the note which we devote to Saint Urban in the martyrology.

[23] See the *Acta* for this day.

[24] We learn that these Christians were thirty-eight in number from an inscription found in one of the shrines of the holy Martyrs, which is conceived in these terms: *Hic est locus martyrum, et reliquiae SS. martyrum Maximi et Venerandi, et sociorum eorum triginta et octo*. There is reason to believe that this inscription, whose characters appear ancient, was on the tomb of the holy Martyrs. It is on a marble or a stone of black colour. It has been enclosed in a newly made shrine, with the relics of the Saints, and has been placed opposite one of the panes of glass of this shrine, so that it may be read. The records of all that took place on this occasion are preserved at Acquigny.

[25] This legend, drawn from a manuscript of the library of Évreux, is rejected as fabulous by the Bollandists (Bolland., 25 May). According to them, the native country of these Saints is unknown; they would have been called martyrs, according to the usage of the time, because they died a violent death and by the hand of robbers issued from a neighbouring forest. The miracles which made their tomb illustrious would have caused them to be honoured as Saints. But their authentic history begins only with the finding of their body, in the tenth century. A passage of the ninth lesson of the office of the holy Martyrs, in the Breviary of Mathieu des Essarts, cited by the Bollandists, reads: *Pagus denique Achiniaco proximus sylva impiorum seu finientium vocatur; ob impietatem illorum qui de sylva illa ex insidiis sanctos adorti sunt; vel ab eorum fine et interitu, quem statim post consummatam contra sanctos persecutionem pertulerunt*. — In reporting the opinion of the Bollandists, our intention is not to subscribe to it. The reasons on which they rest seem to us rather weak. Here is one of their arguments: The legend says that the two Saints were born at Formiae, near Brescia. Now there is no Formiae near Brescia, a noble city of Lombardy. Therefore… Perhaps there is no Formiae near Brescia, in Lombardy; but on the other hand, there exists a locality of the name of Brescia in the kingdom of Naples, and precisely near this Brescia another locality of the name of Formiae (today Mola); which proves that here the legend-writer was not at fault, from the geographical point of view.

[26] The parish church of Acquigny, one of the best decorated in the whole diocese of Évreux, was enriched with very precious relics. It gave, in 1746, to the cathedral of Évreux a considerable portion of those of Saints Maxime, Vénérand and their companions. There were also relics of the holy Martyrs of Acquigny in the chapel of the college of Plessis-Sorbonne, at Paris; they were in two shrines which were given, in 176», by M. the prince de Lambesc, grand equerry of France, then a boarder in that college. The translation of them took place on 11 May 1766, by M. Richier des Cérisy, bishop of Lombez.

[27] This priory was founded at the beginning of the eleventh century, by Roger de Tosny, then lord of Acquigny, who gave it to the abbey of Saint-Peter and Saint-Paul of Castillon-les-Conches.

[28] Ancient Atella, renowned for the amusing comedies which the young men of the city played there themselves and which were called Atellan farces.

[29] Twenty-eight cartloads, it is said. It was on this occasion that the feast of All Saints was established.

[1] This group has for superscription: *First group*.

26 May

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, Saint Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, illustrious by his virginal purity, by the gift of prophecy and by his miracles. 1595. — Again at Rome, Saint Eleutherius, pope and martyr, who converted many Roman nobles to the Christian faith, sent into Great Britain Saint Damian and Saint Fugatius, who baptized king Lucius with his wife and almost all his people. 185. — In the same place, the holy martyrs Simitrius, priest, and twenty-two others who suffered under Antoninus Pius.[1] About 159. — At Athens, the birth into heaven of Saint Quadratus, disciple of the Apostles, who, in the persecution of Hadrian, gathered together, by his faith and his activity, his Church stricken with terror and dispersed, and presented to this emperor a useful apology for the Christian religion, worthy of the doctrine he had received from the Apostles.[2] 2nd century. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Zachary,[3] bishop and martyr, who suffered under Trajan. — In Africa, another Saint Quadratus, martyr, for whose feast Saint Augustine pronounced a discourse. — At Todi, the feast of the holy martyrs Felicissimus, Heraclius and Paulinus. 303. — In the

Auxerrois, the punishment of Saint Prisque or Bry, martyr, and of a great multitude of the faithful of Christ. 3rd century. — At Canterbury, in England, Saint Augustine, bishop, who was sent into this country by Saint Gregory pope, with other missionaries, and preached the Gospel of Christ to the English nation, and who, glorious by his virtues and his miracles, fell asleep in the Lord. 605. — At Quito, the Blessed Marianne of Jesus, of Paredes y Flores, virgin, surnamed the lily of Quito. 1645.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saint-Bry, near Auxerre, Saint Cot, companion of Saint Prisque. — Again at Vienne, Saint Bobolin, bishop, second of the name. About 718. — At Meaux, Saint Hildevert, bishop, who was drawn in spite of himself from the abbey of Luxeuil, where he lived as a perfect religious, to succeed Saint Faron. He honoured this see by a wholly heavenly life. His feast is celebrated tomorrow in the diocese of Meaux. About 680. — At Vence, in Provence, Saint Lambert Péloguin, bishop, who governed this diocese forty years with much holiness: God also honoured him, during his life and after his death, with several miracles. 1154. — Near Sézanne, in Brie, diocese of Troyes, Saint Gaon or Godon, first abbot of Saint-Pierre d'Oie, nephew of Saint Wandrille. 698. — At Saint-Papoul, Saint Béranger, Benedictine monk, personage consummate in all kinds of virtues and illustrious by his miracles. Saint Anselm wrote his life. — At Mentenay, diocese of Troyes, Saint Léon or Lyé, abbot, named in the Roman Martyrology on the 25th of this month. — In the celebrated church of Saint-Front, at Périgueux, feast of Saint Mémoire, one of the holy Innocents.[4]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, of Vallombrosa, of the Camaldolese, Cistercians. — At Canterbury, Saint Augustine…

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Capharnaum, in Galilee, Saint Alphaeus, father of the apostles Saint Matthew and Saint James. — At Berea, in Thrace, Saint Carpus, of the number of the seventy-two disciples. It is of him that Saint Paul makes mention in his second epistle to Timothy, iv, 13: "Bring with thee, when thou comest, the cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, and the books, but especially the parchments." He preached in several places, in Crete, according to the testimony of Dionysius the Areopagite, at Berea of which he was bishop, where he suffered martyrdom. 1st century. — Among the Greeks, Saint Abercius and Saint Helena, his sister, of whom the first was condemned to be stung by bees until he died, and the second to be stoned. — At Larina, in Italy, Saint Parde or Leopard, bishop and patron of that city. — At Monte Cassino, the saints Gumizon and Januarius, monks of that abbey. About the year 1050.

Saint Eleutherius, Pope and Martyr

170–185. — Emperors: Marcus Aurelius and Commodus.

> *The scandalous words that come out of the mouth, the evil thoughts that come out of the heart, these are what defile the soul of man. — In Matth., xv, 18.*

"Eleutherius, a Greek by origin," says the *Liber Pontificalis*, "had for father Abundius, of the city of Nicopolis. He sat under the reign of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus (170–185)… He received from the king of Great Britain, Lucius, a letter in which this prince testified to him his desire to embrace Christianity. He had to confirm by a decree the usage which forbids the faithful the Jewish distinction of clean and unclean foods. In three ordinations made in the month of December, he laid hands on twelve priests, eight deacons and fifteen bishops, destined for divers provinces. Eleutherius was buried near the body of the blessed Peter, at the Vatican, on the 7th of the calends of June (26 May 185)."

Let us enter into some details.

To this reign belongs the miracle wrought in favour of a Roman legion. Let us listen with respect to Bossuet:

"Sometimes the persecution slackened. In an extreme drought of water which Marcus Aurelius suffered in Germany, a Christian legion obtained a rain capable of quenching the thirst of his army, and accompanied by thunderbolts which terrified his enemies. The name of Thundering was given or confirmed to the legion for this miracle. The emperor was touched by it, and wrote to the senate in favour of the Christians. At the end his diviners persuaded him to attribute to his gods and to his prayers a miracle that the pagans had not even thought of wishing."[1]

A testimony of this miracle is still seen at Rome on the bas-reliefs of the Antonine column. The Romans are represented there with arms in hand, against the barbarians, who are seen stretched on the ground with their horses. A rain mixed with lightning and thunderbolts falls upon them, which seems to strike them down. On this occasion, Marcus Aurelius wrote in effect to the senate letters in which he declared that his army, near perishing, had been saved by the prayers of the Christian soldiers.

The personage whom the *Chronicle of the Popes* designates under the name of king Lucius bears in the ancient Gaelic legends the name of Lever-Maur — Great light. — Numismatics has pointed out two medals where he is designated thus: *Lucius, Christian king*, so that Lucius would be only the Latin translation of the Gaelic.[2] It has been attempted to prove that he descended from Cogidunus or Caractacus, a British hero made by the emperor Claudius (45– 54) king of the Dobuni who inhabited the present county of Gloucester. This Cogidunus had had a daughter, called Claudia from the name of the Roman emperor Claudius I, patron of her family. Brought up at Rome, she was one of the first Christians converted by the Apostles, and Saint Paul mentions her in his second epistle to Timothy.[3] There was therefore Christian blood in the veins of Lucius: contemporary events, full of resonance, such as the miracle of the thundering legion, the edict issued by Marcus Aurelius, his patron, in favour of the Christians, the conversions that were taking place in the ranks of the aristocracy, doubtless had to influence the determination of the British prince.[4] The names of the two missionaries sent by Pope Eleutherius to the Britons are known: they are Fugatius and Damian, Saint Fagan and Saint Dwiwan, in the Gaelic tongue: they died in the territory belonging to the present diocese of Landoff, and were buried at Glastonbury. It is read in the *History of England* of Harpsfield that there was in the principality of Wales a church dedicated under their invocation; the *Annals* of Stow mention the same particularity for a parish church of the deanery of Dunster, in the county of Somerset.

Criticism had naturally rejected this fact, under pretext that the *Liber Pontificalis* alone bore witness to it. Now, criticism had not read the *History of England*, had not read the numerous palaeographic copies which have been found of the *Liber Pontificalis* and which all agree on this point.[5] The pontificate of Saint Eleutherius is famous also for the birth of the Montanists. These Jansenists of the second century, who affected an excessive severity in morals, fasted frequently, distinguished like the Jews clean meats from unclean, refused absolution to those who had fallen into some fault of impurity, etc. But these false zealots soon grew weary of the austere life which they affected to lead. God, to punish them for their pride, permitted them to fall into the most shameful disorders. What was most deplorable is that enlightened and illustrious Christians, like Tertullian; confessors who had braved all the fury of persecutions, became the dupes of this lying rigorism. Among the latter were found some of the companions in the martyrdom of Saint Pothinus of Lyons. This exaggerated austerity, which the Lyonese practised doubtless in good faith, moved the pastors of souls: a deputation was sent to Rome. "The blessed confessors of the faith," we read in the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius,[6] "wrote to Eleutherius, bishop of the city of Rome, on the subject of this nascent heresy. They had their letter carried to him by Irenaeus, priest of Lyons, whom they recommended to him in a quite special manner, as may be seen from their very expressions. 'Above all, venerable Father,' they said, 'we pray God to load you always with his favours. This letter will be delivered to you by our brother and colleague, Irenaeus, who has yielded to our instances in accepting this message. We beseech you to receive him as a zealous Apostle of the Testament of Jesus Christ, and we recommend him to you in this

quality. If rank could add anything to merit, we should insist, to recommend him still better to you, on his dignity as priest of the Church, for he is one.'" Be it permitted us to ask here of the Protestants, who reject at once the supremacy of the Popes and the ecclesiastical hierarchy, what this recourse to Rome signifies, addressed by the captive confessors at the moment when the persecution raged with most violence; when the blessed Pothinus, by his death, had just left a desolate Church a widow, and the faithful, hunted like wild beasts, awaited only the hour of martyrdom? We are told that the supremacy of the Roman pontificate is an ambitious usurpation, slowly prepared and skilfully maintained, by favour of the ages of barbarism. Yet behold that in the fairest age of the primitive Church, about the year 170 of our era, when the Popes could not be accused of any other ambition than that of martyrdom, forty-eight Confessors of the faith, imprisoned in a dungeon at Lugdunum, ready to shed their blood for Jesus Christ, address themselves to Pope Eleutherius, as to the common Father of Christendom, and ask him, on a question touching dogma and discipline, what they ought to believe and practise! This is not all. To transmit their collective epistle to the supreme see of the apostolate, they choose the most distinguished priest among them, and consequently him whose presence would have been the most necessary to their Church during this frightful tempest. They must have done violence to himself, to make him accept this message. The term they employ gives it sufficiently to be understood. The priest Irenaeus would have wished to share their martyrdom, but his mission is imposed upon him, and not only is this sacrifice required, but new honours are claimed for him. What, in effect, would be the sense of the so pressing recommendation made to Eleutherius? The Martyrs of Lyons sent to the Pope the most illustrious of their priests, in order that the Pope might give them back in his person a second and illustrious bishop. And this is so true that the following year Irenaeus came back at last to sit on the episcopal see of Lugdunum, left vacant by the blessed Pothinus. Irenaeus was therefore, beyond doubt, one of the fifteen bishops consecrated, according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, by the very hand of Eleutherius, and sent by this pontiff to divers churches of the West. The Pope, in raising him to the episcopal dignity, handed him an answer addressed "to all the churches which fight for the faith of Jesus Christ in the provinces of the Gauls." The new distinction which Montanism, exaggerating still more the Jewish observances, pretended to establish between forbidden and permitted foods was condemned in it by the authority of the Scriptures and of tradition.

We have seen that the *Liber Pontificalis* relates this decision among the dogmatic constitutions of Saint Eleutherius. This holy Pope declared that among the meats fit to nourish man there were none that were bad in themselves and from which one must abstain for that reason. Which does not hinder abstaining from them by mortification and by penance, and to withdraw from the flesh what may feed the fire of concupiscence; it is in this spirit, and not by the ridiculous error of these heretics, that the Catholic Church obliges the faithful to fast and to make some abstinences. She knows well that the foods she forbids them are not bad in themselves, since she permits them to them at other times, and permits them at all times to infirm persons; but she knows the true interests of her children, and she makes them these prohibitions to oblige them to satisfy the justice of God, and to mortify their body, that it may not rise up against the spirit.

The glorious pontificate of Eleutherius ended in 185, by the death of this Pope, to whom certain Martyrologies give the title of Martyr. We have seen that the text of the *Liber Pontificalis* is completely silent on this point. In this time of intermittent persecutions, the name of Martyrs was often given to those who had confessed the faith of Jesus Christ before the tribunals, without having lost their life in torments. The reason of this fact will be easily understood if one refers to the etymology of the name of martyr, which properly signifies witness.

If Saint Gregory the Great is justly called the Apostle of the English, because he sent Saint Augustine, Saint Mellitus and several other preachers to labour at their conversion, we can, for the same reason, call Saint Eleutherius the Apostle of Great Britain, for having employed Saint Fugatius and Saint Damian in the conversion of the peoples who inhabited it in these first centuries of Christianity. So Saint Eleutherius is

represented confiding their mission to Saint Fugatius and Saint Damian. — Cf. besides Godescard and the authorities cited in the notes, Artaud de Monteur, *History of the Popes*; Darras, *History of the Church*.

Saint Prisque or Prix,[7] and His Companions, Martyrs in the Auxerrois

3rd century.

> *How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul cannot endure the ardour with which it sighs after the dwelling of the Lord. — Ps. lxxxiii.*

Saint Prisque and his companions suffered martyrdom under the emperor Aurelian. This prince, who had mounted the throne in the year 270, had a hard and severe nature; he still found courtiers to encourage his furies. One of them said to him one day that, to govern well, he needed iron and gold: the one to strike the discontented, the other to reward those who should serve him with zeal.[1] Aurelian was only too docile to this counsel, and the Christians who had obtained some favours from him in the first days of his reign soon experienced the effects of his cruelty. Those of the Gauls, in particular, were sought out with severity and delivered to the sword of the executioner. "The emperor," says an ancient chronicle, "wishing to honour his gods, had been inflamed with such an ardour of persecution against the Christians that, after having delivered to a cruel death a great number of martyrs in the city of Rome, he came also into the Gauls to labour himself at the destruction of the Christian name."[2] Aurelian made, in effect, two journeys into the Gauls, the one in 273, and the other in 274.[3] It was at this time that he visited Sequania, and, according to some historians, it is to his glory that was raised the triumphal arch which still exists at Besançon under the name of Porte-Noire.[4] This prince, proud enough and impious enough to suffer that he be honoured as a god and that temples and altars even be raised to him, could not leave at liberty the Christians who held such abominations in horror. The faithful of Besançon were persecuted, and the persecution was so violent that a great number withdrew from that city to escape the torments with which they were threatened. At the head of these disciples of the cross, who preferred the sorrows of exile to the shame of apostasy, were seen two citizens of Besançon, named Priscus and Cottus, as distinguished by their rank as by their virtues. They retired near the city of Auxerre, with a great number of other faithful. The persecution followed them even into the retreat they had chosen, and they were delivered to death for the name of Jesus Christ. The Acts of their martyrdom, though written rather long after their death, agree, in substance, with the testimonies of the most ancient Martyrologies. We report them as they have been published by the Bollandists:

"In the days of the emperor Aurelian, say these Acts, as the worship of idols was weakening, the teaching of the Christian religion extended far with a marked progress. So great was the rage of the persecutors that the emperors themselves, no longer trusting the ministers of their cruelty, traversed all the provinces to seek out the disciples of Christ there. Now it was about this time that the emperor Aurelian, the most cruel of men, left the city of Rome to go into the Gauls. Arrived in the city of Sens, he sent assassins to seek out the Christians throughout the whole extent of that region. Provided with the orders of the emperor, this homicidal troop visited the towns, the fortified castles and the hidden retreats of the forests. And, that no one might escape their criminal investigations, they took care to divide among themselves the different cantons to be traversed. The country of Auxerre fell to an impious man, named Alexander, who was a guard of the emperor's person.

"Meanwhile, a great number of Christians of different cities, obeying the precept of the Lord, who has said: 'When they persecute you in one city, flee into another,' abandoned their own dwellings, and came to seek an asylum in the country of Auxerre, doubtless on account of the thick forests which covered almost the whole extent of it. Alexander was soon informed of it. This cruel man, whom the thirst of murder made furious, set out in pursuit of the martyrs of the Lord. Arrived at the place called Cociacus,[5] he found there a man of distinguished birth, surrounded by a numerous multitude, of which he was the chief.[6] He was named Prisque, and had left, with all his suite, the city of Besançon, to betake himself to these places. He was then singing hymns with the numerous companions of his faith.

“Alexander rushes with rage into the midst of the crowd, and cries: ‘What criminal plot assembles you in these places, or what worship are you come to profess here? Let me be answered without delay.’ — ‘It is not revolt,’ answered all these pious faithful, ‘but the love of our august religion that unites us in these places. We are assembled to offer the incense of our prayers to Christ, who gathers together, by the virtue of his blood, his dispersed sheep.’

“Alexander. ‘Whence comes to you so much presumption and impudence, that you dare display your title of Christians before the very envoys of the emperor?’ — The Christians. ‘It is He to whom your kings and your emperors themselves owe their life, who strengthens us by his merciful grace.’

“Alexander. ‘You belong then to our worship; for the emperors, the kings and we ourselves breathe only through Jupiter, creator and sovereign of the heavens!’ — The Christians. ‘You are in a deplorable error, if you pretend that a man given up to vice and debauchery can grant the benefit of life. Is it not this Jupiter who was the incestuous husband of his sister, and who, to satisfy shameful caprices, often put on the form of animals?’ “Alexander. ‘O wretches! flock seduced by I know not what crucified one, you dare blaspheme against the great Jupiter, the saviour of the human race!’ — The Christians. ‘How can you call saviour him who, disguised as a rain of gold, penetrated for infamous designs into a stranger’s dwelling?’

“Alexander. ‘By the safety of the emperor, you are all sacrilegious, and you deserve to be dragged to torture!’ — The Christians. ‘Where are the sacrilegious words? Are they on our lips, which publish that the true God is the sole Creator of things visible or invisible, or on yours, which deify your abominable Jupiter?’

“Alexander. ‘You abuse my patience too long: acknowledge, by offering him libations, that Jupiter is the almighty god, or else on the spot the edict of the emperor will carry death into your ranks.’ — All the Christians. ‘Execute the orders you have received; for we will not defile ourselves by quitting the worship of the Creator for that of the creature!’

“Alexander, addressing Prisque. ‘Thou also, dost thou share these sentiments?’ — Prisque. ‘Make thy satellites go out for a moment, that I may take counsel with my brethren, and that I may then give thee my answer.’ He spoke thus, not because he feared to die, but because he wished to console his brethren and prepare them to suffer with more courage the torments that were prepared for them. Alexander, deceived by a false hope, made the soldiers go out: he thought that Prisque, chief and master of this holy multitude, would seek a means of safety by consenting to sacrifice to the gods. When Alexander had gone out with his troop, Prisque spoke thus: ‘My brethren, behold the day when Our Lord Jesus Christ, raising in the midst of us the standard of his cross, says to us: Let him who serves me follow me!’ At these words, all answered with one voice: ‘Father, we will follow thy holy resolution, and we ardently desire that the will of God be accomplished in us.’

“Then Alexander re-entered the assembly with a great noise, and had the multitude of Christians surrounded by his satellites, whose aspect, words and menacing swords inspired horror. He asked Prisque at once what he had decided and what he pretended to do for his safety. ‘Why delay thee longer,’ answered the Christian? ‘We adore but one God, and we all wish to die for him.’

Alexander then had Prisque struck with the sword, and his body cast into a well. Several companions of the Saint suffered the same penalty.

“Meanwhile one of those who survived, named Cottus, secretly gathered the head of Prisque, and fled through the windings of the forest. The persecutors perceived it and set out in pursuit of him, searching all the retreats of the neighbourhood. Cottus, carrying the head of the blessed martyr Prisque, had already travelled nearly thirty stadia (two leagues) when he was seized near the road called Vestrensis, not far from the city of Auxerre. It is in this place that he was put to death, and that the Christians piously buried him, with the head of the venerable Prisque. As for the other confessors who were immolated with him, the

Christians secretly carried off their bodies, and buried them in a cistern, not far from a well where the body of the Martyr had been cast."

Relics of Saint Prisque

Thus, according to the Acts, the bodies of the Martyrs rested in three different places: 1° that of Saint Prisque, separated from his head, in a well at Toucy-sur-Yonne; 2° those of his two companions in a cistern not far from the well where the body of Saint Prisque had been cast. These two first groups may be considered as forming only one; 3° that of Saint Cot and the head of Saint Prisque, on the road from Auxerre to Lyons, at four miles from the first of these towns, at the place where the town of Saint-Bry was later raised.

The memory of these glorious Saints and of their relics remained in oblivion until the time of Saint Germain, bishop of Auxerre (418–448). At Cociacus, today Toucy-sur-Yonne, Saint Germain had a monastery built which was called Coucy-les-Saints or Les Saints-en-Puisaye: there were gathered and venerated the body of Saint Prisque separated from his head and the bodies of his numerous companions, with the exception of that of Saint Cot.

Saint Germain had a second church raised to receive the head of Saint Prisque, at two leagues from Auxerre, at the very place where there now stands the little town of Saint-Bry, which owes its name and its existence to the concourse of the faithful attracted to this sanctuary to venerate the relics of the Martyrs.

It was in these same places that Saint Didier, bishop of Auxerre (from 603 to 631), discovered, at the beginning of the seventh century, the body of Saint Cot. He had it buried honourably, on 19 January, with the head of Saint Prisque. The memory of the holy Martyrs of the Auxerrois remained in veneration throughout the following centuries. Jean Baillet, who was bishop of Auxerre from 1477 to 1513, contributed particularly to restoring the cult of Saint Cot to honour. This holy Martyr was hardly known except at Saint-Bry, place of his sepulchre. Since the discovery of his body by Saint Didier, his bones had remained in a stone tomb, behind the high altar of the church. Some burghers of the town of Saint-Bry, witnesses of the miraculous cures wrought by his intercession, judged that the relics of this generous soldier of Christ were not enclosed precious enough. At their request, the bishop of Auxerre repaired to Saint-Bry, on 19 November 1480, to transport these relics into a fine shrine of gilded wood. What had been done in the fifteenth century at Saint-Bry to honour the remains of the Martyrs was done in a still more solemn manner, in 1662, at the village of Les Saints-en-Puisaye, to the glory of Saint Prisque and his companions. Their relics had been preserved until then in several shrines of wood, which were no longer sufficiently fitting.

Pierre de Coe, then bishop of Auxerre, wished these sacred remains to be surrounded with more veneration. He repaired to the village of Les Saints-en-Puisaye, on 5 November 1662, "to make there," he says, "a new translation of the relics of Saint Prix and of his companions, whom the diocese of Auxerre venerates as the first Martyrs of the faith in this province." Two new shrines had been prepared.

Thus were honoured, in the course of the centuries, the Saints whom the church of Besançon claims as her children, and whom the church of Auxerre venerates as her first martyrs. Their names were inscribed, from the origin, in the most ancient Martyrologies, and, in particular, in those which bear the name of Saint Jerome: they are also mentioned, on 26 May, in the Martyrologies of Usuard, Adon, Notker. An ancient manuscript Martyrology, cited by the Bollandists, reports the principal circumstances of their death related in their Acts. Besides the special cult rendered to him in the diocese of Auxerre, Saint Prisque was honoured in divers churches under the name of Saint Prix or Prex, and, in particular, in the church of Sainte-Marie-de-Picpus, at Paris, where some of his relics were deposited in a chapel which bore his name. There are still in our days relics of Saint Prix or of his companions and of Saint Cot at Sak'i-AniHid-en-Puisaye, at Varzy, two parishes of the diocese of Nevers which inherited them at the time

of the Revolution, and in the cathedral of Nevers itself. The diocese of Besançon has likewise preserved the memory of Saint Prix, and his feast is celebrated there, on 26 May, with double rite. — *Acta Sanctorum*; *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*; *Hagiologie Nivernaise*.

Saint Augustine of Canterbury, and the Evangelization of England

605. — Pope: Saint Gregory the Great.

> *Hodie illuxit nobis dies redemptionis novae, reparationis antiquae, felicitatis aeternae.*
>
> *Behold the day of redemption and renovation that dawns; the day of the repair of ancient wrongs and of happiness without end.*
>
> *— Office of Christmas, in the Roman breviary.*

Nothing is less clear than the notions we have in France of the whole religious history of England, and above all of the beginnings of Christianity in that country, its decline in the midst of conquests and invasions, its disappearance and its reappearance. At the point we have reached, we have been able to ascertain ourselves how little precise notions the detached biographies of the divers Breton, Romano-Breton, Scottish, Irish and Anglo-Saxon saints bring to readers, and how difficult it is above all to coordinate these notions.

In approaching the life of the Saint to whom it was reserved to make paganism disappear for ever from the country which was, 150 years before him, Great Britain, and which will henceforth be constantly England, we thought we were doing a useful work in casting a general glance over the whole religious history of that country.[1] This besides enters into the programme we have traced for ourselves, of relating the origin of each church.

How has the English nation, which has preserved even in the bosom of error an indestructible foundation of religion, become Christian? How and by what hands has Christianity cast such indestructible roots there?

To this capital question, it is permitted to answer with rigorous precision. No people in the world has received the Christian faith more directly from the Roman Church and more exclusively by the ministry of monks. If, as a great enemy of Jesus Christ has said, France was made by the bishops, it is still more true that Christian England was made by the monks. Of all the countries of Europe, it is the one which has been most deeply ploughed by the monastic ploughshare. It is the monks, and the monks alone, who bore, sowed and cultivated in this famous island Christian civilization.

But before this definitive conversion, due above all to a pope and to monks issued from the Benedictine ranks, there was in Great Britain a primitive Christianity, whose very obscure existence is nevertheless incontestable.

There was a time when the Catholic nations loved to dispute precedence and antiquity in the profession of the Christian faith and went to seek direct ancestors among the privileged beings who had known, cherished, served the Son of God during his passage on earth. The English of former times loved to say that they owed the first seeds of the faith to Joseph of Arimathea, to that rich and noble disciple who had laid in the sepulchre the body of the Saviour.

The Britons and after them the Anglo-Saxons and the Anglo-Normans told one another from father to son that Joseph, fleeing the persecutions of the Jews and carrying with him for all treasure only some drops of the blood of Jesus Christ, had landed in the west of England, with twelve companions, that he had found an asylum there in a desert site, surrounded by water,[2] and that he had built there and consecrated to the blessed Virgin Mary a chapel whose walls were formed of interlaced willow branches and of which Jesus Christ himself had not disdained to celebrate the dedication. This place, predestined to become the first Christian sanctuary of the British Isles, was situated on an affluent of the gulf into which the Severn flows, and took later the name of Glastonbury,[3] and such had been, according to popular and inveterate opinion, the origin of

the great abbey of that name, which monks originating from Ireland came later to people. This sanctuary of the primitive legends and national traditions of the Celtic race passed besides for containing the tomb of king Arthur, who was, as is known, the personification of the long and bloody resistance of the Britons to the Saxon invasion, the heroic champion of their liberty, of their language, of their faith, and the first type of that chivalrous ideal of the Middle Ages, in which military virtues were mingled with the service of God and of Our Lady.[4] Wounded to death in one of those combats against the Saxons which lasted three days and three nights in succession, he was carried to Glastonbury, died there and was buried there in secret, leaving to his nation the vain hope of seeing him reappear one day, and to all Christian Europe a legendary glory, a memory destined to rival that of Charlemagne. Thus poetry, history and faith found a common hearth in this old monastery which was for more than a thousand years one of the marvels of England and which remained standing, flourishing and great as a whole city, until the day when Henry VIII had the last abbot seized and quartered before the great portal of the confiscated and profaned sanctuary.[5]

What is incontestable is that Christianity was implanted in Britain from the second century of the Christian era;[6] but nothing positive is known of the origin or organization of this primitive church. However, according to Tertullian, it had penetrated into Caledonia, beyond the limits of the Roman province.[7] It furnished to the persecution of Diocletian its contingent of martyrs, and, in the first rank among them, a young deacon, Alban, whose tomb was later to be consecrated by one of the principal Anglo-Saxon monasteries. It appeared immediately after the peace of the Church, in the person of its bishops, at the first councils of the West. It survived the Roman domination, but only to struggle foot by foot and recede at last with the last tribes of the Breton people before the Saxon invaders, after a whole century of efforts and sufferings, of massacres and profanations. During all this time, from one end of the island to the other, the Saxons carried about fire, murder and sacrilege, overthrowing public edifices as well as private houses, devastating the churches, breaking the sacred stones of the altars, slaughtering the pastors with their flocks.

Before being condemned to this mortal struggle against Germanic paganism, the Breton Church had known the perilous agitations of heresy. Pelagius, the great heresiarch of the fifth century, the great enemy of grace, was born in her bosom. To defend herself from the contagion of his doctrines, she called to her help the orthodox bishops of the Gauls. Pope Celestine, who, about the same time, was sending the Roman deacon Palladius as first bishop of the Scots of Ireland or of the Hebrides, warned by this same Palladius of the danger which the faith was running in Britain, charged our great bishop of Auxerre, Saint Germain, to go and combat the Pelagian heresy there. Twice this pontiff goes to visit Britain and to strengthen it in the orthodox faith and the love of heavenly grace. Germain, accompanied the first time by the bishop of Troyes, and the second by the bishop of Trier, wishes at first to employ against the heretics only the arms of persuasion. He preaches to the faithful, not only in the churches, but at the crossroads and in the fields. He argues publicly against the Pelagian doctors in the presence of the assembled peoples, passionately attentive, with their wives and children. A soldier in his youth, the illustrious bishop recovers the intrepid ardour of his first trade to defend the people whom he had come to evangelize. At the head of his unarmed proselytes, he marches against a horde of Saxons and Picts, already leagued against the Britons, and puts them to flight by making his whole troop repeat three times the cry of Alleluia, echoed back by the neighbouring mountains. This is the day known under the name of Victory of the Alleluia. Happy had he been able to preserve for ever the conquered from the iron of the barbarians, as he succeeded in curing them of the poison of heresy, for after him Pelagianism reappeared in Britain only to receive a last blow at the synod of 519. Thanks to the disciples whom he formed and who became the founders of the principal monasteries of Cambria, it is to our great Gaulish saint that the first splendours of the cenobitic life in Britain go back.[8]

Everyone knows that in 411, when the Romans abandoned Great Britain, which they could no longer defend, in order to be able to carry their troops to other frontiers of the empire threatened on all sides, the Britons called to their help against the Picts or inhabitants of Scotland the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons, tribes of

the north of Germany and of Scandinavia. These auxiliaries, so imprudently called by the Britons, became the conquerors of the country and founded there a new nationality, which has persisted through all the conquests and all the subsequent revolutions. Great Britain became and is still England, as Gaul became and is still France. In destroying Breton independence, in driving back into the mountainous regions of Wales and as far as Armorica the populations who did not reach the long knives,[9] from which they draw their name, the pagan Anglo-Saxons overthrew and annihilated for a time on the soil of Great Britain the august edifice of the Christian religion.

During the period which extends from the middle of the fifth century to the middle of the sixth; while Clovis was founding the Frankish monarchy and Saint Benedict planting on Monte Cassino the cradle of the greatest of the monastic Orders, Great Britain offered the spectacle of four divided races, struggling with fury against one another: in the North, the Picts and the Scots still strangers and hostile to the faith of Christ; lower down: in the ancient Roman province of Valentia or Galloway, other Picts, evangelized by Saint Ninian; in the South-East, all the country which is called today England proper, and fallen into the power of the Anglo-Saxons; in the South-West, the native population, remaining Christian and independent, refugees in Cambria or Wales[10] and Cornwall.[11]

But, like the Picts of the North, the Anglo-Saxons are still all pagans; whence will the light of the Gospel come to them? Will it not perhaps be from these mountains of Cambria, from this Wales where the vanquished kept up the sacred fire of the beliefs and traditions of the Breton Church, with its native clergy and its monastic institutions?

Not only is there not cited a single effort attempted by a Breton pontiff or religious to preach the faith to the conquerors; but the great historian of the Anglo-Saxon race states expressly that there was among the Britons of the great Island a fixed purpose never to reveal the truths of the faith to those whose domination or cohabitation they were condemned to endure, and as it were a vindictive resolution, even if they should become Christians, to treat them as incorrigible pagans. Saint Gregory the Great bears against them the same testimony in terms still more severe: “The priests,” he says, “who neighbour the nation of the Angles neglect them, and, void of all pastoral solicitude, they refuse to answer the desire which this people would have to be converted to the faith of Christ.”[12]

At the end of the sixth century, after a hundred and fifty years of invasion and triumphant struggles, the Saxons had therefore not yet met, in any of the three Christian or recently converted populations (Britons, Scots and Picts) which they had approached, fought and conquered, either apostles disposed to announce to them the good news, or pontiffs capable of maintaining the deposit of the faith among peoples conquered by them. In 586, the last two bishops of the conquered Britain, those of London and of York, abandoned their churches and took refuge in the mountains of Wales, carrying with them the sacred vessels and the holy relics which they had been able to snatch from the rapacity of the idolaters.

Other reapers were therefore needed. Whence will they come? From the inextinguishable hearth whence the light had already come to the Irish by Patrick, to the Britons and Scots by Palladius, by Ninian, by Germain. Unlike the barbarian invaders of the continent, the Saxons did not adopt the religion of the people they had subjugated. In Gaul, in Spain, in Italy, Christianity had flourished again and had energetically affirmed itself under the domination of the Franks and Goths; it had conquered the conquerors. In Britain, it disappeared under the weight of the foreign conquest. Nothing of it remained in the countries subject to the Saxons when Rome sent her missionaries there; one met there scarcely a few ruined churches, but not a single living Christian among the natives; conquerors and conquered wandered alike in the night of paganism.

The frightful commerce in slaves, which has successively dishonoured all pagan and Christian nations, was practised among the Anglo-Saxons with a sort of inveterate passion. Whole centuries of incessant efforts were needed to extirpate it. It was not only captives, conquered men, whom they condemned to this excess of

misfortune and shame: it was their relatives, their compatriots; it was, like the brothers of Joseph, their own blood; it was their sons and daughters whom they put up at auction and sold to merchants come from the continent to furnish themselves among the Anglo-Saxons with this human commodity. It was by this infamous commerce that Great Britain, become almost as foreign to the rest of Europe as it had been before Caesar, re-entered the circle of civilized nations, and it re-entered it as in the time of Caesar, when Cicero anticipated no other profit for Rome from the proconsul's expedition than the product of the sale of the slaves.[13]

And yet it was from the depth of this abyss of ignominy that God was going to make arise the occasion of freeing England from the fetters of paganism and of introducing her, by the hand of the greatest of the Popes, into the bosom of the Church at the same time as into the orbit of Christian civilization. Who will ever explain to us that these sellers of men found the sale of their merchandise at Rome? Yes, at Rome, in the full light of Christianity; at Rome, six centuries after the birth of the divine Liberator, and three centuries after the peace of the Church; at Rome subject since Constantine to Christian emperors, and where the temporal sovereignty of the Popes was gradually growing! So it was, however, in the year of grace 580 or 587, under Pope Pelagius II. Slaves of every sex and of all countries, and among them children, young Saxon lads, were exposed for sale in the Roman Forum, like any other commodity. Priests, monks, mingled with the crowd that came to bid or to be present at the market; and among the spectators appeared the gentle, the generous, the immortal Gregory. He learned thus to detest this leprosy of slavery which it was given him later to restrain and to combat, but not to extirpate. This scene has been told a hundred times, which Bede, the father of the history of England, had gathered from the tradition of his Northumbrian ancestors, and this dialogue, in which are painted with so touching an originality the pious and compassionate soul of Gregory, together with his strange taste for plays on words. Everyone knows how, at the sight of these young slaves, struck by the beauty of their faces, by the dazzling whiteness of their complexion, by the length of their fair hair, a probable sign of aristocratic extraction, he inquired about their country and their religion. The merchant answered him that they came from the island of Britain, where everyone had the same complexion, and that they were pagans. Then, heaving a deep sigh: "What a misfortune!" he cried, "that the father of darkness should possess beings of so luminous a face, and that the grace of these brows should reflect a soul void of inward grace! But what is their nation?" — "They are Angles." — "They are well named, for these Angles have faces of angels, and they must become the brethren of the angels in heaven. But from what province have they been carried off?" — "From Deira (one of the two kingdoms of Northumbria)." — "That is well still," he replied, "*De ira eruti*, they will be snatched from the wrath of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And what is the name of the king of their country?" — "Aelle or Aella." — "So be it again: he is very well named, for soon *Alleluia* will be sung in his kingdom." It is natural to believe that the rich and charitable abbot ransomed these captive children, that he led them at once to his house, that is to say, into the palace where he was born, which he had changed into a monastery, and which was not far from the Forum where the young Britons had been exposed for sale. The ransom of these three or four slaves was thus the origin of the redemption of all England. An Anglo-Saxon chronicler, Christian, but a layman, who wrote four centuries later, attests the empire of domestic traditions among this people. He says expressly that Gregory lodged his guests in the triclinium where he loved to serve with his own hands the table of the poor, and that after having instructed and baptized them, he wished to take them as companions, and return with them to their country, to convert it to Christ. All the authors are unanimous in recognizing that from that moment he conceived the great project of winning the Anglo-Saxons to the Catholic Church. He devoted to it a perseverance, a devotion and a prudence which the greatest men have not surpassed. It is known that on leaving the scene of the slave market, he asked and obtained of the Pope to be sent as a missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, and that on the news of his departure, the Romans, after having overwhelmed the Pope with reproaches, ran after their future Pontiff, and, overtaking him at three days' journey from Rome, brought him back by force into the eternal city.

Scarcely had he been elected Pope when the great and dear design became the object of his perpetual preoccupations; in the sixth year of his Pontificate, he decided to choose as apostles of the distant island to which his thought incessantly carried him, the religious of his monastery of Saint Andrew on the Caelian hill, and to give them for chief Augustine, the prior of this dear house.

This monastery is the one which bears today the name of Saint Gregory, and which all those who have been at Rome know.[14]

Where is the Englishman worthy of the name who, carrying his gaze from the Palatine to the Colosseum, could contemplate without emotion and without remorse this corner of earth whence came to him the faith and the name of Christian, the Bible of which he is so proud, the very Church of which he has kept the phantom? Behold then where the slave children of his ancestors were gathered and saved! On these stones knelt those who made his country Christian! Under these vaults was conceived by a holy soul, confided to God, blessed by God, accepted and accomplished by humble and generous Christians, the great design! By these steps descended the forty monks who carried to England the word of God, the light of the Gospel with Catholic unity, the apostolic succession and the Rule of Saint Benedict. No country has received the gift of salvation more directly from the Popes and the monks, and none, alas! has so soon and so cruelly betrayed them.

Absolutely nothing is known of what preceded, in the life of Augustine, the solemn day when, to obey the orders of the Pontiff, who had been his abbot, he had to tear himself with his forty companions from the maternal bosom of the community which served them as a fatherland. To fix the choice of Gregory, he must have shown eminent qualities as prior of the monastery. But nothing announces that his companions were from then on animated with the zeal which inflamed the Pope. They arrived without hindrance in Provence and halted some time at Lérins, in that island of the Saints of the Mediterranean, where, a century and a half earlier, Patrick, the monastic apostle of the island of Saints of the Ocean, had sojourned nine years before being sent by Pope Celestine to evangelize Ireland. But, there or elsewhere, the Roman monks gathered frightful stories about the countries they had to convert. They were told that the Anglo-Saxon people, whose language they did not know, was a people of ferocious beasts, thirsting for innocent blood, impossible to touch or to win, and that one could approach only by running to certain destruction. They took fright, and instead of pursuing their road, they obtained from Augustine that he should return to Rome to entreat the Pope to dispense them from a journey so painful, so perilous and so useless. Far from granting them, Gregory sent Augustine back to them with a letter in which he prescribed to them to recognize henceforth as their abbot the prior of Saint Andrew, to obey him in everything, and above all not to let themselves be terrified by the labours of the road, nor by the tongue of the slanderers. “It were better,” he wrote to them, “not to begin this good work, than to renounce it after having begun it… Forward then, in the name of God… The more pain you have the more beautiful will your glory be in eternity. May the grace of the Almighty protect you and grant me to see the fruit of your labour in the eternal fatherland; if I cannot share your labour, I shall nevertheless be at the harvest, for God knows that it is not good will that fails me.” Augustine was the bearer of numerous letters, written at the same date by the Pope, first to the abbot of Lérins, to the bishop of Aix and to the Gallo-Frankish governor of Provence, to thank them for the good reception they had already given to the missionaries, then to the bishops of Tours, Marseilles, Vienne, Autun and above all to Virgil, metropolitan of Arles, to recommend Augustine and his mission to them very warmly, but without explaining to them its nature or its scope.

He acted otherwise in his letters to the two young kings of Austrasia and Burgundy and to their mother Brunehaut, who reigned in their name over all eastern France. Invoking the orthodoxy which distinguished the Frankish nation above all others, he announces to them that he has learned that the English nation was disposed to receive the Christian faith, but that the priests of the neighbouring regions (that is to say, of Cambria) took no care to preach it to them; in consequence, he asks that the missionaries destined by him to

sound, and then to save, the souls of the English, may obtain interpreters to accompany them across the strait, and a royal safe-conduct to guarantee their security during their journey through France.

Thus stimulated and recommended, Augustine and his religious took courage and set out again. Their obedience won the victory which had been refused to the magnanimous ardour of the great Gregory. They therefore crossed all France, going up the Rhone and down the Loire, protected by the princes and bishops to whom the Pope had recommended them, but not without suffering more than one affront from the coarse populations, above all in Anjou, where these forty men clad as pilgrims, travelling together, sometimes taking their night's lodging under a great tree for all shelter, were received like werewolves, and where the women especially distinguished themselves by their howls and mockeries.

After thus traversing all Frankish Gaul, Augustine and his companions came to land on the southern shore of Great Britain, at the place where it approaches nearest to the continent and on the very spot where the earlier conquerors of England had already set foot: Julius Caesar, who had revealed it to the Roman world, and then Hengist with his Saxons, who brought to it, with its new name, the indelible imprint of the Germanic races.

South of the mouth of the Thames and on the north-eastern slope of the county of Kent, one sees a region which is still called the Isle of Thanet, although the name of island no longer suits it, because the arm of the sea which formerly separated it from the continent is now no more than a sort of marshy and brackish brook. It was there, at a spot where the white and steep cliffs of this shore of Albion are suddenly interrupted to open a sandy cove, near the ancient port of the Romans at Richborough, between the modern towns of Sandwich and Ramsgate,[15] that the Roman monks for the first time set foot on British soil.[16] The rock which had received the imprint of Augustine's first steps was long preserved and venerated; people came there in pilgrimage to thank the living God for having led the apostle of the English thither.

Scarcely had he landed when the lieutenant of Pope Gregory sent the interpreters with whom he had provided himself in France to the king of the country where the missionaries had just landed, to announce to him that they came from Rome, and that they brought him the best of news, the true Good News, with the promises of heavenly joy and of an eternal reign in the company of the living and true God.

This king was called Ethelbert, which meant in Anglo-Saxon Noble and valiant. Great-grandson of Hengist, the first of the Saxon conquerors, he had reigned for thirty-six years over the oldest kingdom of the Heptarchy, that of Kent.

He must naturally have been predisposed in favour of the Christian religion. It was that of his wife, Bertha, whose father was Charibert, king of the Franks of Paris, grandson of Clovis. She had been granted to this pagan king of the Saxons of Kent only on the condition of being able freely to observe the precepts and practices of her faith, under the guard of a Gallo-Frankish bishop, Liudhard or Letard of Senlis, who had always remained with her, and had only just died when Augustine arrived. Tradition attests the sweet and amiable virtues of queen Bertha, together with her discreet zeal for the conversion of her husband and her subjects.

It is believed that Gregory held from her these data on the desire the English were said to have to be converted, of which he had spoken to queen Brunehaut and her grandsons. This great-granddaughter of saint Clotilde seemed thus destined to be herself the Clotilde of England.

However, king Ethelbert did not at first authorize the Roman monks to come to him in the Roman city of Canterbury which served him as residence. While providing for their subsistence, he ordered them not to leave the island where they had landed, while he deliberated on what he had to do. After some days, he went to visit them himself, but would speak with them only in the open air; some pagan superstition or other made him fear being the victim of some spell if he found himself under the same roof with these strangers. At the noise of his approach, they advanced in procession to meet him.

“The history of the Church,” says Bossuet, “has nothing more beautiful than the entry of the holy monk Augustine into the kingdom of Kent with forty of his companions, who, preceded by the cross and the image of the great King Our Lord Jesus Christ, were making solemn vows for the conversion of England.” At this solemn moment, when on this once Christian land Christianity found itself again face to face with idolatry, these strangers besought the true God to save, together with their own souls, all those souls for the love of which they had torn themselves from their peaceful cloisters at Rome and had attempted this rough enterprise. They sang the litanies in use at Rome, on the solemn and touching rhythm that Gregory, their spiritual father and the father of religious music, had taught them. At their head walked Augustine, whose lofty stature and patrician bearing must have attracted every eye, for he overtopped, like Saul, all the others by the head and shoulders.

The king, surrounded by a great number of his faithful, received them seated under a great oak, and made them sit before him. After listening to the discourse they addressed to him together with the assembly, he made them a loyal, sincere, and, as would be said today, truly liberal answer. “These are fine words and fine promises; but all this is new and uncertain to me. I cannot at once give faith to it, by abandoning all that I have observed so long with all my nation. But since you have come from so far to communicate to us what you yourselves, as I see, believe to be the truth and the supreme good, we shall do you no harm; on the contrary, we shall give you hospitality, and we shall take care to furnish you with the means of living; we shall not hinder you from preaching your religion, and you will convert whom you can.” By these words, the king signified to them the intention of reconciling fidelity to national customs with a respect for the liberty of souls which is too rarely found in history. The Catholic Church thus met, from her first steps in England, that promise of liberty which has been for so many centuries the first and most fundamental article of all the English charters and of all the English constitutions.

Faithful to this engagement, Ethelbert permitted the missionaries to follow him to Canterbury, where he assigned them a dwelling which is still called Stable Gate, the gate of the Hostelry. The forty missionaries made a solemn entry into that city, bearing their silver cross, with the picture on wood on which Christ was painted, and all singing in unison this refrain of the litany: “We beseech thee, O Lord, by all thy mercy, to spare in thy wrath this city and thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluia.” Thus, says a monastic historian, the first Fathers and the first doctors of the faith of the English entered into their future metropolis, and inaugurated the triumphant labour of the Cross of Jesus.

There was outside the city, to the east, under the name of Saint Martin, a little church which dated from the time of the Romans, where queen Bertha went to pray and to practise her worship. It was there that Augustine and his companions went, too, to sing their monastic office, celebrate Mass, preach and baptize.[17] Behold them then at peace, thanks to the royal munificence as to the necessaries of life, provided with the supreme good of liberty, and using this liberty to labour for the propagation of the truth. They lived there, says the most truthful of historians, the life of the Apostles in the primitive Church; assiduous in prayer, in vigils, in fasts, they preached the word of life to all whom they could approach, despising all the goods of this world, accepting from their neophytes only the strict necessary, living in everything in accord with their doctrine, and ready to suffer everything and to die for the truth they preached. The innocent simplicity of their life, the heavenly sweetness of their doctrine, appeared to the Saxons arguments of invincible eloquence, and each day saw the number of those who asked for baptism increase.

The good and loyal Ethelbert did not lose sight of the missionaries: soon, charmed like so many others by the purity of their life and seduced by the promises whose truth more than one miracle attested, he asked and received baptism at the hands of Augustine. It was on the day of Pentecost in the year of grace 597 that this Anglo-Saxon king thus entered into the unity of the holy Church of Christ. Since the baptism of Constantine, and if that of Clovis be excepted, there had been no more considerable event in the annals of Christendom. A multitude of Saxons followed the example of their king, and the monastic missionaries came out of their first

asylum to preach on every side, building churches here and there. The king, faithful to the end to that noble respect for the conscience of others of which he had given the example even before being a Christian, would constrain no one to change religion. He confined himself to loving more those who, baptized like himself, became his fellow-citizens in the heavenly country. The Saxon king had learned from the Italian monks that no constraint is compatible with the service of Christ. It was not to unite England to the Roman Church, it was to tear her from it, a thousand years later, that another king and other apostles had to employ tortures and stakes.

In the meantime, Augustine, seeing himself henceforth at the head of an important Christendom and in conformity with the instructions given by the Pope, returned to France to be consecrated archbishop of the English by the celebrated metropolitan of Arles, Virgil, that former abbot of Lérins whom Gregory had established his vicar over all the churches of the kingdom of the Franks. Returned to Canterbury, he found that the example of the king and the labours of his companions had borne fruit beyond all expectation, to such a point that at the solemnity of Christmas of the same year (397), more than ten thousand Anglo-Saxons presented themselves to receive Baptism, and this sacrament was administered to them at the mouth of the Medway into the Thames, opposite that isle of Sheppey where today is found one of the principal stations of the British fleet and one of the great centres of the maritime power of England. The first of the neophytes was also the first of the benefactors of the nascent Church. Ethelbert, more and more penetrated with respect and devotion for the faith he had just embraced, wished to give a striking pledge of his pious humility by abandoning to the new archbishop his own palace in the city of Canterbury and by henceforth establishing his royal residence at Reculver, an ancient Roman fortress on the bank near the island where Augustine had landed. Beside the king's dwelling, transformed into a monastery for the archbishop and his religious, and on the site of an old church of the time of the Romans, they began to construct a basilica destined to become, under the name of the church of the Saviour or of Christ (Christ Church), the metropolis of England.[18] Augustine was at once its first archbishop and its first abbot.

Augustine, always in search of the vestiges which the ancient faith had left in Great Britain, succeeded in discovering the site of a Christian church, transformed into a pagan temple and surrounded by a sacred wood. Ethelbert abandoned this temple to him with all the surrounding ground. The archbishop at once made it again a church, which he dedicated to saint Pancras, a young martyr of Rome, whose memory was dear to the Roman monks, because the monastery of the Caelian hill, from which they had all come and where their father Gregory was born, had been built on lands formerly belonging to the family of Pancras. Around this new sanctuary Augustine raised another monastery, of which one of his companions, Peter, was the first abbot, and which he destined to serve him as a burial place, according to the Roman usage which placed the cemeteries outside the cities and at the side of the great roads. He consecrated this new foundation under the invocation of the apostles of Rome, Peter and Paul, but it is under his own name that this famous abbey became one of the most opulent and most venerated sanctuaries of Christendom, and that it was for several centuries the necropolis of the kings and primates of England,[19] as well as the first hearth of religious and intellectual life in the south of Great Britain. From the first year of his mission, Augustine had sent to Rome two of his companions: Laurence, who was to replace him as archbishop, and Peter, who was to be the first abbot of the new monastery of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, to announce to the Pope the great and good news of the conversion of the king and kingdom of Kent, then to ask him for new fellow-workers, the harvest being great and the harvesters few; finally, to consult him on eleven important and delicate points touching the discipline and direction of the new Christians. One understands the joy of Gregory; in the midst of the perils and trials of the Church, in the midst of his own physical and moral sufferings, he saw the dearest dream of his soul realized. The boldest of his projects was crowned with success. A new people had just been introduced into the Church by his gentle and persevering activity; until the end of the ages, innumerable souls were to owe him their entry into the great confraternity of souls here below as in the eternal joys on high. Assuredly, he did not foresee the great men, the great Saints, the immense resources, the indomitable

champions that England was to furnish to the Catholic Church; but he also had the happiness of not knowing the defection which was one day to uncrown so much glory, and that base ingratitude which has dared to misknow or to belittle in him as in his lieutenants the incomparable benefit which he conferred on the English people by initiating it into the light of the Gospel.

He remained, to his last day, faithful to the active solicitude which his dear England inspired in him. He sent to Augustine a new monastic colony, furnished with relics, sacred vessels, priestly vestments, altar hangings, with all that the pomp of worship required, and above all with books destined to form the beginning of an ecclesiastical library.[20] At the head of this new swarm of religious figured a man of very noble birth, named Mellitus, and his confrere Justus, who were to occupy one after the other the metropolitan see of Canterbury, then Paulinus, the future apostle of Northumbria.[21]

He entrusted to the new missionaries a long letter to king Ethelbert, in which, while congratulating him on his conversion, and comparing him to Constantine, as he had compared Bertha to saint Helena, he exhorted him to extend the faith among his subjects, to proscribe the worship of idols, to overthrow their temples and to establish good morals by exhortations, caresses, threats, but above all by his own example. He adds: “You have with you our most reverend brother, the bishop Augustine, brought up in the monastic Rule, filled with the knowledge of the Scriptures, full of good works in the eyes of God. Listen devoutly and accomplish faithfully all that he shall say to you: for the more you listen to what he tells you on behalf of God, the more God will hear himself when he prays for you. Attach yourself therefore to him with all the strength of your soul with the fervour of faith; and second his efforts with all the strength that God has given you!” The same day, he conferred on Augustine the right to wear the pallium while celebrating Mass, to reward him for having created the new church of the English. This honour was to pass to all his successors in the archiepiscopal see.[22] He constitutes him metropolitan of the twelve bishoprics which he enjoins him to erect in southern England.

But while, in the eyes of men, he was thus crowning the confidence and the authority with which he invested Augustine, he addressed to him in secret warnings destined to preserve him from the perils of pride. “In our joy,” he wrote to him, “there is great cause for fear. I know, most dear brother, that God has done great miracles by thee in this nation. One must rejoice that the souls of the English are drawn by outward miracles to inward grace; but one must fear that these prodigies may lead the infirm soul to presumption and make a man fall within by vain glory even more than they raise him without. When the disciples said to their divine Master: Lord, in thy name even the devils are subject to us, he answered them: Rejoice not in this, but in that your names are written in heaven. The names of all the elect are written there, and yet not all the elect work miracles… While God thus acts by thee without, thou must, most dear brother, judge thyself scrupulously within and know well who thou art. If thou rememberest having offended God by thy tongue or by thy works, have thy faults always present to thy memory to repress the vain glory that would arise in thy heart. Think that this gift of miracles is not given thee for thyself, but for those whose salvation is entrusted to thee… There are miracles of the reprobate, and we do not even know whether we are among the elect. One must therefore roughly depress the soul in the midst of all these prodigies and signs, lest it seek in them its own glory and private advantage… God has given us only one sign by which to know his elect: it is to love one another.”[23]

Then immediately, wishing to raise by a return of tender compassion the friend whom he has just corrected, he continues in these terms: “I speak thus, because I desire to prostrate the soul of my dear hearer in humility. But let thy very humility have confidence. Sinner though I am, I have a certain hope that all thy sins will be remitted to thee, since thou hast been chosen to procure remission for others. If there is more joy in heaven over one penitent sinner than over ninety-nine just, what joy will there not be for a whole great people who, coming to the faith, do penance for all the evil they have done? And that joy, it is thou who wilt have given it to heaven.”

In an earlier letter of Gregory, addressed no longer to Augustine, but to his friend Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria, the Pope likewise attests the miracles which had marked Augustine's mission. He does not fear even to compare them to the signs and prodigies which had accompanied the preaching of the Apostles.

A singular thing: neither Bede nor any other historian gives the least detail on the prodigies which awakened at once the admiration, the gratitude and the prudence of saint Gregory the Great. But of all possible miracles, the greatest is assuredly "to have detached from paganism, without violence, a violent people, and to introduce it into Christian society, not man by man and family by family, but at a single stroke, with its kings, its warrior nobility, its institutions." This king who believes himself descended from the gods of the Scandinavian paradise, and who abandons his capital to the priests of the crucified God; this fierce and idolatrous people who rush by thousands to meet a few foreign monks, and by thousands plunge into the icy waters of the Thames, in the middle of winter, to receive Baptism at the hands of these unknown men; this transformation so rapid and so complete of a proud and victorious, sensual and rapacious race, by a doctrine solely destined to tame cupidity, pride and sensuality, and which, once descended into those savage hearts, was imprinted there for ever, is not this, of all prodigies, the most marvellous as it is the most uncontested?

Finally, and after all these letters, Gregory addressed a very long and very detailed reply to the eleven questions which Augustine had put to him on the principal difficulties which he met or which he foresaw in his mission. This reply ought to be cited entire, an admirable monument of light, of conciliating reason, of gentleness, of wisdom, of moderation and of prudence, destined to become, as has been said very justly, the rule and code of Christian missions.

Questioned on the penalties to be inflicted on sacrilegious thieves, and on the provision of the Roman law which imposed on the thief the restitution of double or quadruple, Gregory prescribes to take account, in the punishment, of the indigence or the wealth of the robber, but always with a paternal charity, and a moderation that keeps the soul within the limits of reason. As to restitution, "God forbid," he says, "that the Church should wish to gain by what she has lost, and seek to draw profit from the folly of men!"

Scarcely had he written to king Ethelbert the letter in which he exhorted him to destroy the temples of the old national worship, when he thought better of it, and at the end of some days he dispatched an entirely different instruction to the chief of the new mission, to that Mellitus whom he styles abbot and whom he had charged to carry his letter to the king. He hoped to overtake him on the road. "Since the departure of all the company that is with you," he writes to him, "I am very uneasy, for I have learned nothing of the success of your journey. But when the almighty God shall have conducted you to our most reverend brother Augustine, tell him that, after having long turned over in my mind the affair of the English, I have recognized that the temples of the idols must not be pulled down at all, but only the idols which are in them. After sprinkling these temples with holy water, let altars and relics be placed in them; for if these temples are well built, they must be made to pass from the worship of demons to the service of the true God, so that this nation, seeing that its temples are not destroyed, may be converted more easily, and come to adore the true God in the places which are known to it."

This is the place to speak of the divergences which existed between Rome and the ancient Breton church, neighbour of the English; between Rome and the Christendoms of Ireland and of Caledonia.

The capital dissent bore upon the date of the celebration of the feast of Easter. From the first centuries, prolonged discussions had arisen on the day on which it was fitting to celebrate the greatest feast of the Church. The council of Nicaea had fixed the epoch of the paschal solemnities at the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon of the spring equinox, and this date, sanctioned by the Roman Church, had been carried into all the churches of Britain with the Christian faith, as by saint Patrick in Ireland, and by saint Columba in Caledonia. But the church of Alexandria had perceived an astronomical error which arose from the use by Christians of the ancient Jewish cycle; it had introduced a more exact computation, adopted in all

the East, and from which there resulted, from the pontificate of saint Leo the Great (440–461), a difference of a whole month between the day of Easter at Rome and the day of Easter at Alexandria. At last, towards the middle of the sixth century, in 532, agreement was reached: Rome adopted the reckoning of Dionysius the Little, which no longer permitted any mistake about the day fixed by the council of Nicaea, and uniformity of date was found re-established in the Church. But the Saxon invasion had intercepted the habitual communications between Rome and the Breton churches. These preserved the ancient Roman usage; and it was precisely attachment to this Roman usage which served them as an argument against the more exact calculations that Augustine and his Italian monks brought them, but which they repelled as suspect novelties, as a derogation from the traditions of their fathers. It was thus, as one sees, to remain faithful to the primitive teachings of Rome that they resisted the new Roman missionaries.

If there had been the least dogmatic or moral dissension between the Britons and the Roman Church, Augustine would never have committed the signal folly of soliciting the assistance of the Celtic clergy for the conversion of the pagan Saxons. It would have been to sow confusion and discord in the new Church which was to be constituted by the energetic concurrence of native Christianity with the envoys of Rome.

Nothing is more painful than to meet in history interminable and passionate struggles for causes or questions which after some time interest no one any more, and which no one any longer understands. But it is not only Christian antiquity, it is all the centuries that offer such spectacles. And to those who might be scandalized at the excessive importance that the most pious souls of their time attached to such trifles, it suffices to recall the relentless obstinacy with which great peoples, such as the English and the Russians, resisted the reform of the Gregorian calendar, the former for nearly two centuries, the latter even into the midst of the uniformity of the contemporary world. How imagine that, for this petty and miserable difference, the two Churches remained for two centuries on a war footing, one toward the other? Since the Celts of the British Isles held their ancient usage from Rome itself, why not follow her in her perfected calculation, as in all the rest of the West? Why insist absolutely on rejoicing when the Romans fasted, and on fasting when they sang the *Alleluia*?

Was there not a more serious, a deeper cause of the dissidence of which the paschal controversy covered only the surface? One cannot doubt it; and of all the causes the most natural and the most excusable was the instinct of national preservation, exasperated by hatred of the triumphant enemy and translating itself into distrust of the stranger, who seemed the accomplice of the enemy.

Augustine felt well that he had need of the Celtic Christians to carry out the great work that the Papacy had entrusted to him. Formed in the conciliating and moderate school of saint Gregory the Great, imbued with his recent instructions, he was far from showing himself exclusive, as to persons or local usages, and, to complete the conversion of the Saxons, he sincerely claimed the concurrence of the numerous and powerful clergy, which for more than a century had been the soul of the resistance against the pagans and which peopled those great cloisters of Cambria, where the sword of the conquerors had not yet penetrated.

But the Britons opposed to him a jealous and obstinate resistance. They would not join him to evangelize their enemies; they had no desire to open to them the gates of heaven.

Augustine succeeded nevertheless in obtaining that the principal bishops and doctors of Wales should hold a public conference with him. It was agreed to meet on the confines of Wessex, near the banks of the Severn which separated the Saxons from the Britons. The interview, like that of Augustine with Ethelbert after his landing, took place in the open air and under an oak which long kept the name of Augustine's oak.[24] He began, not by claiming the personal supremacy which the Pope had conceded to him, but by exhorting the Celtic Christians to live in Catholic peace with him and to unite their efforts to his to evangelize the pagans, that is to say the Saxons. But neither his prayers, nor his exhortations, nor his reproaches, nor the word of his monastic collaborators joined to his, nothing succeeded in bending the Britons, who persisted in invoking

their traditions against the new rules. After a dispute as long as it was laborious, Augustine said at last: “Let us pray to God, who makes the unanimous dwell together, to show us by heavenly signs what traditions are to be followed. Let a sick man be brought, and he whose prayers shall have healed him shall be the one whose faith is to be followed.” The Britons consented reluctantly; an Anglo-Saxon blind man was brought, whom the Breton bishops could not heal. Then Augustine knelt and prayed God to enlighten the conscience of many of the faithful by restoring the sight to this man. At once the blind man recovered his sight. The Britons were at first touched, they recognized that Augustine was walking in the way of justice and truth, but they said that they could not renounce their old customs without the consent of the people, and asked for a second assembly where their deputies would be more numerous.

This second conference soon took place. Augustine found himself there in the presence of seven Breton bishops and of the most learned doctors of the great monastery of Bangor, peopled with more than three thousand monks. Before the new interview the Britons went to consult an anchorite much renowned among them for his wisdom and holiness, and asked him whether they should listen to Augustine and abandon their traditions. “Yes,” said the anchorite, “if he is a man of God.” — “But how to know it?” — “If he is meek and humble of heart as the Gospel says, it is probable that he bears the yoke of Jesus Christ and that it is this yoke he offers you; but if he is harsh and proud, he does not come from God, and you must take no care of his discourses. To discover it, let him arrive first at the place of the council, and if he rises when you approach, you will know that he is a servant of Jesus Christ and you will obey him; but if he does not rise to do you honour, despise him as he shall have despised you.” They conformed to the anchorite’s instructions; unhappily, on arriving at the council, they found Augustine already seated, as was the custom of the Romans, says an historian, and he did not rise to receive them. That was enough to rouse them against him. “If this man,” they said, “does not deign to rise for us now, how much more will he despise us when we are subject to him?” They became from then on intractable and studied to contradict him in everything. No more than at the first conference did the archbishop make any effort to make them recognize his personal authority. Let us note, to the honour of this stubborn race and of this rebellious but fervent and generous clergy, that Augustine reproached them with none of those derogations from the purity of the priestly life which some authors have imputed to them. With a moderation scrupulously conformable to the instructions of the Pope, he reduced all his claims to three points. “You have,” he said to them, “many practices contrary to our usage, which is that of the universal Church; we admit them all without difficulty, if only you will believe me in three points: to celebrate Easter in its time, to complete the sacrament of Baptism according to the usage of the holy Roman Church, and to preach with us the word of God to the English nation.” To this triple request, the Celtic bishops and monks opposed a triple refusal, and added that they would never recognize him as archbishop. They repelled, besides, only the personal supremacy of Augustine, and by no means that of the Holy See. What they dreaded was not a distant Pope, impartial and universally respected at Rome, it was a sort of new pope at Canterbury, on the territory and at the disposal of their hereditary enemies, the Saxons. And above all, they would not have it spoken to them of labouring to convert those odious Saxons who had slaughtered their ancestors and usurped their lands. “No,” said the abbot of Bangor, “we will not preach the faith to that cruel race of strangers who have traitorously expelled our ancestors from their country and despoiled their posterity of its inheritance.”

Now, it is easy to see which of the three conditions Augustine had most at heart, by the threatening prediction which he opposed to the refusal of the Breton monks. “Since you will not make peace with brothers, you shall have war with enemies; since you will not show the English the life of the way, you shall receive from their hands the chastisement of death.”

This prophecy was only too cruelly accomplished some years later. The king of the Angles of the North, Ethelfrid, still a pagan, came to invade the region of Cambria where the great monastery of Bangor was situated. At the moment when the combat was engaging between his numerous army and that of the Welsh,

he saw in the distance, on a high site, a troop of unarmed men all on their knees. “What are those people?” he asked. He was told that they were the monks of the great monastery of Bangor who, after three days of fasting, had come to pray for their brothers during the combat. “If they pray to their God for my enemies,” said the king, “they fight against us though without arms.” At once he had the first attack directed against them: the Welsh prince, who should have defended them, fled shamefully, and twelve hundred monks were massacred on the spot.

A calumny already old and warmed over in our day has pretended that Augustine had provoked this invasion, and designated the monastery of Bangor to the pagans of Northumbria.[25] Now, the venerable Bede expressly states that he had been for a long time already in heaven. It is quite enough that Bede himself, much more Saxon than Christian whenever it is a question of the Britons, applauds more than a century after this massacre, and sees in it a just vengeance of heaven against what he calls the infamous militia of the perfidious, that is to say against heroic Christians dead in defence of their hearths and their altars, under the knife of the pagan Anglo-Saxons, by the orders of the chief who, by the testimony of Bede himself, exterminated the most natives.

Condemned by the obstinacy of the Britons to deprive himself of their concurrence, Augustine none the less continued what his biographer calls the hunt for men, evangelizing the Saxons. And yet even among them he found at times an opposition which showed itself by insult and derision, above all when he crossed the limits of Ethelbert’s kingdom. Thus, in traversing that region of the country of the West Saxons which is today called Dorsetshire, he and his companions fell into the midst of a maritime population which overwhelmed them with affronts and outrages. These pagan savages not only refused to hear them; they did not shrink even from blows to drive them away, then, in chasing them from their territory, with a truly Teutonic coarseness, they fastened to the black robes of the poor Italian monks, as a sign of opprobrium, fish tails from the fishing by which they lived. Augustine was not a man to let himself be discouraged for so little. Besides, he met in other places crowds more attentive and more grateful. So he persevered for seven whole years, and until his death, in these apostolic journeys, travelling as a true missionary after as before his archiepiscopal consecration, always on foot and without baggage, and interspersing his untiring preaching with benefits and prodigies, now making unknown springs gush from the ground, now healing by his touch incurable or dying sick persons.

Saint Gregory the Great died in the first months of the year 605, and two months after, Augustine followed his father and friend into the tomb. The Roman missionary was buried, according to the custom of Rome, on the edge of the public way, near the great Roman road which led from Canterbury to the sea, in the unfinished church of the celebrated monastery which was to take and keep his name.

The relics of saint Augustine were afterwards transferred into the city, and laid in the porch of the cathedral. On the 6th of September 1091, they were raised; then, after being enclosed in an urn, they were hidden in the wall of the Church above the window which looks to the East. A little dust and some of the smallest bones were left, however, in the porch. In 1221, the head of the Saint was put in a shrine enriched with gold and precious stones; the other bones were enclosed in a marble tomb adorned with several fine pieces of sculpture and engraving. Things remained in this state until the demolition of the monasteries in England.

The figure of saint Augustine of Canterbury naturally grows pale beside that of saint Gregory the Great; his renown is as it were absorbed in the luminous hearth whence radiates the glory of the Pontiff. Moreover, the English and German historians of our day have taken pleasure in bringing out the inferiority of the man whom Gregory had chosen for lieutenant and friend. They have vied in lowering his character and his services, accusing him in turn of haughtiness and weakness, of irresolution and obstinacy, of softness and vanity, attaching themselves above all to raising and magnifying the appearances of hesitation and personal preoccupation which they discern in his life. Leave be to these strange rigorists to reproach him with having remained below the ideal which they pretend to dream and which no hero of their side ever approached. In

our view, the few shadows which are cast on the noble career of this great Saint are made to touch and to console his fellow-men, infirm like him, and charged sometimes with a mission which they esteem, like him, beyond their strength. One likes to meet these weaknesses, encouraging for the common run of mortals, in the artisans of the great works which have transformed history and decided the fate of nations. Let us know then how to keep intact our admiration and our gratitude for the first missionary, the first bishop and the first abbot of the English people; let us know how to applaud that council which, a century and a half after his death, decreed that his name should always be invoked in the Litanies after that of Gregory, "because it is he who, sent by our Father Gregory, first carried to the English nation the sacrament of Baptism and the discovery of the heavenly country."

The great function of saint Augustine was to baptize. So he is represented conferring Baptism on king Ethelbert, the most illustrious of his neophytes; making a fountain spring forth one day when water failed him to administer the sacrament of regeneration: it is still shown in Dorsetshire, and long it was reputed miraculous; he may also be characterized by means of the cross with long staff which is attributed to the legates of the Holy See.

Sources: AA. SS.; Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*; Montalembert, *Monks of the West* [*Moines d'Occident*]; Godescard, etc.

Saint Philip Neri, Founder of the Oratory

1515–1595. — Popes: Leo X; Clement VIII.

> *If we wish to help our neighbour with zeal, we must reserve for ourselves neither place, nor hour, nor season.*
>
> *— Maxim of the Saint.*

Florence, one of the most beautiful cities of Tuscany and even of all Italy, counts among its glories that of being the native city of saint Philip. He was born in that city, in the year of grace 1515, on the twenty-second day of July, after midnight. His father, Francis de Neri, and his mother, Lucretia Soldi, belonged to two illustrious families, and lived in the fear of God and the observance of his commandments. This child, who was named Philip at baptism, merited, from the age of five years, the surname of Good, on account of his great obedience and the profound respect he had for his parents; so that he was already called the good little Philip. He lost his mother very young; but the goodness of his character, his amiable manners, his gentle and submissive nature, made him find another in his father's second marriage: for his stepmother, won by his caresses, and the marks of affection and respect with which he loaded her on every occasion, loved him until her death as her true son. He grew thus in grace and wisdom, like the little child Jesus; like him, meek and humble of heart, showing himself so affable, so modest, so caressing and so obliging, that one could not see him without loving him. He was only eight or nine years old when he received from heaven the marks of a very striking protection. Having fallen from the top of a loft to the pavement, and having dragged down upon himself a mare laden with fruit, he was found neither dead nor bruised under this animal, which seemed to crush him; and the little Philip acknowledged this favour as he ought, by frequent thanksgivings to God, judging that he had lent him life only that he might employ it in his service, which he did to the end of his days.

Touched by the examples and discourses of several religious of the city of Florence, whose houses he often visited, he was beginning to study their virtues and to observe their manner of life, when his father sent him to the little town of Saint-Germain, which is at the foot of Monte Cassino, in the Land of Labour, to one of his uncles, named Romulus, a rich merchant, to learn trade there. Romulus, who had no children, took him into such affection that he destined him to be his heir; but, says the biographer, Philip, who aspired to a far more considerable commerce, regarded these favourable dispositions of his uncle as a snare laid for him by the demon, to retain him in the engagements of the world, and, despising his inheritance, which was

twenty-two thousand gold crowns, he went away to Rome to pursue his studies. He had left one morning, unknown to his uncle, without provisions, without money, committing his needs to the goodness of the Lord. His confidence was not vain; public charity provided for his necessities during the journey, and, arrived in the holy city, he met a noble Florentine, named Galeotto Caccia, who offered him a generous asylum. He believed, it is true, that he was receiving into his house only a traveller; but when Philip, some days after, opened himself to him of his design, already won by his virtues, he told him that he might keep his little room, and that besides he would furnish him with bread. The holy young man, grateful, wished to undertake the education of the two sons of his host, who, thanks to his lessons and examples, became two little angels.

He spent two years there in the most absolute isolation from creatures. He made only one meal a day, and this meal consisted in eating dry bread and drinking water. However, he sometimes added to it herbs or a few olives; but, in return, it happened to him quite often to pass two and three days without taking any food. He would have in his narrow cell no other furniture than a bed, and even this served him only as a seat, for it was on the ground that he took his rest. His clothes and linen were placed on a cord, and his books on a plank. He gave to sleep only the time strictly necessary, and his alarm-clock was the powerful attraction he felt for prayer. This life so edifying in a very young man could not long remain hidden. It was spoken of in the whole city, and the report of it spread as far as Florence. His sister Elizabeth, to whom it was told, answered: “That does not surprise me. From his earliest years, I could conjecture, seeing his virtues, that he would become a great Saint in the sequel.”

He had been leading for two years this life hidden from the eyes of men, when he felt himself divinely drawn to the study of philosophy. Accordingly, he followed at the Roman college the successive courses of the ablest masters that there then were at Rome. After finishing his philosophy, he began his theological studies at the college of the Augustinians, and the progress he made in this science was so remarkable that he had no further need to occupy himself with it afterwards. He lived therefore on the fund which he had then acquired, his duties of state preventing him from adding anything to it, and yet he was always regarded as one of the most learned theologians of Rome. Even in his last years, he discussed the highest and subtlest questions, with as much facility and erudition as those who consecrate their lives to study. He had not even forgotten the least important controversies, and one was astonished to hear him report with exactness the opinions of the learned on these sorts of questions, and the reasonings with which they supported them.

Did he then make a parade of his science? No, doubtless, for he was admirable in humility; he avoided with art all conversations in which he might have let some learning appear, and to hear his short, embarrassed and disconnected phrases, one would have thought he did not know how to speak, he who developed his thoughts so well, and with so much abundance, when it was necessary. Many persons, duped by this artifice, which they were far from suspecting, regarded him as an ignoramus; but if it happened that they had some serious business to treat with him, they very quickly changed their opinion of him. The *Summa* of saint Thomas was always near him, and he consulted it at need. This great Saint, to say it in passing, was, in his opinion, the theologian *par excellence*, and in controversies he willingly ranged himself on his side. With the *Summa*, he also possessed the Bible. These were the only two works which he had kept, when at the end of his studies he had sold all his books in order to distribute the price to the poor.

Being endowed with a mind as supple as it was profound, as graceful as it was solid, he had applied himself to poetry in his young years, and had made many Latin and Italian verses; but, in his old age, he burned them, as well as all his other writings, from aversion for human praise.[1] His virtue made him still more recommendable than his science. At college, he always took care to avoid what could wound purity and modesty, those two amiable virtues which are the ornament of youth; therefore the flower of his virginity was never withered by the wind of the passions. He preserved until his death an angelic purity, which shone forth even upon his face, and illumined it with a heavenly splendour.[2] And yet his fellow-students raised up against him every day new temptations in this matter; they employed even sometimes the most shameful

means, but also the most seductive, such as secretly sending prostitutes to his room: but they could never corrupt him; he came out victorious from all the combats, by prayer, tears and confidence in God. It is related in particular that one day he resisted with such constancy the passion of one of those wretched women, who had made him come under pretext that she was ill, that, in her confusion and the transports of her anger, she threw a stool at his head. As reward for so glorious a victory, he received from heaven this extraordinary grace, that, the thirty years that he lived afterwards, he never felt any movement of the flesh, not even in sleep.

From the studies of the school, he passed to those of the study-room, where he acquired a profound knowledge of the holy Scriptures, of the ancient Fathers and of the canons of the Church; so that, as he had a mind naturally very just and very solid, with a marvellous talent for expressing himself clearly and disputing with method, one may say that the cause of the truths of religion had not for a long time been in better hands. But while he adorned his mind with all the knowledge that regards religion, he mortified his flesh, and did not forget to reduce, like the Apostle, his body to servitude, to keep it always subject to the soul. His manner of living was very austere; for he ate, ordinarily, only once a day, and contented himself often with bread and water. If he added anything, it was only fruit or ill-seasoned vegetables. His prayer was almost continual, and, to give himself to it entirely, he abandoned his studies, and "took all the time to sigh at his ease after God, who was all the joy of his soul." It is in this holy exercise that he felt more vividly the violence of the fire which divine love produced in him, and of which extraordinary things have been published. "He found himself one day so inflamed with the ardours of love, that these sacred flames spreading impetuously over his body, they dilated, and even, according to some, broke, his fourth and fifth rib, to give more space to these seraphic movements."

He scarcely made diversion from these pious conversations of his soul with God except by visiting the hospitals to serve the sick, to assist and instruct the poor. He re-established thus, by his example, that holy custom, which most of the servants of God have practised, of going to bring consolations to all sorrows, and relief to all miseries in the houses of charity, a custom which, before this devotion of saint Philip, was extremely neglected. Few days passed also on which he did not satisfy the particular devotion that he had of visiting the seven churches of Rome. After having poured out his heart there, during the day, at the foot of the altars, he retired, at night, to the cemetery of Callixtus, where he continued the exercises of his piety on the tombs of the martyrs. There was then so sweet an unction in his conversations with Jesus Christ; this divine Saviour spoke so near to his soul, and inundated it with such abundant consolations, that our Saint was often obliged to pray him to diminish transports which his heart could no longer suffice for, and to cry to him with tears: It is enough, Lord, it is enough! His example drew to him afterwards many companions, who wished to join him to make regularly the same stations. This devotion, which was practised with much order and modesty, edified the whole city, and it was one of the means which saint Philip used with the most success to withdraw many young men from their disorderly habits, and to bring them afterwards to true piety: for it must be remarked that this violent love which he had for God produced, among other effects, in his heart, a desire ardent to see all sinners return to him by a true conversion, and unite with the just to render him a worship of justice and truth in the union of a perfect love. With the design of gaining souls to Jesus Christ, he renounced the repose of his dear solitude, and appeared more often in public; which gave occasion to an infinity of persons to verify for themselves the marvellous things which renown had spread of him through the city. There was no day on which he was not found in some place of assembly, at the exchange, in the colleges, in the squares and even in the markets, to exhort everyone to virtue there.

Philip loved young people above all. He would have wished to put them on their guard against the seductions of their age, to preserve to their virtue all its freshness, and to persuade them of the truth of these words of the prophet: "Blessed is the man who bears the yoke of the Lord from his adolescence." He awaited them on leaving the schools, mingled in their ranks and conversed with them; he accosted them in the public squares,

he sought them even in the shops and counting-houses. “Oh! my brothers,” he said to them, “when shall we begin to do good?” There were in his voice and in his manners so many attractions that several, yielding to the irresistible ascendancy which Philip exercised over them, renounced the frivolities of the world and consecrated themselves without reserve to the Lord. God blessed in such a way so active a charity that one saw a considerable change in all the places he frequented. There were no more quarrels there; no more blasphemies, obscene or injurious words, or lies were heard there. Several, not content with leaving sin and vicious habit, renounced the world entirely; several also became excellent workers to labour with him for the conversion of souls: and it is thus that this man, admirable for gentleness, persuasion and the fire of charity, began that holy social renovation by which he regenerated the peoples of Italy; a sublime work of humility, patience and devotion, which he accomplished before his death and which his congregation has so gloriously continued since. It was then that, finding himself assisted by Persiano Rosa, priest of the community of Saint Jerome and his confessor, he gave beginning to the confraternity of the Most Holy Trinity, in the church of Saint-Sauveur-del-Campo, for the relief of the poor from outside, of pilgrims and of convalescents leaving the hospitals, who had no asylum (1548). One admired the fine order he put into it, as well for the exercises of prayer and instruction as for the exercises of charity to which one engaged oneself. He was the soul of this new body; he was present at all the functions of the members with surprising activity. As he embraced the whole universe in his immense charity, his ingenious zeal made him find a thousand resources. This was well seen in the year 1550, which was that of the great jubilee, since he found means to lodge a crowd of pilgrims in houses which he went to ask of his friends and even of other persons of the city. He washed their feet, seeing in them the person of Jesus Christ, and assisted them in all their needs.[3] He maintained even several families whom misfortune had reduced to the last misery; he gave dowries to poor girls to marry them according to their condition.

But he had a quite particular solicitude for children. He went often through the streets of Rome to instruct them, made them approach him as formerly Jesus Christ in the countrysides of Judaea, took them in his arms, loaded them with kisses and caresses, and said to them on leaving them, with a paternal smile: *Amuse yourselves well, but do not offend the good God.* As for those who were poor, he regarded them as his children of predilection, maintained them in trades and even in studies, with alms which he went himself to ask of the rich, and watched over them like a tender mother, until they were of an age to have a position in the world. He also carried help to persons and to religious houses which were in need; it seemed that his heart was an inexhaustible source from which the Lord made flow into his Church all the works of mercy. So saint Philip was already called the father of souls and of bodies. Our Lord honoured all his virtues by a multitude of miracles. One night when he was bringing some assistance to a poor family, he fell into a pit and was drawn out of it by his good angel. Another time, this blessed spirit asked him alms under the figure of a poor man, and took pleasure in seeing him empty his purse to relieve his apparent misery. In spite of these good works, this profound science and this marvellous virtue of which saint Philip left everywhere he passed striking proofs, he was still only a simple layman. He had of the priesthood too high an idea for his humility to permit him to aspire to it; in which he ought to serve as a great example to the rash who, far from trembling at the mere thought of this redoubtable burden, covet it as a means of arriving at an honest comfort and at some consideration in the world.

When he was thirty-six, his confessor ordered him, in the name of God, to enter holy orders. He had to obey, and in so prompt a manner that, in our day, this promptness would pass for precipitation; but the intervals did not exist before the council of Trent. He was made to receive the tonsure, the minor orders and the subdiaconate in the month of March of the year 1551, the diaconate on Holy Saturday, that is to say the 29th of the same month, and the priesthood on the twenty-third day of May of the same year. As much repugnance as he had had in receiving the priestly character, so much zeal and eagerness did he put into exercising all its functions. He did not pass a single day without saying Mass, unless he were ill, and even then he did not renounce the happiness of communicating. With what holy joy, with what transports of love he approached

this august Sacrament! When he celebrated, his devotion was so tender, so lively, that on merely touching the chalice in which he was to consecrate, he was inundated with heavenly consolations which overflowed upon his body and made it resplendent with a mysterious light. At the elevation above all, his spirit entered into such raptures that he could scarcely lower his arms and that he felt himself as it were lifted from the earth by an invisible force.

Not long after his ordination, he entered, on the advice of his confessor, the community of the free priests of Saint Jerome, which was called that of Charity,[4] and he was employed there in hearing the confessions of penitents. It seemed that nothing more was lacking to his charity than this means of drawing souls to God, which he did by inspiring them with horror of sin and love of virtue.

At this period, the fervent devotion of the ages of faith had given place, among most of the faithful, to a deplorable lukewarmness. Many Christians contented themselves with confessing once each year and communicating at the feasts of Easter. Philip saw in this lukewarmness the cause of the loss of a great number of souls. He displayed a pious activity to decide the faithful to frequent the Sacraments and the exercises of piety, and above all confession. His room was open to all persons who wished to put themselves under his direction; it was entered by night as by day, even when he was at prayer; he received them all with kindness and taught them by familiar conversations the science of salvation and the maxims of the Gospel. It is thus that he assembled disciples and formed good workers for the vineyard of the Lord, among whom must be remarked above all: Henry Pietra, who afterwards gave great development to the congregation of the Clerks of Christian Doctrine; John Mauzoli, who courageously renounced great riches, to acquire eternal goods; Theseus Raspa, who died holily in the Congregation of the Oratory; Francis-Mary Tarugi, John-Baptist Modi and Anthony Fucius.

It would be difficult to count all those whom Philip, still a layman, made embrace the evangelical counsels. The monasteries of the various Orders were incessantly peopled with the new recruits he sent them. For this reason saint Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, called him pleasantly Philip the Bell, and this is how he explained his thought: “Just as,” he said, “a parish bell calls everybody to church and remains in its tower, so this apostolic man makes others enter religion, and remains in the world.” This great Saint pressed him several times to enter his society, but uselessly. It was not for lack of veneration for the holy founder, and of esteem for his Order, but his vocation was to make religious and not to become one. When he had once convinced his illustrious friend of it, the latter ceased his instances.

Philip knew that most men preserve to the tomb the vicious habits which they contracted in their youth. Therefore, although he was very much applied to withdrawing from evil all the sinners whose unhappy state he knew, whatever their age and condition, he displayed nevertheless a quite special zeal, still more fruitful and more admirable, to convert young people and make them persevere in good. He invented a thousand ingenious means to preserve them from every action which would have offended God, and to insinuate into their hearts the desire of virtue. In his old age, although the excess of his fatigues had almost exhausted the strength of his body, the holy man did not cease to pass through the streets of Rome, surrounded by a retinue of young people, conversing with them, according to their various professions, exhorting them to love one another and receiving from them numerous testimonies of affection and respect. Often he interrupted his prayer to go for a walk, to play, to run with the young people, and he won their souls by this condescension, and, if I may say so, by this comradeship, always prudent, moreover, as much as amiable. At other times, he led the young people onto a plain, and there made them play together at various games of running and skill, such as tennis [*jeu de paume*]. Ordinarily, he himself set the game going, then withdrew under a tree or on a little mound to read or to meditate on some features of the Passion; for he always carried with him a little book which contained only the narrative of the Passion of the Saviour, according to the four evangelists. As soon as he had read a few lines, he could not continue, but remained motionless, absorbed in contemplation.

When one of his young people ceased to frequent the Oratory and came no more to confession, Philip's tender charity impelled him to put at once everything to work to bring the prodigal child back to the good father he had abandoned.

Nothing was better known at Rome, above all among the religious, than the marvellous gift which saint Philip had received from heaven, to excite in the hearts of young people the love of virtue and the desire of perfection. The Father superior of the Dominicans of the convent of the Minerva often entrusted his novices to him, with permission to lead them where he would for their recreation, thinking well that they would draw great fruit from his wholly heavenly conversation. His hope was fully realized. Often the Saint made them do the pilgrimage of the seven churches, above all during the time of carnival: then they all received holy communion, and said that it was their best rejoicing. At other times, he led them to some agreeable spot; they passed the whole day there and dined together on the grass. The holy old man took great pleasure in seeing them eat and in being witness of their joy. He was accustomed to say to them: "Eat and be merry, my children; have no scruple about it, for nothing rejoices me more than to see you joyful; your good appetite nourishes me." When their meal was ended, he made them sit in a circle around him, on the grass or on rocks, and gave them precious counsels.

How describe the patience of saint Philip in the midst of his young people, and all that he bore in the hope of keeping them far from evil? Assembled in his room, they made all the noise and all the uproar they wished, without the Saint's addressing to them the slightest reproach. A Roman gentleman, who often came to visit the Saint, was surprised at the noise the young people made; he asked saint Philip how he could bear it. "Provided they commit no sin," he answered him, "they may well chop wood on my back, if it gives them pleasure."

At that time nothing was spoken of at Rome but the conquests made in the Indies by saint Francis Xavier and his companions. Philip procured letters of these apostolic men, and had them read in the spiritual meetings which were held in his room. It is easy to conceive the effect they must have produced on a soul as fervent as that of the holy man. "What a pity," he said to his disciples, "that there are so few workers to gather in such a harvest! Why should not we go to their aid?" His zeal communicated itself to some of his hearers. These courageous Christians, to the number of twenty, told their master that they were determined to follow him to the Indies, to labour there for the conversion of the infidels, and to shed their blood for the faith, if God judged them worthy of such a favour. Philip, transported with joy, had those who were capable of it raised to the priesthood; and all prepared for their approaching departure.

But, while he was meditating on this design and praying Our Lord to enlighten him, he was told by an interior voice to consult, on this subject, the prior of Tre Fontane, who was a man of very holy life, of the Order of Cîteaux. Father Augustine Ghettino (that was his name), after having himself received advice from heaven by saint John the evangelist, who appeared to him, made him answer: That God did not want him in the Indies, but at Rome, where there were only too many infidels to convert. Saint John the Baptist came, in a vision, to say the same thing to Philip himself. Our Saint also received as messengers two blessed souls who brought him these words on behalf of Our Lord: Philip, the will of God is that thou live in this city as in a desert. He obeyed these orders and resolved to consecrate the rest of his days to the city of Rome alone, where, until his last breath, he spread so many benefits of every sort, and where the effects of his zeal were so numerous and so useful to society, that it is incredible what veneration the peoples still have today for his memory.

He drew a great number of sinners from the abyss of their crimes, and even made several of them enter religion, to do greater penance there. He recalled a quantity of heretics to the bosom of the Church, and converted even a fairly large number of Jews. History has preserved to us the names of three, more obstinate than all the others, who, after having long resisted his remonstrances, presented themselves to him of their own accord, one day when he had just said Mass for them. Clement VIII, having learned their miraculous

conversion, wished to baptize them himself in the church of Saint-Jean-de-la-Croix, and gave his name to the youngest, who was called Clement. The oldest was named Alexander, and the other Augustine.

There was an almost infinite number of people at his sermons: but there were scarcely fewer who went to consult him in private. He was always ready to receive them, without any occupation being able to prevent him; on which he used to say these celebrated words, of which several great Saints have since made a maxim: “That nothing more agreeable could happen to a soul that loves God well than to leave God for God.” He had an extreme charity for the sick, and above all for those who were at the last extremity: often, in visiting them, he gave them interior consolations which delivered their souls from all the temptations that the enemy of men had raised against them. It is reported that, being one day in the room of a dying man, when he said these words: *Quis est hic?* Who is here? the demons were so terrified by it that they were heard distinctly taking flight. Sometimes he obtained from God, by his prayers, the health of their bodies as well as that of their souls; it would not be difficult to produce several examples of it, since the bull of his canonization and the histories of his life are full of them. It is enough nevertheless to remark here that pope Clement VIII, of happy memory, having had this holy priest come into his room, in a violent pain of gout which tormented him horribly, he had no sooner been touched by his hands than he was delivered from it. Seeing the eagerness which the peoples had to come to hear the word of God, above all towards the close of day, he instituted a public prayer which they might attend before returning home. For this purpose, he had an oratory built in the very place of the instructions. God looked with such complacency on this pious establishment, and granted it such blessings, that nothing was spoken of at Rome so much as going, towards sunset, to the Oratory of Philip Neri.

Another means, imagined by saint Philip, to render piety attractive and to show that it has also its recreations and its sweetnesses, was the use of music in the exercises of the Oratory.

The greatest composer of the fifteenth century, he whose genius raised religious music to its highest degree of perfection, Palestrina, became a disciple of saint Philip and helped him powerfully to procure for the confreres of the Oratory the pious pleasure of spiritual canticles. Palestrina set to music several canticles and several hymns, sung by the associates of the Oratory. The archives of the Oratorian Fathers of Santa Maria in Vallicella carefully preserve various unpublished motets of this illustrious composer. Thanks to saint Philip, whom he loved as a father, Palestrina, while acquiring an immortal glory, made great progress in piety. He died holily, sustained, in his last hour, by him who had taught him to sanctify his genius. Seized with a pleurisy that was to defy the resources of science, he sent for saint Philip, who hastened with his usual charity, heard his last confession and disposed him to receive the holy Viaticum. On the 2nd of February 1594, day of the feast of the Purification of the blessed Virgin, in whose honour he had published a little before several hymns in music, he was exhorted by saint Philip to desire to go and enjoy in heaven the feast celebrated to the glory of the Mother of God. Gathering his exhausted strength, Palestrina answered: “Yes, I ardently desire to go to heaven, and I pray Mary, my advocate, to obtain for me from her divine Son so great a happiness.” As soon as he had pronounced these words, he expired. Several ecclesiastics, animated by a holy emulation by the example of his disciples, asked afterwards to increase their number and to be employed under him in the instructions, conferences and prayer. The blessed Saint conducted them with so much gentleness that he did with them what he would. To introduce among them a form of assembly, and unite them by some spiritual bonds, he prescribed to them regulations and some exercises, which they “received willingly and observed exactly.” The great Baronius, who was one of his disciples and spiritual children, remarks, in the first volume of his “Annals, at the fifty-second year, that these regulations are perfectly conformable to those which the apostle saint Paul gives to the first Christians of Corinth.” These holy priests employed the morning in saying the divine office in the church of the confreres of the Florentine nation, who had themselves offered it to saint Philip. After noon, they came to that of Saint Jerome, where, every day except Saturday, there were four who were destined to give little sermons to the people on

Christian doctrine, the reformation of morals and the examples of the Saints. Saint Philip did not fail to be present to listen to all the others, and at the end of the discourse, he questioned the hearers by way of spiritual conference, and always concluded with some reflections which carried them to the love of God, to contempt of the world and to the practice of virtue. It is by these small beginnings that he gave birth to the celebrated congregation of the Oratory, whose first pillars were John-Francis Bourdin, afterwards archbishop of Avignon; Alexander Fideli; and that incomparable man of whom we have already spoken, we mean the most eminent cardinal Baronius, who, at the solicitation of saint Philip, undertook those ecclesiastical *Annals*, whose merit is so excellent that all the ages that will follow will not be too long to praise them worthily. This great cardinal said himself that it was to his holy founder that he was indebted not only for the design, but also for the progress and the happy success of this work, and that he deserved better than he to be called its author.

The congregation of which we speak was confirmed, in the year 1575, by pope Gregory XIII, who, well informed of the merit of saint Philip and of the great fruits that might be hoped from his company, gave him besides the church of Santa Maria in Vallicella or of Saint Gregory, which was falling into ruin. It was rebuilt from top to bottom; and cardinal Alexander de Medici, archbishop of Florence, who was afterwards raised to the sovereign Pontificate, under the name of Leo XI, celebrated the first Mass there.

This is the way in which this great servant of God instituted this illustrious community.

Let us see the fine examples of virtue he gave to his children; we shall draw them from the process of his canonization. He burned with so great a love for God that this divine flame, as we have already said, overflowed even upon his body, particularly during prayer, and one saw coming out of all his face, and above all of his eyes, as it were sparks of fire, which sufficiently marked the brazier by which his heart was consumed; he was often heard to begin these words of the Apostle: *Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo*, "I desire the dissolution of my body, and to be united to Jesus Christ"; but his humility not permitting him to speak as saint Paul, he stopped short and said only this first word, *Cupio*.

This love was principally so ardent and so strong, when he said holy Mass, that, in the tremblings which it gave him, he made the altar-step tremble. He had excellently the gift of tears, and he shed them in such great abundance, when he meditated on the passion of Our Lord or on the ingratitude of sinners, that it is a miracle if he did not lose his sight by dint of weeping; and from this one may judge, on the one side, what a high idea he had formed of the majesty of God, and on the other, the low opinion he had of himself. He was very humble, in effect, since he protested, like saint Francis, that he was the greatest of all sinners, and in this thought he made every day to God this prayer: "Lord, give yourself charge of me, because I shall betray you today, and I shall commit all the sins of the world if you do not preserve me from them by your holy grace."

One day when he was ill to the extremity, his children besought him to ask of God his cure, and to offer himself to serve him longer on earth, if he were still necessary to his people, as saint Martin had done. He answered them: "I am not saint Martin, I have never approached his merit. If it entered my mind that I was necessary to you, I should think myself entirely lost."

One must not be astonished, after that, if he always fled ecclesiastical dignities and honours, if he could never be made to accept either benefices or pensions, and if he constantly refused, not only bishoprics, but also the cardinalate, which was offered him by popes Gregory XIII and Clement VIII. It was even by a formal command, and by virtue of the obedience he owed to the Holy See, that he was brought to acquiesce in his election as superior general of the new congregation which he had founded; and he never had rest until he had been discharged of it two years before his death, in order to live at least this short time in obedience, under the direction of the great Baronius, who succeeded him.

This prodigious humility was accompanied by an unshakable constancy and firmness in the persecutions which were made against him, and which are ordinarily made against all the Saints. He was one day accused,

before the tribunal of the vice-gerent of Rome, of holding dangerous assemblies, of sowing novelties among the people, and of suffering impertinent discourses in the sermons and public conferences of his disciples. This prelate, thus prejudiced against him, had him come to his tribunal and treated him very harshly: he even interdicted to him the confessional for fifteen days and forbade him to mount the pulpit without his express permission. Philip received this confusion with a joyful face and without justifying himself, and said humbly that he was ready to obey whatever should be ordered him and that he had never had any other design than to procure the glory of God and the salvation of men. Other persons, even of his congregation, having too lightly given credit to false reports that had been made of him, he left them in this thought, not believing that one could have a bad enough idea of his person, and persuading himself that these calumnies were so many lessons that God gave him, to teach him to humble himself. What is still more admirable is that he always excused, as far as it was possible to him, the authors of these calumnies; particularly when he spoke with those who were scandalized by them. Finally, he prayed God for them and asked his pardon for the offence they might have committed in it.

His patience appeared no less in illnesses. He had great ones every year, and it has been remarked that he received the Extreme Unction as many as four times. But, however great his pains might be, never was he heard to say a single word of complaint; on the contrary, one always saw joy appear on his face, and sweetness was so diffused upon his lips that it was a great satisfaction to be with him. When he recovered, it was rather by miracle than by remedies; which should not surprise, since, by the report of the physicians, what he took of food in the best health was so slight that it was not naturally capable of sustaining his body. It is believed therefore that he lived so long only by the strength which he received from the holy Eucharist. Finally, to complete the picture of his virtues, we shall use the terms of pope Urban VIII, who says that “this great servant of God excelled so much in

Christian mortification that he made himself a perfect master of it.” In effect, he carried it to the point that he renounced sometimes even the lights of his reason, to abandon himself more perfectly to the guidance of Jesus Christ, and that he did exterior actions which appeared little judicious, in order to pass for weak and light in the thought of the men of the world.

But, as glory is the reward of humility, he was the more honoured the more eagerly he sought humiliations and contempt. Saint Charles Borromeo had so much esteem and veneration for him that, every time he met him, he prostrated himself before him and begged him to permit him to kiss his hands. Saint Ignatius of Loyola made no less account of his holiness: and these two illustrious founders were often seen looking at each other without saying anything, in the admiration which they naturally had of the virtue they recognized in one another. What shall we say of the close friendship which reigned between him and the blessed Felix of Cantalice? They never met without saluting each other with affection, but in a very novel manner: for it was only by testifying the desire they had of seeing each other endure scourges, wheels, racks and all sorts of other torments for the honour of Jesus Christ, and often they both remained a long time without speaking, as if seized and transported with joy.

Finally, we cannot omit that the popes themselves, Paul and Pius IV, Pius and Sixtus V, Gregory XIII, Gregory XIV and Clement VIII, always respected him as a great Saint. Clement VIII, under whose pontificate he lived, having experienced the divine virtue which resided in Philip’s hands, kissed them publicly and proposed him as a perfect model of holiness and an accomplished example of all the virtues.

But why should men not have respected saint Philip, since the God of heaven honoured him with his greatest graces and his most extraordinary favours? Often he was rapt in ecstasy, and then he was seen raised from the earth and all surrounded with light. One night of the feast of Christmas, Our Lord let himself be seen by him on the altar, under the form of a little child of admirable beauty, who was only just born. Sometimes he perceived in the holy host a multitude of angels and all the glory of paradise. He also saw the blessed Virgin sustain with her hands the roof of the church of Vallicella, which threatened ruin, until it was out of danger,

and a year before his death, being dangerously ill, she appeared to him again and cured him miraculously.

He saw several souls of his penitents or friends fly away to heaven, and he heard at the same time the angels who testified their joy by canticles of praise. He knew, by a divine light, the beauty of the interior of those who were in a state of grace; the faces of saint Charles Borromeo and of saint Ignatius appeared to him often all resplendent with light.

Not only did God give him the grace of always preserving his virginity, but also those who had the happiness of seeing him felt themselves interiorly solicited to the practice of this amiable virtue, whether by the modesty and sweetness of his looks, or by an agreeable perfume which ordinarily exhaled from his body. He discerned chaste persons from others by the good or bad odour which they spread, and the mere imposition of his hands was a powerful remedy for all sorts of temptations against purity.

He also penetrated hearts and had a great discernment of spirits, so that he distinguished false visions from true ones. Therefore, although the demon appeared to him often and under diverse figures, he always triumphed over him gloriously, discovering his artifices at once. With this marvellous gift, God had also granted him that of prophecy and that of miracles. He knew absent things as if they had been present. He appeared at the same time in several places and to diverse persons very far apart. In effect, although he was in the house of Saint Jerome, he was very often seen in the church of Santa Maria in Vallicella, called of Saint Gregory.

One of his penitents, who was going from Rome to Naples, having been taken by corsairs, threw himself into the sea to save himself; but, as the waves were too violent and he was near being submerged, our Saint, whom he invoked, appeared to him, and, drawing him from the water by the hair, transported him to a place of safety. Another time, without leaving Rome, he conversed with a good religious named Catherine, in the convent of Prato, of the Order of Saint Augustine, in Tuscany.

The bull of canonization says that he suddenly healed several sick persons, some by the sign of the cross, others by his touch and the imposition of his sacred hands, others by prayers which he made to God with an extreme fervour, others by merely commanding the illnesses to withdraw, as he did for a religious oblate of Saint Francis, who had a continual fever; others finally, by applying to them remedies altogether contrary to the evil; which appeared in the person of the great Baronius, his disciple: for, seeing him overwhelmed by so great a weakness of stomach and head that he could retain no food, nor apply himself to prayer or to study, he made him eat in his presence an entire loaf and a lemon, and by this means restored him to perfect health. He had already cured him another time of a mortal illness in which he was despaired of by the physicians; for, as he knew the loss the Church would suffer in losing a man of so great merit, he betook himself to prayer to ask God for his cure; and in that very hour, the pious sick man dozed and saw him in a dream make great entreaties to Our Lord and the blessed Virgin for his health. When he awoke after this dream, he began to be better; and, a short time after, at the hour when, according to the physicians, he was to die, he rose in very good health and ready to resume his ordinary exercises of preaching, confession, reading and composition. The handkerchiefs of saint Philip and all the things which he had used wrought like prodigies. A cloth stained with his blood cured on the spot a horrible ulcer, which had resisted for eighteen months all remedies. His power extended even over death, as was seen in the case of Paul Fabricius, of the house of the Massimi. Having died without the consolation of seeing saint Philip, whom he had asked for with insistence, he rose again on his arrival, when this Saint called him by his name. He confessed to him and died a second time, having preferred to go up at once to heaven rather than to live still on earth, exposed to the occasions of sin and the danger of losing his soul for an entire eternity.

While saint Philip was thus filling the whole city of Rome with admiration of his miraculous actions, the hour of his death was approaching. It was not unforeseen by him; for, besides that he prepared for it every day, he had a vision in which he learned the very moment when it was to arrive. It was the 23rd of May 1595,

the day of the most holy Sacrament, in the manner which follows: He offered, very early in the morning, the holy sacrifice of the Mass with great transports of joy, an abundance of tears and an extraordinary fervour of spirit; he then heard the confessions of some of those present and communicated them with his hands according to his custom; finally, as he was finishing these holy exercises, there came upon him a vomiting of blood to which no remedy could be applied. This accident obliged him to lie on a bed to await his last moment. It is known that he had already received Extreme Unction several times, and some days before, Baronius had brought him the holy Viaticum. On which it is reported that, as soon as he saw the holy Sacrament enter his room, he cried out, weak as he was, shedding quantities of tears: “Behold him who makes all my joy, behold my love and my delights; I esteem nothing so dear or so precious as he. Give, give me him whom I love; give, give him to me quickly.” And after having received him, he said: “I have received the physician into my house, behold me content.”

All the religious who surrounded him shed tears; but they were less tears of sadness than tears of love and joy, because their blessed Father was going to pray for them in heaven. Father Baronius, who was reciting the prayers of the dying according to the practice of the Church, having begged him to give once more his blessing to his dear children kneeling around him, he opened his eyes, and having raised them towards heaven, lowered them at once on them with a look full of tenderness, showing by this sign that he had obtained from God the blessing they asked; and this was his supreme farewell. He rendered peacefully his soul to Our Lord, who carried it away into the glory of the heavens about midnight, between the twenty-fifth and the twenty-sixth day of May, at the age of eighty years, the forty-fourth of his priesthood, and the twentieth since the establishment of his congregation.

His body was opened in the presence of the physicians and of the Fathers of the house, and it was learned that God had miraculously preserved his life for several years: for there were found two ribs moved from their natural place, the artery which carries the blood to the lungs empty, and the heart swollen, dried up on the outside and almost entirely exhausted; which came, by all appearances, from love having consumed it. A marvellous thing happened while the opening of his body was being made; for, when he was turned from side to side, he always covered himself with his hands, as if he had been alive; and he had done as much the night before, in the presence of the Fathers, when he was being washed: which marks the angelic purity he preserved all his life.

The heart and entrails were put in the ordinary sepulchre of the Fathers of the congregation, and his body was exposed in the church, where the people came in crowds during three days to offer him their marks of veneration; afterwards, by the order of the cardinals of Florence and Borromeo, he was clothed in his priestly vestments, enclosed in a shrine of walnut wood, and deposited in a little chapel closed by a wall of brick, as he had himself predicted, though obscurely and without its being understood then what he meant.

After his death, he also appeared to several persons, particularly to a lady named Drusina Fantina, who, having her head split and her body almost entirely broken by a fall, awaited only the moment of death. He came to console her in this misfortune and gave her perfect health. He did the same grace to Leonard Rouël, who was at the extremity, saying to him only these words: My son, go in peace; and he was cured. Several other miracles were wrought at his tomb, and by the touch of things which he had used or which had belonged to him: a stillborn child, having been recommended to him, received life at that very hour, was baptized, and lived twenty-one days. A multitude of similar prodigies may be seen in the process of his canonization, to which we refer the reader. We cannot, however, omit these two, which may give much instruction to those who shall read this book. A man called Stephen Calcinard, who carried on him by devotion some relics of saint Philip, was tempted by an impudent woman and solicited to evil: at the same time he felt these sacred relics move on his breast, and he heard a voice which said: “Do not consent to it, and take flight.” He obeyed at once, and by this means avoided sin. Another, named Vincent Valois, who was pressed by a strong temptation, reading the preceding example, addressed himself to our Saint and said to

him: “Why, my father, should I not receive from you now the same grace as that man?” And in that very hour he was entirely delivered.

Seven years after his death, the body of the Saint was found whole, without any corruption, not even in the entrails, which on the contrary exhaled a very agreeable odour. It was transported with much pomp and ceremony into a rich chapel of the church of the Oratorians of Rome, which a Florentine lord of the illustrious family of Neri had had built for him, in gratitude for his having obtained a son by his merits, and for this child having, eighteen months afterwards, been drawn back from the gates of death by his assistance. The cult of saint Philip is popular at Rome. Lamps burn constantly before his tomb. One shows in the house of the Oratory the room he inhabited: it is today a chapel.

So many wonders happened during the life and immediately after the death of the servant of God, gave occasion to begin soon to work at the process of his canonization. The resolution of it was taken from the time of pope Clement VIII, and afterwards it was pursued by Paul V, his successor, at the instance of Henry the Great, king of France, who wrote the more willingly about it because this Blessed one had employed himself ardently for his reconciliation to the Roman Church: finally the ceremony of it was performed by pope Gregory XV, at the supplication of Louis XIII and of queen Mary de Medici, his mother, in the year 1622, in the month of March.

The features of the life of saint Philip Neri on which the palette of painters and the chisel of sculptors have most willingly exercised themselves are the following: 1° Our Lady appears to him sustaining the roof of his chapel which was about to fall. We have alluded to this marvellous event; 2° in priestly vestments, he celebrates holy Mass. — This recalls the ardent piety with which he went up to the altar. 3° A German engraving which we have before our eyes recalls the meeting of saint Philip Neri and saint Felix of Cantalice in the streets of Rome. The founder of the Oratory drinks unceremoniously from the gourd of the questing brother: whence one may conclude that this is the most popular characteristic of the Saint; 4° he is surrounded by children and young people. The love he bore them is known. The Oratorians have adopted for their arms the image of Santa Maria in Vallicella, which Baronius had engraved on the frontispiece of his *Annals* and of the *Martyrology*. A relic of saint Philip Neri is carefully preserved at the Ursulines of Amiens.

Constitutions of the Oratory. — Some Celebrated Oratorians.

I. Let us return to the history of the Congregation. This holy assembly of priests had no other aim than to form themselves in the ecclesiastical spirit, in true priestly perfection, and then to pour out on the faithful the treasures of graces which it would have drawn from the interior life and union with Jesus Christ: no other rule than the maxims of the Gospel and the usages of the holy founder. In a word, they lived the life of saint Philip, who himself lived the life of Jesus Christ. Charity animated this great body, united all the members and guided them in the exercise of their functions.

They held their first Chapter in 1587, and elected their founder superior general and perpetual. But it was decided that after him the other generals should be renewed every three years; that they might nevertheless be continued as long as should be judged fit, and with regard to the merits of the subjects.

Philip added little by little new constitutions to those he had already made, and laid down as the foundation of his Congregation that no vow should be made in it. These constitutions were printed at Rome, in 1612.

This institute was founded on bases too solid not to make rapid progress. So, from the year 1686, Taruggi had formed establishments at Naples and at Milan, then, at the same time, at San-Severino, at Zermo and at Palermo. The Fathers of the Oratory of Rome, seeing that their institute was multiplying, far from imitating the example of the new Congregations which seek only to extend themselves, decreed that they would never have houses dependent on theirs, outside Rome; but, in order that it might not be believed that they disapproved the establishments of Oratorians similar to their institute, they added to the decree that it was

nevertheless permitted to send priests to establish houses on the model of the Oratory of Rome, on condition that they should return after having founded them; that these new houses should not be annexed to those of Rome to make a single body, but that each house should govern itself separately, so that they should be bodies independent of one another. But there is nevertheless always unity, since each house, instead of obeying a general as in the other Orders and Congregations, obeys the usages. An exception was made to this Rule by uniting the new establishment of Lanciano, in the Abruzzo, to the houses of Rome, of Naples, and of San-Severino.

After the death of saint Philip, the institute took on still greater growth. Galonius, who wrote in 1600, assures that, besides the Oratories of Rome, of Naples, of San-Severino and of Lanciano, which were united among themselves, there were four others at Lucca, at Zermo, at Palermo and at Camerino, and six which had just been established at Zano, at Pavia, at Vienna, at Ferrara, at Thonon in Savoy and at Notre-Dame des Grâces, in the diocese of Fréjus.

The great men who have come out of the Oratory are numerous, and, in spite of the care they took to hide their virtues and talents, they have cast a great lustre in the Church. We shall only mention here Rordin, whom pope Clement VIII chose for confessor, and who was archbishop of Avignon; the cardinals Octavius Pallavicini, Nicholas Sfondrate, Leander Colloredo; and several prelates, of whom one of the most distinguished for his eminent virtue was John Juvenal, formerly bishop of Saluzzo, one of the first companions of saint Philip. One could also name illustrious writers, men celebrated in the sciences and the arts. But we refer to ecclesiastical history.

Let it be permitted us only to relate here, on certain Fathers of the Congregation, some particular features which the multitude of more important events has made the great historians neglect.

II. Father Erasmus de Bertholo, of the Congregation of Naples, was a very skilful musician. He left a great number of religious compositions which breathe a gentle and tender piety, and in which vivacity of expression is united to a character of inimitable nobility. “His melodies,” says the historian, “simple and naïve, grave and majestic, had something heavenly which charmed the ear and touched the heart, to the point of making tears flow.” So, as soon as a feast was celebrated at the Oratory of Naples, people ran in crowds to the solemn offices, to hear these chants which ravished souls and filled them with consolation. The rumour even ran, among the artists of his time, that these harmonies worthy of angels were less the work of genius than the effect of a heavenly inspiration. Struck with the plague, the pious artist died in the odour of sanctity, and his soul went to heaven to sing with the Blessed the praises of Him whom it had already sung on earth.

III. Father Thomas Somerset was born of a very illustrious family allied to the royal family of England. To preserve his faith pure and intact, he exiled himself voluntarily from his country, at a still tender age. He came to Perugia, where, for several years, he gave himself to profane and ecclesiastical studies. After his education, he fixed his sojourn at Rome, and soon was made chamberlain of honour by two Popes, Innocent X and Alexander VII, then canon of Saint Peter’s. Attracted by the odour of the virtues which the Congregation of Perugia spread from day to day, with which he had had very close relations, he generously stripped himself of all his dignities to embrace the institute in that house. A profound humility and an admirable charity for the poor, into whose bosom he poured abundant alms, were his two inseparable companions. Clement IX, wishing to send to England, for the affairs of religion, a worthy person with the character of internuncio, cast his eyes on Father Somerset. He made him set out with much honour and privileges to soften his difficult mission. There, the pious internuncio having been discovered by the heretics, he trembled with joy and love for Jesus Christ at the thought that he was going to shed his blood for this divine Saviour. But king Charles II obliged him to take refuge in Flanders, giving him all the means for the crossing. From there, he wrote a very affectionate letter to his beloved brothers of Perugia, relating to them what he had done and suffered for the faith, and manifesting to them the desire which devoured him to return at last to his dear Congregation to end his days there. But it pleased God to dispose of it otherwise. Surprised

by a mortal illness, he passed to a better life in the city of Dunkirk, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

IV. Father Leander Colloredo was of a very illustrious family in Bohemia, Sweden and Germany. At the age of seventeen, he embraced the institute of the Oratory in the house of Rome. He had angelic morals and an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls. His piety and his science induced Innocent XI to give him the purple. Colloredo, struck as by a terrible and unexpected blow, threw himself at the feet of the Holy Father and begged him to exempt him from such a dignity. But he had to yield to the formal command of the vicar of Jesus Christ. In stripping off his religious habit to put on the purple, he drew from his heart a deep and sorrowful sigh, and cried: *Hodie exui me tunica laetitiae* — "Today I have stripped myself of the tunic of gladness"; he was raised later, and always against his will, to the very honourable office of grand penitentiary. It would be difficult to depict the paternal goodness, the touching attentions with which he received repentant sinners, apostates returned to themselves, heretics undeceived. A singular prudence, an invincible strength of soul, a profound humility, a heroic meekness, an admirable poverty, a virginal purity, a boundless charity, a blind obedience: such were the virtues which shone in the illustrious cardinal. Seeing the numberless calamities that fell upon the Church, and principally upon the pontifical States, he offered his own life to satisfy the outraged justice of God. His sacrifice was accepted: he died some time after, as he had predicted several times. Rome was not long in experiencing the fruit of this sublime immolation. So Father Colloredo was always regarded as a great Saint. He announced future things, penetrated the secret of hearts, and he healed several sick persons during his life and after his death. His body remained exposed four whole days before being put in the tomb; during all this time, the same flexibility, the same suppleness, the same complexion were remarked that his limbs had before death. Two phials of his blood, which were collected long afterwards, at the very time when Father Pucetti, of the Clerks Regular of the Mother of God, was having his life printed, are still preserved; this blood is still liquid, red and lively, as if it were spurting from his veins. Such was the esteem in which the science and virtues of this holy man were held, that all the strangers who came to Rome wished to see him as one of the first marvels of this city, which is full of them. From all Christendom, bishops had recourse to him as to their protector and the defender of their rights.

At Vienna, one saw the portrait of the venerable cardinal, homage of the whole grateful city, with this eulogy taken from Ecclesiasticus: *Praecellens in operibus suis*. Heretics came in great numbers to see and hear him. One of them could not help saying one day that the advantages of the Roman Church over all other religions shone with a very marvellous brilliance in such a personage. In France, in Spain, in Germany, and even in the British Isles his name was in veneration. The celebrated Fathers Maurice, Mabillon, Ruinart and Martène praise him in several places of their works; Mabillon above all, in his book entitled *Iter italicum*… Among the most agreeable and happiest things which happened to him at Rome, he counts the friendship he contracted with Father Colloredo. He had heard of him at Paris, and he says he wished several times to serve his Mass when he was still only a simple Oratorian. The emperor Leopold had for him a great veneration, as had many other sovereigns, a crowd of bishops, finally of men distinguished in every kind. The blessed cardinal Barbarigo called him the heir of the spirit of saint Francis de Sales. Innocent XI made so much account of his lights that he submitted himself, so to speak, to his counsels, every time it was a question of nominating to dignities or of condemning erroneous or scandalous books.

Innocent XII consulted him in the gravest and most delicate questions; and finally Clement XI, when he was a cardinal, kept as a relic whatever he could have of Father Colloredo; and, when he was raised to the papacy, he always regarded him as the strongest pillar of his pontificate. On learning his death, he could not help shedding abundant tears over so great a loss. And as he could no longer make use of his lights in this world, he wished, at least, as he declared himself, to have his protection in heaven, and that is why, in all his difficulties, he had recourse to him and invoked him as a Saint.

V. Father Peter Ottoboni, nephew of Alexander VIII, bishop of Sabina, archpriest of the patriarchal Liberian basilica, vice-chancellor of the holy Roman Church, secretary of State, was also chosen by Louis XIV, king

of France, to be the protector of the kingdom near the Holy See. He has been called, with justice, the Maecenas of his century, the protector of the learned: he was very well instructed himself, and one of the best poets of his century.

He kept in his palace an academy of the finest geniuses of Rome, giving to some counsels, to others encouragement, to all praises and favours.

VI. Father Taruggi was a man of extraordinary eloquence. So Baronius called him *dux verbi* — "A master man in words." By his discourses as well as by his virtues, he converted a great number of sinners and brought back into the bosom of the Church a crowd of heretics. A great preacher said "that, to hear him, he would willingly go a mile on his elbows." He showed great skill and great prudence in the administration of the most important affairs of the Church. The holy pontiff Pius V associated him with the cardinal Alexandrino in the celebrated embassy which he sent to the Christian princes to unite them against Selim II. Gregory XIII chose him to assist at the death of the duke of Cleves, in the pontifical palace. Several princes of Europe had him in such singular esteem that they sent him presents which he would never accept. Forced to obey the formal command of the sovereign Pontiff, he was consecrated archbishop of Avignon, in spite of his complaints and abundant tears. He bore great fatigues for the visitation of his diocese, the reform of the peoples and the clergy, at which he laboured with as much gentleness as firmness. The bishops of France had for him a particular veneration; they all hastened to see him, and one of them, the bishop of Verdun, said in his praise: *Tam claram virtutis lucem Galliis nostris intulit Taurusius (Taruggi), ut episcopi e remotissimis partibus et angulis ad eum venitarent, tanquam ad ecclesiasticae disciplinae normam et ideam spirantem.*

It was at Avignon that he formed, with Father de Bérulle, the plan of the Oratory of France.[5] — When his promotion to the cardinalate was announced to him, he gave no sign of joy, and even put off opening the pontifical letters.

Later, having been called to Rome by the Pope, he used his authority to pacify the duchies of Mantua and Parma, and refused the presents which were offered him in gratitude. He was very much esteemed by the most venerable men of his time, among others by saint Charles Borromeo and saint Ignatius of Loyola. It sometimes happened that the love of God became so violent in his heart that he felt as it were burning inwardly; this love which he had for God overflowed upon the poor; to give them alms, he sold in the end his purple mantle and his episcopal ring.

He had the gift of tears to the point of shedding abundant ones in his preachings and in sacred functions. He also had the gift of prophecy, was several times rapt in ecstasy, and healed many sick.

In one of his pastoral visits, two flocks of sheep, having separated from the rest of a numerous herd that was feeding in the country, ran to meet him and did not leave him until he had given them his blessing.

On another occasion, going to Marseilles, he calmed a horrible tempest which was about to submerge the ship, by these words alone: *In nomine Domini obmutesce.* As to his talents and his science, here is what Vittorelli wrote of them: *Vir fuit egregius, ad maxima quoque pertractanda aptus, longo rerum usu, ubertate linguarum sanctarum humanarumque litterarum multiplici eruditione conspicuus; sermocinandi gratia imprimis elegans, et magnae doctrinae atque in dictis suis non minus sententiarum gravitate quam ornatu insignis.* And the great pontiff Leo XI said of him: *Se in ea esse sententia ut existimaret neminem in christiana republica tunc temporis existere cui Deus plura et illustriora credidisset.*

VII. Father Giustiniani, issued from a princely family of Rome, united to a remarkable talent for the pulpit an humility proof against everything and a seraphic piety. The report of his virtues having reached the ears of cardinal Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII, he made him consultor of the holy office and apostolic visitor; then soon raised him to the episcopal see of Montalto. From there, Father Giustiniani was transferred to Nocera, in Umbria, after the death of Urban. Innocent X gave him the purple, made him grand penitentiary

and librarian of the holy Roman Church; and it is principally in the exercise of these two charges that he immortalized his name. His talents and virtues designated him as successor of Innocent X; but death forestalled him. His last moments worthily crowned such a life; he gave marks of the greatest confidence in God, of the tenderest piety, and wished his body to be put in the vault of the Fathers of the Oratory, in the church of Vallicella. The various works which remain to us from him are proof of his science.

VIII. One of the first disciples of saint Philip Neri was Caesar Baron, born in 1538, at Sora, in the Land of Labour, and better known under the Latinized name of Baronius. He was destined by God to combat Protestantism on the ground of history. His father was named Camillus, his mother Portia Phoebonia. The latter offered to the blessed Virgin the child she bore in her womb, and renewed her offering and her prayers when Caesar, at the age of three years, fell dangerously ill. The child recovered, and, having heard later of his miraculous cure, he devoted himself to the service of the blessed Virgin and called himself "Caesar, servant of Mary." He was sent by his father, struck by his precocious intelligence, to Veroli, in the neighbourhood, to pursue his studies there; from there he went, at the age of eighteen, to Naples, which the troubles of war obliged him to abandon after a year's sojourn. He went, in conformity with the wishes of his father, to Rome, where he continued his studies of civil law and canon law under Caesar Costa, afterwards archbishop of Capua.

Baronius was introduced by Marc Sorano, one of his friends, to saint Philip Neri, founder of the Oratory of Rome, and from then his career was fixed, whatever effort the holy founder made to prevent him from taking too promptly an irrevocable resolution. Baronius entered the Congregation of saint Philip, and, beside his ever active studies, served the sick in a hospital. This so abrupt decision displeased his father so much that he withdrew from him every means of subsistence. Baronius, recommended by saint Philip, was received by a rich and very distinguished man, John-Michael Paravicini, who kept him for seven years and treated him as a son. After long trials, Baronius, aged twenty-five, received the priesthood and at last succeeded in reconciling himself with his parents, whose ambitious views had been disappointed. When the Florentines obtained from saint Philip that the spiritual exercises should be held in the national church which they possessed at Rome, Caesar Baronius was charged with the care of this church together with John-Francis Bourdin, who became later bishop of Avignon, and some others. It was on this occasion that Baronius was promoted to the priesthood: he was the first priest of the Oratory. The members of the nascent community went three times a day to saint Philip, who had remained at Saint Jerome's, without either the rigours of winter or the ardours of the sun being able to prevent them from making this pilgrimage. Spiritual occupations did not alone fill their time, for the burden of temporal administration also weighed on them. They served Mass one day each. Every Saturday they swept the church together. For a long time each of the members of the little community did the cooking in turn for a week. Baronius was thus seen to occupy his hands, which wrote so learnedly the annals of the Church, in preparing and cooking food. Several illustrious personages having gone to see him to treat with him of grave affairs, or to clear up points of history, found him girt with an apron, washing the plates and bowls. They were profoundly edified by this spectacle and declared that Baronius had still more claims to their veneration when he fulfilled the functions of cook than when he wrote the annals. Moreover, this worthy disciple of saint Philip embraced this humble office so willingly that he had written gaily on the chimney: "Caesar Baronius, cook in perpetuity."

His preachings in the church of the Florentines and in the Oratory of Saint Jerome were very well attended, very fruitful, and drew upon him the attention of saint Charles Borromeo, cardinal-archbishop of Milan, who asked for him to make him his counsellor. Baronius refused this office, as well as a canonry of his native city and the episcopal dignity which were offered him successively by the three popes Gregory XIII, Sixtus V and Gregory XIV. Incessant labours and excessive austerities often made him ill; but saint Philip prayed for his cure, and thus knew how to preserve to his society an illustrious head; for Baronius was obliged to accept the functions of superior of the Congregation of the Oratory when saint Philip resigned them in 1593. He was

constrained to accept the charges and dignities of confessor of the Pope, of apostolic protonotary (1395), of librarian of the Vatican and of cardinal (1596) which the sovereign Pontiff imposed on him. He was even, in all probability, going to be elected Pope after Clement VIII and Leo XI, all the cardinals being agreed, when the court of Spain, wounded by the boldness of his work *De Monarchia Siciliae*, imposed its veto. Moreover, his prudence and perseverance were able equally to preserve him from an elevation that he dreaded; for his most ardent wish was to renounce all dignities in order to live, as was his vocation, only in the midst of his books, solely occupied with his studies.

Various features which we gather from the life of saint Philip will make known to us both the manner of the master and the virtues of the disciples. It is known that saint Philip gave charity as the bond of his Congregation. He was not content with interior charity; he wished that this charity should be manifested by exterior testimonies of esteem and honour. He wished also that this fraternal love should extend from all to each and from each to all. He did not approve those particular sympathies which establish in a manner a little Congregation within the great one, and, under pretext of a greater spiritual profit, procure for a few the pleasure of a chosen conversation only to deprive all the others of the testimonies of esteem and affection that are due to them. Tarugi and Baronius, being already cardinals, came one evening to dine at the Vallicella. After dinner came the recreation, and Baronius, taking one of the Fathers apart, talked long with him on a subject which interested them both keenly. Tarugi thought it his duty to make a fraternal correction on this subject. He remarked publicly to Baronius that, by this private conversation, he wronged common charity, and that all the Fathers wished to enjoy his presence and his conversation. Baronius received this observation humbly, and, remembering the prescriptions of saint Philip, came and mingled with the community.

When Baronius had presented to the sovereign Pontiff his annotations on the Roman Martyrology, Sixtus V, who was keenly interested in the publication of the *Annals*, assigned to the learned Oratorian an ecclesiastical pension to give him the means of pursuing his great enterprise. As soon as saint Philip had learned the Pope's liberality, he seized this occasion to mortify Baronius, to whom his fine historical work drew innumerable praises. "Now that you have some revenues," he said to him, "you must contribute like the others to the expenses of the house; you can no longer pretend impossibility." These words seemed hard to Baronius. He believed it his duty to employ on the publication of the *Annals* all the money he received from the sovereign Pontiff. He was obliged to have many manuscripts copied in the Vatican library, and, to meet these expenses necessary to his labours, he had need of all his pension. He had recourse to divers arguments to decide saint Philip to exact nothing from him, but the Blessed one showed himself inflexible. He knew that Baronius would end by practising in the most meritorious manner the virtue of obedience. Tormented for a moment, assailed by divers thoughts, Baronius begged Thomas Bozio to intervene for him with saint Philip, to plead in his favour, and to add that he would be obliged to leave the Congregation rather than employ on anything other than the publication of the *Annals* the revenues that the Pope had just given him. Bozio made himself the interpreter of Baronius and spoke for him with as much eloquence as skill, but nothing could shake the resolution of saint Philip, who ended the conversation thus: "Go and tell Caesar that he will contribute to the common expenses or that he will leave the house; God has need of no one." On hearing so formal a decree, Bozio thought it his duty to exhort Baronius to submit to all that saint Philip required of him, seeing that he owed him all he had of science, piety and consideration. Baronius yielded to this counsel fraternally expressed. He went at once to saint Philip's room, knelt before him and, humbly begging his pardon, declared himself ready to give all he had. The Blessed one raised him, saying: "Now thou hast done thy duty. I do not want thy money; but learn to begin, another time, with a prompt obedience."

What did saint Philip not do to accustom Baronius to despise the high reputation he had acquired and to root him in holy humility? Several times he sent him to the inn with a large flask to buy half a measure of wine. When Rome already knew his profound erudition, he was seen at public funerals carrying the cross before

the deceased, by order of saint Philip; a humiliation which he could not practise without being more dead to himself and to the esteem of the world than the corpse he accompanied to the cemetery. So Baronius loved with an affection full of tenderness the Congregation which had served as cradle to his virtue, his talents and his renown: he took pleasure in coming to forget in the silence of the Oratory the honours of the purple. "Behold," he said, "behold the little nest where I wish to die": — *In nidulo meo moriar.* After having uselessly employed all his efforts and entreaties not to leave the bosom of the Congregation, he wished at least to keep, being a cardinal, the keys of his former cell. To console himself, he often went to eat at the table of the Fathers, served in the refectory, assisted in choir at Vespers, administered at the church of Vallicella the holy Eucharist to the faithful, gave familiar instructions to young people, and would never have any other confessor than that of the house, confessing like the simple faithful in the church without ever accepting a cushion. In his old age, he withdrew to a room near the church to end his life in his dear Congregation. He died there of a disease of the stomach, on the 30th of June 1607, universally loved and honoured, leaving with the renown of a learned man of the first order that still more precious one of a Saint.

Baronius was declared venerable by the Holy See, in the last century. His literary activity was prodigious. Besides some letters, we possess two important works of Baronius, namely: his *Ecclesiastical Annals* and his edition of the Roman Martyrology. This edition appeared first at Rome in 15GG; then at Venice, 1587–1597, 4to; at Antwerp, 1589, folio, under the title: *Martyrologium romanum, restitutum, Greg. XIII jussu editum, cum notis Caes. Baronii.*

His *Annals* are more celebrated. It is known that some Lutheran theologians, Matthias Flacius at their head, seeking to attach the doctrine of Luther to the traditions of the first centuries, took incredible pains to falsify history and disfigure everything Catholic, down to the least detail, in their celebrated work: the *Centuries of Magdeburg*. Born in 1517, says Rohrbacher, heresy had neither ancestor nor history: it saw itself condemned by the mere presence of that Church which embraces all the centuries, which goes back from us to Jesus Christ and from Jesus Christ, by the prophets and the patriarchs, to our first father, who was of God, our Father who is in heaven. But as the old serpent abused the word of God to seduce our first parents, to tempt the Saviour himself, so the Lutheran heresy, adulterine child, but acknowledged by the serpent, abused the word of God and the history of the Church, to calumniate the Church of God and seduce the peoples. Such are the spirit and aim of the *Centuries of Magdeburg*, ecclesiastical history composed by centuries or ages at Magdeburg, by the principal doctors of rigid Lutheranism. As it is from hell that all heresies come, as they are themselves of those gates of hell which strive to prevail against the Church built by Christ upon Peter, it was natural that Lutheran heresy should take up the defence of all its elder sisters against the Church of Christ and finally against Christ himself. Saint Philip Neri recognized that it was indispensable to oppose to this enterprise a work of history founded on the study of the sources. "It is a complete history that we need," said saint Philip to his disciple, "beginning from the advent of Jesus Christ down to the present epoch; make researches in all the ecclesiastical writers, and show us by whom and how the churches were established; what the Fathers taught and what the councils decided. Relate the Acts of the martyrs, and show that the faith owed its progress to persecutions. When you have arrived at the conversion of the princes, you will aim at establishing well this sad truth, that the Church lost little by little in holiness what she gained in power and riches." Baronius, frightened at such an enterprise, of which he had never thought, did what he could to decline it. "I have nothing of what is needed for that," he said to his Father; "accustomed to speak to the people, I have only a familiar style, and erudition is not my affair; how could I be erudite, I who have not time to study?" Philip, little touched by these excuses, because he knew his capacity, insisted that he should put his hand to the work; but when, after much insistence, he saw that his disciple did not yield, he had recourse to a more efficacious means. "It appears," he said to him, "that you need a command. Well, I order that, leaving aside every other occupation, you render to the Church the service I ask of you." Baronius, thunderstruck by this unexpected order, wished nevertheless to make a last effort. He pretended that the need of such a work being evident, it would excite the zeal of men more versed than he in ecclesiastical things; he

even added that he had heard it said that Onuphrius Panvinius, one of the most erudite writers of the time, was already occupied with this work. “That may be,” answered the Father; “but, meanwhile, do what I order you, trusting in God, and he will help you.” Respect prevented Baronius from insisting further; but he remained still very hesitant, dupe of an illusion to which it pleased God to apply a remedy.

The following night he saw in a dream Onuphrius Panvinius, who begged him to continue the work he had begun, and because he refused to comply with his desire, the latter had recourse to the most pressing prayers. However he still resisted, when a voice made itself heard and said to him: “Yield, Baronius, it is not Panvinius, but you whom I charge to write the ecclesiastical Annals.” Baronius, recognizing the voice of his master, was much surprised to hear him speak, although absent. The next day, curious to understand this mystery, he told the thing to the holy man, who, in his adroit humility, answered: “What a pity that I am not Joseph!” From that moment, Baronius felt himself delivered from his hesitations. He set to work with courage. He expounded the whole history of the Church, in the conferences of the Oratory, following the order of the years, from the coming of the Son of God to the Pontificate of the Pope who was then reigning. After having finished this course of history, he began it again on the order of saint Philip. In the space of thirty years, he expounded seven times all the ecclesiastical annals. When he had thus gone deeply into all that related to the history of the Church, saint Philip ordered him to give his vast researches to the press, that posterity might enjoy the fruit of his labours. He published the first volume of his *Annals*. Saint Philip, who had been the promoter of this immense publication, did not see it finished. In the preface to the eighth volume of his *Annals*, Baronius does not fear to say that his work must be attributed to saint Philip rather than to himself, and that the prayers of the Saint had contributed more than his own labours to the success of his ecclesiastical history. We shall report here this preface, which makes us appreciate at once him who wrote it and him to whom it is addressed.

“Thanksgiving to the blessed Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, for the *Ecclesiastical Annals* of Caesar Baronius, priest cardinal of the holy Roman Church, titular of saints Nereus and Achilleus, and apostolic librarian.”I could not speak openly of the part my father had in the plan and execution of this work, while he lived; for not only did he not love praise, but he bore it an irreconcilable hatred. Today that he is in heaven, I wish my pen, become free, to carry far the testimony of the precious assistance he gave me in this long and difficult labour. It is justice, and I should be ungrateful if I could bury in oblivion such important services; besides, apart from the fact that the remembrance of our fathers is full of sweetness, it is no less profitable; for it reminds us that we must not degenerate from their virtues. Such is the warning given us by the divine oracles. ‘Remember,’ says the prophet Isaiah, ‘the rock from which you were hewn, and the deep quarry from which you were drawn. Remember that Abraham was your father, and Sarah your mother’ (Isaiah, li, 1, 2). In general, it is true to say that all the prosperous things which happen to children are due, at least in great part, to their parents. Oh! what obligations have I not to this great servant of God, I who was his disciple from my youth, I whose vicious inclinations he repressed, and whom he preserved from so many fatal falls, I, finally, who am indebted to his apostolic spirit for the little virtue that I possess, and the little good that I have done.

“I return again to my *Annals*, to declare to all those who shall read them that my blessed Father was the author of them more than I. What man should I be if, instead of sharing my successes with him to whom I owed them, I attributed them to my own talents alone? If, like that arrogant man of whom the Prophet speaks, I said, or let it be believed, that ‘I have done all by the strength of my arm, and conceived all in my wisdom’? Oh! then I should draw upon my head the terrible reproach made to that proud man: ‘Shall the axe glory over him that heweth therewith? Shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it?’ God preserve me from a sin which was punished with so much rigour; for God overthrew that proud prince from his throne, and sent him to live with the beasts (Isaiah, x, 13, 15).

“Do I glory in man, and not in the Lord? God forbid; but I wish it to be known that the Father of lights made use of this holy man to enlighten and guide my mind, so that the instrument may have its share in my just gratitude. O my Father! I have not forgotten, and I shall never forget, the indignation which the calumnious *Centuries* issued from Magdeburg, or rather from the gates of hell, caused you. You complained to God of so many outrages done to your Church, and his Spirit inspired you with the means to take to repel them. It was to oppose the broad day of truth to the night of falsehood. Make, you said to me then, a work drawn from pure sources, which shows men and events as they were. I resisted your counsels at first, thinking myself incapable of such a labour; but I had to yield to your authority to be at peace with my conscience. You did not forget then, as I did, that God loves to make use of what is weak according to the world, to confound what is strong; that is why you chose your youngest and most ignorant son to give battle to an army of learned men nourished in dispute. I set myself then to the work, though with a bad grace, and often tempted to abandon my labour; but you were there, my Father, imposing on me by your presence, pressing me by your reproaches, exacting from me, like a hard taskmaster — suffer me to say it — the employment of my days, and not permitting me to occupy myself with anything other than your enterprise. My obedience, I confess it to you, was often very defective; consulting only my own strength, without thinking of the divine help which your prayers obtained for me, I almost accused you of tyranny, and complained greatly above all that you did not give me at least one of my brothers to aid me in my researches. Pardon, my Father, pardon, I understand today the powerful help I received from you without suspecting it. Like the prophet Elisha who, by putting his hand on the hand of Joash, while he shot his arrows, made him victor over the king of Syria; you too joined to my feeble hand your powerful hand, you sharpened my pen to change it into piercing arrows, formidable to our enemies. Thus, my Father, it was you who fought, but with a strange hand. Moreover, everyone will recognize in this circumstance one of the habitual ruses of your modesty; for, while doing marvels, you took great care to decline the honour of them, fearing nothing so much as human praise. That is why you were ordinarily seen to hide your wisdom under the appearance of folly, thus practising to the letter this counsel of the Apostle: ‘Let him who would become wise begin by making himself a fool’ (1 Cor., iii).

“But this glory that you fled with so much care, placed in the heavenly bank, was one day to be rendered to you with usury. That day of justice and of recompense has come. Providence, in breaking the earthly vessel which held your invisible lamp, has uncovered it; it shines today with a dazzling light which the rumour of your miracles carries far. You knew how to stifle the voice of those you wrought during your mortal life; but God has not permitted them to remain always hidden. Everyone knows them now, and their brilliance is every day heightened by new marvels. From the height of heaven, my Father, favour these *Annals* which are your work, and complete by your prayers what your prayers have begun, so that the enemies of the Church may be struck down, and that you alone may have all the honour of the victory. ‘Saint Basil, dead though he was, still served as director to his friend Gregory. Render me the same service, O Father full of charity, that I may holily finish my mortal course, and that I may arrive at last at that blessed repose which you enjoy in the bosom of God, to whom be praise, honour and glory for ever and ever.’”

So far we have let cardinal Baronius speak; but we shall add a fact analogous to what he has just said. Some days before leaving the earth, the Saint had his learned disciple come near him, and said to him: “Know, Caesar, that you must not be proud of your *Annals*. I can assure you that they are less the effect of your talents than of a particular grace which came to you from on high.” — “I recognize, my Father,” answered Baronius, “and sincerely confess that if this work has any value, it is to you and to your prayers that I am indebted for it.” — “I advise you,” added the holy man, “to make your legends agree with the Roman Martyrology; ecclesiastical truth will appear clearer, and the lies of the enemies will vanish like the clouds at the rising of the sun.”

Baronius undertook this labour with incredible ardour, studied the Acts of the Councils, the most important and most ancient historical works, the Fathers of the Church, Latin and Greek, consulted all the libraries of Rome and especially those of the Vatican. At the sight of these immense materials collected, a bishop asked him in stupefaction how many secretaries he had employed for this work; Baronius answered smiling: “I alone trod this winepress.” He worked up all these materials in the form of Annals, following the Centuriators, and, devoting a folio volume to each century, he left twelve completed. Besides, he copied several times with his own hand this immense work. The library of the Vatican possesses a complete copy of it in Baronius’s hand. Yet he forgot, in the midst of his prodigious labours, neither the exercises of a rigorous asceticism nor the other obligations of his vocation. It is not astonishing that he was not always able to master all his matter. Criticism, in his time, was still very backward, and chronology, like geography, full of errors. He accepted the observations of everyone, rectified what required correction, and often said with saint Augustine: “I love him who reproves me with truth and severity”; or again: “I accept the blame of the just man, provided it be just.” Baronius excuses himself for the inevitable defects of his work by saying: “If anyone found that I have not gone equally deep into all the points of these *Annals*, I would ask, for my justification, that he should be pleased to consider that I have not had a single day free from interruption, from cares of every kind, from charges of every sort, and that I should have marked with white chalk the day on which I could have given myself entirely and solely to my work.”

This immense work was continued as far as 1565 by Odoric Raynald, and as far as 1572 by Jacques Laderchi, both of the same congregation of the Oratory. The Polish Dominican, Abraham Bzovius, continued Baronius on his side as far as 1572; the Frenchman Henri de Sponde, bishop of Pamiers, as far as 1640, besides an abridgment of the whole of Baronius. The two French religious, Anthony and Francis Pagi, of the Order of Saint Francis, published, under the name of criticism of Baronius, four folio volumes, much less of corrections than of additions; and it would be a great error to believe or to say that the criticism of Pagi consists only in pointing out errors. The best edition of the annals of Baronius, with their continuation by his two confreres, is that of Mansi, archbishop of Lucca, who added to it, year by year, the corrections and additions of the Pagi, with his own observations; the whole in thirty-eight folio volumes, which appeared at Lucca from 1738 to 1756.

The *Annals* of Baronius with the first continuation by Raynaldi, Laderchi, the Critiques of Pagi and the Notes of Mansi, are being printed at this moment at the press of the Célestins, at Bar-le-Duc.

The first twenty-nine volumes have appeared.

IX. In spite of the length of this article, we cannot dispense ourselves from saying a word of the Oratory of Germany and of its founder, reserving to ourselves to speak of that of France on the occasion of cardinal de Bérulle, in the volume devoted to the venerables.

The venerable Bartholomew Holzhauser, reformer of the clerical life among the secular priests of Germany, was born in 1613, in the village of Languenau, near Augsburg, and came of a poor family. He pursued his studies under charitable ecclesiastics who were willing to undertake to teach him Latin and the humanities. He then went to study philosophy and theology at Ingolstadt. Ordained priest at Eichstätt, in 1639, he exercised the holy ministry for a year in that last city. In 1640, he traced a plan for the execution of the design he had conceived of forming a nursery of good and worthy secular priests. As there were not yet everywhere seminaries at that period, as several pastors, in their presbyteries, did not respond to their high vocation, and as workers grown white in the Lord’s vineyard saw themselves reduced to passing their old age in poverty and abandonment, he wished: 1° that young ecclesiastics should be brought up for the service of the Church, in a particular house, and under the authority of a determined Rule; 2° that the ecclesiastics already invested with pastoral functions should likewise assemble in communities, each having its head and a Rule conformable to their vocation, and that the neighbouring parishes should be served by them; 3° that secular priests grown old in the exercises of the ministry should be dispensed from all functions, and surrounded

with suitable care in their last days.

It is by these measures that the pious Holzhauser wished to reform the clergy, and his ideas were welcomed in several parts of Germany. The Tyrol, Salzburg, Constance, Regensburg, Bavaria, Würzburg, Mainz, etc., saw communities of this kind formed and flourishing. He left, among other works, an *Interpretation of the Apocalypse of Saint John*, which goes only as far as the fifth verse of the fifteenth chapter, an astonishing work, it is said, and which offers so admirable a concordance of times and events that the other commentaries on this sacred book are only child's play in comparison. He composed it at Leoggenthal, while he was overwhelmed with great tribulations, in the midst of which he gave himself to incessant prayer, and passed whole days without drinking or eating, isolating himself from all human society. When he was asked what was the state of his soul when he wrote it, he burst into tears and answered: "I was like a child whose hand is guided to make it write." This commentary, remaining in manuscript for more than a century and a half, was printed only in 1799. The venerable Holzhauser also left a book of visions which has not yet seen the light. This worthy minister of the Lord died parish priest of Bingen, in the diocese of Mainz, on the 20th of May 1658. It is reported that he healed several sick persons by his prayers and that God favoured him with the gift of prophecy. His institution prospered more and more and was confirmed, in 1680, by a bull of pope Innocent XI. It was reserved to the revolutions which we have seen in our day to destroy, with all the other ecclesiastical establishments, the seminaries and the still existing houses of the disciples of the venerable Holzhauser. See *Vit. ven. Barthol. Holzhauser, ab anonymo 1723*, Ingolstadt, and *Tyrocin. seminaristic.*, by Francis Huth.

Sources: Father Anthony Galonio, priest of the Congregation of the Roman Oratory, composed at great length the life of saint Philip Neri. Father Hilarion de Coste, of the Order of Minims, made it more briefly, in his *Catholic History of the Sixteenth Century*. Saint Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva, speaks of him with great honour in several places of his *Treatise on the Love of God*. For what we have said of him, we have drawn it particularly from the Bull of his canonization, made by Gregory XV, and published by Urban VIII. This Pope ordered the feast to be made semi-double; but since that time it has been double, by virtue of a decree of Clement IX. — We took what concerns the constitutions of the Oratory and the principal disciples of saint Philip from a pamphlet, now out of print, which was published in 1852 under this title: *L'Oratoire de Rome*.

The Blessed Marianne of Jesus, of Paredes y Flores, Virgin, called the Lily of Quito

1645. — Pope: Innocent X.

After the humility which mortifies the mind, the most necessary virtue is the penance which humbles the body.

— The masters of the spiritual life.

The blessed Marianne was born on the 31st of October 1618, at Quito, then a city of Peru, today capital of the Republic of Ecuador. Her father, captain don Jerome de Paredes y Flores, was a native of Toledo, in Spain, and her mother, doña Marianne de Granobles de Xamarillo, descended from the first conquerors of the country: both were as remarkable for their personal virtues and piety as for the nobility of their ancestors; their conduct was so exemplary that the people called their dwelling the house of prayer. They already had seven children when Marianne came into the world: it was a Saturday. At the moment of the birth of the blessed child who was to illustrate her family and leave to her country astonishing examples of mortification, a brilliant star serving as base to a diamond palm appeared above the house. She was baptized on the 22nd of November, the feast day of saint Cecilia, whose chastity she was so well to imitate, and received at first the name of Marianne, which was that of her mother. About the age of eight, the child would no longer be called anything but Marianne of Jesus, for to Jesus she had given herself entirely. She practised from the cradle the

penance which seemed to be her lot: astonishing thing, she would take the breast only twice a day, at noon and at midnight. On Wednesday and Friday, she took it only once. Her mother, fearing that this came from some disgust for her, gave her a nurse; but the child's hours could never be made to change. This feature may appear puerile to some: it will not be so to Christian mothers who wish to make themselves attentive to the first inspirations of their children.

Don Jerome died a short time after the birth of his daughter. To soothe her grief, his widow retired to a country house. During the journey, she carried her child in her arms. In crossing a rather rapid river, the mule on which she rode made a false step, the child escaped from her mother's hands and fell… She was thought lost, but what was the surprise when people ran up to take her back and saw that she was upheld in the air by an invisible hand: she had not even touched the water.

Evidently the Lord had particular designs on this innocent creature. The Holy Spirit was her master, for the games of childhood had no attraction for her: the practices of religion alone pleased her.

Her mother was not long in descending to the tomb and leaving her twice an orphan. In dying, she recommended this child whom she cherished tenderly to her eldest daughter, doña Geromina, married to captain Cosmas de Casso. Doña Geromina neglected nothing for the education of her little sister. Endowed with much intelligence, the young Marianne learned easily all that was taught her; she excelled especially in music, and far from abusing her voice, which was very agreeable, she used it only to sing the praises of the Lord. What charmed her most was to organize little processions, to make the Way of the Cross and to recite the Rosary with her three nieces, who were about the same age as she. Having once seen the penitents of Quito carry heavy crosses during holy week, the holy children at once contrived to make similar ones. Having withdrawn into the corner of a courtyard where there was wood, Marianne suddenly drew her nieces away from the place; they resisted, but Marianne insisted: scarcely had the girls left when a pan of wall collapsed. Her good angel had warned her of the danger. It was not long before new proofs of her love for penance and mortification were met with. Once she had slipped away from the eyes of her companions and had gone deep into a thick forest: she was found kneeling at the foot of a tree, scourging herself with a bush of thorns. Another time her sister, in undressing her, found her covered with a hair-shirt made of leaves armed with long spikes. On Friday, she lay down on a cross surrounded with thorns and nettles, in order to be awakened by the pricks when she should stir in her sleep.

From this time, God took pleasure in manifesting by prodigies his love for this heroine of penance. Having made a serious wound in her finger, she hid it carefully, in order to be able to suffer more; but as gangrene threatened to invade the wound, one of her companions wished to force her to consult a physician. "Wait a little," said the child, "you will see how I heal myself." She threw herself on her knees at the feet of an image of the blessed Virgin: when she rose, every trace of the evil had disappeared.

Her sister, struck by so many indications of holiness, astonished above all at the spiritual lights she discovered in a child, thought she should procure for her the happiness of communicating, although she was only seven years old. She therefore had her examined by a Jesuit Father; he is touched by her innocence, amazed at her understanding of the mysteries of the faith and her advancement in the interior ways; he permits her to approach the holy Table. That was a fine day! Marianne felt this favour keenly, and the joy which overflowed her soul shone forth even on her face. A short time after, she made the vow of perpetual chastity: it was no doubt by a special inspiration of God, for such an action, at so tender an age, deserves more to be admired than to be imitated. Love wishes to communicate itself: so the young servant of God would have wished to win all hearts to God. With this thought, she formed with her companions the design of going to evangelize the infidels; their flight was prepared, but their fine projects were discovered and they had to renounce them. Later, Marianne was then twelve, it was resolved to go and lead the eremitical life on a mountain, near Quito, in the shade of a chapel of Mary, erected in other times to obtain from this good Mother that she should preserve the city from the scourge of the volcanoes. This chapel was abandoned: what

happiness would have been felt in forming a little court for the Queen of heaven, and in employing their hands, their hours of work in adorning the sanctuary! But Our Lord made known to his servant that he did not approve this project.

Her brother-in-law and her sister, uneasy at this somewhat vagabond humour, resolved to place her in a convent, to test her vocation. But Our Lord, who called her to serve as a model to virgins living in the world, revealed to her that he did not call her to the life of community. Twice the preparations were made, the invitations given to conduct her, according to the custom of the country, in great pomp to the convent, twice unforeseen circumstances prevented the Blessed one from entering it. Marianne's confessor was consulted: he approved her leading the solitary life in her house. All that had been bought to celebrate the entry into the convent was given to the poor.

An isolated apartment was prepared. Marianne said farewell to the world and went to shut herself up in it, not without having caused to disappear the furniture with which it had been adorned, and having brought in other pieces more to her taste: a bier, in which lay a wooden skeleton, surmounted by a death's head, disciplines, hair-shirts, crosses, and, in a neighbouring cell, a little altar on which were placed the statues of the child Jesus and of the divine Mary. It was at this time that she renewed her vow of chastity and pronounced particular vows of poverty and obedience. She went out of her retreat no more except to go to church. She allowed herself only three hours of sleep on triangular pieces of wood; on Friday, her bed was a cross sown with thorns, or else she took the place of the skeleton in her coffin. Rising every day at four o'clock in the morning, she consecrated the first-fruits of her day to scourging herself; she then made an hour of meditation, recited the canonical hours, then betook herself to church at half-past six to confess, hear Mass and receive holy communion. From eight to nine o'clock, she strove to gain the indulgences for the poor souls in purgatory. She then recited the chaplet. Towards eleven o'clock, she returned to her apartment. At two o'clock she recited Vespers, and made her examination, general or particular; she then worked in the presence of God till five o'clock. From five to six, spiritual reading and Compline. From six o'clock in the evening to one in the morning, divers occupations and most often mental prayer, reading of the lives of the saints.

Her fasts were so extraordinary that one would be tempted to find little discretion in them, if one did not know that there are chosen souls whom the Holy Spirit directs visibly, and whom God wishes to give as example to the lax and sensual Christians who have so much aversion for penance. From her young age, Marianne had renounced meat, fish and dairy produce. She contented herself with bread, vegetables and fruit; later, she restricted herself to a little bread, which she took about eleven o'clock, and finally it came about that the Eucharist was her only nourishment for several days. This fact is not rare in the lives of the Saints, men and women. A glass of water which she took about nine o'clock was long her evening meal; yet she ended by depriving herself of it. In the last years of her life, she submitted to the horrible torment of thirst, in order to take part more closely in the torment of Jesus Christ on the cross. The Blessed one added to this torment by having water brought to her which she brought near her burning lips, and which she then had the courage to cast away. She wished for the same motive to serve her relatives each day at the hour of the meal, to see the dishes, carry them and not touch them!

In the beginning, this abstinence, the thought of which alone makes one shudder, reduced the Blessed one to a state of frightful leanness and pallor. But when she perceived that her mortifications, written on her features, drew the veneration of the world upon her, she begged the heavenly Spouse to restore to her the outward appearance of health. Jesus heard her prayer, her face clothed itself with an angelic beauty, and one could not suspect the martyrdom she made her body endure.

This so mortified life was protected by the most profound humility and adorned with the rarest virtues. The inhabitants of Quito called her only the Saint: she was long unaware of it. One day when she was going to church, she heard a voice saying of her: "Behold the Saint"; the blush rose to her brow and confusion entered

her soul; she shed torrents of tears over the error of her fellow-citizens concerning her. She increased her austerities to punish herself for the good opinion that was held of her, and thenceforth changed streets to go to church; but the way was longer: it took all the authority of her confessor to oblige her to take the old one again. The poor were her particular friends, as they are of Jesus Christ and of all the Saints. When she served at table, her portion was given to her and she at once distributed it to them. For them, she stripped herself of the little she had; when she had nothing more, she asked her brother-in-law's permission to take from his house; she obtained it and profited by it largely. But God, who never lets himself be vanquished in generosity, increased the provisions in proportion as the Blessed one drew upon them. She nourished in particular a widow, and kneaded with her hands the bread necessary for her; for that, she took two ounces of dough: on coming out of the oven, these two ounces became a loaf of two pounds.

The Lord, to increase the merits of his faithful servant, visited her with bodily infirmities: she was seized with a dropsy which made her suffer cruelly, and gave her thus the occasion of practising in a still more painful manner the abstinence from drinking which she had imposed on herself. She profited by her illnesses to have blood drawn: this operation filled her with joy, because she then united herself to Jesus Christ shedding his divine blood for the salvation of the world. She was, it is said, bled a hundred and fifty times in two years. One could not sufficiently admire that a body as exhausted as hers should furnish so great an abundance of blood. A miracle doubtless gave back to her what she abandoned in views inspired by love for her suffering Saviour. The servants threw this blood into a pit of the garden: there it remained pure and bright red. After the death of the Blessed one, there was seen to grow near the pit a lily of admirable beauty, whose roots plunged into this very blood. This prodigy, which thus manifested the innocence of the servant of God, caused her to be called by her contemporaries the lily of Quito. It is easy to think that the holy penitent must have been favoured during her life with a great number of extraordinary graces. Unhappily the memory of them has not been preserved: she had begun to write her visions, but on the order of her confessor, she burned what she had written. We know only that Our Lord appeared to her often, that in her ecstasies her soul flew away to paradise, that saint Gertrude announced to her her eternal happiness.

She also made several remarkable predictions and wrought numerous miracles. We shall relate some examples of both. One day she sees her nurse arrive. Without giving her time to open her mouth, the Blessed one says to her: "I know what brings you; my foster-brother is at death's door. Hasten to have him receive the Sacraments, for he will not recover." The young man died in effect, and the Blessed one consoled the poor mother by assuring her that her son was saved. She predicted that the house of her brother-in-law would become a convent, showed the distribution of it and specified that in the place of her apartment would be the choir of the nuns; the thing was realized when the Reformed Carmelites came to settle in that house. Her niece Joan had entrusted to her her granddaughter on leaving for the country. One day when the child was playing near the mules, she received a kick which shattered her head. The Blessed one had her carried to her cell: having betaken herself to prayer, she healed her so perfectly in an instant that the place where she had been struck could be recognized only by a thread of blood under the skin. An Indian who was in the service of the family believed he had to complain of the conduct of his wife. Blinded by jealousy, the wretch drags her into a wood, overwhelms her with blows, strangles her and throws her into a precipice. The Blessed one had seen it all with the eyes of the spirit: she sends for a merchant whom she knew and begs him to go to such a place in the wood where he will find the body of an Indian woman and to bring it to her secretly. The body is brought; the Blessed one rubs it with some rose leaves which she finds under her hand, and soon the Indian woman has recovered life, health and strength. When she was asked who had assisted her in this horrible danger, she answered that Marianne had appeared to her as in a dream and had told her not to lose courage.

The end of the Blessed one was what her life had been: an expiation of the sins of her brethren. In 1645, a terrible epidemic visited Quito and made a great number of victims. Frightful earthquakes came to join this

scourge and to increase the consternation. On the fourth Sunday of Lent, which fell on the 25th of March, the Saint's confessor, a holy priest of the Society of Jesus, was preaching in a church of Quito: suddenly he feels himself inspired to offer himself as a holocaust to the wrath of God, announces his sacrifice to the audience and exhorts it to appease heaven, irritated, by worthy works of penance. The Blessed one, who was in the church, rises carried away by a movement of the Holy Spirit, and in a few words of fire offers in her turn her life for this desolate people! The earthquakes ceased the same day and the epidemic began to diminish. In exchange, Marianne found herself overwhelmed with several illnesses which led her rapidly toward death. Everyone inquired after her health; everyone would have wished to penetrate into her cell to testify to her the veneration and gratitude of all. The bishop of the city alone was admitted.

It was soon thought of administering to her the last Sacraments. At the thought that the divine Spouse was going to come and visit her, she regained some strength, and wished to receive him on her knees.

Marianne had lived poor all her life; we have seen it. Not only did she give of her superfluity and of that of her relatives, but all the work of her hands was for the poor. She had never been willing to wear anything but a woollen gown; and once when, on the occasion of her first communion, her brother-in-law had given her a silk gown, she had so much grief at having worn it one single day that it had to be taken back from her. This spirit of poverty and detachment animated her to her last breath. It is believed therefore that it was by spirit of detachment that she asked to leave her room, the only thing which belonged to her as her own, and had herself carried to her niece's bed, in order to have nothing of her own at the moment when she would leave the earth. She lost speech three days before her death, but she preserved all her presence of mind and all the ardour of her piety. At last, exhausted by suffering, this virtuous maiden broke the last bonds of this mortal life and passed to the eternal nuptials, on a Friday, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening (26 May 1645). She was twenty-six years, six months and twenty-six days old. Saint Catherine had predicted to her the hour of her death, and she herself had told it to those who surrounded her with their care in her last illness. The epidemic malady which afflicted Quito disappeared when the holy victim had rendered her last breath.

People ran in crowds to see her body one last time, and to obtain, as relics, some pieces of her garments. She was buried on the 28th of May, clothed in the habit of Saint Francis, accompanied by a great crowd who wept her loss. The church of the Jesuits had the advantage of receiving the sacred deposit of her body. She had herself chosen her burial place among these religious, because of the confidence and veneration which they had always inspired in her. Happy the country which possesses this tomb! Happy those whom examples of so spontaneous a penance will tear from the seductions of the flesh and of the world!

The blessed Marianne of Jesus of Paredes y Flores was beatified by His Holiness Pius IX, on the nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost of the year 1853.

One may rightly give as attribute to our Blessed one the lily of virgins. To distinguish her from the saints to whom the same attribute belongs, one might paint near her a garden where this flower grows in a pool.

Sources: After the continuators of Godescard (ed. Lefort) and Ribadeneira (ed. Vives).

Saint Gaon,[1] Anchorite (7th century)

Saint Gaon was born in the territory of Verdun of a family allied by blood to the kings of Austrasia. After the example of his maternal uncle, saint Wandrille, he despised the pleasures and grandeurs of the world which had seduced him for a time, distributed his goods to the poor and applied himself in solitude to prayer and the practices of penance. He passed several years with his uncle at the monastery of Saint-Romain, on Mount Jon, in Franche-Comté. He followed him into the country of Caux and built with him the abbey of Fontenelle, on a domain which they held from their cousin Archambaut, mayor of the palace of Clovis II. After having built four churches there, saint Gaon betook himself to Rome in order to obtain relics. Pope

Vitalian received him with extreme kindness and fulfilled his desires. Gaon brought back precious relics, copies of the Bible, liturgical books and several works of the ancient Fathers of the Church: so that such journeys were useful not only to religion, but also to the progress of learning. There were soon as many as three hundred religious at Fontenelle. Saint Gaon, who preferred absolute solitude to everything, withdrew, with the consent of his uncle, to a wild place named Oye, *augia*, situated two leagues from Sézanne-en-Brie. He built there a hermitage, where he ended his days holily at the decline of the seventh century.

On the 16th of September 1621, his body was solemnly recognized in the monastery of Saint-Gaon established at the spot where the solitary had died.

Augie, or Oye in Champagne, was at first only a simple cell, for it is not seen that Gaon had the title of abbot. This place, desolated in the ninth century by the invasions of the Normans, was raised from its ruins by a lady named Eve, who founded a monastery there. This new establishment bore the title of abbey until 1334, the epoch at which it was reduced to a priory, under the dependence of Montier-la-Celle. It was called the priory of Saint-Gand. Some memory of this holy religious remains in Franche-Comté, and a parish of the diocese of Besançon still today bears his name and honours him as its special protector. It is Saint-Gand, near Gray. He is venerated with a particular cult in some provinces on this side of the Loire. His name has been altered in popular speech. He has been called saint Gon, and above all saint Gand, and it is in allusion to this last denomination that the glovers or tawers chose him for their patron.

Every year, on the 26th of May, a solemn procession is made at Langres through the streets of the city in honour of saint Gaon. It is the accomplishment of a vow which goes back to the year 1632. It was determined by a plague which joined itself to the misfortunes of the war and which carried off a third of the population at Langres and in the neighbourhood. It was only the renewal of a first vow made at the beginning of the sixteenth century. There were carried in this procession relics of the anchorite which were preciously enshrined. They were in the treasury of the church of Saint Peter. The feast of saint Gaon is celebrated in the whole diocese, though it does not belong to him either by his birth or by any circumstance of his life.

Sources: Cf. Baillet, Bollandists, Saints of Franche-Comté, Saints of Haute-Marne.

Saint Lambert, Bishop of Vence (1154)

Lambert was born at Bauduen,[1] a town of the diocese of Fréjus. His mother died in the pains of childbirth, and iron was used to extract the child. He was so afflicted by it afterwards that he never ceased to expiate what seemed to him a crime by continual tears and by the works of a hard penance. He was entrusted, from his childhood, to the monks of Lérins, to be brought up by them. He won their goodwill and admiration by an excellent nature inclined to all the virtues. He loved silence and solitude, and never left his cell, except when obedience forced him. He became learned without ceasing to be humble. He was chosen to succeed the bishop of Vence; he was consecrated in spite of his resistance. From then on, he was seen incessantly occupied in instructing his people by his word and edifying them by his example; in succouring the poor largely; in consoling the sick and the afflicted. He lived in the episcopal dignity with a wholly monastic simplicity. He governed his church forty years, and rendered his soul to God on the 26th of May. His death was accompanied by miracles.

Sources: Proper of Fréjus.

Saint Bérenger, Monk of Saint Benedict of the Abbey of Saint-Papoul (1292)

The abbey of Saint-Papoul, which recognizes the emperor Charlemagne as its founder, and Louis the Debonair as one of its most illustrious benefactors, has also the glory of having given to the Church triumphant the Saint whose life we write.

Bérenger was born in the country of Toulouse, in the year 1204, of parents recommendable for their nobility. While still a child, he was an accomplished model of all the virtues, and people said to one another on seeing him: That one will one day be a great Saint.

Scarcely an adolescent, he despised the vanities of the world, the smiles of fortune and the honours which the future reserved for him. Understanding with the holy king David that it was advantageous for him to cleave to the Lord, in order to serve him with all his heart sheltered from the dangers of the world, he embraced the Rule of Saint Benedict in the abbey of Saint-Papoul, and made profession in the hands of Raymond, who was then abbot of it.

Become a religious in this celebrated monastery, he excelled so much in the practice of all the virtues that he became the model of those very persons who were more advanced than he in age and profession, and who could not weary of admiring him. The discipline and regularity of the cloister had no more ardent defender, his words had Christian simplicity for rule, his conduct was inspired by the love of God, his gentleness and obligingness won all hearts, and his piety gave lustre to all his actions. He never ceased to mortify his body cruelly; clad in a rough and coarse garment, he rested on the bare ground from the fatigues of the day, a stone served him as pillow. — His mind was always occupied with the contemplation and meditation of heavenly things; he added to prayer, hair-shirts, the rigour of the disciplines, a continual watch over his senses, a perpetual fast, and it is thus that he succeeded in preserving pure and without stain to his last day that flower of virginity which we carry, by the testimony of the Apostle, in so fragile a vessel. It was solely to be faithful to his vow of obedience that he consented to receive priestly ordination, and from that moment he redoubled his efforts, in order to fulfil worthily the obligations imposed on him by so great a ministry. Always the first arrived in the choir of the abbatial church, an angel at the altar on which he offered so frequently and with so much devotion the holy victim, always ready to relieve the poor, to visit and console the suffering members of Jesus Christ, his name became more and more celebrated and he was called only the Saint. The meditation of the sacred books was his delight, he found in this reading his sweetest pastime, and never could he resolve to abandon, in spite of his mortifications and abstinences, the work of preaching. He wished to imitate Jesus Christ and to preach penance as much by word as by example.

God willed that a dignity should raise him above his brethren, Bérenger was at first named master of novices, later almoner and finally *ouvrier*[1] of the monastery of Saint-Papoul. But our Saint always regarded himself as the humblest and the last of the monks, and he believed himself obliged to practise toward them with still more care all the duties of fraternal charity. Far from acknowledging the right of having a will of his own, he always awaited before taking any determination whatever a sign from his abbot, whom he gloried in obeying even in the smallest things.

God made use of him to work numerous miracles during his lifetime. By his prayers, he obtained that the hitherto sterile wife of a knight should become fruitful. He foretold the day and hour of his death to the monks who surrounded his bed of pain, exhorted them as best he could to regular observance, received with angelic piety the Sacraments of the Church, and his soul took its flight to heaven during the night of the Ascension of the Lord, in the year 1292, under the reign of Philip IV, king of France.

His relics are religiously preserved in the church of the abbey of Saint-Papoul, which, a short time after the death of our Saint, in the year 1315, pope John XXII raised to the dignity of a cathedral, under the metropolis of Toulouse. — An inventory of the year 1427 attests that at that epoch an altar was already dedicated to him in the cathedral church where his feast has always been celebrated under the double-major rite.

We have done in this life only reproduce, by uniting them, the legend of the proper of Saint-Papoul, printed by order of Daniel-Bertrand de Lungle, that of the Breviary of 1772, and the notice devoted to saint Bérenger in the fifteenth-century manuscript which is still preserved in the archives of the ancient episcopal palace. It is with happiness that we have also found the date of the Saint’s birth in a deliberation of the Chapter of

Saint-Sernin of Toulouse, on the occasion of a proposal of exchange of relics made by the Chapter of Saint-Papoul.

Sources: Local notes.

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[2] Saint Simitrius and his companions were buried by the care of Saint Praxedes. His relics have been transported to Lierneux, in the diocese of Liège, where he is honoured as patron.

[3] We have spoken of Saint Quadratus at the end of the life of Saint Justin, vol. IV, page 368.

[4] Zachary was a disciple of Saint Peter and was the second bishop of Vienne. He succeeded Saint Crescens, who was a disciple of Saint Paul: he sat forty years, and was martyred outside the gate of Gratian, at the age of a hundred years. The martyrology of Vienne names him first Martyr of the Gauls. The solemn translation of his relics took place in 1250, with the permission of Pope Innocent IV. There was still seen, in 1761, a pebble which was said to be one of those with which he was stoned: it was set in a house near the convent of the Carmelite Fathers. The chapter of Saint Peter was in the habit, at the time of the Rogations, of stopping there one of the three days and of singing an antiphon in honour of the Saint. Charvet, *History of the Holy Church of Vienne*, 1761. This holy Bishop left, it is said, to his church the cloth which served at the supper that Our Lord made with his disciples on the evening of his Passion, when he instituted the holy Sacrament of the altar.

[5] This feast is one of the most ancient and the most solemn: it gave birth to the great fair of the Holy Memory, on 26 May. The ancient Périgord breviaries have a very fine office of this Saint; the ancient rituals name him in the litanies of the Saints. Finally, on 26 May, there was in the city a general and solemn procession: *Quo item die ordinatus processit solemnis et generalis*, says the rubric. See *Monograph of Saint-Front*, by M. l'abbé Carles, missionary. The relics of Saint Mémoire have disappeared; but his little statue has remained in the cathedral until our days. Here are the prayer and three fine antiphons of his office:

Deus, qui innumera Sanctorum coronas millia; concede propitius, ut B. Memorii, Martyris tui atque Innocentis, cujus te donante experti sumus merita, percipiamus suffragia. — Ad Magnif. — Ave, Martyr sanctissime, ave sancte Memori, caelestis consors militiae, qui primorum vagituum purpureos flores Regi caelorum offerens, supernae Majestatis viciniora meruisti subsellia; unde a te petimus, ut pro tuis vernaculis Dominum orare non desinas, tibi superius quo fiant coheredes. Alleluia. — Ad Bened. — O Beate Memori, qui inter collactaneum coetum parvulorum sublimior adstas ante supernl judicis thronum; semper tuorum memor esto servulorum. Alleluia.

Perigord possesses still the relics of another holy Innocent: they are those of Saint Sicarius, which are at Brantôme. This young Martyr has several churches dedicated to him in Périgord, as Montagrier and the chapel which formerly existed at Périgueux, at the foot of the hill which is opposite the new Mission and which bears his name. Several villages or hamlets bear his name and keep his feast. At Brantôme two feasts of this Saint are made, the great and the small, in the month of May and in the month of October; and some relics of this Saint are still possessed.

Here is the prayer of his office, according to the Bollandists:

Deus, qui Ecclesiam tuam meritis et orationibus pretiosissimi Martyris mirifico splendore clarificas; concede propitius, ut qui solemnitatem ipsius celebramus in terris, intercessionem ejus apud te mereamur in caelis. — Acta SS., 2 and 26 May; local notes.

[6] Discourse on Universal History.

[7] Usserius, *Antiq. britan.*, ch. 3.

[8] *Salutant te Eubulus et Pudens, et Linus, et Claudia, et fratres omnes.* (II Tim., iv, 21.) It is curious to compare this apostolic text with that of an epithalamium in which Martial gives to Claudia the title of "foreigner" (*peregrina*): *Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit peregrina Pudenti.* (Martial, *Epigrams*, book IV, no. 13. To Rufus on the nuptials of Pudens and of Claudia the foreigner, edit. Variorum, page 221.)

[9] See, for more details, on 3 December, the life of Saint Lucius.

[10] Cf. Itowland, *Mon. antiqua*, 143–146; Tertullian, *ad Judaeos*, cap. vii; Schlestrat, *Dissertatio de Patriarchatibus*; Godescard, on 3 December, life of Saint Lucius.

[11] Book v, ch. 3 and 4.

[12] Prez, Bry.

[13] Zonare, *Annals*, p. 239.

[14] *Gesta pontificum Autissiodorensium*, in Labbe (*Bibliotheca*).

[15] See Tillemont, *The Emperors*, vol. iii, art. Aurelian.

[16] Cniflet, *Vesontio*, part i, p. 161.

[17] Today the village of Les Saints-en-Puisaye, in the department of the Yonne. The monastery which was built there later was called Toucy-les-Saints, *monasterium Cociatense ad Sanctos*.

[18] The Proper of Sens interprets these words by saying that Saint Prisque was an officer in the Roman armies.

[19] We shall take for guide M. de Montalembert, whose narrative is as luminous as it is learned. — It will be understood that we are going to present a very succinct picture, but sufficient to make the sequence of events grasped. When a name, a date, a fact seems to remain in the half-light, it will be well to have recourse to the general table, which will furnish the necessary data to complete the

narrative. The biographies of the Saints of one and the same country, read in their chronological order, complete one another.

[20] Guillelmus Malmesburiensis, *Antiq. Glastonb.*, in Gale, *Scriptores Britann.*, vol. iii, p. 293. Cf. Baronius, *Ann.*, at the year 48; Dugdale, *Monasticon*, vol. i, p. 2. The Bollandists and various other modern historians have taken much trouble to refute this tradition. It is still reported in the letter which some monks addressed to queen Mary, in 1553, to ask for the re-establishment of their abbey (in Dugdale, vol. i, p. 9 of the new edition). Because of this tradition of Joseph of Arimathea, the ambassadors of England claimed precedence over those of France, Spain and Scotland, at the councils of Pisa in 1409, of Constance in 1414, and above all of Basel in 1434, because, according to them, the faith had been preached in France only by saint Denis, and after the mission of Joseph of Arimathea. Ussher, *de Prim. Eccl. Brit.*, p. 22.

[21] See the Life of saint Dunstan, above, p. 14, note.

[22] See the whole cycle of the poems of the Round Table, in England, in France and in Germany, and above all the three great poems entitled *Parceval*, *Titurel* and *Lahengrin*, which turn on the worship of the Holy Grail or Sang Réal, that is to say of the blood of Our Lord gathered by Joseph of Arimathea and preserved in the vessel which had served Jesus Christ for the institution of the Eucharist.

[23] On the 15th of November 1539. This octogenarian Martyr was accused of having withdrawn from the hand of the despoiler some portions of the treasure of the abbey; he was prosecuted and put to death by the care of John Russell, founder of the house of the dukes of Bedford, and one of the principal instruments of the tyranny of Henry VIII. See the narrative of this infamous execution in the continuation of Dugdale's *Monasticon* by Stevens, vol. i, p. 451. At the moment of the suppression, there were still at Glastonbury a hundred religious who lived in perfect regularity.

[24] See in the general table saint Eleutherius, saint Lucius, saint Fugace, saint Damien, saint Alban, saint Palladius, etc.

[25] *Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita.* Tertull., *Adv. Judaeos*, c. 7.

[26] See, in the table, saint Ninian, saint David of Menevia, saint Asaph, saint Cadoc, saint Winifred and other Breton saints.

[27] *Sax*, knife, sword, in Old German.

[28] The word Cambria appears to be derived from the Kymris, that is to say from the native Celtic race of that country and of Armorican Brittany. Wales is the French form of *Wales*, synonymous with *Wallen*, Walloons, *Welsch*, the name which the Germans gave in general to foreigners.

[29] *Cornu Vallias*, horn or tongue of land of Wales.

[30] *Epist.*, vi, 58 and 59.

[31] *Ibid.* ad Attic., iv, 16.

[32] Under the porch one sees the tombs of some generous Englishmen, dead in exile for having wished to remain faithful to the religion which these apostles had carried to them; and, among other sepulchral inscriptions, one remarks and retains the following: "Here lies Robert Pecham, English Catholic, who, after the rupture of England with the Church, left his country, unable to bear living in it without the faith, and who, come to Rome, died there, unable to bear living there without a country."

[33] It is pleasant to observe that, in this very town of Ramsgate, on the shore where the abbot Augustine landed, the sons of Saint Benedict have been able, after thirteen centuries, to raise in our days a new sanctuary beside a church dedicated to saint Augustine and built by the great Catholic architect Pugin. This monastic colony depends on the new Benedictine province of Subiaco, to which are likewise attached our recent foundations of La Pierre-qui-Vire, in the Morvan, and of Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, in the diocese of Orléans.

[34] Near a farm named Ebb's-fleet, and situated on a promontory whose surroundings the sea, in withdrawing, has abandoned.

[35] The present church of Saint Martin, rebuilt in the thirteenth century, occupies the site of the one which is for ever consecrated by the double memory of queen Bertha and of archbishop Augustine. One even shows there the baptismal font where, according to tradition, the immersion of king Ethelbert took place.

[36] The immense present metropolitan church of Canterbury, whose reconstruction was begun in the eleventh century by Lanfranc, occupies the site of this primitive church and of Ethelbert's palace.

[37] The abbot of Saint Augustine of Canterbury received from Pope Leo IX, in 1055, the privilege of sitting in the first place, after the abbot of Monte Cassino, in the general councils. The *Monasticon Anglicanum* of Dugdale, vol. i, p. 23, gives a very curious view of the state of the ruins of this abbey towards the middle of the seventeenth century; one still distinguishes in it a great tower called Ethelbert's, but built much later. In a special work, entitled *Vestiges of antiquities at Canterbury*, by T. Hastings, 1813, folio, there are plates which represent with much detail the remains, still considerable but cruelly profaned or abandoned, which subsisted in 1812; the best-preserved portion then served as a brewery, together with a tavern and an enclosure intended for cock-fights. It has been restored recently, to a certain point, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Berçsford Hope, and today serves as a Seminary for the Anglican missions.

[38] *Nec non et codices plurimos*, Bede, i, 20. Several of the books sent by Gregory to Augustine, by the abbot Peter, were preserved with care and escaped for ten centuries the ravages of time. In the time of Henry VIII, Leland still admired them: "*Majusculis litteris Romanis more veterum praescriptis… incredibilem se ferentes antiquitatis majestatem*". An ancient catalogue of this first dispatch ends with these words: "This is the origin of the Library of the whole church of England." A. D. 601. — In the Library of the college called Corpus Christi, in the University of Cambridge, there is shown a Latin manuscript of the four Gospels which, according to an inveterate tradition, would be the copy brought from Rome by saint Augustine, in 596.

The English had scarcely left idolatry when they set about cultivating their minds, above all by the study of the sacred sciences. It is known how far they succeeded. We cite only the example of Bede. Several lords travelled in Italy and in other countries, to perfect the

knowledge which they had already acquired. What was most admirable is that their fervour in practising the duties of Christianity equalled or even surpassed the ardour they had to learn. They studied, not to appear learned, but to become better.

As there were as yet no universities, the great monasteries opened public schools, in which the clergy and the young nobility were formed. The art of printing being then unknown, each monastery had its *scriptorium*, where books were copied. That was the occupation of most of the monks, and they gave to it the time destined for manual labour. Each monastery had also its library. There were reckoned seventeen hundred manuscripts in that of Peterborough. That of the Grey monks, in London, was a hundred and twenty-nine feet long, by thirty-one broad, and was very well furnished with books. (Leland, *Collect.*, vol. 1, p. 109.) It is said in Ingulf that when that of Croyland was burned, in 1091, seven hundred volumes were lost. The library of Wells must have been very vast, since, according to Leland, *Itin.*, vol. 3, p. 86, it had twenty-five windows on each side. At Saint Augustine's of Canterbury, prayers were offered every day for the benefactors of the library, both living and dead. See ThorEinter *decem scriptores*, and Tanner, *Notil. mon. prxf.*, p. 40.

There were similar libraries among the other religious. It was in those of the principal monasteries that the acts of parliament were deposited, after the arrival of the Normans. Under the Anglo-Saxons, there were deposited in them the principal decrees of the general assembly of the states, named *wittena gemote* or *mycel gemote*, as well as the acts of the *gemotes*, or assemblies of the particular districts. In several monasteries, a kind of registers of the history of the kings and of public events was kept, some of which have escaped the flames and have come down to us. Such are the *Annals* and the Saxon *Chronicles* which Gibson published at Oxford, in 1692. Florence of Worcester and William of Malmesbury composed their histories after these chronicles, which were kept in the monasteries. The loss of these precious monuments, from which historians would have drawn so much light, cannot be too much regretted. This is what one reads on the subject in the *History of England*, by Tyrrel, p. 152: "When the Saxons had been converted, most of the laws made in the *wittena gemote*, or general assemblies, were carefully kept; we should have them more entire, if the suppression of the monasteries, which took place under Henry VIII, had not caused the loss of so many curious monuments of antiquity." The fanatics, carried away by a fury of which the Goths would not have been capable, spared not even the libraries of the universities, the two above all which were public at Oxford. One had been founded under the reign of Edward III, by Richard de Burg or Richard Aungerville, grand treasurer of England and bishop of Durham, who had spent immense sums to make complete collections of every kind; the other was begun in 1367, by Thomas Cobham, bishop of Worcester. Henry IV and his children increased it considerably; there was also united to it the library of the celebrated Humfrey, duke of Gloucester, which was full of precious manuscripts that had been bought very dear in different countries.

Let us hear Chamberlain on the horrible depredation which then took place. He expresses himself in the following manner in his *Present State of England*, part 3, p. 450: "These men (the fanatics), under pretext of rooting out popery, superstition and idolatry, entirely destroyed the two fine libraries (of which we have just spoken); they threw away, sold, burned or tore to pieces all the precious books that the protectors of letters had had so much trouble to gather from all the countries of Europe. Their fury went so far, with regard to the Aungervillian library, which was the most ample, the oldest and the best composed, that there remains to us not even the catalogue of it. They did not stop there, they visited the libraries of the particular colleges, and carried devastation there also. One may judge of what they did by a letter which still exists, and in which one of them boasts that the new college, of quadrangular form, was all covered with leaves of torn books, etc. The university complained to the governor of the barbarity and the greed of the visitors: but its complaints produced no effect; it could save only a single volume, given by John Whethamsted, abbot of Saint Alban, which contained a part of Valerius Maximus, with the commentaries of Derys de Burgo. There are today in the Bodleian library only this volume and two others, which come from the ancient libraries. The university, despairing of ever having a public library, rid itself, in 1555, of the desks and shelves where the books had been.

"Some books which had been found there by chance were taken out of the hands of the grocers. Archbishop Parker also gathered up some pieces of manuscripts, which he bequeathed partly to the library of the University, partly to that of the college of Saint Benedict at Cambridge.

"Thomas Bodley, by a liberality which can never be too much praised, founded at Oxford a new public library, which was opened in 1602. His example had imitators; but these zealous protectors of letters were not able, in spite of all their care, to recover ancient manuscripts, which are regretted and always will be."

[39] *Epist.*, xi, 61, *ad Clotarium Francorum regem.*

[40] Since the schism of Henry VIII, the Anglican archbishops of Canterbury, by the most singular of anomalies, have none the less preserved this pallium in the arms of their see.

[41] Fleury, in citing this letter, says with reason: "Nothing proves better the truth of the miracles of saint Augustine than this so serious advice of Gregory."

[42] Spelman thinks that the place in question was the town of Aiwic, situated at the entrance of Worcestershire, towards Herefordshire, the word Ausiic or Augusline's-ric signifying in the Anglo-Saxon language the patrimony or country of Augustine. The conference was held when the Saint was metropolitan, and consequently after the year 601.

[43] This lying imputation goes back to Geoffrey of Monmouth, bishop of Saint Asaph, in the twelfth century, and interpreter of the national grudges of Wales. Certain obscure scholars, unworthy descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, such as Goudwin and Hammond, have adopted it from hatred of the Roman Church; and, not knowing how to reconcile it with the so positive affirmation of Bede on the earlier death of Augustine, have pretended that this passage of the venerable writer had been interpolated. But all the modern editors of Bede have had to recognize that the contested passage existed in all the manuscripts of this author without exception. Cf. Lingard, *Anglo-Saxon Church*, vol. i, p. 74; Varia, *Premier Mémoire*, pp. 25 to 29; Gorinl, vol. ii, p. 77.

[44] A few sonnets written by Philip's own hand have been saved and are carefully preserved at Rome by the Fathers of the Oratory at Santa Maria in Vallicella, which is commonly called Chiesa Nuova. We shall perhaps be thanked for citing two strophes of one of these sonnets in which the Saint grieves at not being able to love God enough:

Ride la terra, e 'l cielo, e l'ora, e i rami, Stan queti i venti, e son tranquille l'onde, E 'l sol mai sì lucente non apparse,

Cantan gli augel: Chi dunque è che non ami, E non gioisca? — Io sol, che non risponde La gioia alle mie forze inferme e scarse.

"O sweet smile of the earth, of the sky, of the breeze and of the foliage of the trees! the winds are peaceful, the waves tranquil; never did the sun appear so bright. The birds sing: who is he that loves not and rejoices not? — I alone! for joy does not suit my failing and broken strength."

[45] All these expressions, which one might take for metaphors, are only the rigorous translation of the very terms of the bull of canonization or of the histories of the life of saint Philip.

[46] During the course of the jubilee year 1550, the Confraternity received about six hundred pilgrims a day. In 1575, it lodged successively, according to the registers of the hospice, one hundred and sixteen thousand persons. In 1600, it gave hospitality to two hundred and sixty thousand strangers. In 1675, the confreres of the Most Holy Trinity lodged and fed more than two hundred and eighty-six thousand pilgrims, and at the same time relieved more than thirty-nine thousand convalescents. The Confraternity of the Trinity established at Rome to receive and care for pilgrims continues in our day the work of mercy for which saint Philip Neri instituted it. In the vast refectories, nine hundred and forty-four guests can be served at once. To recall the benefactor to all those who profit by his benefits, there has been raised, in the great refectory where the pilgrims assemble to receive their nourishment, the bronze bust of saint Philip Neri, with this inscription beneath: *Sancto Philippo Nerio, cujus consilio et opera archiconfrat. Sanctiss. Trinitatis instituta est.* "To saint Philip Neri, by whose counsel and work the archconfraternity of the Most Holy Trinity was instituted." In the same hospice, one reads under another portrait of the Saint this other inscription: *Protege vineam istam quam plantavit dextera tua.* "Protect this vine which thy right hand has planted."

[47] In the church of San Girolamo della Carità, one reads an inscription which recalls all the sacred glories of this illustrious temple, from the epoch of the Martyrs to that of the Saints who consoled the Church, when the false reformers rent her seamless robe. "This most celebrated temple," says the inscription, "was formerly the dwelling of saint Paula, Roman matron, and the asylum of the great doctor of the Church, saint Jerome. Later, saint Philip Neri lived there a long time. Beneath the high altar, erected in honour of the holy doctor, are found the bodies of saints Primitivus and Vitalis, and the relics of more than two hundred Martyrs rest there."

[48] See for the Oratory of France the life of cardinal de Bérulle, in the volume devoted to the venerables.

[49] Gon, Godon, Gand.

[50] Arrondissement of Draguignan, canton of Aups, 950 inhabitants.

[1] In Latin *operarius*, a dignity preserved in certain Chapters of France until the French Revolution, and which gave the holder the initiative of the works to be executed and the inspection of works in course of execution.

27 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

Saint Mary Magdalen, virgin, Carmelite, whose birth into heaven is mentioned on the 25th of May. — The feast of saint John, pope and martyr, who, summoned to Ravenna by Theodoric, king of Italy, an Arian, was cast into prison for the orthodox faith, languished there a long time and died there. 526. — At Durostorum, in Moesia, the suffering of the blessed Julius, veteran of the army, who, under the emperor Alexander, was arrested by officers and presented to the president Maximus: as he manifested his horror for idols in presence of this magistrate, and courageously confessed the name of Jesus Christ, he was condemned to have his head cut off. 228. — At Sora, saint Bestitute, virgin and martyr, who undertook the combat for the faith, under the emperor Aurelian and the proconsul Agathius, and overcame the attacks of the demons, the caresses of her parents as well as the cruelty of the executioners: beheaded at last with other martyrs, she acquired the honour of martyrdom. — In Artois, saint Bainulphe or Benon, martyr.[1] — At Orange, in Gaul, saint Eutropius, bishop,[2] illustrious for his virtues and miracles, 1st century. — The same day, the decease of the venerable Bede, priest, most celebrated for his holiness and learning. 735.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Meaux, the feast of saint Hildevert, bishop of that see, whose decease is reported on the 26th of May. — At Montsalvy, in the diocese of Saint-Flour, saint Gausbert, hermit, founder of this monastery. About 1081.

— At Liège, the blessed Frederick, count of Namur, bishop of that see, and martyr of the faith, for having fought the Simoniacs. He had as competitor Alexander, son of the count of Jülich, who counted out seven thousand pounds of silver to the emperor Henry V, with the aim of obtaining investiture. The clergy and the people, learning the means of which Alexander had made use to become bishop, abandoned him as a simoniac: unhappily, the canon pretender had the support of some nobles; a war followed in which Alexander was vanquished: he submitted in appearance, but hatred remained in his heart. His partisans won over a servant of Frederick, who administered to him a poison so violent that at the moment when he fell into weakness, the right eye came out of its socket and the left was extinguished. Here is the epitaph that was placed on his tomb, in the cathedral of Liège: “This tomb encloses an innocent dove without gall, who, living, brought us the olive branch of peace. Sublime heart, having attachments only for the word of holy Scripture, he despised what the nobility of blood had put in him. He had more horror of the nobility of his name than another would have drawn honour from it. It is Christ himself, O Frederick, who chose thee pontiff, it is Calixtus, his vicar, who consecrated thee.[3] Alas, thy election displeased the wicked. Simony, which lives on the money of others, was moved: the pontifical bull was the cross of thy faithful partisans, put arms in the hands of thy enemies, caused the poison destined for thee to be prepared in the dark. All this had found thee invincible, two years long. Thou tastest now with the inhabitants of heaven the sweetnesses of the eternal reward. Hail then, pontiff-martyr of Christ, to whom thou hast rendered thy soul on the 5th before the calends of May: may the glory of thy virtues be the echo of thy beatitude. Receive, pontiff-martyr, the crown which is due to thee.”

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, Camaldolese and of Vallombrosa. — The decease of the venerable Bede.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — The feast of saint John, pope and martyr.

Martyrologies of the Carmelites, of the Capuchins. — Saint Gregory VII, pope, whose decease is marked on the 25th of this month.

Additions Made after the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the diocese of Sardis, in Lydia, saint Therapon, whose body was transported from the island of Cyprus to this city, in the year 806. — In the island of Crete and at Rhodes, saint Phanure, martyr, celebrated in these countries for his many miracles. — At Ancona, saint Libère or Olivier, pilgrim. Nothing is more obscure than the history of this Saint, whose cult is nevertheless celebrated, since he is one of the patrons of Ancona. Some place him in the eleventh century, others in the thirteenth. Those who make him die in 1040 say he was a Camaldolese monk, and make him accompany a Dalmatian bishop who left his see and came to Ancona to found a monastery of Camaldolese. A princely origin is attributed to saint Libère. So he is sometimes painted with a crown. According to the other opinion, saint Libère would be the son of a Christian prince of Armenia and would have come to Italy in the thirteenth century. — In the East, saint Hellade, bishop and martyr, whose acts are lost. 6th or 7th century. — At Ravenna, saint Symmachus, senator and consul under Theodoric. He was closely bound with Boethius, to whom he gave his daughter in marriage. After the death, or rather the martyrdom, of Boethius, Symmachus was dragged, laden with irons, from Rome to Ravenna, where, without trial or judgment, Theodoric had his head cut off, in hatred of the Catholic faith.[4]

Saint John, Pope and Martyr

626. — Emperor of the East: Justin I, called the Old.

> *Never forget this, my dear brethren: For the Lord, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord knows well, when it pleases him, how to deliver the just, and to reserve, for the day of judgment, the punishment of the wicked.*

— 2 Peter, iii, 8, 9.

John, son of Constantius, was born in Tuscany; having come from Florence to Rome, he was brought up there in the sciences and piety. Pope Gelasius made him cardinal-priest of the title of Pammachus, and, after the death of Hormisdas, he was elected in his place to govern the Church. He gave at first, in this charge, great marks of his signal piety, for he finished the cemetery of Saints Nereus and Achilleus, martyrs; he restored to use that of Saints Felix and Adauctus, and he entirely repaired that of Saint Priscilla, which was in ruins. He presented to the churches of the Apostles several vessels of gold and silver; he enriched besides the altar of Saint Paul with a quantity of jewels and precious stones; in a word, he showed an extraordinary zeal for the glory of God and the honour of his Church. Theodoric, king of the Goths, was then reigning in Italy. He had been, until then, a generous, wise, beneficent and moderate prince; for, although he was an Arian, he left nevertheless the Catholics in peace, and he made presents to the church of Saint Peter, and to other places of devotion. But he lost, towards the end, this fair reputation, by the violences to which he let himself be carried away. The emperor Justin, a Catholic prince, wishing to bring all his subjects of the East back to the true religion, to better assure the tranquillity of his empire, made express prohibition to recognize either Arian bishops or priests, and ordered that the churches they had usurped should be rendered to the Catholics. The Arians had recourse to their co-religionist Theodoric, whom this measure exasperated. He spoke of nothing but massacring in reprisal all the Catholics of Italy. Before coming to that, he addressed, in a letter, very lively complaints to the emperor of the East. Then, not having obtained satisfaction, he sent to Constantinople a celebrated embassy, composed of five bishops and four senators; he wished pope John to be the head of it, and charged him to ask the emperor: 1° to authorize those who had abjured the Arian doctrine to return to it; 2° to withdraw his edict and to give back the confiscated churches.

It is said that the Pope refused to fulfil the first part of the mission, but he promised to acquit himself of the second. The city of Rome was in desolation; tears flowed when a Pope was seen to depart charged with pleading the interests of Arianism. Yet the thing was more extraordinary than vexatious, and he was working by it for the salvation of Italy and for the interest, well understood, of the Church. Two miracles gave so to speak a heavenly sanction to this step. In passing through the isthmus of Corinth, the holy Pope borrowed a horse which, after having had the honour of carrying the vicar of Jesus Christ, refused to carry any other person. On his entry into Constantinople, he cured a blind man.

As soon as it was learned at Constantinople that the successor of saint Peter was coming, the whole city went to meet him with crosses and torches. People congratulated themselves on such a happiness. Constantinople, it was said, had not yet enjoyed the presence of a Pope, except saint Clement, when he was relegated, under Trajan, to the Chersonese.[1] The emperor Justin prostrated himself before him, and had an extreme joy in receiving him in his palace, as if it had been saint Peter himself. Although already crowned by the patriarch, he wished to be so also by the Pope.

As to the result of this embassy, it is not certain. It is believed nevertheless that John obtained from the emperor what he had promised Theodoric to ask, that is to say that, according to the fragments of a contemporary author, published by Valois, the Arians who still were such, and the temples which they still had, were left in the state in which they were. But the Arians and their temples, become Catholic, were not given back to heresy. In the interval, Theodoric had become suspicious and cruel. He believed that the principal Romans, betraying him, were in understanding with the court of Byzantium. “More and more blinded by his heresy, he had incarcerated and put to death the two illustrious senators and ex-consuls Symmachus and Boethius.”[2] The manner in which his ambassadors were received in the East made them suspect to him. He had them arrested on their disembarking in Italy. Pope John was shut up in the prisons of Ravenna. The Gothic king feared, if he had him die by a public punishment, to revolt the Romans and most of the Italians, already discontented enough with his latest acts of tyranny; he resolved to have recourse to a more refined cruelty, and the holy Pontiff was condemned to die of hunger, of thirst and of all sorts of

privations. He obtained thus the palm of martyrdom on the 27th of May of the year 526. The other ambassadors died in the same way.

Theodoric himself survived Pope John only three months. After having deprived himself of the wise counsels of Cassiodorus and of Boethius, after having slaughtered without form of trial the most illustrious men of the senate, he gave his confidence to a Jewish advocate, and dictated to him, on Wednesday the 26th of August 526, a decree which provided that, the following Sunday, the 30th of August, the Arians should invade the Catholic churches. But at once he was struck, like Arius, the author of his religion; seized with a flux of the belly which exhausted him for three days, he lost both kingdom and life on the very day he rejoiced at invading the churches. That is what a contemporary author says, in finishing his history.[3] The historian Procopius adds: "One day, the officers of Theodoric having served on his table the head of a great fish, he thought he saw in the dish the head of Symmachus, freshly cut, which was biting its lip and looking at him with a furious eye. He was so terrified by it that a great shiver seized him; he went to bed and told what he had seen to his physician, weeping over his crime of having put Symmachus and Boethius to death on calumnies."

God made known the glory which pope John, his servant, enjoyed. A possessed man was cured publicly by touching the body of the Martyr. This sacred body was buried with extraordinary pomp, outside the city of Ravenna, in a tomb of the common cemetery. But, four years after, it was transferred to Rome, with a veritable triumph, and deposited in the church of Saint Peter. This translation took place, according to Father Papebroch, on the 27th of May, while the death of the Saint would have taken place on the 18th of May. In a second translation (on the 1st of June), the relics of the holy Pope were deposited in the Vatican.

Chains are the attribute of saint John I in the arts.

Sources: AA. SS. and all the Histories of the Church and of the Popes.

Saint Bede, Father of the Church, Otherwise Called the Venerable Bede, Benedictine

673–735. — Popes: Adeodatus; Gregory III.[1]

> *O good Jesus, who hast deigned to give me to drink of the sweet waters of knowledge, grant me above all to attain one day to thee, who art the source of all wisdom, and never to lose sight of thy divine presence.*
>
> *— Prayer with which Bede ended the enumeration of his literary labours.*

The celebrated dom Mabillon, citing Bede as a perfect model of learning in the monastic state, expresses himself thus:[2] "Who applied himself more than he to all sorts of studies and even to teaching others? Who was nevertheless more attached to the exercises of piety and religion? To see him pray, it seemed that he did not study; to see the number of his works, it seemed that he did nothing else but write." Camdem calls him "a singularly brilliant light"; and Leland, "the glory, the fairest ornament of the English nation, the most worthy man that ever was to enjoy an immortal reputation." According to William of Malmesbury, it is easier to admire him in silence than to find expressions proportioned to his merit.

Bede,[3] surnamed "the Venerable," must not be confounded with another, older Bede, who was a monk of Lindisfarne.[4] He was born, in 673, in a village which, a short time after, formed part of the property of the monastery of Jarrow.[5]

Saint Benedict Biscop, having founded, in 674, the abbey of Saint Peter at Wearmouth, near the mouth of the Wear, founded, in 680, that of Saint Paul at Girvum or Jarrow, on the bank of the Tyne.[6] So fair a harmony reigned between the two houses that they were often governed by the same abbot, and were designated under the common name of "Monastery of Saint Peter and Saint Paul." The holy founder, who had as much learning as piety, procured for each community an excellent collection of books which he had brought from

Rome and from foreign countries. Bede having been entrusted to him by his parents in his seventh year, he took charge of forming him in virtue and in the sciences; he sent him afterwards to Jarrow, that he might continue his studies there under the abbot Ceolfrid, — to Jarrow, which he was never to leave.

Scarcely had he arrived when a cruel plague fell on the monastery: it carried off all the monks who knew how to sing in choir, except the abbot Ceolfrid and the young Bede; both continued to celebrate as best they could the canonical office, in its entirety, with an obstinate exactness, until new confreres were sent them.

Bede names, among the skilful masters whose lessons he took, the monk Trumbert, disciple of saint Chad, bishop of York, then of Lichfield, who had established a celebrated school in the monastery of Lestingan, in the county of York. Ecclesiastical chant was taught him by John, who, from archcantor of Saint Peter's at the Vatican, had become abbot of Saint Martin of Rome, and whom pope Agatho had sent to England with saint Benedict Biscop. He learned Greek from Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, and from the abbot Hadrian, who made this language so familiar to several Englishmen that it might have been said to be their mother tongue. Bede gives as example Tobias, bishop of Rochester. Had he been less modest, he could have cited himself. It is seen in effect, by his *Ars metrica*, and by his other works, that he knew the Greek language perfectly. The verses that we have from him show also that he was a good poet for the age in which he lived; but his sermons, as well as his commentaries on Scripture, prove that he made his principal study the meditation of the divine books and of the writings of the Fathers.

Science and piety supplying in him the defect of age, the abbot Ceolfrid wished him to prepare for holy Orders, although he was only nineteen years old. He was ordained deacon in 691, by saint John of Beverley, then bishop of Hexham, in whose diocese the abbey of Jarrow was situated.[7] He continued his studies until 702, at which epoch he received the priesthood from the hands of the same prelate.[8] He is called in an ancient book "the priest of the Mass," because he was charged with singing every day the conventual Mass.

The monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow, after the example of saint Benedict Biscop, gave a certain time to manual labour. This labour consisted in threshing and winnowing the grain, in taking care of the cattle, in digging the earth in the garden, in making bread and preparing what was to serve as food for the community. Bede worked with his brethren; but his principal occupation was to study, to write, to pray and to meditate. Often he copied books. As soon as he had been ordained priest, he took up the pen for the honour of religion. Soon he saw himself at the head of a numerous school, from which excellent subjects came forth; but he attached himself particularly to the instruction of the monks, who numbered six hundred. He informs us himself that he gave himself wholly to the meditation of holy Scripture, and that after having sung the praises of God in church and fulfilled what the Rule prescribed, his greatest pleasure was to learn, to teach and to write. "From the time when I received the priesthood," he says, "until that when I write this (until the sixty-ninth year of his age), I have composed several books for my own use and for that of others. I have drawn from the works of the Fathers, and have sometimes made additions to what I found there." He gives a list of forty-five works of which he was then the author, and most of which had for object to elucidate the text of the Old and the New Testament. Afterwards, there came forth from his pen various other estimable productions.

Bede exercised himself with success on all branches of literature. He wrote on philosophy, on astronomy, on arithmetic, on the calendar, on grammar, on ecclesiastical history, etc. Works of piety, however, compose the principal part of his writings. One would seek in vain in his books the ornaments of rhetoric; one finds in them in exchange much precision and clearness; there reigns in them an amiable simplicity, with a tone of frankness, piety and zeal that keenly interests the reader. Candour and love of truth visibly characterize his historical books; and if it be said that he sometimes carried credulity too far, one must at least agree that no judicious person will ever call his sincerity in doubt. Often he contented himself with abridging or arranging in methodical order the commentaries of saint Augustine, saint Ambrose, saint Jerome, saint Basil, etc., on Scripture; but he did not act thus to avoid labour, nor from defect of genius, as some moderns have

pretended. His aim was to attach himself more closely to tradition, in interpreting the holy books. In what the Fathers had left to be done, he always follows their principles, for fear of departing from tradition in the least thing. The best judges avow that, in the commentaries which are entirely his own, he yields not in solidity and judgment to the ablest of the Fathers. Bale, an apostate Carmelite, the declared enemy of monks and Fathers, who was bishop of Ossory under Edward VI, and who died canon of Canterbury under queen Elizabeth, could not help making the most magnificent eulogy of Bede; he even goes so far as to assure that he surpasses saint Gregory the Great in the eloquence and richness of his style, and that one finds in his writings almost all that deserves to be read in antiquity. Pitts advances[9] that Europe has perhaps not produced a man of letters comparable to him, and that, even in his lifetime, his works had so much authority that a council ordered them to be read publicly in the churches.

Folchard, who, after having been a monk of Christ Church, at Canterbury, and of Sithiu, became abbot of Thorney, speaks thus of Bede, in his life of saint John of Beverley, cited by Leland: “One is surprised, when one considers to what point this great man succeeded in all the sciences to which he applied himself. He overcame all the difficulties that are met in them, and put his compatriots in a state to form just ideas of things. The English renounced the coarseness of their ancestors; they were civilized and polished by the study of letters. Not only did Bede teach them, during his life, the road which leads to true learning; he has also left, for the instruction of youth, writings in which one finds a sort of encyclopaedia or universal library. He explained almost the whole Bible, says Fuller; he translated into English the Psalms and the New Testament; and it is above all to him that these words of the Apostle can be applied: He shone as a light in the midst of an ignorant and perverse generation.”

What was most admirable in Bede is that he animated all his studies with a rare spirit of piety, and that he always made a holy use of his knowledge. He painted himself in tracing the portrait of saint Chad. Like him, he studied Scripture, to put himself in a state to meditate assiduously the mysteries of the faith, to penetrate himself with the holy maxims of Christianity, to fill his heart with the love of all the virtues: so his life was always a model that the most perfect could propose to themselves. They wished to make him abbot, but his humility led him to refuse this dignity.

Pope Sergius had a singular esteem for our Saint. He wrote him a letter which we still have, about the time when he was ordained priest. In this letter, he invited him in very honourable terms to come to Rome, so that he might have the satisfaction of seeing him and consulting him on important affairs. One cannot too much admire the modesty of Bede, who took good care in his history not to make known to us this circumstance. For the rest, he did not go to Rome, without its being known what reason prevented him. He assures us himself that he never left his monastery to travel, at least to make considerable journeys. His reputation drew him visits from all that was greatest in Britain, among others that of the pious king Ceolwulph.

The glorious and peaceful life of Bede was not without a cloud. Jealousy follows merit as the shadow the sun. Some narrow minds went so far as to accuse him of heresy, because in his *Chronology* he had combated the opinion, then widespread, that the world was to last only six thousand years, and because he had seemed to adopt for the Incarnation another date than the one commonly received. This accusation made its way and it was spoken of even in the drinking songs of the peasants. Bede, who had always taken scrupulous care to keep himself within the limits of orthodoxy, was surprised as much as indignant at this imputation: he wrote an apologetic letter, lively and proud, which doubtless made all these rumours cease. Egbert, brother of Eadbyrht, king of Northumberland, had been a disciple of Bede. He invited his master to come to York, of which this prince was consecrated bishop in 734. The Saint acceded to this invitation. He taught some months at York, after which he wished to return to his monastery.[10] The school which he established in that city became very flourishing, and it is said that he had himself formed the celebrated Alcuin, who was its fairest ornament. Bede died a short time after Egbert had been raised to the episcopal see of York. Before his death, he wrote to his disciple a letter in which he gave him excellent advice.[11] “Remember,” he said to him,

"that the most essential part of your duty is to place everywhere enlightened and virtuous priests; to apply yourself with unwearying zeal to feed your flock yourself; to bring about that vice disappear; to labour for the conversion of sinners; to take care that all the diocesans know the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, and that they be perfectly instructed in the different articles of religion. Neglect nothing so that the laymen who lead a pure life may communicate every Sunday, as well as on all the feasts of the apostles and martyrs, as you have seen practised at Rome; but warn married persons that they must prepare for communion by continence."[12] This last point was anciently of precept, as we see by several councils. By disuse, it is now only of counsel; but it is a counsel the practice of which saint Charles Borromeo wished to have strongly recommended to the faithful.

Cuthbert or Anthony, one of Bede's disciples, and to whom this great man dedicated his book *De arte metrica*, has left us an account of the death of his dear master; it is in a letter which he wrote to the monk Cuthwin, his fellow-student. This Cuthbert was afterwards abbot of Jarrow, and he succeeded in that dignity Huethbert, otherwise called Eusebius, who had also been a disciple of Bede.

The letter of Cuthbert deserves to be reported here; we shall make only slight cuttings in it.[13]

"Cuthbert to Cuthwin, his dear fellow-disciple in Jesus Christ, eternal greeting in Our Lord. I received with much pleasure the little present which you were pleased to send me. Your letter also caused me great satisfaction, in that I found in it what I ardently desired, namely that you had taken care to pray and to celebrate Masses for Bede, that true servant of God, our father and our master. In consequence of the love I bear him, I send you in a few words an account of the manner in which he went out of this world, an account which I know you await from me.

"He was seized with a difficulty of breathing, without however feeling pain, about two weeks before Easter. He remained in this state, preserving his ordinary gaiety, and giving thanks to God night and day, even at all hours, until the feast of the Ascension of the Lord, which was the 26th of May. After giving us lessons, according to his custom, he employed the rest of the day in singing the psalms. He also passed all the nights in joy and thanksgiving, interrupting this exercise only by a very short sleep. When he awoke, he set himself again to pray with his hands stretched toward heaven. O truly happy man! He sang these words of saint Paul: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' and several other passages of Scripture. As he was well versed in our language, he recited certain things in English verse; these words, for example: 'A wise man cannot too much consider what he has done of good and of evil before leaving this life.' He also sang antiphons, conformably to what is practised among us; this one among others: 'O king of glory, God of hosts, who hast ascended today above all the heavens! forsake us not as defenceless orphans, but send us the Spirit of the Father, the Spirit of truth whom thou hast promised us. Alleluia.' In pronouncing these words, 'forsake us not,' his eyes shed a great abundance of tears. An hour after, he repeated the same antiphon, and we mingled our tears with his. We read and we wept alternately, or rather we never read without weeping.

"We passed thus the time which elapsed from the beginning of his illness to the feast of the Ascension. As for him, he was always filled with joy, and ceased not to thank God for having sent him his infirmity. Often he repeated this passage: 'God chastises the children he loves,' and others like it. He was heard to say also these words of saint Ambrose: 'I have not lived in such a manner as to blush to live among you, and I fear not to die because we have a God who is goodness by essence.'

"The lessons which he gave us, and the singing of the psalms did not prevent him from composing two works very useful to the Church: he translated into English the Gospel according to saint John, and gave an extract from the books of notes of saint Isidore, bishop. 'I do not wish,' he said on the subject of the second work, 'that my disciples should read lies after my death, nor that they should consume themselves in useless labours.'

"On the Tuesday before the Ascension, he felt a greater difficulty of breathing than usual. A little swelling was remarked in his feet. He passed the day nevertheless with gaiety; he dictated in his school, saying from time to time: 'Make haste; what do I know whether I shall live long, and whether the Lord will not take me away soon from the midst of you?' From these words we doubted not that he knew the moment of his death. He passed the night in thanksgiving. The next morning, he told us to write promptly what we had begun; then, according to what is practised on such a day, we walked with the relics of the saints until the third hour.[14] Then one of us said to him: 'Dear master, there is still one chapter lacking to us; would it inconvenience you for us to ask you new questions?' — 'No,' he answered. 'Take your pen, and write quickly'; which the disciple did.

"At the ninth hour, he charged me to go and fetch all the priests of the monastery. When they had come, he distributed to them pepper, handkerchiefs and incense which he had in a little box,[15] begging them to remember him before God, and to celebrate Masses for his intention: which they all promised him. There was no one who did not weep, when he announced that soon he would no longer be seen; but each one rejoiced on hearing him say: 'It is time that I return to Him who gave me life, drawing me from nothingness. My days have been long: my Judge has foreseen and fixed the number of them. The moment of my freedom approaches. I desire to be freed from the bonds of the body, and to be united to Jesus Christ. Yes, my soul desires to see Jesus Christ its king in the splendour of his glory.' He added many other things for our edification.

"Wilberth, that one of his disciples of whom I have spoken above, said to him in the evening: 'There is still one sentence which is not written.' — 'You have only to write it,' he answered. His disciple having replied to him that it was done, he added: 'You have spoken well. All is finished. Support my head in your hands. I wish to have the satisfaction of sitting opposite the oratory where I was accustomed to pray, that I may thus invoke my heavenly Father.' Having placed himself on the floor of his cell, he said: 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit'; after which he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord. All those who were present at his death assure that they never saw him with more fervour than on that day…"

Ranulph Higden[16] adds the following particulars on the death of the servant of God. "The swelling of his feet warning him that he was approaching his last hour, he received Extreme Unction, then the holy Viaticum, on the Tuesday before the Ascension; he then gave the kiss of peace to all his brethren, and conjured them to pray for him after his death. On the day of the feast of the Ascension, having lain down on a hair-cloth stretched on the ground, he asked for the grace of the Holy Spirit… He continued to pray until his last breath."

He died in 735, at the age of seventy-two,[17] on Wednesday evening, which was the 26th of May, after the first Vespers of the Ascension. This is why several authors put his death on the feast of the Ascension, which began at first Vespers among the Saxons.

In some churches of England, saint Bede was honoured on the 26th of May, in such a way however that only a commemoration of him was made in the office of saint Augustine. In other churches, his feast was celebrated on the 27th of May, the day on which his name is found in the Roman martyrology. In the constitution which John Alcock, bishop of Ely, published for the feasts of his diocese, it is ordered that the office of the blessed Bede be said on the 13th of March, the day of his death being occupied by the office of saint Augustine.[18] Certain congregations of Benedictines said it for a long time on the 29th of October, perhaps on account of some translation. It is on that day that the Catholics of England honour this Saint, and that the priests of the same kingdom who live in foreign countries recite his office by virtue of a privilege granted them by Benedict XIV in 1754. This privilege, according to the interpretation which has been given of it at Rome, contains a precept, at least for the ecclesiastics and religious who are in England.

Alcuin says[19] that the holiness of Bede was attested, after his death, by a voice from heaven, and that a sick man was suddenly healed by touching his relics. Saint Lull, archbishop of Mainz, wrote to Cuthbert (the very one of whom we have spoken above), who was then abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, to ask him for a copy of the works of Bede. At the same time he sent him a cloak for his use, with a silk vest to cover the shrine of the Saint. A silk vest was a present which was then made to persons of quality, not excepting kings.

Bede was buried at Saint Paul's of Jarrow, where there was a north porch which bore his name. In 1020, his relics were carried to Durham, where, having been enclosed in a wooden chest, they were deposited in the shrine of saint Cuthbert. In 1155, Hugh, bishop of Durham, put them separately in a magnificent shrine enriched with gold, silver and precious stones,[20] which was plundered at the destruction of the monasteries. The ministers of Henry VIII threw on the dunghill what remained of the bones of Bede. The monastic sanctuary of Jarrow toward which Bede's dying gaze was turned still subsists in part, if one is to believe very authoritative archaeologists! His memory has survived there the vicissitudes of time, an old oaken chair is still shown there which is pretended to have served him. It is the only relic that subsists of this great Saint.[21] Speed says in his *Theatre of Britain* that at the time when he wrote, the tomb of the venerable was seen, made of marble, in the chapel of Our Lady, which was at the west of the church of Durham. Smith has had the ruins of it engraved, which still subsist today,[22] as well as the altar of saint Cuthbert and of saint Bede, after the paintings of a window which was in the east.[23] The monks of Glastonbury pretended to have the relics of our Saint; but they doubtless had only a part of them.[24] According to saint Boniface, Bede was the light of the British Church. Saint Lull, Alcuin, etc., give him great praises for his learning and holiness. Lanfranc and several other writers call him the doctor of the English, the father of English learning.[25]

In old prints a water-pot is given as characteristic attribute to saint Bede: the presence of this vessel for domestic use is not well explained: would it be to signify that Bede drew from all the sources for the composition of his works?…

Writings of Saint Bede

One of the most considerable writings of Bede is his *Ecclesiastical History*. He wrote it in 731, at the request of Ceowulph, king of the Northumbrians, to whom he dedicated it. This prince, as pious as learned, left the crown to his son Edbert, three years after the death of Bede, and went to become a monk at Lindisfarne, where he died in 740.

The *Ecclesiastical History of the Nation of the Angles*, for such is the exact title of this great work, has made of Bede not only the father of English history, but the veritable founder of the history of the Middle Ages.

The most competent judges have recognized in him a chronicler as methodical as well informed, a skilful and penetrating critic, invested, by the rigorous precision of his language, as by the scrupulous exactness of his narrative, with the right of having his testimony counted and weighed, even on facts of which he was not the contemporary. The most sceptical reader cannot turn the pages of Bede without remaining convinced of his sincerity, together with his historical discernment; while the Christian, eager to know and admire the works of God in the history of souls, even more than in the history of peoples, will never have gratitude enough for the untiring workman who has endowed us with this book, without rival among the historical works of Christianity, and who has given to England, to the historical race *par excellence*, the finest monument of national history that any modern people has yet received from its fathers.

2° The *Lives of the first five abbots of Wearmouth*, namely: of saint Benedict Biscop, of saint Ceolfrid, of Estervin, of Sigefrid and of Witbert [names as printed].

3° The other works of Bede are commentaries on Scripture, homilies or sermons, and divers treatises on poetry, grammar, rhetoric, astronomy, music, the calendar, etc. The hymns and epigrams which he had composed are lost. For a person to be but little versed in the reading of the writings of Bede, it is seen that he

thought like the Roman Church on all the points today controverted between Catholics and Protestants, such as prayer for the dead, the invocation of Saints, the veneration of relics and images, etc. He even attributes miracles to these practices. He shows that images are not proscribed by the Decalogue, and that God forbade only idols, since he ordered the brazen serpent to be set up, etc. *L. de Templo Salom.*, c. xix, vol. viii, p. 40. His *Ecclesiastical History*, which is in everybody's hands, would suffice alone to justify him from the imputations of the Protestants. One may see what he says of prayer for the dead, hom. 1, vol. v, *Anecdot. Marten.*, p. 239, etc.

There is in Bede's book *On the Nature of Things*, p. 46, *Op.*, vol. ii, p. 37, a particularity which deserves to be remarked. It is said there that the world and the earth are of round figure. Although Bede bears witness to the faith of the Church, the Protestants have not been able to refuse him a just tribute of praise. Melanchthon, *de Corrigendis studiis*, avows that he was singularly versed in the Greek and Latin languages, in mathematics, philosophy and the knowledge of holy Scripture. Tanner, p. 86, makes of him the following portrait: "He was a prodigy of learning, in an age when there was scarcely any tincture of letters, and never can we sufficiently admire his erudition. Some mistakes may have escaped him, above all through excess of credulity; but if we examine the whole of his writings, we shall agree that he is alone a library and a treasure of all the arts."

The geography of Bede, even in the descriptions of foreign countries, is very exact, although he had never travelled; which shows that he worked from good memoirs. He speaks, in the preface to his history, of the sources from which he had drawn. Here is in what terms M. de Montalembert appreciates the literary and scientific talent of Bede: "All the peoples of Catholic Europe envied England so great a doctor, the first offshoot of the barbarian races who had won a place among the doctors of the Church. The name of Bede, after having been one of the greatest and most popular of Christendom, remains invested with an ineffaceable notoriety. He is the type of the studious and learned life which, in the eyes of many, sums up the whole life of the monks. He was the most instructed man, the greatest intellectual personage of his country and of his century… During his lifetime, and for long centuries after his death, it was not only the great historian that was admired, as we admire him ourselves, it was still more the master who embraces in his vast erudition all that was studied and all that was known in the world. The encyclopaedic character of his genius is what most amazed his contemporaries and does not fail to excite the surprise of ours… He was for England what Cassiodorus had been for Italy or saint Isidore for Spain. But he had, more than these two precursors, an action and a reverberation outside his country which perhaps no one has surpassed. In his martyrology, his historical summaries and his biographies of saints, he added the demonstration of the government of God by facts and men to the theoretical exposition of the teachings of the faith.

"But, far from confining himself to theology, he wrote with success on astronomy and meteorology, physics and music, philosophy and geography, arithmetic and rhetoric, grammar and versification, without omitting medicine and without disdaining to descend as far as orthography and numeration. All these treatises have almost always the form of abridgments or catechisms adapted to the education of his monastic disciples."As all the learned men and writers of the Christian ages, he shows a certain complacency in displaying his familiarity with the classical authors. He has left us, or at least there are attributed to him, collections of sentences drawn from Plato, Seneca and above all Cicero, of whom he was the enthusiastic admirer. He often cites Ovid and Lucan, Statius and even Lucretius, still oftener Virgil, of whom he inserts centos even into the narratives of the miracles of his Northumbrian saints."

The best, the most complete edition of the works of Bede, is that of M. Migne, volumes xc to xcvi of the *Patrologia latina*. It is made after the three principal ones that preceded it, that of Cologne, that of Smith and that of Dr. Giles (12 vols. 8vo, collated on the manuscripts; London 1843–1844). There will be found, it is said, for the first time, in the *Spicilegium Solesmense* of cardinal Pitra, the true commentaries of Bede on the Psalter and on saint Paul.

Sources: AA. SS.; Godescard; de Montalembert, *Monks of the West* [*Moines d'Occident*],

Saint Eutropius I, Bishop of Orange (1st century)

The ancient tradition of the city of Orange has it that Eutropius, the founder and first bishop of that church, was one of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He was a native of Egypt, but inhabited Antioch, when, having heard the preachings of the Saviour, he believed in him and attached himself to his steps. After the Ascension, Eutropius was sent into the Gauls with Maximin, Trophimus and several others. Having landed in Narbonese Gaul, they divided the country among themselves to implant the Gospel there more rapidly. The blessed Eutropius betook himself to Orange to announce the good news there while Trophimus settled at Arles and Maximin at Aix, making of those cities the centre of their preachings. At the voice of Eutropius, the images of the false gods came down from their pedestals, the sacred woods were levelled and churches rose, consecrated to the true God. According to tradition, Eutropius, Trophimus and Maximin gave themselves one day a meeting at Tarascon to convert into a basilica the house inhabited by saint Martha. Now, wine failed for refreshing the numerous faithful who had hastened to the ceremony: at the prayer of the pious hostess of the Saviour, the miracle of the wedding at Cana was seen renewed. After many years consecrated to the apostolate, the blessed Eutropius left our exile to return to God: he was buried beside the two holy Innocents whose relics he had brought from Palestine and to whom he had raised a tomb not far from the city of Orange.

Sources: Cf. Faillon, *Unpublished Monuments of the Apostolate of Saint Magdalen*. — See a note in the martyrology.

Boethius, Model of Statesmen (470– 525)

Severinus Boetius, philosophus, vir Dei.

Severin Boethius, philosopher, man of God.

Chronicle of the 8th century.

The Church pays a public worship to Boethius. The contemporary demolishers, the German critics above all, have pretended that Boethius was not even a Christian. This is to attack ecclesiastical tradition head-on; in relating the life of Boethius, all our efforts will tend to give the proofs of his Christianity.

Anicius-Manlius-Torquatus-Severna Boethius was born at Rome in 470. Each of these forenames[1] represents a line of Christian and Catholic ancestors. "The illustrious family of the Anicii," says Prudentius,[2] "was the first to bow, beneath the law of Christ, the consular axe of Ausonia, and laid the fasces of Brutus on the tomb of the martyrs."

The great-great-great-grandfather of Boethius was that proud Christian Anicius Petronius Probus, husband of the heroic Faltonia Proba whom the invasion of Rome by Alaric could not make tremble, and whose tomb, decorated with of the faith of Christ, is today the finest ornament of the Christian museum of the Lateran. The great-great-grandfather of Boethius was Anicius Probus, whose reputation, the deacon Paulinus tells us in the "Life of Saint Ambrose," was so brilliant that two Persian princes made the journey to Rome solely to have the happiness of knowing him. A daughter of Anicius Probus married the great-grandfather of Boethius, Manlius Theodorus, the friend of Saint Augustine, who dedicated to him his book *De Beata vita*. The surname of Manlius Torquatus thus passed with the blood into the family of Boethius, whose grandfather, Severinus, and father, likewise named Boetius, distinguished themselves both by their attachment to the Christian faith.

Boethius was only ten years old when he lost his father, who had been three times consul. He was sent to Athens to continue his studies. He returned to Rome in the nineteenth year of his age, and some time

afterwards he was there declared patrician. Out of consideration for his family, he entered the state of marriage (492). The wife whom he married was named Elpis. Her beauty recommended her still less than her piety and her learning. The two hymns in honour of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, *Beate pastor Petre* and *Decora lux*, were composed by Elpis. "If the reality of this marriage could be established," it is said, "there would result a strong presumption in favour of the Christianity of Boethius."[3] Now, it is impossible not to admit it. 1° All the liturgical collections, all the manuscripts in which these hymns are inserted, bear as author's name *Elpis, uxor Boetii*, Elpis, wife of Boethius. Moreover, in the most ancient manuscripts of Boethius, these hymns are placed after the works of the Christian philosopher, and are attributed to Elpis his wife; 2° In the epitaph which decorated the tomb of Elpis, she is designated as the wife of Boethius. Now this epitaph, of which fragments had been discovered in manuscripts at the end of the 16th century, was found entire in 1572, and published in 1715 by Dom Gervaise, provost of Saint-Martin of Tours, author of the most complete history that we have of Boethius. 3° This is not all: the very marble which bore this epitaph was uncovered in 1720, five years after the masterly publication of Dom Hervaise, in digging the foundations of the church of the Gesù at Palermo. The sepulchral inscription was identical with the epitaph published by Dom Gervaise from the written monuments.

4° Local tradition had not waited for these revelations to glorify the memory of Elpis. In 1543 the senate of Messina placed the bust of its illustrious fellow-countrywoman in one of the halls of the town hall. And Jerome of Baguse, in his *Eulogies of the Sicilians*, established, from monuments which he then had before his eyes, that Elpis was born at Messina, that she was the daughter of the famous Christian senator Festus Niger; that she died at Pavia during a journey made with Boethius her husband, and that finally her sister Faustina, married to the patrician Tertullus, was the mother of Placidus, the beloved disciple of Saint Benedict of Monte Cassino.

5° Death prematurely broke this alliance. The verses which the young wife composed herself for her tomb breathe the most perfect conformity of sentiments between husband and wife.

Elpes dicta fui, siculae regionis alumna, Quam procul a patria conjugis egit amor. Quo sine maesta dies, nox anxia, flebilis hora, Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat. Lux mea non clausa est, tali remanente marito, Majorique animae parte superstes ero. Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrina quiesco, Judicis aeterni testificata thronum. Neu qua manus bustum violet, nisi forte jugalis Haec iterum cupiat jungere membra suis; Ut thalami tumulique comes nec morte revellar, Et socios vitae nectat uterque cinis.[4]

The French print gives its rendering beside the Latin: "I was called Elpis. My childhood passed under the climate of Sicily. The love I bore my husband made me leave my country. Far from him, the day was sad, the night anxious, the hour full of tears. Together, we were not only one flesh, but one spirit. My torch is not extinguished, since I leave after me such a husband. In him I shall survive myself in the better part of myself. I rest now beneath the sacred porticoes which have received the stranger: I have appeared before the throne of the eternal Judge. Let no hand open my sepulchre, save that of my husband, if it please him one day to unite his bones with mine. Then I shall be the companion of the tomb, as I was of the nuptial bed: one same ash shall unite those who lived one same life."

Widowed of his first, so beloved wife, Boethius had to contract, in the interest of his family, a new alliance: he married Rusticiana, daughter of the senator Symmachus, the most illustrious of the Roman ladies of her time, a fervent Christian also. As criticism has contested the first marriage of Boethius, one has only to refer it to the works of the philosopher himself, who must well have known whether he had been married twice, and who has written in so many words that he had had two fathers-in-law equally illustrious.

It is important to know what the house of Symmachus was, in order to form an idea of the milieu in which the supposed pagan philosopher of contemporary criticism had wished to fix his affections and his life. Rusticiana, the new wife, had two sisters, Galla and Proba, both of whom have their names inscribed in the

catalogue of the Saints.[5] Symmachus himself is venerated as a martyr of the Catholic faith. Such then was the family into which Boethius allied himself. What would a pagan philosopher have done in such a milieu?

If the alliances of Boethius were Christian, his friendships and his friends were no less so. Let us place in the first rank Cassiodorus, chancellor of Theodoric, the future monk of Calabria, and Ennodius, bishop of Pavia. Contemporary criticism insinuates that the letters addressed by these two fervent Catholics to Boethius do not let any sentiment of Christian faith be suspected in their illustrious correspondent. Let us see:

Clovis, conqueror of Gaul, had asked Theodoric the Great, king of Italy, for a harp-player capable of charming the ears of the Franks during the banquets at which the glory of warriors was sung. An artist first had to be found. Theodoric confided the care of choosing him to the patrician Boethius. Now, here is what is read in the letter which the king caused to be addressed to him by Cassiodorus, his chancellor: "… We love to speak of the divine Psalterium truly fallen from heaven, whose songs, repeated throughout the universe, were composed for the salvation of souls. The true prodigy which the world must admire and believe is that the harp of David put the demon to flight and commanded the powers of evil. Three times at the sounds of this harp, king Saul recovered the fullness of his mind, obsessed by the interior enemy. The pagans have expressed in their way that music is a gift of heaven when they placed the lyre among the heavenly constellations…. But I wander too far from my subject. Whatever pleasure I feel in conversing on doctrine with competent men, I conclude, and recommend again to your wisdom the choice of a harp-player." If Boethius had been the pagan philosopher, even a tolerant one, that is claimed, would it not have been mocking him to speak to him of the Psalms which are sung throughout the universe, of the harp of David, which drives out the devil, of miracles, etc.? Either Cassiodorus did not know what he was writing and wished to address a written insult to Boethius, or Boethius was a Christian. Now the proof that Cassiodorus knew what he was doing and what he was writing to a Christian is that he adds "that there is pleasure in speaking of doctrine with the learned." The doctrine on which he entertained him was wholly Christian.

As for Ennodius, bishop of Pavia, it is asked why he never praises Boethius for his religion and does not greet him with the formula: "Fare well in Christ, *Vale in Christo*?" Let us first set aside the objection drawn from the formula *Vale in Christo*. We have two hundred and ninety-seven epistles of Ennodius, and this formula, far from being familiar to him, is found in only three!!! On that reckoning, the pope to whom Ennodius wrote without employing it would not have been a Christian! As for the correspondence itself, its content proves perfectly that Boethius was a Christian, or at least it cannot be invoked to demonstrate that he was a pagan. In his first letter, Ennodius calls Boethius the most accomplished, the most correct of men: *emendatissime hominum*. It will be agreed that, with regard to a bishop, something would have been wanting to the perfections of Boethius if he had not professed a common faith, doctrine and religion. After praising his talents, he would have seized the occasion to teach the pagan philosopher that he lacked the essential science: that of Jesus Christ. — In another letter, Ennodius asks Boethius for the cession of a house which the latter possessed at Milan. Boethius grants it out of charity to the bishop. The latter would not have asked charity of a pagan for a good work, and the pagan would have cared little to come to the aid of a Catholic bishop. In this same letter, Ennodius takes God to witness of his gratitude and employs the Christian formula: *Deo omnipotenti gratias*, thanks to Almighty God.

Boethius was the model of statesmen; let us approach his political life. King Theodoric, who made his ordinary residence at Spoleto or at Ravenna, having come to Rome in 500, had occasion to know Boethius particularly. The discourse which Boethius pronounced on the occasion of the solemn entry of Theodoric into Rome, the magnificent rejoicings which he organized to celebrate him, all this charmed the monarch (500). He made him master of the palace and of the offices, the two charges at court which gave the most authority in the state and the most access to the prince.

Boethius formed for himself a system of politics founded on virtue, and he put everything to work to make Theodoric relish it. Not only did he prevent him from persecuting the Catholics, but he engaged him

moreover to love them and to take them under his protection. He represented to him that his throne would be strengthened in proportion as virtue should be encouraged and rewarded; that the glory of a prince consists in procuring the happiness of his subjects; that a king, being truly the father of his people, ought to apply himself to govern it with goodness and wisdom; that this last article is the most essential of his duties; and that, if he fulfils it faithfully, he will not engage without necessity in foreign wars. He succeeded in persuading him to diminish the taxes, the riches of private persons being the strength of the prince, and to husband his finances with a wise economy. Without this economy, he said, the state is despised abroad, weak within and unhappy on all sides; the people cannot live, the prince lacks resources, the soldier is insolent, there is nothing everywhere but misery and confusion. He counselled him to maintain in time of peace well-disciplined troops, in order to give relief to royal majesty and to impress terror on enemy powers. It was in this sense that Theodoric was accustomed to say that war is never better made than in time of peace.

The wise and virtuous minister of state insisted strongly on the necessity of giving posts only to merit, of having the laws strictly observed, and of punishing their transgressors with severity. He said on this subject that justice is the foundation of the throne and the security of the people; that it kept within duty tempted to become tricksters, thieves, adulterers; that it inspired a salutary dread in those perverse men who oppress the people; that it put a curb on the ill-will of the enemies of public repose; that it banished, in a word, all the crimes which trouble the repose of society. He exhorted the king of the Goths to protect the sciences and the fine arts, as well as those who cultivated them with success; experience showing that such a protection contributes much to encourage talents, to perfect human reason, to inspire love of the social virtues, to augment and maintain the temporal happiness of a state. He exhorted him further to be magnificent in public edifices and in certain festivals which, not being contrary to religion, raise in the eyes of the people the splendour of royal majesty. Theodoric conducted himself for some years according to these excellent maxims, and showed himself such as he is depicted in his panegyric by Ennodius, bishop of Pavia. His council was composed of all there were of able and virtuous men, such as a Cassiodorus (who afterwards took the monastic habit in Calabria), a Boethius, a Symmachus, an Ennodius, etc.; and while barbarism debased the Franks, the Visigoths and the other peoples who shared among themselves the spoils of the Roman empire, the court of Theodoric was the centre of politeness. Letters were cultivated in Italy, and some rays were seen to shine there of that golden age which has made the century of Augustus so memorable. One scarcely perceived there that one had fallen under the domination of the barbarians. So many advantages brought it about that Amalasuntha, daughter of the king of the Goths, received a very good education. Happy Italy, if Theodoric had never belied himself! Boethius relaxed from application to public affairs by study. In his moments of leisure, he amused himself with making mathematical instruments. Sometimes he composed music, and he sent several pieces of his composition to Clovis, king of the Franks. He also sent to Gundobad, king of the Burgundians, sundials for all the different aspects of the sun, with hydraulic machines which, though without wheels, without weights and without springs, nevertheless marked the course of the sun, of the moon and of the stars, by means of a certain quantity of water enclosed in a pewter ball which turned unceasingly, drawn by its own weight. He had himself worked at the construction of these machines. The Burgundians, not understanding how they could move and mark the hours thus, kept guard night and day to make sure that no one touched them. Convinced of the truth of the fact, and unable to divine the reason, they imagined that some divinity resided in these machines and impressed this movement on them. A correspondence was formed on this occasion between Boethius and the Burgundians; and the fruit of this correspondence was to dispose the latter to receive the maxims of the Gospel. What precedes would not suffice to give an idea of the genius of Boethius, if we did not add a contemporary testimony which modern science, jealous of the glories of the Church, strives to keep in the shade. Cassiodorus wrote to Boethius, in the name of king Theodoric his master, precisely on the subject of this marvellous hydraulic clock which he had invented and whose secret is lost: “Far from the banks of the Tiber, you went to sit in the schools of Athens, and to wear the toga among the crowded ranks of philosophers clad in the pallium, with the aim of

conquering for Rome the sciences of Greece. You have sounded the depths of speculative philosophy; you have embraced the diverse branches of practical science; you have brought back to the descendants of Romulus all that was invented most extraordinary by the sons of Cecrops. Thanks to your translations, Pythagoras the musician, Ptolemy the astronomer, have become Italians. The mathematician Nicomachus, the geometer Euclid speak a language understood by the children of Ausonia. The theologian Plato, the logician Aristotle, discuss in the idiom of the Quirites. You have restored to the Sicilians their great mechanician Archimedes, by making him speak Latin. The sciences, the arts which fruitful Greece had brought forth through a thousand geniuses, Rome now enjoys, and owes to you alone. In the light of your genius, the science of so many authors has been reduced to practice: marvels which we should have judged impossible are realized before our eyes. We see water spring from the entrails of the ground, to fall again in bubbling cascades;[6] fire run by a system of weights;[7] we hear the organ resound under the breath which swells its pipes, and produce voices that are foreign to it. Wet blocks are cast into the depths of the sea and form there constructions which the moisture renders solid. You know the secret of dissolving submarine rocks by your ingenious art. Metals bellow, the brazen cranes of Diomedes sound the trumpet in the air, the brazen serpent hisses, artificial birds flit about and from their metallic throat, which has nevertheless no voice, come forth the most melodious songs. But all these petty marvels are little for you. You have come to reproduce the movements of heaven. The sphere of Archimedes regulates its course according to the sun, describes the movement of the zodiac and demonstrates the divers phases of the moon. A little machine is thus charged with the weight of the world; it is the portable heaven, the abridgment of the universe, the mirror of nature evolving with an incomprehensible mobility in the regions of the ether. Thus the stars, whose course science teaches us, seem nevertheless immovable to our eyes. Their course appears to us stable, but their velocity, demonstrated by reason, does not appear to our regards. You have realized all these marvels, of which a single one would suffice for the glory of the greatest genius.” — After these words of Cassiodorus, I do not believe, says a modern historian of the Church, that there is in our day a single learned man, truly worthy of the name, who does not bow before Boethius. Never perhaps was so universal a genius given to a man. Boethius appears to us here much greater than the few books that remain to us of him make us know him. But the greater he was, the more universal his renown in his lifetime, the less is it possible to suppose that the Catholic Church was mistaken when, placing this extraordinary genius in the catalogue of her martyrs, she said in the face of the world: Boethius was my child; *vir catholicus Boetius*. Still less is it possible to suppose that the three theological opuscula mentioned in all the manuscripts with the author’s name Anicius-Manlius-Torquatus-Severinus Boetius were the surreptitious product of an unknown namesake called Boethus. Does one wish to know, moreover, in what terms Cassiodorus, or rather Theodoric, by the pen of his referendary, spoke of Boethius to the king of the Burgundians, when he transmitted to him this marvellous hydraulic clock, which marked not only the hours, but figured all the astronomical movements and indicated the course of the seasons? “Henceforth,” he said to him, “you will have in your own country the masterpiece you once admired in this city of Rome. It is just that your grace should enjoy our own goods, since it is allied to us by blood.”[8] Familiarize the peoples of Burgundy with the marvels of art, teach them to esteem the science of those Romans, their elders, who preach to them the abandonment of the cult of the gentiles.” Thus, in the thought of Theodoric and of Cassiodorus, the genius of Boethius was to be an instrument of conversion with regard to the pagan Burgundians.

Boethius was for a long time the oracle of Theodoric and the idol of the nation of the Goths. The greatest honours did not yet appear sufficient to reward his merit and his virtues. Three times he was raised to the consulate, and, by a unique distinction, he possessed this dignity without a colleague in 510.

He had by Rusticiana, his second wife, two sons, who, though still young, were designated consuls for the year 522. It was a privilege reserved to the sons of emperors. Boethius avows that he felt on this occasion all the joy that fragile honours can procure. In effect, he saw his two sons borne on a triumphal car through the whole city, accompanied by the senate and followed by a prodigious concourse; he himself had a place in the

circus in the midst of the two consuls, and there he received the compliments of the king and of all the people. That day he pronounced the panegyric of Theodoric in the senate, after which a crown was given him, and he was proclaimed prince of eloquence.

But he was not long in experiencing the inconstancy of human things, and there was reason to believe that he had risen so high only to make a more terrible fall. His friends, his riches, his honours could not guard him from the blows of fortune. Happy nevertheless in his fall, since his virtue was the sole cause of his sufferings! Theodoric, seeing himself firm on the throne, gave himself up to the inclinations he had for tyranny. In growing old, he became melancholy, jealous and full of distrust for all who approached him. He gave his confidence to Conigast and to Trigilla, Goths both, and as avaricious as faithful. These unworthy ministers, who sought only to assuage their rapacity, crushed the people with excessive taxes. In a famine, they had carried into the prince's granaries the corn which they bought at a very low price. They imagined frivolous pretexts for keeping away from court several persons of merit and probity, among others Albinus and Paulinus. Boethius charged himself with carrying to the feet of Theodoric the sighs and tears of the provinces; he begged him in the most pressing manner to let that compassion act of which he had given so many proofs. His representations were useless. The seduced prince would hear nothing. Boethius undertook to make a last effort: he exposed to the king, in full senate, the manoeuvres of the public leeches. He told him that he was ready to obey him, and he assured him at the same time of the obedience of all the senators. "We respect," he added, "royal authority, in whatever hands it may be found, and we leave to it the distribution of its favours as free as are the rays of the sun. We dare, however, to ask you for liberty, which has always been the most precious advantage of this empire, and to pray you to permit us to expose to you our complaints, and to represent to you that your confidence is abused to oppress your subjects against your intention. Things have come to such a point that one can no longer be born rich with impunity, and that to have goods is a title to experience the rapine of those who cause the public misfortune. The very stones make the groans of the people resound. Deign to recall those beautiful words which have so often come from your mouth: 'The flock must be shorn, and not flayed. There is no tribute that can be compared to the precious advantage which a prince draws from the love of his subjects.' We conjure you to resume that spirit which made you reign as well over hearts as over provinces; to listen to those whose fidelity cannot be suspect to you; to carry your subjects in your heart, and not to trample them underfoot; to remember that the duty of kings is not to crush the people beneath the weight of authority, but to make them happy; to think that princes ought to conduct themselves as fathers, and not as imperious masters, and let themselves be governed by the laws. Open your eyes at last on the misery of your provinces, which groan under horrible exactions, and which are obliged to satisfy, by their sweat and their blood, the avarice of some private persons, who can be compared to a devouring fire and to a gulf that swallows everything."

Conigast and Trigilla, who coveted the goods of Boethius, strove to represent this discourse as an act of rebellion. There supervened the quarrel with the emperor of Constantinople on the subject of the Arians, of which we have spoken in the life of Saint John, pope: the intriguers accused Boethius and Symmachus of keeping up a secret correspondence with Justin. Nothing was proved, but that was enough to have them declared guilty of high treason and condemned to exile. But before relating the end of this great man, let us resolve some other objections on the Christianity of Boethius. Here are these objections:

1° Cassiodorus has left a list of the works of him who was at once philosopher, mathematician, mechanician, poet, musician. Now, the treatises which would make of him a theologian do not figure in this list. Such is the difficulty; here is the solution. These treatises have for titles: *On the Unity of the Trinity*; — *Are the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit substantially God, and is this predicament correct? — Substances, in so far as they are substances, are good*; — *A brief profession of faith*; — *On the person and the two natures*. Now, does one know what is the extent of what we call today the theological treatises of Boethius? The first has nine pages; the second, two; the third, four; the fourth, five; the last, sixteen. The reason is that the

treatises of Boethius on theological questions were not works *ex professo*, but detached sheets of letters addressed either to his father-in-law Symmachus, or to the deacon John, his friend, who became afterwards pope under the name of John I. It is then explained why Cassiodorus did not catalogue them. Cassiodorus does not mention either the other epistles of Boethius: will it follow that Boethius wrote no letters? When Cassiodorus drew up his catalogue, the letters which were called later theological treatises were not yet in the public domain. These letters or treatises bear in themselves intrinsic characters of authenticity which do not permit their being attributed to anyone but Boethius. Everyone agrees that this philosopher is the first who imported into the West the dialectical form of Aristotle, the Peripatetic argumentation, the syllogism. If then Boethius did not write these treatises, they fell from heaven, for in the 6th century no other was capable of applying philosophical language to theological discussions against the Arians and the Nestorians. Saint Augustine himself had not thought of it. This is not all: all the manuscripts which have preserved these opuscula of Boethius bear as author's name: Anicius-Manlius-Torquatus-Severinus Boetius. All bear the superscription to Symmachus, father-in-law of Boethius, or to the deacon John, his friend. All finally relate facts which can suit only Boethius.

Finally, what made the glory of Boethius in his lifetime, what, after his death, gained him to be adopted as an author studied in all the schools during ten centuries, is precisely to have translated Greek philosophy into Latin, to have made supple the dialectic of the Orientals for the profit of the Occidentals. If another than he, a namesake for example, had had this glory, would he have remained unknown? or at least would he have been made a son-in-law of Symmachus? This last confusion would have been impossible, since Symmachus had only three daughters: Galla and Proba who died virgins, and Rusticiana who married the Martyr of Pavia, the patrician Boethius, designated through all ages as the author of the Theological Treatises.

2° Isidore of Seville, who died in 636, that great bishop so profoundly versed in all branches of religious science, author of an encyclopaedia which, under the modest title of *Etymologiae*, sums up all the knowledge of the time, Isidore of Seville does not make Boethius figure in his catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers. The same silence in Ildefonsus of Toledo.[9] Let us proceed in order: the writings of Isidore of Seville, as everyone agrees, have not all reached us. His catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers, among others, is mutilated. But of this last work there remains an authentic abridgment drawn up by Honorius, bishop of Autun, about the year 1100. Now, in his book *On Ecclesiastical Writers*, drawn from the work, then intact, of Isidore,[10] the bishop of Autun expresses himself thus: "The patrician and consul Boethius wrote a book on the Trinity, another on the Philosophical Consolation. He translated from Greek into Latin divers treatises on arithmetic, music, geometry, astronomy, and set forth the rules of dialectic. He was put to death by Theodoric, king of the Goths." The identity of Boethius is there caught in the act, we think. And, to enclose in two words our reply to the objection drawn from the silence of some contemporaries, we shall say that from this silence only negative conclusions can be drawn, which remain without force before positive proofs. We have just cited some testimonies; here are others. In the first place, it is fitting to cite the *Liber Pontificalis*, which attributes the death of Boethius to the Arian furies of Theodoric: the authority of this document is today scientifically established. Besides, if the authority of the official annals of the church of Rome were rejected, what reason would there be to reject also the registers of particular churches which relate the same facts and assign them the same causes? The catalogue of the Popes of the Church of Verona, for example, says very clearly that "Theodoric, irritated, wished to destroy the Christians of Italy; that he had the two patricians Symmachus and Boethius arrested, had them struck with the sword and ordered their bodies to be carried off." Verona, where this note was drawn up, shared with Ravenna the royal favours of Theodoric: he often sojourned there. It was therefore possible to know perfectly there the motive of Theodoric's hatred against men who had formerly enjoyed his friendship. And then why this order to carry off the bodies of the executed? Is it not the procedure of the pagan emperors, who did not wish the remains of those whom they had declared infamous to be venerated? If the death of Boethius and of Symmachus had not been martyrdom, Theodoric would not have ordered their bodies to be hidden. Paul the deacon distinctly qualifies Symmachus and Boethius as

heroes of the Catholic faith. — Procopius, a pagan author, consecrated to them these significant lines in his book *On the War of the Goths*:[11] "Symmachus and his son-in-law Boethius," he says, "both of the most illustrious birth, both consular men, held the first rank in the senate of Rome. They professed philosophy, and none was superior to them in the practice of justice. They consecrated their goods to the service of the poor, natives or strangers. Their reputation extended far. It drew upon them the hatred of jealous and envious men, whose calumnies had a deplorable influence on the mind of king Theodoric. This prince admitted the delation of the sycophants who accused Symmachus and Boethius of plotting a conspiracy. He had them put to death and confiscated their domains." In the eyes of Procopius, Symmachus and Boethius are not only united by the bonds of affinity, they study and profess the same philosophy. Now, for a pagan, the religion of Jesus Christ was nothing other than a system of philosophy. But what, under this name, lets the Christian religion be divined is the exercise of charity, a virtue unknown to paganism. We shall add: if the patrician Symmachus was a Christian, Boethius was one, since Procopius makes the same eulogy of both, and since he would not have failed, he a pagan author, to note in favour of paganism the beneficence of Boethius, if the latter had been his co-religionist. Now, nothing is more incontestable than the Christianity of Symmachus. The famous *Vale in Christo* with which Saint Ennodius ends one of the letters he addresses to him is a proof that no one thinks of contesting. On the other hand, Saint Avitus of Vienne says to him in one of his letters: "We hope that you do not love less to see your Church possess the see of Peter than your city, the principality of the world." Finally Symmachus, he too, is in the catalogue of the Saints under 27 May, and his death certainly had for motive his attachment to the Catholic faith, his opposition to the Arian furies of Theodoric. Are we not entitled now, after this, to ask the adversaries of Boethius why the supposed pagan so ardently, so constantly sought the friendship of the bishop Ennodius, the alliance of the Catholic Symmachus, of the man whom he himself calls somewhere the Saint, and why twice he united himself to Christian women as fervent as Elpis, who consecrates her youth and her muse to singing the Apostles, as Rusticiana, who, become a widow, gives all her goods to the poor and reduces herself to beggary?

Is this all? No. The patrician Tertullus, father of Saint Placidus, disciple of Saint Benedict, forms the project of going to visit Monte Cassino. All that is illustrious among the Catholics of Rome wishes to accompany him; they are: Boethius, he is named first, Symmachus, Vitalian, Gordian and Equitius. Let us avow it, this Boethius, devout pilgrim of Monte Cassino, could not be a sectary of paganism,[12] all men of good faith recognize it. 3° We come now to the capital objection, that drawn from the supposed silence which Boethius keeps on his Christian convictions in his celebrated work *On the Consolation of Philosophy*. "Why," ask the critics, "why in his prison at Pavia, writing or dictating the pages of his immortal *Consolation of Philosophy*, has he not once pronounced the name of the Word incarnate? He was about to die, and what a death! The torments reserved for the first martyrs awaited the philosopher, the patrician, the Christian ex-consul of the 6th century, and yet the name of Jesus Christ, his Saviour, his God, does not once fall from his lips!" There are in this brilliant sally two errors, one of fact and the other of criticism. First, it is inexact to say that Boethius was shut up between the four walls of a prison when he wrote the *Consolation of Philosophy*. He says himself[13] that many people would think themselves rapt to heaven if they possessed a part, however slight, of the remnants of his fortune, and that the very country which he called a place of exile was a native land for those who inhabited it!… It is therefore probable that Boethius had simply been exiled from Rome and confined to Pavia, but not cast into chains. He himself did not believe in a near execution: the vast subject of composition which he had traced for himself to charm the leisure of banishment is the proof of it. Could he, on the other hand, suspect that Theodoric, after thirty years of glory, would come to sacrifice his best friends to a brutal jealousy? So much for the fact. In the eyes of criticism, the book of the *Consolation of Philosophy* remained incomplete, and if the eternal Word, which, by all appearances, was to form the crowning of his work, is absent from the part which he composed of it, this silence proves absolutely nothing against the Christianity of Boethius. What he was able, on the contrary, to write of his book reveals a disciple of Jesus Christ and of uncreated wisdom rather than a sectary of the philosophy of Plato. Let us enter into the

study of this masterpiece. The author feigns to converse therein with uncreated wisdom. The dialogue is pursued through five books in a prose interspersed with verses summing up the sentiments which the conversation has given birth to. In the first book, Boethius is the echo of the bitter complaints which the comparison of their past felicity with present misfortune wrings from the unhappy: he says that in this world one must not count on fortune. He relates himself to Wisdom, his interlocutress, the causes of his disgrace. — In the second book, Wisdom consoles him, and tells him that no one has the right to complain of bad fortune, since in accepting the good one must be ready to accept the bad. — In the third, Wisdom defines happiness: a perfect and permanent state in which all goods are found united; and demonstrates that none of the ancient philosophers had an adequate notion of happiness. — The fourth establishes that true happiness consists in the practice of virtue: he says a word there of the future punishments reserved to the wicked, and distinguishes very clearly, in conformity with Catholic dogma, the purgative punishments from those which are exercised with all penal rigour. It is there that the philosopher establishes the difference which exists between destiny and Providence. His demonstration may be summed up by this definition of chance: chance is the known effect of an unknown cause. — The fifth establishes the thesis of human liberty, and reconciles this liberty with the notion of divine prescience. “In God,” says Boethius, “all is present. He foresees things because they happen, but they do not happen because he foresees them.” The school has given no better argument against fatalism. — There the *Consolation of Philosophy* stops abruptly. To convince oneself that this work been able to be completed, it suffices to read the following passage:

“Now that I have placed before your eyes the idea of true happiness,” says Wisdom, “now that you know in what it consists, I shall have, after having run through some further indispensable preliminaries, to show you the road which alone leads to the abode of happiness. I shall have to attach wings to your soul, that it may soar in the heights. Shaking off, like a useless burden, sorrow and grief, under my guidance, by my paths, on my chariot (*meis vehiculis*), you will re-enter safe and sound into your native land. When I show you this native land which you seek at this moment like a thing forgotten, you will cry out: ‘Yes, I remember, it is indeed it, it is the native land of my soul, it is there that I shall fix my abode.’”[14] Boethius himself foresaw that time would fail him to approach later the great questions of the native land of souls, of the road that leads to it, of the chariots[15] which transport thither; for, at the beginning of the fifth book, Wisdom says to Boethius that she is in haste to open to him the way which is to lead him back to his native land, and that she fears, because of secondary discussions, not to be able to finish the course that remains for them to run… The exposition of Christian dogma was to crown the philosophical work. But it is far from true that, in the five books completed, Boethius holds the language of a rationalist philosopher: one divines the Christian under the cloak of the philosopher. “Do you believe,” says Wisdom to him, “that anything can oppose itself to the will of God, the sovereign good?” — “No,” answers Boethius. — “There is then,” resumes Wisdom, “a sovereignly good God who, by his Providence, directs and disposes all things with strength and sweetness?”[16] — “Yes,” answers the interlocutor; “and I avow that all the reasons you have just furnished me delight me still less than these last words…” Does one not see the heart of the Christian palpitate there? Let one read again the moved words which he consecrates to the dogma of prayer, that refuge of the unhappy.[17] Criticism was astonished to find, in an isolated phrase, the opinion of the pre-existence of souls borrowed by Origen from Plato: it suffices to answer that the doctrine of Origen was definitively condemned only twenty-five years after the death of Boethius. It is probable that the reading of the book *On the Consolation of Philosophy*, in which Boethius pleads his innocence, completed his ruin in the mind of the prince. “My condemnation, agreed upon beforehand,” he says, “makes today the triumph of my accusers. And yet what is my crime? A secret correspondence is imputed to me, which never existed. If I had been granted what is not refused to the last of the wretched, if I had been confronted with my calumniators, truth and my innocence would have burst forth in broad daylight. — What then! does one pretend that I conspired? But this conspiracy is a dream. That I wished for the re-establishment of Roman liberty? But was such a re-establishment then possible? And would to God that it had been! I should have answered as formerly

Canius to Caligula: 'If I had known such a design, you would never have known anything of it': *Si ego scissem, tu nescisses!* You remember what happened at Verona when a king, greedy for our common ruin, wished to envelop all the senators in the accusation of Albinus. I guaranteed on my head the innocence of the senators, that of Albinus, my own. Is it for this that I have been judged without being heard, and exiled five hundred miles from Rome? If I had, sacrilegious incendiary, set fire to the sacred edifices; if I had, abominable assassin, plunged the sword into the hearts of priests; if I had plotted the extermination of all good men, I should have been cited in person, I should have been legally heard, confronted, convicted, punished. But without hearing me, without judging me, I am condemned to proscription, to death perhaps. The accusers heap up against me the accusations of ambition, magic, sacrilege. Sacrilege, I whose motto has always been (*Deum sequere*). Magician, I who never had anything but horror for impure spirits, I whose ideal has always been to become more and more like God! Ambitious, I who had banished from my heart every kind of attachment to the things of this world! To prevent even the suspicion of such crimes, it was only needful to cast one's eyes on the sanctuary of innocence of my house, on the integral honour of the friends who surrounded me, on my father-in-law Symmachus, a Saint, venerable as wisdom itself."

Doubtless this defence of Boethius was triumphant, but it was to exalt the anger of the king of Italy. "It was in the month of October 525," says M. du Roure. "Theodoric suddenly sent to Eusebius, governor of Ticinum, the order to tear from Boethius by torture the avowal of his pretended crimes, the denunciation of his accomplices, and to put him to death if he refused to speak. Tyrants are only too well obeyed. It costs us to call Theodoric a tyrant, but from this moment he deserves it, and we shall give him no other name. The prison of Calvenzana, near Pavia, was chosen as theatre of the execution. The governor repaired thither with the following apparatus of executioners. Boethius, trained by a long practice of virtue, saw this cortège arrive with the coolness with which he had lately discoursed on his misfortunes. He was asked for avowals; he made none. Then began for him, between the tearing of the flesh and the firmness of the soul, one of those memorable struggles from which the historian, by a cowardly and puerile delicacy, ought not to spare the sight of the reader, but of which he ought on the contrary in some sort to feed him, because they are a sublime teaching." After a long and bloody flagellation, the body of Boethius was stretched on the wheel. A cord wound round his head was tightened by a windlass until it made the eyes start from their sockets. This torture, slowly managed, could tear from the illustrious sufferer no revelation. When he was unfastened from the instrument of torment, he still lived. It is said that he carried his hands to his head as if to make his eyes re-enter their bloody cavity. The axe of the executioner, some moments afterwards, ended his martyrdom (23 October 525). Thus died the Christian philosopher, one of the most complete geniuses who have appeared on earth, the patrician, the ex-consul Anicius-Manlius-Torquatus-Severinus Boethius. His relics, withdrawn at first from the faithful by the express order of Theodoric, were, after the death of the tyrant, borne to Pavia and deposited in the tomb of Elpis, his first wife, under the portal of a church which Father Papebroch believes to be that which was seen near the baptistery known under the name of Tower of Boethius and which subsisted until 1584. Luitprand, in 725, transferred the remains of Boethius to the basilica of Saint-Pierre-au-Ciel-d'Or. Finally the emperor Otho III, in 998, erected in honour of Boethius the present tomb which is still admired in the church of the Augustinians of Pavia.

We shall not stop to demonstrate the absurdity of a last supposition which has been made in order to arrive at proving that the Boethius honoured as a Saint at Pavia is not the Christian philosopher who occupies us, but an African bishop of the same name, exiled by the Vandals to Sardinia, and whose relics would have been brought to Pavia at the same time as those of Saint Augustine by Luitprand, king of the Lombards, in 725. The chroniclers have transmitted to us the exact list of the bishops dead in Sardinia whose relics were transported by Luitprand to Pavia: there figures in it no bishop of the name of Boethus or Boetius. How, moreover, suppose that one would have agreed immediately and suddenly to venerate as those of the philosopher Boethius the remains of an African bishop? Boethius had died at Pavia, had been buried at Pavia; it would have been absolutely impossible to attribute his cult to a stranger.

The people of Pavia, faithful to the cult of the martyr Boethius, honour him even in our day, each year, on 23 October, by a public solemnity.

We had taken the liberty of asking His Lordship the bishop of Pavia whether any cult was still rendered to Boethius. M. Ariodante Onetto, secretary of the bishopric of Pavia, was good enough to answer us in the following lines: “Bishopric of Pavia — Pavia, 7 September 1872. In reply to your esteemed letter of 31 August last, I have the honour to inform you that the diocese of Pavia celebrates, under the double rite, the office and the mass of Saint Severinus-Boethius, on 23 October: office and mass are from the common of a martyr. The cult of the Saint goes back to the highest antiquity. His skull and his body are in great part preserved, with the greatest veneration, in this cathedral church.” — Thus, while people discuss to know whether Boethius was a Christian, behold that for centuries a whole diocese honours him as a Saint and celebrates his feast. This proves how wrong one is not to have recourse to the sources.

Sources: Cf. Du Roure, *History of Theodoric* (184S); Darras, *History of the Church*, and above all D. Gervaise, *History of Boethius*.

Saint Hildevert, Bishop of Meaux, Patron of Gournay (680)

Hildevert was born in the neighbourhood of Hébécourt, in the diocese of Amiens. His father, Adalbert, entrusted him to Saint Faro to be brought up. His education was made according to monastic discipline. He mounted the see of Meaux, vacant by the death of the same Saint Faro. As he had been an exemplary religious, so he was an accomplished bishop. To read the holy Scriptures, to macerate his flesh by the hair-shirt and abstinence, to feed his sheep by the word, by prayer, by alms: such were the occupations to which he gave himself with admirable assiduity. A great gentleness, an unalterable equanimity was the salient trait of his holiness. He died on 27 May of the year 680, a day on which the church of Meaux honours his memory. Saint Hildevert was buried in the church which he himself had built about six miles from Meaux, in the village of Vignely. His cult is celebrated at Gournay, a town of Normandy, which possesses a fine church of his name, formerly collegiate, now parochial. The collegiate church of Saint-Hildevert of Gournay, situated on the banks of the Epte, in the midst of the rich valley of Bray, was for a long time the greatest ecclesiastical power of those regions. Like its sisters, the abbeys of Bellosane and of Saint-Germer, it was seated among the ponds, the marshes, the lakes and the fish-ponds whose memory and names still live, in verdant meadows. After their example, it had to contribute to sanitate the country and to bring out of the desert the numerous villages called since the *Conquests of Hue of Gournay* and *spéciosités of Beauvoisis*. The lords of Gournay, seigneurs, patrons and founders of this church, took pleasure in covering it with their pious liberalities; they subjected to its suzerain towers a good number of steeples of the country of Bray and of England, double fruit of their warlike valour. The relics of Saint Hildevert added a new lustre to the independence of the collegiate church, and one would have said that a part of the pontifical crosier of the holy patron had passed into the hands of the Chapter, guardian of his sepulchre. Also, from the highest antiquity, the Popes had granted it exemption from episcopal authority. The archbishops of Rouen had the right to visit the collegiate church once in their life, and even then, the visiting pontiff did not enter by the great portal, but by a side door. Shocked at this usage, an archbishop wished one evening to enter by the main door, but he found it closed; he set about having it opened, even broken; but at the same instant there arrived, on behalf of the Chapter, a bailiff charged to put an end to this act of usurpation and to make the disregarded rights respected. The prelate, astonished at this excess of audacity, said to the unhappy bailiff: “As archbishop, I excommunicate you; as member of the parliament, I forbid you.” — “Ah! My lord!” cried the bailiff, falling at his knees, “I have eight children to feed!” and the matter was arranged. The metropolitan of Normandy, yielding with good grace, entered, like his predecessors, by the side door. Proud of the bulls of the Popes and of the edicts of our kings, the church of Saint-Hildevert took the title of Insigne.

The personnel of the Chapter was composed, century, of a dean, eight canons, six chaplains and two perpetual vicars, one of whom was curé of Saint-Hildevert and the other of the parish of Notre-Dame, a charming church, built in 1230 and demolished at the Revolution. Among the eight canons were chosen the treasurer and the *sainturier*. The treasurer watched over the sacristy, the bells and the lighting. The *sainturier* took care of the holy things, the relics and the offerings of the faithful.

This Chapter, with its titles, honours and prerogatives, was destroyed at the revolution of ’89, and of so great a power there remains only the memory, some squares and some fragments of houses to which fine names still attach. There is, before the church, the *place du parvis* or of the cloister, which recalls the common life of the ancient canons regular; the deanery, or house of the dean, that prince of the Collegiate church, so jealous of his almost episcopal authority; finally the *écolâtre*, or house of the preceptorial canon; it was there, says an ancient manuscript, that the canon rector of the schools held his classes and gave his lessons.

Here, in two words, is the history of the cult and relics of Saint Hildevert: after having remained two centuries in obscurity, the holiness of Hildevert was at last manifested to the eyes of men by great miracles which it pleased God to make break forth at his tomb. These miracles were followed by the translation of his body from Vignely to Meaux, a translation over which presided Saint Majolus, abbot of Cluny, and which took place in the 10th century.

He was still in great veneration at the cathedral of Meaux, at the end of the century, when three clerics of that church conceived the project of taking him away and conducting him, from town to town, throughout the kingdom of France. One of their first stations took place in the church of Saint-Laurent at Paris, and from that moment a confraternity remained established in that parish under the name of Saint-Hildevert; a hospital even arose in the neighbourhood, to preserve for posterity the memory of this beneficent passage.

King Saint Louis and the great archbishop of Rouen, Eudes Rigaud, wishing to profit by the indulgences granted by the metropolitan of England, came as simple pilgrims to visit the shrine of Saint Hildevert and kiss his relics, fruitful in miracles. The prince presented himself there on 17 April 1257, and the prelate on 22 August 1263.

On 5 March 1375, a frightful fire was on the point of reducing Gournay to ashes. The clergy of Saint-Hildevert came in procession to oppose the shrine of the Saint to the scourge. The fire ceased, and the grateful people followed with joy the relics of the Saint, by whose intercession they saw the scourge cease. Queen Blanche, widow of Philip of Valois, who was fond of sojourning at Gournay, had a part of the head of Saint Hildevert enshrined in gold. Since that time the feast of the miracles of the holy bishop is celebrated every year on the same day, with the translation of his head.

“The golden vessel given by Queen Blanche,” says an old historian, “was enclosed in a copper shrine made in the form of a pyramid and raised in the air up to the vaults of the choir, where it ordinarily remains suspended.” Today, although this reliquary has disappeared, one can still see a part of the head suspended from the vault of the sanctuary.

Kings and powerful prelates desired to possess a portion of this treasure. On 29 November 1639 the shrine was opened, and some particles of the relics were given to king Louis XIII, to the archbishop of Rouen and to the bishop of Meaux.

The Revolution was not long in devouring the gold and silver which surrounded the bones of the Saint, sterile dust of which the Republic had no need, said the commissioners of the Convention. Very happily, a canon of the former collegiate church found himself there to gather up these precious bones, a thousand times dearer to the heart of the poor than all the great men of ’93. This canon, to save them, thought he ought to deposit them in the earth; then, in the presence of M. Larcher, advocate of the town, he exhumed them, for fear that the damp might make them perish. M. Larcher received them at his house and kept them preciously

until 20 October 1802. At that time, M. the abbé Baston, vicar general of Mgr Cambacérès, came to Gournay, made his report to the archbishop of Rouen, and named commissioners to verify the authenticity of the relics. A solemn translation of them was made on 22 May 1803, from the house of M. Larcher to the parish church, where they have remained until today the object of the veneration of the peoples. Saint Hildevert is invoked against epilepsy and madness.

Sources: Proper of Meaux; *Historical and Descriptive Notice on the Collegiate Church of Saint-Hildevert of Gournay-en-Bray*, by M. the abbé Cochet, inspector of the Historical Monuments of the Seine-Inférieure, Rouen, 1851; local notes furnished by M. the canon Corblet.

Saint Gausbert, Founder of Montsalvy in Auvergne (1081)

Gausbert, whom a tradition makes to be born in Lower Auvergne, was raised to the priesthood on account of the singular purity of his morals and the ardour of his zeal for religion. He exercised at first the functions of the holy ministry in the village of Bezbédenne or Bez. Carried away by the desire for a more perfect life, he attached himself afterwards to the church of Saint-Sulpice, on the left bank of the Lot, and later to that of Saint-Projet, on the right bank of this river: prayer, preaching, works of mercy filled all the hours of this priest thirsting for the salvation of souls. Having heard it said that there was, four leagues from there, in the mountains of Auvergne, a pass covered with snows the greater part of the year and dreaded by travellers on account of thieves and wild beasts, he betook himself thither, both to increase his penances and animated by the thought of making himself useful to his neighbour.

Having obtained the donation of this place from Berengar, count of Rodez and viscount of Carladez, he raised there, in the space of twelve years, a monastery, a hospice to receive and tend travellers, and a church which he dedicated to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Then two priests, Peter of Albi and Bertrand of Rodez, to whom were joined some other disciples whom the renown of the founder had attracted, came to people this solitude: Gausbert gave them the Rule of the canons regular of Saint Augustine.

Henceforth the place which brigands infested, and which other dangers besides made redoubtable, was no longer inhabited save by charity, and received, in conformity with the desire of count Berengar, the name of Montsalvy or Mount of Security, under which it is still designated today. Gerald, bishop of Sisteron, consecrated the church. Gausbert built another collegiate church: that of Saint-Michel of Laussac. Pontius, bishop of Rodez, and in the sequel three other bishops, those of Clermont, of Saint-Flour and of Cahors, placed as many as fifty-five parishes under the dependence of Saint-Michel and of Montsalvy. Despite the weight of years, Gausbert, ever inflamed with zeal, undertook the reformation of the abbey of Saint-Amand of Rodez and set out for that town. He strove to bring back to a stricter observance the religious who, having abandoned the monastic Rule, had embraced that of the canons and had little by little strayed from both. Despite the support of bishop Pontius and of count Raymond IV, who had succeeded Berengar, his counsels, his prayers, his examples obtained almost no result. Then, taking with him Bernard of Rodez, whom he had won to the holiness of the Rule, he took again, his soul filled with grief, the road to Montsalvy. Gausbert built a last church in the eastern part of the county of Rodez, near the village of Cantoin, then he ended his laborious life by a holy death, on 27 May of the year 1081, under the pontificate of Gregory VII. His mortal remains, in conformity with the wish which humility had dictated to him, were deposited outside the church of the monastery of Laussac, founded by him. Some time afterwards, however, they were transferred to the interior, where what remains of them is still found: two bones were detached about 1850, one for the cathedral of Saint-Flour, the other for the church of Montsalvy.

Sources: Proper of Saint-Flour.

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[1] Saint Rainulphe, who was, as is believed, the father of saint Hadulfe, bishop of Arras and Cambrai, suffered martyrdom at Telodium, today Thelus: it was then a country house of the abbey of Saint-Vaast, near Arras, on the north side. His body, buried at Thelus, shone

with several miracles. It was afterwards washed free of earth and transferred into the great church of the monastery of Saint-Vaast; and Henry, cardinal-bishop of Albano, solemnly enclosed it in a shrine, in presence of Peter, bishop of Arras, on the 12th of February 1188. It rested in this place for several centuries. It was recognized at the beginning of the nineteenth century by the bishop of Arras, and transferred to the cathedral church, where it is religiously kept with the relics of saint Hadulfe. His cult was especially celebrated in the neighbourhood of the town of Ardres, in Artois. Nothing is known of his life and of the circumstances of his martyrdom. His tomb, which has the form of a stone trough, is still seen behind the high altar of Thelus. — Proper of Arras; local notes.

[2] It is not useless to observe that the modern hagiographers have confounded saint Eutropius I with saint Eutropius II, and that all give to the 27th of May the Life of the latter, which is a gross error, unless it be an ill-natured subtlety to throw into shadow the saint Eutropius of the first century. Saint Eutropius II is named on the 5th of June.

[3] At the council of Reims, in the year 1110, from the 20th to the 30th of October.

[4] See saint John I and Boethius hereafter.

[5] The Acts of saint Sylvester (314–335) say that he accompanied the empress Helena in her journey to the Holy Land, and that during his journey he converted a great number of Jews to the Christian faith. The learned world has rejected this fact into the domain of legends. However, cardinal ilaï has found again the fragments of a work of saint Sylvester which deals with a discussion with the Jews. This is a first indication that the Acts are perhaps not altogether wrong.

[6] This quotation is taken word for word from the *Liber Pontificalis*. The Christianity of Boethius, which had been admitted by the whole Middle Age, by saint Thomas and by Bossuet himself, has been called in doubt by German science, which has gathered up all the historical heresies that we no longer want in France. Until we give other proofs of the Christianity of Boethius, we remark that the *Liber Pontificalis* attributes to the Arian fury of Theodoric the murder of the two illustrious patricians.

[7] The chronicle of this author, known in the learned world under the title of Anonymous of Valois, from the name of the historiographer who first published it, was discovered in 1680 by Father Sirmond.

[8] This great man was called venerable during his lifetime, for the great qualities of body and mind with which he was endowed, and which rendered him worthy of sovereign respect. After his death, as people began to read publicly in the Church his sermons and homilies before he was declared a Saint, not being able yet to give him that title, they continued to give him the quality of Venerable. This did not change when he was ranked among the Blessed, and that is why he is more commonly called the venerable Bede than saint Bede, although in effect the Church recognizes him as a Saint in her martyrology, and the whole Order of Saint Benedict celebrates his memory as that of a Saint in its ecclesiastical offices.

[9] *Treatise on Monastic Studies*, 12mo ed., Paris, 1692.

[10] Beda or Bedas, which signifies man who prays, is derived from the word *bedan*, to pray. (See Hickes, *Thesaur. ling. septentrion.*, vol. i, p. 172.)

[11] *Vit. S. Cuthbert.*, c. 37. [Printed “VU. S. Culhbert. e. 37.”]

[12] Mabillon has demonstrated, by the writings of the Saint, that his birth must be placed in 673. The village where he came into the world had been swallowed up by the sea before the time of Turgot and of Simeon of Durham.

[13] Below the place named *Caprae Caput*, which is still called today Goat’s-head or Gateshead, opposite Newcastle.

[14] There was not yet an episcopal see at Durham.

[15] Saint John of Beverley was made bishop of Hexham in 685, and bishop of York in 704.

[16] *De Script. Angl.*

[17] In Malmesbury, bk. i *de Reg.*, c. 3. [Printed “Ap. Malmesb., 1. i de lieg., c. 3.”]

[18] Bede, *Ep. ad Ecgbright*, in Smith, p. 306.

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 511.

[20] In Simeon of Durham, *Hist. Dunelm.*, bk. i, c. 15, and see Smith, p. 792.

[21] *Usque ad tertiam horam; deinde cum reliquiis Sanctorum, ut consuetudo diei poscebat, ambulavimus*. It is a question of the procession, which is made on the eve of the Ascension. It is known that the third hour of the ancients corresponded to our ninth hour of the morning.

[22] *Piperem, oraria et incensa*. It was customary to burn incense at high Masses, as is seen by Gemmulus, deacon of Rome, who sent similar presents to Saint Boniface. (*Ep. ad S. Bonifac. inter Ep. Bonifac.*, Ep. 749.) The *oraria* are the handkerchiefs or other similar things, which served to wipe the mouth. (See Vossius, bk. iii *de Vitiis serm.*, c. 31.) By these sorts of presents, the Saint wished to give his brethren marks of the charity which united him with them. (See Smith and … on the Rule of Saint Benedict, the monks, with the to leave mementos of their persons.) Saint Lull made a present of pepper, incense and cinnamon to the abbess Eanbode. Examples of the same are found in the letters of saint Boniface and in other ancient monuments. Fortunatus, giving thanks for a present of herbs, chestnuts and plums, expresses himself thus: *Munere in angusto cernitur amplius amor*, bk. xi, epigram. 23. (See Smith, loc. cit., and Mabillon, loc. cit., § 8, *de Xeniolis*.)

[23] *Polychron.*, bk. v, at the year 732.

[24] This date, adopted by Mabillon, agrees with the writings and the history of the Saint, as well as with the paschal cycle of that year. Some authors pretend that Bede lived only fifty-nine years. It seems to follow from the life of Alcuin that he died in his ninetieth year, and consequently that he lived thirty years after having composed his *Ecclesiastical History*. Tanner adopts this system of chronology,

and says that the Saint died in 762, at the age of ninety years. *Bibl. Britan.*, p. 92.

[25] The constitution in question was printed by Pynson in 149S.

[26] *Carm. de Pontif. et Sanct. Eccles. Ebor.*, v. 1305. [Printed “Ecdes. ELor.”]

[27] See the appendix to the *History of Durham*, composed by Simeon of Durham. This author wrote after the memoirs of Turgot, learned prior of Durham, under the reign of Edward the Confessor, and who was made archbishop of Saint-David’s under the reign of William the Conqueror, of whom he was the declared enemy. This is why the history of Turgot has been attributed to him by some writers.

[28] *Monks of the West*, vol. v, p. 98, 2nd ed., 1868.

[29] *Append. ad Hist. Bedae*, p. 805, vol. i, and John of Glastonbury.

[30] See the Frontispiece, *ibid.*

[31] See the *Monasticon Anglic.*

[32] Burke, *Essay on English History*.

[33] *Cognomina*.

[34] *Contra Symmach.*, bk. i, v. 652; *Patrologia latina*, vol. lx.

[35] M. Judicis de Mirandol, *Consolation of Philosophy* by Boethius, introduction, p. 12, Paris, Hachette, 1881.

[36] Moreri, art. *Elpis*; *Patrologia latina*, vol. lxiv, col. 1421.

[37] See 5 September and 5 October.

[38] One might believe here that Boethius had known artesian wells, or at least applied, long before Torricelli, Galileo, Bernoulli and Euler, the laws of hydrodynamics.

[39] *Ignem ponderibus currere*. What does this expression, unfortunately too brief, thrown out without commentary in the flow of the pen, signify? There was perhaps in it the germ of the invention of steam, of which our 19th century is so justly proud. — Note of M. the abbé Darras.

[40] The son of Gundobad had married a daughter of Theodoric. (Gregory of Tours, *Hist. Franc.*, bk. iii, c. 5.)

[41] Ch. Jourdain, *On the Origin of the Traditions concerning the Christianity of Boethius*, pp. 341 and 343.

[42] *Ex Isidoro Sublectus*.

[43] Bk. i, ch. 1.

[44] Acts of Saint Placidus, at 5 October, in the Bollandists.

[45] *De Consolat.*, bk. ii, prose 4.

[46] Boethius, *De Cons.*, bk. iv, prose i, metre i; *Patrologia*, vol. lxiii, col. 788–791.

[47] *Vehicula.* Who does not glimpse under this allegory the Sacraments of the Church?

[48] *Suaviter et fortiter*, Wisd. viii; *de Consolat. Philos.*, bk. iii, prose xii.

[49] Bk. v, prose iii.

28 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

In Sardinia, the holy martyrs Aemilius, Felix, Priara and Lucian, who were crowned while fighting for Jesus Christ. — At Chartres, in the Gauls, Saint Chéron, martyr, who had his head cut off under Domitian, and thus obtained the honour of martyrdom, 1st century. — At Corinth, Saint Helconide, martyr, who in the time of the emperor Gordian first endured numerous torments under the president Perennius, and was put again to the torture under Justin, his successor; but having been delivered by an angel, she had her breasts cut off, was exposed to the beasts, subjected to the trial of fire and at last accomplished her combat by beheading. 244. — Besides, the martyrdom of Saint Crescent, Saint Dioscorides, Saint Paul and Saint Hellade. — At Thécué, in Palestine, the holy monk martyrs who were killed by the Saracens in the time of the emperor Theodosius the Younger. The inhabitants of the place gathered their holy relics and held them in great veneration, 5th century. — At Paris, Saint Germain, bishop and confessor, whose eminent holiness, great merits and shining miracles have been described by bishop Fortunatus. 576. — At Milan, Saint Senator, bishop, very celebrated for his virtues and his learning. 480. — At Urgel, in Tarragonese Spain, Saint Justus, bishop. 6th century. —

At Florence, Saint Podius or Poggio, bishop and confessor. 1002.

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

At Albi, the feast of Saint Urban I, pope and martyr. — At Bayeux, Saint Mandée or Manvied, bishop and confessor, who raised a dead man who was being carried publicly to burial, and merited from his people this fine eulogy, that having made continual progress in virtue, he had been good at the beginning, better in the middle, and very good at the end. About 480. — At Meaux, Saint Rigomer, bishop; born in the territory of Meaux, Saint Bigorner is considered the tenth bishop of that city: his relics, which were preserved in the cathedral, were thrown to the wind by the Calvinists of the 16th century. There was formerly in the diocese an abbey and a church of his name. Of the acts of his episcopate, nothing is known but the episcopal vigour which he displayed against the enemies of the Church. 5th century. — In the diocese of Lodève, Saint William, count of Toulouse, created duke of Aquitaine by Charlemagne, founder of the abbey of Val-Gelon or Gellone, called Saint-Guillaume-du-Désert, where he became a religious. 813. — At Auxerre, the feast of Saint Priscus, named on the 26th of this month in the Roman Martyrology. — At Aix, the feast of Saint Mary Jacobé and Saint Mary Salome, named in the Roman Martyrology, the first on 19 June, the second on 22 October. — At La Trappe, the venerable Nicholas Beugnier, who, after having been a bad priest, became a holy religious.

Martyrologies of the religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, Camaldolese, Vallombrosans, Cistercians. — Saint Boniface, pope and confessor, named on the 25th of this month.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Florence, the blessed Mary-Bartholomea Bagnesi, virgin, of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, who was a prey to long sufferings and had the merit of rendering herself conformable to the crucified Spouse.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — Saint Gregory VII, whose feast falls on the 25th of this month.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — Saint Paschal, confessor, whose birth into heaven is on the 17th of this month.

Martyrology of the Servites. — At Faenza, in Emilia, the blessed James-Philip Bertoni, confessor, of the Order of the Servites, who emigrated from this world to the Lord on the 25th of May.[1]

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — Saint Mary Magdalen, whose decease is marked on the 25th of this month.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Melitene, in Armenia, Saint Eutyches or Eutychius, bishop and martyr. He passes for a disciple of the Apostles. — At Edessa, in Syria, Saint Theodulus the Stylite. About the year 450. — At Vich, in Catalonia, Saint Justus, different from the bishop of Urgel of the same name, mentioned above. This one was only a simple layman and sanctified himself in the accomplishment of the ordinary duties of life. — At Pedina, in Istria, the saints Nicephorus, bishop, and Maximilian, deacon. The Acts of Saint Nicephorus of Antioch have been wrongly attributed to the first. — At Chalcedon, in Bithynia, Saint Nicetas, bishop. — At Como, in Italy, the blessed William, hermit. William was a French prince of the house of Orange: he took service in the armies of Henry IV, emperor of Germany, and left the prince when the latter had been excommunicated by Gregory VII. Saint William is represented on horseback, armed at all points and clad in a cowl. 1070. — At Canterbury, in England, the blessed Lanfranc, archbishop of that city. This celebrated writer combated the heretic Berengar, restored the monastery of Bec, and refused the archbishopric of Rouen; but he was forced to accept that of Canterbury, which he illustrated by his learning and his zeal for ecclesiastical discipline.[2] Year 1089. — At Pisa, in Tuscany, Saint Ubaldesca, virgin, of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. The blessed Ubaldesca is represented with the palm of virgins and a basket in her hand. This last attribute recalls

that the charitable religious went begging for the sick of the hospital where she sanctified herself. 1206. — Again in Tuscany, the blessed Peter, solitary and one of the first members of the Third Order of Saint Francis. As several churches disputed his mortal remains, a swarm of white butterflies preceded the funeral convoy and led it to that of Castro, 13th century. — At Carfagnana, in the same region, the blessed Herculan of Plegale, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance. He preached with so much eloquence and compunction on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ that he made his audience weep. Year 1451. — At London, on Tyburn place, the martyrdom of the three English priests of the seminary of Douai: Thomas Forde, John Shert and Robert Johnson, who, under a pretext of conspiracy against the queen, were put to the torture, exhausted by the sufferings of a long captivity, and hanged all three on the same day. After the strangulation, the executioner mutilated, disembowelled and cut in pieces the palpitating bodies of these victims. Reign of Elizabeth. — In Spain, the blessed John of Jesus-Mary, discalced Carmelite. 1615.

Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris

496–576. — Popes: Saint Gelasius; Benedict I. — Kings of France: Clovis I; Childebert II.

Every high priest taken from among men is appointed for men in the things that appertain to God… he must be able to have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err, because he himself also is compassed with infirmity. Ad Hebr., v, 1 and 2.

Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, who wrote first the admirable actions of Saint Germain, bishop of Paris, speaks of him in terms so advantageous that he makes no difficulty of equalling him to the most illustrious Martyrs, and even of comparing him to the greatest Apostles. He was born in Burgundy, in the diocese of Autun, of rich and Catholic parents.[1] His mother did what she could to make him lose his life in her own entrails. She took for this many remedies, and did not neglect the most violent means. But Providence, infallible in its decrees, did not permit her to accomplish so criminal a design; the fury of this unnatural mother against her child did not cease with his birth; and if she did not cause him to die, she continued always to ill-treat him and to be pitiless to him. The cause of this strange aversion was, it is said, the fear of seeing her house too much burdened with children. Germain's grandmother was no less cruel to him than his mother: for, loving passionately another of her grandsons, named Stratide, cousin of our Saint, she could not bear that the former should share her inheritance with him. In order to rid herself of him, she gave two bottles to her servant, the one of wine and the other of poison, and marked for her that of wine for Stratide and that of poison for Germain; but God dissipated the artifices of this stepmother-like woman, permitting the servant to be mistaken, and Germain having taken the good wine, Stratide swallowed the poison, of which he would have died without prompt help.

This poor child, being thus exposed to continual persecutions in his father's own house, was obliged to leave it and to retire to Scopilion, his uncle, a person of very holy life, who dwelt at Luzy. It is there that he received that strong education which accustoms one to put duty above pleasure, and that he laid the foundations of that high perfection to which he afterwards arrived: for his prayer was continual, and although he was a thousand paces distant from the church, he betook himself thither nevertheless every night with this holy uncle to say Matins and then assist at the holy Mysteries. Saint Agrippinus, bishop of Autun, being informed of his virtue, conferred on him the order of deacon, and three years afterwards he ordained him priest. Saint Nectarius, his successor, named him abbot of Saint-Symphorian, outside the walls of Autun. Germain rendered himself, by his vigils, his abstinences and his assiduity in prayer, the model of all the religious.

Divine love so inflamed his heart that the splendour of it was seen to shine on his face. He was so sensible to the miseries of the poor that he could never send any of them away without assistance: he often gave them all he had of provisions in the monastery, without reserving anything. Several of his religious, not approving this conduct, complained loudly of the excess of his liberality, which would put them, they said, in the last

indigence; one day, in effect, it happened that even the bread of the day failed in the abbey: but Germain having betaken himself to prayer, there were seen to arrive at once at the monastery two horses laden with loaves, which the wife of the lord Ebron sent, and the next day two carts full of provisions came from another side. These extraordinary and miraculous helps ought to have sufficed to appease the murmurs and unjust complaints. Nevertheless the religious of Saint-Symphorian defamed their holy abbot so much to the diocesan bishop that this prelate, lending faith too lightly to their reports, had him arrested and put in his prisons, as if he had been guilty of prodigalities; but scarcely had he entered when the doors opened of themselves; nevertheless Germain would not go out without the blessing of him who had caused him to be imprisoned. The bishop, better informed, recognized his holiness and treated him with much respect. Another miracle augmented the veneration that was borne him. Fire took in the monastery: a general conflagration seemed inevitable. But our Saint stopped in an instant this fire by a little holy water which he threw on it, and by the sign of the cross which he made while singing Alleluia.

Charity was the dominant virtue, the most strongly marked trait of the admirable physiognomy of Germain. Here is a new proof of it: a certain Sabaricus, a hard and violent man, had a slave named Aesarius. The latter, cruelly ill-treated by his pitiless master and unable to bear it longer, ran one day to take refuge in the monastery of Saint-Symphorian, praying Germain to be good enough to ransom him at any price. Slavery had become for him in that house a truly intolerable torment. The Saint, moved with pity and full of the spirit of the Church, which laboured with all its power for the abolition of servitude, entered at once into negotiation with abaricus. This man, furious at the step taken by his slave, demanded eighty pieces of gold for the ransom of this poor wretch, his wife and his child. The sum was exorbitant: where to find it? But charity is not rebuffed and never despairs. Germain therefore consoled Aesarius, promising him liberty all the same and without knowing too well how to pay the price. At last he succeeded in collecting the sum demanded. Sabaricus, whose soul did not open to sweet commiseration because it was closed to Christian piety, principle and nourishment of all virtues, dared to come in person to touch his money, cursed ransom of blood, sighs and tears. More, this wretch, without respect for himself, for men or for God, did not deign even, in passing before the basilica of Saint-Symphorian, to enter it to make a prayer there. But his barbarity and impiety did not remain unpunished. From then on the sight of a church inspired him with horror; he abandoned every exercise of religion and fell into a sort of frenzy. It was even necessary to chain him. Germain, to whom he was conducted (for who else could have cured him?), forgetting his wrongs and seeing in him only an unhappy man, made to God before the tomb of Saint Symphorian an ardent prayer which faith and charity bore to heaven. At once, by a double miracle, the sick man recovered with health more Christian sentiments and tranquillity of soul: he was cured and his heart changed. Full of regret and sorrow for the past, but also of joy and gratitude, he added twenty pieces of gold to the eighty he had received in exchange for the liberty of his slave, and had made with this gold a fine cross which was hung, as a memorial of the event, above the tomb of Saint Symphorian. “This cross,” says the biographer,[2] “exists still today and attests the prodigy we have just related.” Then heavenly blessings entered the house of Sabaricus. His sons and his daughters, vividly impressed by a miracle which touched them so closely, and yielding to the impression of grace, wished, in order to consecrate themselves entirely to God, to enrol in the divers phalanxes of the sacred militia, and even governed several monasteries. Is not that an eloquent testimony of the zeal with which the Church laboured to destroy slavery little by little, to protect the weak against the strong, to change the manners of the barbarians?

The report of these marvels and of many others having spread throughout the kingdom, and having come as far as Childebert, king of the Franks, he wished to have so holy a personage in his city of Paris, and commanded him to come to him. Saint Germain did not dare to oppose his will, because he learned that it was conformable to that of God: for, having one day fallen asleep after his prayer, there appeared to him in a dream a venerable old man who presented him the keys of the gates of Paris. The Saint asked him what he wished him to do with them: “I give you these keys,” he answered, “that you may save this city.” It was to

foretell him that he would be its bishop; but Germain, not making this reflection, understood only that his presence was necessary at Paris; he set out therefore with four of his religious, three of whom, Auctaire, Saint Doctrovée and Scubilion, were successively abbots of Saint-Vincent, afterwards Saint-Germain-des-Prés. These five religious, after having saluted the king and received his orders, withdrew into an oratory dedicated under the name of Saint John the Baptist, which has since been called Saint-Germain-le-Vieux, where they practised so perfectly all the exercises of the cloister that the whole court was delighted with it.

Four years afterwards, the episcopal see of Paris fell vacant by the decease of Eusebius, who had been substituted for Saffaracus, deposed at the second Council of the same city, in 565. Saint Germain was raised to this throne by divine Providence, and at the request of Childebert, who wished it so. This new dignity changed nothing in him but the sole title of abbot into that of bishop, and he kept there the same practices of penance and mortification which he had observed in his monastery.

He went to church about nine o'clock in the evening and did not leave it until daybreak, to take in his palace a moment of rest, and then to attend to the relief of the poor, the sick, the prisoners and all those who had recourse to him. He bore equally the heats of summer and the colds of winter, without covering or warming himself more in one season than in another; thus suffering a continual martyrdom and supplying, in the peace of the Church, for the torments that tyrants might have made him endure in the most violent persecutions.

His table, at which the poor ordinarily sat, was covered only with very common dishes; and, as nothing was wanting there, so nothing superfluous was served there. He wished the soul to be nourished at the same time as the body, and had read for this purpose, during the meal, some good book. His preachings had such success that Paris soon changed face. Vanities ceased, pomps were moderated, superfluities cut off, luxury abolished, and finally vice losing its empire there, virtue took its place and reigned there absolutely. The reputation of his virtue growing more and more, he was entreated to be present at Bourges to assist at the consecration of the bishop Felix: he did not fail to go; and having, on occasion, spoken to a Jew called Sigeric, he converted him perfectly and baptized him; but his wife having remained in her error, without wishing to profit by the example of her husband, was soon punished for her obstinacy; for the demon entered into her body, and did not cease to torment her until the holy prelate, moved with compassion, delivered her from so bad a guest by the imposition of hands; she thus recognized the truth, and at last received holy Baptism. He had a marvellous skill in winning the mind of Childebert; he governed him so well that, although this prince always had some remnants of that ferocity then natural to the nation, he nevertheless regulated his morals, reformed his court, and applied himself to the foundation of many churches and monasteries. He sent one day six thousand livres to Saint Germain to distribute to the poor; but the holy prelate, not having found enough of them to receive all this alms, wished to return him half. The king, far from taking it and sending nothing more, had his silver plate broken up, took the gold chains from his neck, and begged the bishop not to cease giving, assuring him that, for his part, he would not weary of furnishing. Childebert having died without male children, Clotaire, his younger brother, succeeded him. This prince, who, having lived until then far from Paris, did not know sufficiently the merits of Saint Germain, made him one day wait so long at the door of his palace that he was compelled to go away. But the king suffered, the following night, such great pains throughout his body, in punishment of this fault, that, recognizing his sin and the injustice of the contempt he had shown to the holy bishop, he sent for him at that very hour, threw himself at his feet, and humbly kissed the hem of his robe; the Saint laid his hand on the places which pained him, and by this touch entirely appeased his pain. He afterwards made his zeal burst forth against king Caribert, who had repudiated Ingoberga, his lawful wife, and married a handmaid, named Marcovèse, whose sister he kept at the same time. Saint Germain made him several remonstrances on this subject; and seeing that they were useless and that he did not amend, he employed against him the ecclesiastical censures. Moreover, as the nobility of France had then usurped the goods of the Church, which had caused the service

of God to be abandoned in several parishes, he had a Council assembled at Paris, in which anathemas were fulminated against those who had seized the patrimony of Jesus Christ. He was present also at the second Council of Tours, which was held to reform the discipline of the Church, fallen almost everywhere, and to condemn the incestuous marriages which were quite ordinary among the great. The demon, suffering only with spite these happy progresses, did what he could to stop them, by troubling the tranquillity of his devotion; in effect, he tempted him in every manner, whether by frightening him during his prayer, or by crying in his ears, or by appearing to him under horrible forms, or finally by ill-treating and beating him; but his humility and constancy rendered him victorious over all these assaults, and he triumphed so gloriously that this spirit of pride could never gain anything over his will. One must not expect us to relate all the miracles of Saint Germain: the great Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, after having composed a whole book of them, avows that he leaves many to be told. The straw of his bed, the pieces and threads of his robe, his spittle, his tears, his words, the water that had served to wash his hands, his look, his touch, the dreams in which he appeared during sleep, the letters he wrote, were so many remedies for all sorts of maladies. When he went out of the church, the sick were placed in ranks, and he cured them all in passing. The inhabitants of Meudon, near Paris, being afflicted with contagion, were delivered from it by bread which he sent them after having blessed it.

A religious of a monastery near Tours, who had been sick for two years, was cured in an instant by kissing a letter of our Saint, which his abbot gave him. Gertrude, wife of Monsolis, having become blind and no longer able to go to church or to assist at processions, recovered sight after having implored his help. A priest, become paralytic for having worked on a Sunday, having heard in the night a voice which commanded him to have recourse to the Saint and to declare his fault publicly to him, came to find him with humility, and received health by a little blessed oil with which he anointed his limbs.

But he not only cured the living, he also raised the dead. Attila, favourite of king Childebert, having broken an arm, was bled so inopportunely that he lost his life by it, and as everyone regretted his death, the holy bishop arrived, and, after having cast holy water on his body, restored to him life and perfect health. He did as much to a dead child: which made the people say that his strength was greater than that of death. He ordinarily gave health of soul at the same time as that of the body. A lord of Touraine had a daughter at the extremity; the holy prelate, touched by her tears and those of his wife, went to see her, cured her, and exhorted her so well to contempt of the world and its vanities that she renounced it entirely by becoming a religious in the monastery of Poitiers. Another did the same after having been delivered by our Saint from the evil spirit. Germain, who had lived at Autun near the places full of the venerated memory of Saint Martin, liked to betake himself to Tours to celebrate the feast of that great bishop. Reputation accompanied him there; and the sick did not fail to present themselves on his passage, whether he entered the basilica or came out of it. One day he cured, by rubbing them with a little oil and spittle, two women crippled in the arm. In one of these pilgrimages he found himself by chance at Tours with Clotaire. The king, under pretext of going to venerate the relics of Saint Martin, drew thus nearer to Poitiers, in order to be able more easily to carry off his wife Radegund, who had taken the veil in a community founded near the tomb of Saint Hilary. The pious queen had withdrawn from the court only on the very formal and very spontaneous consent of the king; but he soon regretted her keenly, and, urged by wicked counsellors, he wished, in contempt of the most sacred vows of religion, to tear her from the holy retreat where she had given herself to God and lived only for God. Warned and alarmed of Clotaire’s impious project, Radegund secretly sent a very pressing letter to the holy bishop of Paris to beg him to dissuade the king from his criminal resolution. Germain bathed this letter with his tears and went at once to throw himself at the feet of Clotaire, before the relics of Saint Martin, and conjured him, in the name of God, not to go to Poitiers. The prince, touched and repentant, cried out: “I had yielded to bad counsels; but, I acknowledge it, I was not worthy to possess so holy a wife.” And himself falling at the knees of the august pontiff who dominated him with all the height of his moral ascendancy, he begged him to go himself to Poitiers to ask pardon and offer his excuses to Radegund. God had regard to the

sincere repentance of Clotaire; but his wicked counsellors were punished and died the horrible and shameful death of Arius.[3]

If Germain had preserved for the great bishop of Tours a worship so pious, could he forget Saint Symphorian, and the abbey, and the brethren, or rather the beloved children, whom he had left there? Half of his heart had remained at Autun. Thus was he seen, each year, to leave Paris to come and assist at the great religious solemnity instituted in honour of the hero of Autun, and celebrated with the pious enthusiasm of faith united to patriotism. Nothing could ever hinder him from making this pious pilgrimage. The holy tomb of the Martyr, beside which he had prayed every night for many years, had not ceased to speak to him from afar and always called him. When the day of the feast dear to his piety and to his heart approached, then setting out towards his native land, he arrived by the road which follows the banks of the river Cure; and each time that he crossed the Morvan, his presence was signalled by some benefit, by some prodigy. The demons above all felt his power and found themselves disconcerted. From the whole country there ran possessed persons who felt his approach beforehand and announced it by uttering groans or lamentable cries. He touched them, and the evil spirits, forced to depart, said: “Man of God, if you cannot suffer us in inhabited places, if you obstinately refuse to let us dwell with men, at least leave to wretches the permission to wander in peace in the thickness of these forests, in the solitude of these mountains.”

The royal officers who treated the people without consideration had also to dread the generous liberty of Germain. One day that, returning from Autun to Paris after the celebration of the feast of Saint Symphorian, he was passing through Avallon, he learned with sorrow that the prisons of the castle were filled with debtors of the treasury.[4] Touched with compassion for these poor people, he begged count Nicasius, who had invited him to dinner, to be good enough to soften their lot by giving them liberty on bail. The count refused pitilessly. Then the charitable pastor, without even waiting for the end of the meal, went and prostrated himself, face to the ground, at the door of the underground dungeon where so many unhappy victims of human justice groaned, and poured out abundant tears with prayers on this threshold, sad witness of grief and despair, in order to obtain from the mercy of God what the hardness of men refused him. He was heard. An angel came to open the doors of the prison and break the fetters of all these unfortunate prisoners whose poverty was their whole crime. Scarcely believing so much happiness, they went in the transport of their gratitude to throw themselves at the feet of their benefactor. A new grace awaited them. The king, yielding to the instances of the man of God, granted them the entire remission of all they owed to the treasury. — Another time, the same count Nicasius, in running to meet our Saint, whose arrival had been announced to him, had a very grave fall, for he was lifted up without consciousness or feeling; and it was only by the virtue of Germain’s prayers that he could be recalled to life. Eager to testify his gratitude to the venerable guest to whom he attributed his salvation, he offered him his baldric and his sword. Germain hastened to accept this precious gift. Soon the count, regretting having parted so easily with what a soldier has dearest, reclaimed his weapon. The bishop, who had well foreseen this return, thought that the moment was favourable for increasing the purse of his poor. He made the warrior compound, who besides acquitted himself with very good grace. More, touched by the charity of Germain, Nicasius repented of his hardness and was henceforth more humane. He had learned at his own expense, according to the observation of the biographer, that one must compassionate the miseries of others.

Meanwhile the holy pontiff did not cease to employ his credit with God to relieve them. — As on another of his annual pilgrimages to the tomb of Saint Symphorian the holy pontiff was crossing the village of Cervon, near Corbigny in the Morvan, the inhabitants told him that bears were ravaging the harvest of a poor widow named Panitia, who had only this resource to live by. They entreated him at the same time to come and visit the little field, persuaded that his mere presence on the spot would suffice to drive off the scourge. The persons who accompanied the Saint could not help laughing; but he, condescending at once with his ordinary kindness to the request of these good people, followed them. After having prayed God to be pleased to

reward their naïve faith and pious charity, he made the sign of the cross over the widow's field. The next day the bears were found dead: they had fought and killed one another during the night. One of them, which had wished to clear the hedge, had remained impaled on it.

This grace of miracles was accompanied by the gift of prophecy. Having gone one day to Châlons to find Theodebert, king of Austrasia, who had just conquered a part of Burgundy, he predicted to him that the end of his life was not far off, and exhorted him to prepare himself to die well. This prince profited by this warning, and, some days after, he departed from this world on the road to Reims. Moreover, king Sigebert not wishing to end the war which he was waging against Chilperic, his brother, who had taken refuge at Tournai with his wife and children, Saint Germain warned him that he would not enter that city, but that he would perish unhappily in his camp; which came to pass effectively as he had predicted. Finally, he knew long beforehand when money was to be brought him for the deliverance of prisoners, for whom he had extreme tenderness, and he gave them notice of it, in order to console them by the hope of their liberty.

One of his greatest cares was the construction of the celebrated abbey of Saint-Vincent. Childebert had begun it; but it was Clotaire I, his brother, who finished it. When the church was in a state to be used, he begged Saint Germain to consecrate it; he did so, to the great satisfaction of this monarch, of the queen his wife, and of the princesses his daughters. And this church, where formerly there had been a temple of the goddess Isis, was afterwards the mausoleum of most of the princes and princesses of the crown, until Dagobert I had that of Saint-Denis in France built. These sepulchres were still seen there in 1685, among others those of Eleutherius, father of our Saint, and of Eusebia, his mother, who, after having so ill-treated him during his childhood, and even before he was in the world, found herself happy to come and die in his arms. It was again while Saint Germain was bishop, and probably at his persuasion, that the same Childebert and queen Ultrogotha, his wife, had built, on the other side of the Seine, another church in honour of Saint Vincent, martyr; it has since borne the title of Saint-Germain, bishop of Auxerre, to whom our Saint had a singular devotion, and whom he acknowledged for his patron.

This great prelate was not content with raising material and inanimate temples to the true God; he built him also living and spiritual ones. Fortunatus, his historian, speaking of the clergy of Paris, calls it happy to have so great a man for pastor and for head.[5] In effect, he had a seminary so renowned that there were sent to it, not only from all France but also from foreign kingdoms, children of high birth, to be formed in the sciences and in piety; and there came out of it many excellent ecclesiastics and holy bishops who enlightened the Church by their doctrine and by their eminent holiness. There are remarked, among others, Saint Brieuc, whom his parents had sent him from England when he was still only abbot at Saint-Symphorian, and who left his school only to go and preach the Gospel in his own country, as we have remarked in his life, at 1 May. Saint Eltude, very learned abbot of Great Britain, was also of this number (as Trithemius reports in the third book of the Illustrious Men of the Order of Saint Benedict); and Saint Bertingrand, or by syncope Bertrand, who, from archdeacon of Paris, was raised to the episcopal throne of Le Mans.

The principal occupation of our Saint was to cultivate these young plants to make them bear fruits worthy of the Lord. His recreation consisted in visiting the churches to pray and meditate there; if he found them shut, they opened of themselves as soon as he had made the sign of the cross over them; as happened, according to the report of Fortunatus, to the church of Saint-Gervase and Saint-Protase, which was then outside the gates of Paris. Such were the holy, heroic and so glorious actions for the Church of this illustrious prelate. At the age of eighty years, he was warned of his death in a vision, and learned even that it was to be on the 5th before the Calends of June. He had this day written at once on his bed, in order to have it always present, without however declaring what this remark signified. At last this happy moment having arrived, he rendered his soul to God on 28 May, in the year 576. His body was borne in great pomp to the abbey of Saint-Vincent, as he had ordered; and since then this church has taken the name of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. When he passed before the prisons, he became so heavy that he could never be moved until the prisoners were delivered; they

were therefore made to come out, and they followed the convoy, thus employing the first moments of their liberty in rendering the last duties to him who had procured it for them. Saint Germain of Paris is represented with chains in his hand, to recall the efficacy of his intervention towards the prisoners of the treasury; holding in his hand the keys of Paris, which were given him in a vision as a pledge of salvation for that city, and an image of Our Lady, for it is pretended that he constantly carried this safeguard with him; going to meet a fire and appeasing the scourge.

Relics and Writings of Saint Germain. — John Mabillon

In the year 754, nearly two hundred years after his death, the abbot Lantfred received an order from heaven to have his bones transported into the choir of the great church: he gave notice of it to Pepin the Short, king of France, who wished to be present with his two sons, Carloman and Charles, afterwards surnamed the Great, aged seven years; and, as a monument of the miracles which took place at this translation, he gave to the abbey of Saint-Germain the village of Palaiseau,[6] and confirmed this donation by a solemn oath which he took on the tomb of the Saint, on 27 July.

This holy body remained peacefully in that church until the religious, foreseeing the irruptions of the Normans, a nation then barbarous and infidel, saved it in the chapel, or Oratory of Saint John the Baptist, at Paris, where he had first made his sojourn, and which for that reason has since been called Saint-Germain-le-Vieux. It is told that a blind woman recovered sight there by the touch of these holy relics. It was afterwards carried back to the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The celebrated basilica, which still bears today, with a whole great quarter of Paris, the name of Saint-Germain, already restored a first time after the ravages of the Normans, was almost entirely rebuilt in the 12th century by the abbot Hugh; and pope Alexander III made its solemn dedication when, persecuted by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, he had taken refuge in France, sure of finding in the bosom of that eldest daughter of the Church an asylum ever open against iniquity armed with brutal force. Odo, count of Anjou, and afterwards king of France, had made for him a shrine all of gold. An abbot has since had another made, much more magnificent, which was still to be seen in the 18th century; there had entered into it more than three hundred marks of silver and two hundred and eight precious stones, which gave it a marvellous brilliance. But the shrine was pillaged during the French Revolution, and the holy relics profaned and destroyed (March 1793). The primitive chapel of Saint Symphorian, where Saint Germain was buried, still subsists today; it serves for the holding of the catechisms of the parish.

We have from Saint Germain an excellent work, which has for title: *Explanation of the Liturgy*: it forms a volume in the *Patrologia* of M. Migne. There is found in it the ancient Gallican liturgy, which was in use in France before that of Rome had been introduced there by pope Adrian I, under the reign of Charlemagne. A perfect resemblance is seen everywhere between these two liturgies. Saint Germain gives very satisfactory explanations of the ancient ceremonies of the mass, of the sacerdotal vestments, etc. The ancient and celebrated abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés has undergone the fate of the other monasteries of France: all its buildings are destroyed. Those which the Revolution had spared fell under the pickaxe of M. Haussmann (1852–1870). The library, one of the most considerable and most precious of Paris, became the prey of the flames on 20 August 1794, by the imprudence and perhaps with the connivance of the authorities of that time. It was at Saint-Germain-des-Prés of Paris that Mabillon devoted himself to the labours which have made him celebrated: we are going to make known the holy religious at the same time as the learned man. John Mabillon, one of the most astonishing men by his erudition of the century of Louis XIV (of that century which counted so many illustrious men of all kinds), was born at Saint-Pierremont, near Vouziers, in the diocese of Reims, on 23 November 1632. His parents, who belonged to the best families of the country, faithfully accomplished the obligations which religion imposes. Brought up in the fear of God, John began his studies with a curé of the neighbourhood, his relative, and went to continue them at Reims, in the college of the Jesuits. Everywhere the young Mabillon distinguished himself by his successes and his modesty;

feeling an attraction for the ecclesiastical state, he entered the seminary of Reims, which was then destined for the clerics alone of the metropolitan church. It is said that he had a remarkable taste for the ceremonies, rites and usages of the Church, and that he observed them with religious exactness. His piety led him, when he had free moments outside the functions of the sanctuary, to visit the churches and above all the tomb of Saint Remigius, apostle of the Franks. The church of Saint-Remi was served by Benedictines: the regularity of these religious spoke to his heart, and engaged him to enter their ranks. The request was granted. After a year of noviciate, he pronounced his vows, on 5 September 1651, at the age of nineteen years. The fervour and the doubtless exaggerated austerities of the young professed completely deranged his health. It was necessary to send him to a country house of the abbey, the sojourn in which was at first very painful to him, but which he ended by finding delightful. Unable to give himself to any serious and sustained labour, he occupied his time in researches in the libraries of the country. Such was the origin of those archaeological labours and historical discoveries in which dom Mabillon acquired so much reputation.

He went to continue at Corbie those labours which he was no more to interrupt. Promoted to the priesthood in 1660, he remained at Corbie until 1663, the epoch at which he came to Saint-Denis near Paris, where he was charged with showing strangers the treasure and monuments of that ancient abbey. His reputation as a learned man beginning to dawn, he was called to occupations more worthy of his talents. Dom Luke d'Achéry having need of a collaborator, Mabillon was chosen, and was sent to Saint-Germain-des-Prés, of which d'Achéry was librarian: the Parisian abbey was besides the centre of Benedictine science. It was there that Mabillon passed the rest of his days, dividing, like the ancient monks, his time between work and prayer: his work was study, and his relaxation holy psalmody. Nothing was more touching than to see this learned religious, whose reputation was European, live in humility, obedience, simplicity, like the last of the brethren. The learned of the whole world consulted him; princes and the great honoured him with their friendship: to all that he preferred the shade of the cloister, the silence of the cell.

The Congregation of Saint-Maur had projected the publication of new editions of the Fathers; he was charged with that of Saint Bernard, and acquitted himself of this work with as much diligence as success. The great Colbert, informed of his merit, had a pension of two thousand livres offered him, which Mabillon had the modesty to refuse, asking that this minister would be good enough to transfer these testimonies of royal munificence to his Congregation. Father Mabillon was sent to Germany, in the year 1683, to seek in that part of Europe all that might serve for the history of France and the glory of the nation and of the royal house. Dom Mabillon found several curious documents, and made them known in a *Journal* of his journey. This learned excursion having been much applauded, the king sent him to Italy two years later. He was received at Rome with all the distinction he deserved. The Congregation of the Index did him the honour of consulting him on the subject of some singular opinions contained in the writings of Isaac Vossius; but his advice, which appeared too indulgent, was not followed. The archives and libraries were opened to him, and he drew from them a quantity of new documents. Among the objects which piqued his curiosity, none excited it more than the catacombs of Rome. He made frequent visits to them, in which he brought the spirit of religion and that of criticism. Strongly attached to the faith, but on his guard against error, he thought he saw abuse in the exposition of some holy bodies, and unveiled it in a Latin letter, under the name of Eusebius the Roman to Theophilus François, concerning the cult of unknown saints. This pamphlet raised against him some learned men of Rome. There were several writings for and against. The letter of Eusebius was denounced to the congregation of the Index; and it would have been proscribed by this tribunal had he not given a new edition of it, with changes which contented the judges. Mabillon could not write so much without raising contradictions: he always treated his adversaries with the consideration which charity requires. Still it often happened that he opposed only silence to attacks.

Love of peace, candour and above all modesty formed his character. Le Tellier, archbishop of Reims, having presented him to Louis XIV as the most learned religious of the kingdom, Mabillon deserved to hear this

word from the mouth of the great Bossuet: “Add, Sir, and the most humble.” A stranger having gone to consult the learned Du Cange, the latter sent him to Mabillon, his friend and his rival in erudition. “You are deceived when you are directed to me,” answered the Benedictine humbly; “go and see M. Du Cange.” — “It is he himself who directs me to you,” said the stranger. — “He is my master,” replied Mabillon. “If nevertheless you honour me with your visits, I shall communicate to you the little that I know.”

His two principal productions were the *Acts of the Saints of the Order of Saint Benedict* and the *Annals* of the same Order. In working at the history of the servants of God, he applied himself to imitate their virtues. Having arrived at the life of Saint Anselm of Canterbury, he had a presentiment of his death and announced that he would end his career at the same age as that illustrious archbishop. On 1 December 1707 he experienced a grave indisposition on his way to Chelles. Brought back to Paris, he passed three weeks in the infirmary, amid great sufferings, which he bore with holy resignation. He died on 27

December, in sentiments of the liveliest faith and of the most entire submission to the will of God. Dom John Mabillon was in his seventy-sixth year. Clement XI, on learning of his death, had it written to Dom Ruinart that it would give him pleasure to have buried in the most distinguished place a man who had so well deserved of letters and of the Church, “since all the learned who go to Paris will not fail to ask you where you have put him? *Ubi posuisti eum?*” The Pope wished that his ashes should be gathered under marble, with an inscription befitting such precious remains. The intention of the Pontiff was not followed in this respect; but Dom Roussel made an eulogy in lapidary style, which was well worth a monument. We shall report of it only the following passage:

Omnium hominum sibi conciliavit animos Hominum mitissimus, In ipsis etiam litterariis disceptationibus Nemini asper, Neminem laesit, etiam laesus.

The ashes of Mabillon had been deposited, during the Revolution, in the Museum of French monuments. They were brought back solemnly on 20 February 1819 to the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where they rest under a mausoleum which the city of Paris had raised to him: his name has been given to one of the neighbouring streets.

The principal works of the pious and learned Benedictine are:

The *Acts of the Saints of the Order of Saint Benedict*, in Latin, Paris, 1668–1701, 9 vols. in folio, published with the collaboration of dom Luke d’Achéry and dom Ruinart. This work stops at the year 1100. The *Annals of the Order of Saint Benedict*, down to the year 1157, in Latin, 6 vols. in folio, Paris, 1703–39. Dom Ruinart, dom Massuet and dom Martène were collaborators of Mabillon. The *Diplomatics* (*De re diplomatica libri vi*), Paris, 1 vol. in folio, 1681, and the supplement (*Supplementum librorum de re diplomatica*), in folio, 1704. This science owes to him all its lustre. The learned

Benedictine had an admirable sagacity for disentangling what is most confused in the night of time and for fathoming what history offers most difficult. He gave the principles for the examination of the diplomas and charters of all ages and of all countries. Dom Toustain and dom Tassin gave, in 1750–65, Paris, 6 vols. in 4to, the *New Treatise of Diplomatics*, which has taken rank among the works most esteemed by the learned. The *Italian Museum*, in Latin, or collection of ancient writers, extracted from the libraries of Italy, Paris, 2 vols. in 4to, 1687–89, with the collaboration of dom Germain. The *Ancient Analecta*, in Latin, with the aid of dom Luke d’Achéry, 4 vols. in 8vo, Paris, 1675. It is a collection of pieces interesting for history and religion, enriched with learned dissertations.

Treatise on Monastic Studies, with a select catalogue for composing an ecclesiastical library. Paris, 1 vol. in 4to, 1691, or 2 vols. in 12mo, 1692. This work, published on the occasion of Mabillon’s polemic with the abbé de Rancé, was translated into Latin and Italian. The abbé de Rancé had pretended that study was more harmful than useful to religious. The Congregation of Saint-Maur, then wholly occupied with those great

labours of erudition which will merit the eternal gratitude of studious men, charged Mabillon to refute the abbé de Rancé. The polemic gave birth on both sides to several works, among others that of which we have just given the title.

Three books on the Gallican liturgy, in Latin, in 4to, Paris, 1685 and 1729. A work full of researches on the ancient rites used in France before the year 1000 for the celebration of the holy sacrifice.

Mabillon had been named a member of the academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres in 1701; de Boze pronounced his eulogy before the learned company.

His life was written by Dom Ruinart, 1 vol. in 12mo, 1708, and by Chavin de Malan, 1845.

The Blessed Mary-Bartholomea Bagnesi, of the Third Order of Saint Dominic

— Pope: Gregory XIII. — Grand-duke of Tuscany: Francis I.

Marie. Let us learn, let us learn at last that sufferings are not the true evil.

This Blessed was born at Florence on 24 August 1514, three and a half hours after sunset: she was the seventh of the children of Charles Raynier Bagnesi and of Alexandrina Orlandini, both distinguished by the nobility of their origin. She was entrusted to a nurse of the suburbs, who nearly let little Mary die of hunger. Scarcely could the child free her arms from the swaddling-clothes that enveloped her, when she used them to pick up the crumbs scattered on the ground.

When she was a little bigger, one of her sisters, who was a religious, had her brought to her, and took pleasure in hearing her lisp canticles in honour of the Blessed Virgin, whom the pious child loved by instinct. — “Marietta,” her sister said to her, “whom will you marry?” — “Jesus,” answered the child; and if it was added that she would not marry Jesus, she shed bitter tears, and there was a thousand pains to console her. One day her mother’s sister was to go to the sermon. — “Aunt,” the child said to her, “you will take me there?” — “But it will be very early for you!” — “You will see that I shall know well how to wake.” — The next day, when someone went to call her, she was fully dressed. The pious child had not slept all night, for fear of being forgotten.

Her mother was of very delicate health, and her sisters had all gone away: early, therefore, the care of the household fell to her: she acquitted herself of the duties of a mistress of the house with a prudence beyond her age. She had the vivacity of a little bird, says the biographer, and was recollected as a seraph. Always gay, the sadness of others pained her extremely. “Be good, virtuous,” she said to those whom she saw vexed and afflicted. “With virtue will come to you the joy which Jesus gives.” She was seventeen when she had the grief of seeing her mother die: overcoming her sorrow, she assisted her, made her receive the Sacraments and comforted her with good words until her last moment.

Her beauty, her nobility, her very virtues fixed the regards of several young men. Her father, who assuredly acted with the aim of making her happy, pledged his word, as far as one can pledge it in a like occurrence: at the unexpected announcement of an arrangement to which she had not consented, the young girl (she was then eighteen) felt her whole being shaken. A strange revolution took place in her body: a universal trembling seized all her limbs. Mary was of middle height and of a very agreeable exterior; from that moment her nerves contracted, an incessant fever burned her; let there be added to this a violent headache, frequent stifling, spasms, and one will scarcely have an idea of what she endured during the forty-five years she had still to pass on earth. Recourse was had, not to physicians, but to charlatans. These empirics ordered a general plaster which produced so frightful an excoriation that the sick girl soon resembled the apostle Saint Bartholomew, flayed alive by his executioners. On account of this resemblance with the martyrdom of Jesus Christ, and also because she had come into the world on his feast day, the Blessed added the name of Bartholomea to that of Mary.

Such was the extraordinary means which Our Lord made use of to win to the cross one more lover.

The servant of God had a little altar at once set up before the bed of pain on which she lay, which was adorned with devout images; so that her room resembled a little chapel; she obtained that mass should be celebrated there every day. It was her consolation.

One day her father said to her: “See, my daughter, you will not be able to enter a convent, as you had desired. Before dying, I should like at least to procure you a satisfaction. Would it not please you to put on in your bed the habit of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, which Saint Catherine of Siena has illustrated and sanctified, that Saint who has always been so dear to you?” — “Oh! certainly,” she answered; “I have often thought of it.” A Father of Saint Dominic, of the convent of Santa Maria Novella, came to perform the ceremony of the clothing, and after a year of noviciate she was received to profession.

Following her consecration to God, she suddenly recovered strength enough to be able to make the visit of the churches and monasteries of Florence; after which she put herself again to bed, never more to leave it.

To the sufferings of the body there came to be added the afflictions of the spirit. Two servants of the house made the poor sick girl undergo a thousand affronts, a thousand injuries, to which, joining her hands, she answered only with these words: “I pray you, for the love of God, to forgive me.” In the town they scarcely believed in her illness, and public malignity went so far as to pretend that her house had become a conventicle where the enemies of the State conspired in the shadow of religion.

Mary-Bartholomea none the less continued to receive affectionately those who came to see her, and to give good counsels to afflicted souls. “Confess often,” she said to her visitors; “find a virtuous and above all prudent confessor, who will teach you the great art of prayer and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Make the greatest account of time, and do not let slip the occasion of doing good. Stop as little as possible at the conversations of men: conversation is the dissipation of the soul. If in solitude it is already difficult to unite oneself to God, how will it be possible in the midst of the noises of the world! Have no care to be known of men: happy he who does not embarrass himself in the affairs of this world. Peace and happiness are besides at this price!… Avoid curiosity, source of a thousand disquiets. Why meddle with things which do not concern us? One does not think of what one is ignorant of…” The Blessed thanked God unceasingly for having put her in the impossibility of abusing her body. That holy joviality which had distinguished her in her young years did not abandon her. When she saw melancholy on faces, “Come,” she said, “come here, that I may put you back into the arms of Jesus. What! should not the thought of the paradise which is reserved for us drive away all black thoughts? All will end, sorrows like everything else. Do you think I shall remain eternally on my bed? you know well that no. Since paradise is the reward of sufferings, let us suffer joyfully. Come, abandonment, without second thought, into the hands of God!” And her word was so convinced that one felt moved, changed, stronger and more confident.

The demon, to whom it has been given to tempt even the purest souls, did not fail to add to all her torments: he made rise in her the singular thought that she was not sick and that her conduct was only hypocrisy. “Ah,” she cried then, “provided the evil spirit does not take possession of the issues of my soul!” To these thoughts others succeeded, so that, to use her expression, the demon always had some bone to give her to gnaw.

These temptations gave her very low sentiments of herself. “Fear God,” she often said; “see in my person how he punishes sin. I have well deserved all that I suffer.” She repeated this maxim of Saint Augustine: “The sinner is struck on account of his sin; having forgotten God in his lifetime, he will indeed have to remember him after his death.” For the rest, humility did not destroy in her confidence, and hope did not degenerate into presumption.

To strengthen her, the Lord raised her up to the most sublime contemplation, to ecstasy. But as she often fell into syncope, the resemblance between these two states served her marvellously to hide the favours of which

she was the object. The malady of the stone, which had come to be added to so many other tortures, was to put an end to this long martyrdom. After having received, during her illness, Extreme Unction eight times; after having drained the chalice of sufferings, Mary-Bartholomea went to receive in heaven the crown due to her patience (28 May 1577).

The convent of the Carmelites of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi sanctified herself, received the mortal remains of the Blessed: immediately after her death the religious rendered her a private cult of veneration, and if the glory of Saint Mary Magdalen had not come to eclipse hers, the process of her beatification would have been pushed more actively. It was certainly not the intention of Saint Mary Magdalen to delay it, since she assured that the soul of Mary-Bartholomea enjoyed in heaven a glory equal to that of Saint Catherine of Siena. It was only in 1804 that Pius VII approved the cult rendered to her from time immemorial.

Sources: AA. SS., corollary at 28 May. — New translation.

Saint Chéron, Martyr in the Chartres Country (1st century)

The wisdom and the science of this world are folly before God.

Passage of the epistles of Saint Paul which converted Saint Chéron.

Saint Chéron was a Roman by birth and a patrician. His education corresponded to his rank. He owed his conversion to a reading which he made by chance in the epistles of Saint Paul. Having had himself instructed and baptized, he formed the resolution of giving himself to God and would never consent to the will of his parents, who exhorted him to marry. When these were dead, he distributed to the poor the great goods which they had left him and entered into sacred orders. However, it does not appear that he went beyond the diaconate, his humility having prevented him from mounting higher. He left Rome under the reign of Domitian to come into the Gauls. He visited first Marseilles and Lyons and the neighbouring regions, where his teaching and his miracles brought a great number of persons to the faith. At last he arrived at Chartres about the time when Saint Denis was laying the first foundations of the Christian faith among the Parisians. God made him powerful in works and in words, and not only did he strengthen in their belief the Christians converted by Saint Potentian and Saint Altin, but he increased considerably the number of the faithful, and merited the title of Apostle of Chartres.

In the midst of the peoples who were attached to him, he regretted not being able to win the glorious palm of martyrdom, the desire of which inflamed his soul; but he at last owed to charity what the enemies of the faith refused him. He had set out for the country of the Parisians, with some of his disciples, in order to carry the evangelical seed to that land also. They were scarcely three leagues from Chartres when they fell into an ambush of robbers. Inspired by his charity, Chéron counselled his companions to think of their safety while he diverted the attention of the brigands by his discourse. The disciples went away, Chéron advanced to meet the robbers: they seized him to rob him; but, furious at finding neither gold nor silver on the minister of God, they at once cut off his head. The disciples came out, towards evening, from the hiding-place where they had concealed themselves from the robbers and found the body of their master stretched lifeless on the ground. They carried it away to bury it on a mountain which he had indicated to them in his lifetime as the place of his sepulture. This mountain, rather near Chartres, was called afterwards Montagne-Sainte.

God made the tomb of Saint Chéron celebrated by many miracles; wherefore a citizen of the town of Chartres had a church built in honour of this Saint, in the time of the sons or at the latest of the grandsons of Clovis. This church, Papoul, bishop of Chartres, entrusted the administration and service to a congregation of clerics: later, Ferdinand de Ville-Neuve gave it in full property to the canons regular of Saint Augustine. The same canons already possessed the other church of Saint-Chéron, which stood three and a half leagues from Chartres, on the very spot where the Saint had been killed; still now there exists in that place a village named

Saint-Chéron-du-Chemin. In 1824 Claude-Hippolyte de Montalte, bishop of Chartres, bought back the site of this ancient monastery, and established a little seminary there. In 1849 Louis-Eugène Regnauld, also bishop of Chartres, made in the same place the dedication of a new church, in which he placed honourably the relics of Saint Chéron, relics profaned at the end of the 18th century, but gathered and preserved in great part by some pious persons.

Sources: AA. SS.; Proper of Chartres; — M. Cartier junior published, in the *Archaeological Review of Paris*, year 1849, a seal of the 13th century on which is represented the legend of Saint Chéron.

Saint Theodulus, Prefect of Constantinople and Stylite (about 450)

He was prefect of Constantinople under Theodosius the Great. The spectacle of the corruption of those he administered disgusted him with the world. God having called to himself the wife to whom he had been united for only two years, he abandoned riches and dignities, and withdrew upon a stylite's column near Edessa, in Syria. He had been there many years when it came into his thought to make this prayer to God: "Lord," he said, "if I have deserved to please you, make known to me which of your servants who fight and suffer in this world I can compare myself to." A voice made itself heard and answered: "You are not inferior to the comedian Cornelius, surnamed the Harp-player, and who dwells at Damascus." At once Theodulus descended from his column and set out for Damascus. Having met Cornelius, he threw himself at his feet and asked him what was his manner of life. Pressed by the prayers of the Stylite, Cornelius answered: "Alas! father, brought up from my childhood among mountebanks and mimes, I led their manner of life, committing all sorts of enormous crimes. At night, however, my thought sometimes paused on the universal judgment. I came to detest my sins, to ask pardon for them, to take the resolution of conducting myself better, and I gave as many alms as was in my power." Theodulus did not hold himself satisfied and pressed his interlocutor further. The latter added: "A woman, as noble as rich and beautiful, fell to a man who led a life of debauchery, and who soon had dissipated not only his property, but that of his wife. The prodigal husband was cast into prison, at the demand of the usurers who had ruined him. The unfortunate wife set herself to begging to amass the wherewithal to deliver him. I met this woman and remarked that in holding out her hand she turned away her face, red with shame. I asked her what series of untoward events had reduced her, so beautiful and so young, to this miserable condition of beggar, where her virtue was so exposed. Having learned all, the tears rose to my eyes and I said to her: 'How much do you need, noble woman, to pay the debts of your husband?' — 'Four hundred crowns,' she answered. Setting myself then to make an inventory of my fortune, I discovered that I did not possess beyond two hundred and thirty crowns: the gap was enormous. I sold some furniture and objects of luxury, and realized on this head seventy crowns. To make up the sum, I threw into the hands of this unhappy woman my precious clothes and the necklace I wore on my neck. 'There, dear lady,' I said to her, 'regard all that as yours, and go and draw your husband from prison.'"

Theodulus was in admiration. After a long silence, he rendered aloud thanks to the divine Goodness. He returned afterwards to his column where he lived only a small number of days. When he died, the angel of hope came to gather his last breath and bore his soul to heaven. Saint Theodulus died a nonagenarian: he had left Constantinople at the age of forty-two years.

Sources: AA. SS., new translation.

Saint Manuée or Manvieu, Bishop of Bayeux (about 480)

Manuée was born of Christian parents, at Bayeux, about the middle of the 5th century. Immediately after his studies, which he made under the best masters, he showed himself full of piety towards God and of charity towards the poor. He passed his adolescence in the midst of his fellow-countrymen, whose esteem he merited. During the invasions of the barbarians, who put everything to fire and blood in the universe, he made himself useful to his country by ransoming captives, by taking care of the poor, by breaking for the

afflicted the bread of consolation, and by suggesting, by his good advice, salutary thoughts to sinners.

About the time of the retreat of Attila, after the death of Valentinian, who perished assassinated, under the reigns of the emperor Marcian and of king Merovech, he withdrew to the country (to Saon, it is said) with three companions to follow monastic institutions there. But this retreat did not prevent him from going to instruct the peoples of his neighbourhood by frequent preachings. It was during these apostolic excursions that he raised a dead man who was being carried to burial and cured a woman of whom the physicians despaired.

About the year 465 he was recalled to Bayeux by the clergy and people of that city, who united to put him in the place of their bishop, Saint Lupus, who had died on 25 October of the same year. He governed this church with all the vigilance and all the charity of a true pastor. He continued until the end of his life without ceasing to bear, by the mortification of his body, the burden of the cross of the divine Master. During the forty-seven days which preceded his death he took no other food than the holy Eucharist. He left the earth on 23 May, about the year 480, to go to enjoy the repose of the blessed: he was buried in the church of Saint-Exuperius.

Sources: Proper of Bayeux; *Pontifical France*.

The Blessed John of Jesus-Mary, General of the Discalced Carmelites (1615)

The blessed John of Jesus-Mary, one of the greatest personages of his century, was born in Spain in the year 1564, and had for place of his birth the same as Saint Dominic, namely Calaruega, in the diocese of Osma. He was called John from his baptismal name, and from his name in religion or of spiritual birth, Jesus, Mary, the two names which are the source of our happiness; and thus he was named John of Jesus-Mary. It is said that one of his aunts saw him in spirit, when he was only five years old, as already clothed in the habit of a discalced Carmelite, and held for a Saint at Rome itself. This prophecy was accomplished long afterwards, for his life, his renown, his books and his death, which were so many prodigies, give sufficient proofs of his celebrity and his holiness. History, too sparing of details on his first years, on his studies, on the virtues of his youth, on the place of his education, on the masters who formed him, forces us to be sober ourselves on this period of his life. We know only that he made profession in the year 1583, and that the execution of his vocation to the religious life was one of the most heroic acts: he had to trample under foot all the considerations of high birth, of great fortune, the regrets of a widowed mother, and the desolation of two orphan sisters.

Destined to give himself to scholastic science, he became a distinguished master in it. He followed the example of the great Saints, who expected the knowledge they desired to have rather from help from on high than from study, penetration of mind and extent of memory; that is, he sought science only at the foot of the crucifix; and such was his respect for holy Scripture that he always read it on his knees and bareheaded. Thus he rose to an immense height above his century in the most sublime things. He was regarded at Rome as the oracle of his time, and the admiration which attached to his name and his virtues was such that the cardinals Ptolemy, Gallicus, Camésis, Sfondrate and Bellarmine honoured him with an esteem and even a veneration quite particular. The latter above all, the learned Bellarmine, finding in him, says one of his biographers, another himself by his science and piety, loved and cherished him with the liveliest tenderness. Saint Francis de Sales and Bossuet both made a great eulogy of him. Here is how the illustrious bishop of Meaux speaks of him; having to cite him in his book *Mystici in tuto*, part the first, chapter XV, vol. X, he says: *Quem in locum sanctae matris, Joannes a Jesu Maria summus theologus, summusque mysticus, et in contemplativo ordine Carmelitarum discalceatorum ad summum honorem evectus, haec habet, etc.*

The life of this holy religious was a mirror of all perfection: he was meek and humble of heart like his divine Master, charitable to others, austere for himself alone and patient with all; given to prayer and contemplation,

he had made the most astonishing progress in it; full of compassion for sinners, burning with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he consumed himself in preaching and in direction: he was elected general of his whole Order after having passed through all the grades. The multitude and greatness of his knowledge is sufficiently attested by all that is about to be read. In the *General History of the Discalced Carmelites*, translated from the Spanish by the reverend Father Gabriel de la Croix, it is said (page 454, vol. ii) "that if the health of his body had equalled that of his mind, he would most certainly have united in his single person the angelic Saint Thomas and the eloquent Saint Gregory of Nazianzus. One can judge of all this, says this historian, by the works which he has left, and in which it is easy to remark at once the gravity of his eloquence and the profundity of his doctrine in his commentaries on holy Scripture, and in his spiritual treatises, which are of a great perfection." Here is the list and titles of these divers works: A Commentary on the book of Job; — one on the Canticle of canticles; — one on the Lamentations of Jeremiah; — a historical, allegorical and topological Paraphrase of the Psalms; — the *Theologia mystica*; — the *Disciplina monastica*; — *Instructio magistri novitiorum*; — *Disciplina claustralis*; — *Liber de prudentia justorum*; — *Stimulus compunctionis*; — *Schola Jesu Christi*; — *Schola de oratione et contemplatione*; — *Epistola Christi ad hominem*; — *Ars amandi Deum*; — *Ars gubernandi*; — *Ars concionandi*; — *Vita virginis Teresiae*; — *Ars vivendi spiritualiter*; — *Ars bene moriendi*. All these works form an enormous volume in folio containing three tomes, printed at Cologne in 1650, entitled: *Opera omnia, etc., R. P. Joannis a Jesu Maria.* However, a life so occupied, so laborious and so mortified, with a health so frail, could not be prolonged long: he succumbed under the weight of fatigue, at the age of fifty-one years; it was on 28 May of the year 1615.

His death was beautiful and holy like his life, or rather it was only a sweet repose and the sleep of a Blessed. He rendered his soul to God at Frascati, a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome. His precious remains were deposited in the church of Saint Sylvester, where they are the object of the greatest veneration. His body has remained incorrupt to this day: several miracles have been repeated at his tomb. In fine, his name is always surrounded with glory and splendour in all his Order as in all the Church.

Sources: Cf. *Spirit of the Saints*, by M. the abbé Grimes.

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[1] The blessed James-Philip Bertoni, born at Faenza, in Italy, entered at the age of nine years the Order of the Servites, in consequence of a vow which his father had made during a great illness. Although a child, he at once practised numerous austerities. Having pronounced his vows as soon as he could consecrate himself to God, he fulfilled with much gentleness and prudence divers employments which were entrusted to him, and above all the charge of superior. His horror of the least sins was so lively that he purified himself every day by the Sacrament of penance. God hastened to call to himself this innocent soul. James-Philip died in 1484, being only thirty-nine years old. Pope Clement XIII approved, on 22 July 1761, the cult rendered to this Blessed, who is honoured in his Order on 28 May.

[2] We have given the notice of Lanfranc after the Life of Saint Leo II. He is not generally considered as Blessed.

[3] An old author is more precise and says: "The glorious and beloved of God, Monsieur Saint Germain, native of Autun, in the faubourg Saint-Blaise, of the high street, otherwise the street Sainte-Anastasie…"

[4] Fortunatus.

[5] It is known that the too celebrated arch-heretic gave up his bowels.

[6] When there is question of the deliverance of prisoners in the legends of the Saints, it is well to know that it is above all a matter of prisoners for debt, and debts towards the treasury: at all times the latter has been hard, but above all in the times of conquests.

[7] *Sub duce Germano felix exercitus hic est.*

[8] *Palatiolum*, little palace of the Frankish kings.

29 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, on the Aurelian Way, the birth into heaven of Saint Restitutus, martyr.[1] — At Iconium, a city of Isauria, the martyrdom of Saint Conon and of his son, aged twelve years, who, under the emperor Aurelian, suffered with constancy the torment of the gridiron placed on burning coals, of burning oil poured on their limbs, of suspension on the rack and of flames; had at last their hands crushed with a wooden mallet, and gave up the spirit.[2] 275. — The same day, the feast of the holy martyrs Sisinnius, Martyrius and Alexander, who, in the time of the emperor Honorius, as Paulinus writes, persecuted by the pagans, won the palm of martyrdom in the Val d'Egna. 397. — At Caesarea Philippi, the holy martyrs Theodosia, mother of the holy martyr Procopius, and twelve other noble matrons, beheaded in the persecution of

Diocletian. — In Umbria, the passion of one thousand five hundred and twenty-five glorious martyrs. — At Trier, Saint Maximin, bishop and confessor, who received with honour Saint Athanasius when he was banished and relegated to the Gauls by the faction of the Arian heretics. 349. — At Verona, Saint Maximus, bishop.[3] 4th century. — At Arce, in the Roman countryside, Saint Eleutherius, confessor.

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

In Poitou, memory of five children of the Loudunais, born towards the end of the 3rd century. — At Avignonet, near Toulouse, the blessed Raymond Scriptor, canon and archdeacon of Toulouse, massacred for the faith by the Albigensians with three Dominicans, two Cordeliers, a Benedictine and four others. 1242. — At Soissons, the feast of Saint Restituta, virgin and martyr, mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on the 27th of this month. — At Bayeux, the feast of Saint Ortaire, abbot. — Besides, Saint Ragnachaire, bishop of the united dioceses of Augst (a city now ruined) and of Basel. He was first a monk of Luxeuil. 7th century.

Martyrologies of the religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines, Camaldolese and Vallombrosans. — Saint Gennadius.[4] *Martyrology of the Cistercians.* — Saint Philip Neri, confessor.[5] *Martyrology of the Franciscans.* — Saint Ubald, bishop.[6]

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — Saint Felix of Cantalice.[7]

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At Florence, the blessed Humiliana, widow, of the Third Order of Saint Francis, illustrious by the virtue of

abstinence, of patience, and by the glory of miracles. Her decease happened on 17 May; but her feast is today among us.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Genoa, Saint Revocatus, martyr, who figures in the proper office of that church, but of whom nothing is known. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, the saints Cyril, Carella, Primolus, Findus, Venusia, Gissin, Alexander, Thredenthea and Jocundus, martyrs. — In Africa, the saints Primus, Accidia, Passimona and one hundred and fifty-three others, martyrs. — At Tournai, the translation of the holy Roman martyrs Victor and Scyrenaeus, whose bodies were given, in 1630, to the discalced Carmelites of that city. — In the province of Cornwall, in England, Saint Buriena, virgin. She was a religious who came from Ireland, whose holiness cast so much lustre that the place where she lived took her name and a collegiate church was founded to honour her relics. 5th or 6th century. — At Antioch, the blessed Mary, virgin, who resisted all the seductions of one named Anthemus and the artifices of magic. — At San Juan de la Peña, in Aragon, the saints Yote and Felix, brothers, natives of Saragossa, and Saint John of Atarès, solitary. Vote was a noble Christian lord of Saragossa to whom the conquest of his country by the Saracens left all his leisure. One day when he was pursuing a stag too eagerly in the hunt, he nearly was hurled into a precipice. At sight of the danger he invoked Saint John the Baptist and at once the feet of his horse fixed themselves in the rock. In returning to his dwelling the noble Spaniard met on his road an abandoned oratory and at the corner of the altar a corpse, and near it a letter conceived thus: "I, John, have built this little church in honour of the precursor and have

lived as a hermit. Amen." Vote hastened to render the honours of burial to the solitary, then, touched by grace, he sold all his goods, gave them to the poor and came to dwell, for the rest of his days, in the retreat which the hermit John had left empty: his brother Felix followed him, and both lived holily. About 757. — At Constantinople, another Saint Theodosia, martyred in the following circumstances: there was in the vestibule of the palace of the emperors a statue of the Saviour, in bronze, erected by Constantine the Great. In the nineteenth year of his reign, Leo the Isaurian, the image-breaker, wished to overthrow it. Already the demolishers were at work, when some pious women, our Theodosia at their head, overturned the ladder applied against the statue; which brought about the death of a workman. The emperor, furious, put these courageous Christians to death amid the most frightful torments. 716. — In Calabria, Saint Joachim, abbot and founder of the Order of Flora, celebrated for his prophecies.[8] Year 1202. — At Pisa, in Tuscany, Saint Bona, virgin, of the Order of Canons Regular. She passed her young years in divers pilgrimages. In the desert of the Quarantine, in Palestine, Our Lord betrothed her to himself by giving her a marvellous ring. She was invoked formerly by the Pisan navigators, doubtless on account of the numerous voyages she made by sea. The blessed Bona predicted the foundation of the Order of Saint Dominic. She is represented kneeling before the tomb of Saint James of Compostela. Year 1207. — In the same city, the blessed Gerardesca, religious of the Order of the Camaldolese. About the year 1240. — In Bavaria, the blessed Marquard, of the Order of Friars Minor. Year 1327. — At Constantinople, the blessed Andrew Chio, martyr, put to death by the Turks. It is known that the union of the Greeks with Rome, accomplished at the council of Florence, lasted thirty years. It was during this short interval that God chose for himself a martyr in the Greek church. Andrew, a native of Trebizond, had come on pilgrimage to a sanctuary of the Virgin at Constantinople. As he passed his days in visiting the churches, two of his fellow-citizens, who had apostatized, denounced him to the Turkish judge as having renounced Mahometanism after having made profession of it, which is a crime worthy of death according to the Koran. False witnesses were suborned, who affirmed that they had seen him at Alexandria in Egypt practising the religion of Mahomet. Andrew proved that he had never been at Alexandria; it was ascertained moreover that he was not circumcised; but his ruin was resolved: he was placed in the alternative of either renouncing Jesus Christ or dying. He accepted death, which came to deliver him only after unheard-of tortures. Year 1465. — At Siena, in Tuscany, the blessed Peter Petrone, Carthusian, who cut off a finger so as not to be ordained priest, so much did his humility dread this honour. He had knowledge of the death of the too famous John Boccaccio, and sent one of the religious of the Charterhouse, named Joackim, to preach the judgments of God to this licentious writer. It is said that Boccaccio was touched by the discourses of the religious, that he renounced profane literature and thought no more than of dying as a Christian. — At York, in England, martyrdom of Richard, priest of the English seminary of Douai, who was condemned to the punishment of traitors for having reconciled with the Roman Church subjects of the queen. 29 May 1583.

Saint Restituta, Virgin and Martyr

3rd century.

Aurelian governed the Roman republic when a horrible tempest of persecution arose against the Christians: which ought to surprise the less since this emperor had, it is said, such a hatred for the name of Christ that he broke into words of execration when he heard it pronounced. The worshippers of Christ were therefore daily put to death in a thousand different ways, by virtue of the laws which he had published everywhere: some were condemned to the beasts, others to the mines; others were delivered to the flames, some were stoned. And thus the impious vied in cruelty, some even from motives of religion; for, according to the divine oracle, they thought to serve the Lord by striving to abolish the Christian name.

At that time there lived at Rome, in the region called Trastevere, a young girl named Restituta, a woman of rare beauty and of patrician origin; but orthodox faith and the assemblage of all the virtues adorned her with a

still more precious lustre. Her father was named Ethel, and her mother Dabia: both of them, says the legend, had as many vices as riches and dignities. When she had come to marriageable age, her great goods, and what is held at so high a price, her nobility of origin, made her sought by a crowd of young patricians, who employed vying means to arrive at possessing her. Her parents therefore asked her which of these young men of so high birth she preferred. She answered that she had a heavenly and immortal spouse, and that consequently she did not trouble herself to covet conjugal union with a mortal and corruptible man; then she added: “Let them go where they will, these perishable men, and let them take wives who resemble them: as for me, who have in heaven an eternal spouse, I have no need to choose a mortal one on this earth. I care little for the reproach of sterility; for this magnificent spouse, himself the son of a virgin, produces every day innumerable children of chastity; and, in his quality of spouse of virgins, he will soon procure me the joy of a numerous offspring, without any detriment to my virginity. Far from me then the enemies of modesty! far from me the loss of this treasure! far from me all the pomp of soft and sumptuous adornments! One may take pleasure in them for an instant; but no advantage comes of them for the future life. I love to see shine in my soul the pearl of lively faith, the hyacinth of firm hope and the carbuncle of charity, ardent as fire. Adorned with these jewels, I shall await the coming of the heavenly spouse, until, mingled with the wise virgins, I have the happiness of being admitted to his most intimate favours.” By this answer she appeased her parents, and repressed the ardent desires of these young men.

But, as the persecution against the Christians redoubled in fury, and cruel lictors ran on all sides like famished dogs, Restituta, fearing the fragility of human nature, and wishing to provide for the guard of her modesty, hid herself in the most retired place of the house, and prostrating on the ground, addressed to God this prayer: “Almighty Lord, who, by your Word, who is Wisdom, created all things out of nothing in the beginning; you who, in the fullness of times, marvellously repaired lost man, by this same Son born of a Virgin, that he might teach us to lead on this earth a wholly heavenly life, awaiting the reward of heaven, and that henceforth holiness of soul and body might render equals of the angels those who had been at first the companions of demons by their innumerable and shameful sins; I pray you, O creator of bodies, enlightener of minds, hope and life of the faithful, I beseech you to create in me, your servant, a clean heart and to renew in it the spirit of rectitude, that, strengthened by the sovereign Spirit, I may despise the inflamed darts of concupiscence, count for nothing the fury of idolaters, and follow in all things your most holy Son, the spotless Lamb. And because my age and my sex have only very feeble defences, I claim from the army of heaven an angelic succour, by which I may have the happiness of being protected and rendered strong and constant in all that pleases you: I beseech you by your co-eternal Son, with whom you live and reign in the love and union of the Holy Spirit, through all ages. Amen.”

After she had finished her prayer, an angel of the Lord presented himself before her. At his aspect she was at first a little troubled, as ordinarily happens to virgins; but the blessed spirit reassured her by these words: “Your prayer, O Restituta, has been heard: you will always be aided by heavenly grace, which will make you overcome the assaults of the flesh and despise the pomps of demons, and which will raise you to the summit of all the virtues. Know also that, by order of God, I am come to guard you. I am not ignorant that the master of discord is disposing himself to excite against you the abettors of his perversity; but fear nothing; you have with you that immortal Spouse whom you love; he knows how to break the forces of the tempter, and he wishes to give you the victory in the combat, and afterwards the crown in eternity.” The angel having thus spoken, disappeared; and Restituta, strengthened and quite joyful at such great promises, gave herself to sleep.

While she slept, the ancient enemy of the human race appeared to her under a horrible form, in the midst of thick darkness, and said to her in a menacing tone: “Whence comes it, then, Restituta, that you rest so sweetly and so agreeably? You rejoice doubtless at the oracle of the angel? But before these things happen, I shall employ all my forces to make against you a bitter war: I shall arm all those who serve me, in order that,

if you triumph, your victory at least may not be, as you think, without shedding of blood. I know that you are meditating my own ruin and that of my divinities; but the lies of my ancient wiles will not fail me to bring your projects to nought." And in saying these last words, he made a flaming sword shine in the midst of the darkness, with which he threatened her, saying: "I shall entrust this sword to one of mine, who will use it to cut your throat and strike off this head which is so rebellious to me; and then your tongue, which is likewise so contrary to me, will dry up silent in this head separated from the trunk." The virgin of Christ, a little frightened by these threats, arms her brow with the shield of the cross; then, signing herself all over, she said: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered, and let them that hate him flee from before his face!" At these words of the Psalm, the phantom took flight and vanished in a light mist. The servant of Christ then threw herself on the ground, and began in these terms to implore the clemency of the Lord: "Arise, Lord, help your servant, lest my enemy say: I have prevailed against her. For, O my sovereign Lord, your words have penetrated to the bottom of my heart. Since then I have been shaken by the terrible threats of this infernal spirit, grant that your mercy may strengthen me, and establish me so solidly in your love that I may remain constantly attached to your service." She had prayed; and at once he who is the salvation and life of the human race, Christ Jesus, according as he has promised to be present even before he is invoked, appeared in a visible manner to the blessed virgin; then, chasing all fear from her mind, and filling her with delights by his presence: "Why, Restituta," he said to her, "why are you troubled? Have you then forgotten that he is a liar and the father of lies? Do you not know that, having been vanquished by the trophy of my cross and chained in its flames, he can do absolutely nothing except by my permission? If he said these things to you, it is because I permitted it, in order that he who hoped by such threats to cast down the vigour of your soul might be himself broken by your constancy, and flee confounded at having been vanquished by a young girl. Now then that you are inured to our warfare, attack him who wished to inspire you with fright. Betake yourself to the city of Sora, to snatch from his tyranny the people whom I have redeemed with my blood, and to unite the creature to its Creator. Fear nothing from the weakness of your age and sex: I am with you, I whose power holds heaven suspended, earth in equilibrium and the sea within its limits." Restituta answered: "In the design of preserving virginal modesty, and to avoid the society of the young debauched, I scarcely went out sometimes from the house: how then shall I be able to go to the city indicated, I who do not even know in what place of the world it is situated?" And the Lord said to her: "Tomorrow morning, as soon as the sun begins to enlighten the earth, betake yourself in all haste to that gate of the city which is called the Lateran: there you will find a guide whom I shall send you, who will conduct you to the place where you are to go." After having given these orders, the Lord re-entered into his inaccessible light.

The virgin, obeying the voice of God, rose promptly in the morning, and betook herself to the place which he had indicated to her, and she found there the angel of the Lord prepared for the journey. Having saluted him, she spoke to him thus first, her eyes lowered: "I think, sir, that you know the motive of my arrival in this place: now order what I am henceforth to do; I am ready to accomplish all that you shall tell me." The angel said to her: "You know by the oracle of the voice of God that you are to betake yourself to Sora, a city of Campania; as it is distant from Rome about forty miles, so long a journey might cause us fatigue, if we did not take care to take first a little rest." Restituta, acquiescing in this useful counsel, stretched herself a moment on the ground with modesty, and slept a little. The angel, seizing her thus all asleep, transported her, in a marvellous manner, from the city of Rome to Sora. Restituta, on awaking, found herself at the gates of that city; which caused her great astonishment. But she easily understood that this had happened in a supernatural manner; and she rendered thanks for it to God, who does all that he wills in heaven and on earth.

She entered then, under the conduct of Christ, into this famous city, and retired to the house of a widow, whose son, for two years and eight months, was so tormented by leprosy that his body, without movement, seemed to be only the sepulchre of his soul. The virgin of Christ, at this sight, ravished with joy that this circumstance was going to open a way to the preaching of the Gospel, said: "O mother, put an end to your sadness; there is in heaven an almighty physician who can restore your son to you, provided both of you

apply yourselves to render him the homage that is due to him." The widow, filled with joy, promises that she and her child will believe, if the virgin accomplishes so dear a promise. Restituta throws herself at once on her knees, and, raising her hands to heaven, begins in these terms to implore the divine goodness: "Eternal God, creator and author of all things, assist, as you have promised, your servant, and what I ask with confidence, grant it with kindness, so that after you have cleansed this child of his leprosy, the souls of the inhabitants of this city, infected with idolatry, may be cleansed by holy baptism and praise for ever your adorable name." Marvellous thing! the effect followed the petition; this disease with its foul spots disappeared, and in sight of all who were present the young man appeared full of health. This prodigy filled the widow with astonishment, with all her family; and, unable to contain her transports, she began to sing with all her heart the praises of God. The neighbours, hearing these bursts of voice, are moved; all run up with haste, desiring to see both him who had been healed in so marvellous a way, and the blessed virgin who had wrought so great a miracle. The young man, whose soul had become still healthier than his body, said to them: "My fellow-citizens, what you see is no experiment of any physician, it is the work of Jesus Christ, Son of the almighty God, who, by his servant Restituta, whom he himself sent from Rome hither, has healed me without effort, suddenly and completely; which demonstrates invincibly that we are the creatures of him who thus remakes us when he wills." Seeing then so great a prodigy, and hearing so evident a testimony, forty of the bystanders believed in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, as the author of evil always raises obstacles to the best beginnings, some of those who were there, filled with a diabolical spirit, began to contradict the assertions of truth, and to repel with obstinacy the salutary counsels. This admirable young man, despising their contradictions and reproaching them firmly with the hardness of their heart, ceased not to make the praises of Christ resound. Meanwhile, the news reaches the ears of the proconsul Agathius. He orders at once that the enemy of the idols be brought to him, hands tied behind his back; then he said to him: "Cyril, is what has been reported to me true? Have you then become so stupid as to despise the gods of the fatherland and introduce into the Roman empire new divinities?" Cyril answered: "Yes, certainly, it is true, O proconsul, that I have forsaken feeble gods, who never could either help me or help themselves, to attach myself by faith to the almighty God Jesus Christ, who has healed me so perfectly by the invocation of his name and the mediation of his servant Restituta." Agathius, astonished at what he hears, inquires after the dwelling of a woman endowed with so great a power. "She lodges with us," said Cyril, "and it is God who has sent her to us in his goodness." The proconsul sends at once his apparitors, after having commanded them to bring her to him with much regard, and to present her at his tribunal. When she had arrived, the proconsul said to her: "Tell me, young girl, what is your name, your origin, your religion, and what motive has brought you into this city?" She answered without timidity: "I am named Restituta; I belong to a noble family of the city of Rome; I have embraced the Christian religion; and it is by order of Christ and for your salvation that I have been sent here." The judge, embarrassed by this answer, said to her: "We believe, young girl, that you are ignorant of what the majesty of the emperors has decreed with regard to Christians; and it is for that reason that you did not fear to avow yourself publicly a Christian. But as you appear very young, we pardon your ignorance, in order that, leaving superstition aside, you may obey the decrees of the princes, by burning incense in honour of the immortal gods and by offering them victims. If you do so, you will soon enjoy the honour of our alliance, and you who at present lead a life exposed to misery, you will be for ever in the delights of opulence."

The blessed virgin answered him: "It seems to me, O judge, that you propose to me three things: the first, which is an impiety, I hold in horror; the other two, I despise as frivolous. You pretend, you say, to spare me; but that is not sparing me, it is rather showing yourself cruel, in seeking to persuade me to abandon the Creator, to honour creatures in place of God, then to despise the immortal spouse in order to receive you for husband, you who certainly could in nothing compare yourself to him. He is the king of kings, the lord of potentates; you, you are the subject of an earthly king, and in your anxiety to be disgraced by him, you will never be tranquil. For a moment, you seem brilliant with dignities and health; but in a little while you will

become the food of worms. What a misfortune then would it not be for me to forsake so great a good and to covet such miseries!" The proconsul, stupefied at so sublime an answer, but indignant within himself, said to her: "It is likely that you follow the raving follies of the Christians, since you did not fear to utter such trifles before our tribunal; believe me, renounce all these subtleties, and come and sacrifice on the altars of the gods, lest you make a sad experience of the power we have and which your artful lies seem to despise." The blessed virgin answered him: "We have not come to defile ourselves with your sacrileges, but to turn you away from them and teach you to serve the only true God. As for your threats, they make us not tremble, because he who has promised his protection is stronger than he who threatens us with torments." The proconsul, irritated at so bold an answer, gave the order to stretch her on the ground, and to beat her with redoubled blows with scorpions. His barbarous orders are executed at once; and yet, in the midst of the noise of the blows, neither murmurs nor groans are heard, but rather a sweet voice of jubilation and praise, which sings to the Lord: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has visited his servant. It is now that I receive the presents of my spouse and splendid adornments; the outward man is torn, but the inward man is renewed by grace." Agathius, hearing these words, said to her: "What is this, Restituta? Are blows your delight? Do torments please you, that you sing so heartily a hymn to your Christ?" And the Saint: "What you say there," she answered, "is the very truth; for, as our Apostle says, the sufferings of this life are nothing compared with the future glory which shall be manifested in us." The judge, more and more irritated, orders her to be cast into the dungeons of the prison, to be bound with seven heavy iron chains, and to be left seven days without drink or food. The orders of this ferocious judge are punctually executed.

But the heavenly Spouse did not abandon the virgin. An angel descended from heaven; at his arrival the prison became resplendent, the iron chains melted like wax, hunger was not felt, the virgin regained strength and found herself healed of her wounds. Having thus received abundant consolations, she rendered thanks for them to Christ her lord; and while, raised to a high contemplation, she sang hymns, the Lord Jesus Christ deigned to approach her in person: he strengthened her in an admirable manner, to make her firm against new combats; then he served her a marvellous meal which cannot be described, so provisioned was it with heavenly sweetness; and after having blessed her with that hand which sustains heaven, he returned to the right hand of his Father, which he has never left. Oh! what superabundant grace of Christ on this virgin! what is promised to the saints for eternal life is granted to her from the present life; the virgin, clothed with this corruptible flesh, has the enjoyment of that admirable face which the angels desire to contemplate!

The guards became all trembling and consternated at this spectacle; they were at first as if struck with stupor: then, come to themselves, and judging that a divine power alone could have entered the prison with the doors closed, and break the chains as the lightest obstacle, they prostrate at the feet of the virgin, conjuring her to teach them to honour that God who, under their eyes, had wrought so many marvellous prodigies. Restituta, full of joy at seeing that she began to snatch spoils from Satan, sent at once some of them to announce to a holy priest named Cyril what had just happened. This venerable priest came at once, and baptized about thirty-nine persons. But there was at the same time a new proof that envy always spreads snares for virtue; for a traitor, one knows not who, went and discovered to the judge Agathius all that had passed. The proconsul, much troubled by this event, ordered his apparitors to bring to his tribunal Restituta with Cyril and all the neophytes. In going there, the virgin of Christ suggested to them what they were to answer to the judge, and ceased not to strengthen them against the combats they would have to sustain. When they were before the tribunal, Agathius furiously said to them: "Is it true what we have learned, that you have forsaken the immortal gods revered by our princes, to adore I know not what Christ?" They all answered with one voice: "It is very true: we have rejected useless effigies of dead men, and we have embraced the faith in Jesus Christ, creator of all things, the true eternal God, by whose virtue, under our eyes and without the help of any material light, the prison was suddenly illuminated; and this blessed virgin was nourished with a heavenly food, to strengthen her against your fury. Know then, and make no doubt of it, that this faith will remain with us as long as life, whatever you say or do." Agathius could not contain himself longer, and with a tongue full

of gall cried out: “Who are then these profane men who with so much audacity reproach us with the impotence of the immortal gods? Let them be led to the gilded temple, and let them be ordered to burn incense in honour of the sacred divinities; if they refuse, let their heads be cut off.” They were therefore led to that place; and as they refused to sacrifice to the idols, they themselves became the victims of Christ. After the persecution, this ancient temple was destroyed, and in the very place where these Christians had been martyred, the devotion of the faithful erected a church in honour of the blessed Mother of Christ and of Saint Peter, prince of the Apostles.

The virgin of Christ, learning the constancy and glorious end of the holy Martyrs, joined the venerable priest Cyril to render thanks to God, who had been pleased to accept this glorious holocaust of his faithful sheep. The iniquitous judge having perceived it, said to his people: “See, citizens, the inhumanity of these men, who esteem as a gain the loss of their fellows. What designs ought we to settle on to put an end to such things? Well! let them themselves make the experience of what they are so glad to see others suffer, so that, if they rejoice at the death of others, they may at least groan at their own misfortune.” And without further delay, he ordered their bodies to be burned with burning torches; but these holy Martyrs could not feel this exterior fire, they who burned inwardly with the ardours of the Holy Spirit. Thus no groan was heard to come from their mouths; on the contrary, they blessed aloud the Lord who assisted them in the combat, and who, by his powerful virtue and grace, suddenly extinguished the fire of the torches and obscured the sight of the executioners, so that at the same instant the light of the torches and that of these perfidious men vanished.

The satellites perceiving by this how great were the merits of those whom they tormented, said to them with an air of compassion and in a plaintive voice: “We know now who you are, and, despite our blindness, we understand what God you serve; but restore to us this double light, so that we may see God with the mind, and the sun with the eyes.” The virgin of Christ, touched by their cries, prayed to the Lord; and at the voice of her prayer their mind was enlightened with the lights of faith, and their eyes strengthened exteriorly saw again the clearness of day. This miracle having filled them with extreme astonishment, they began to cry aloud: “There is only one true God, the Lord Jesus Christ, who by the merits of his servant has restored to us the light we had lost.” Those who heard them speak thus went to inform the proconsul Agathius, who, agitated by the goads of anger, and judging them unworthy to appear in his presence, gave the order to behead them without delay. And these men, having been instructed by the blessed Virgin and baptized by the hand of Cyril, despising the militia of the age, were thus enrolled in the army of the angels. After that, the cruel Agathius had Restituta called. When he perceived her, he said to his officers and to the people who were present: “What then must we do at last with this sacrilegious woman, who up to now has deceived all our hopes? For by I know not what enchantments she has liquefied iron, she has produced light from the very bosom of shadows; her single word has extinguished burning torches; and, what is more astonishing, she has as it were stripped me of my soldiers, whom she has drawn to their perdition, first thirty, then two, after having made them mad by her prestiges. Moreover, she has despised the judicial sentence, she has blasphemed the mysteries of the gods and has employed all her care to engage everyone to do like her. Shall we men suffer to see ourselves vanquished by a woman?” These words excited tumult in the crowd; and as nothing but what was vague was answered, turning to her, he said to her: “You take pleasure in these things, do you not, Restituta? You ought to be afflicted at them instead of rejoicing; for these are not deeds worthy of praise, but crimes. Well! let us put an end to superstition: abandon this folly, and sacrifice to the gods. If you do so, you will be able to escape the horrible torments which await you, and soon contract with me that alliance I desire.” The Martyr answered: “You make eloquence, O judge, and, like the orators, you have varied your expressions, you have uttered magnificent sentences, and at the end you have vomited the venom which your heart held shut up. But hold for certain that I shall neither sacrifice to your demons, nor marry you, who are their slave. Besides, the torments with which you threaten me will be dearer to me than diamonds and the most refined gold, and death, which is only a passage, will lead me at once to glory. So do promptly what you threaten me with; for I have an ardent desire to fly to the embraces of the heavenly

Spouse, and I shall appear the more beautiful in his presence as you shall have made me endure the more cruel torments." The judge, embarrassed to answer words pronounced with so much assurance, and seeing himself covered with cruel confusion, knew not what to do nor what to say against her. At last, under the inspiration of Satan, he gave this sentence: "By virtue of the imperial edict, which condemns to a deadly death all worshippers of Christ, we order that Restituta, Roman citizen, sorceress, mistress and directress of the Christians, be led to the banks of the river Caruellus; that there she be made to undergo the capital sentence with her associates, and that their heads be cast into the current, in order that the fishes may feed on that tongue which did not fear to blaspheme against the gods."

The victim of Christ was therefore led to the place of immolation. In going there, she hastened her steps, while praying with her companions; her gait was free as if she had been celebrating worldly nuptials with some illustrious personage. When they had arrived at the bank of the river, she was ordered to kneel and stretch out her neck. But she asked and obtained a little delay to give herself to prayer. Having therefore thrown herself on her knees with her companions, she made to God this prayer: "We bless you, Lord, creator of all things, who have brought us to this hour, so that, undergoing for you a temporal death, we may enjoy at once, by your mercy, eternal life. Receive our souls, we beseech you, and give to your servants the rewards which you have promised." Then, presenting her head, the martyr of Christ, the virgin Restituta, was beheaded with the priest Cyril and two other Christians, on the sixth before the Calends of June. The Caruellus was for some time the depositary of their heads: but heaven received their souls to keep them for ever. The executioners left their bodies without burial, that they might become the food of beasts and birds. In returning to the city they told the passers-by of the death of these Saints.

This news produced a great sensation in the city: the faithful people assembled; like sons they weep for their mother; like disciples, for their mistress so promptly and so cruelly taken away. At once they go in all haste towards the river, desiring to see the holy bodies, though lifeless. When they had arrived there and saw these bodies deprived of their heads, there was a redoubling of grief and sobs: they run along the river, in the hope that the waters would have cast these heads back on the bank. But not having found them, they buried the bodies in the city, near the place where the church of Saint John the Baptist was afterwards built. The fire of the persecution having been extinguished, a basilica was built in this place in honour of the Saint, who is still worthily honoured by the faithful, in the same place where she had formerly endured so many torments. By the favour of Christ, the invocation of her name works many miracles there, so that from here below one sees clearly with what glory she enjoys in the heavens. And it is not only in the place where her ashes rest that prodigies are wrought, they are seen to burst forth also in all the surroundings, notably in the places where she suffered, and in those where the memory of her name is celebrated.

The seventh day since her immolation had just elapsed, when this blessed martyr of Christ, the virgin Restituta, accompanied by the three servants of God who had suffered with her, all resplendent with glory in the midst of angels, appeared to the venerable Amasius, bishop of Sora, and said to him: "Arise, father, and betake yourself promptly to the place of our martyrdom; there you will find our heads, which the persecutors cast into the waves; the waters have now cast them back on the bank. For the Lord, so good, would not suffer that these heads which he has destined, in his wholly gratuitous mercy, to become the assured rampart of his people, should become the food of fishes. When you have gathered them, you will unite them to our bodies." The bishop, coming out of his sleep, hastens to make known to the faithful the mission he has received from heaven. They all render thanks to God for it, and songs of gladness are heard to resound under the tents of the just. Without further delay, the bishop betakes himself to the place indicated and, according to the tenor of the vision, he finds these venerable heads of the Martyrs. He carries them with reverence into the city, joins them to their bodies; then, as far as the misfortunes of the time permitted, he gives them a glorious burial. With how many prodigies this most holy virgin shines almost every day, the city of Sora and the neighbouring boroughs can attest, whose sick and prisoners receive through her intercession frequent help.

Relics of Saint Restituta

The body of this Saint remained at Sora until the middle of the 9th century; under pope Leo IV, the Saracens having made an irruption into Italy, the people of Sora were obliged to save their holy relics and bear them to Rome. At that same time, the sovereign Pontiff having implored the assistance of the emperor Lothair against these barbarians, the latter sent him Louis the Younger, his son, with a fine army to succour him. This young prince had in his suite, as lieutenant-general, the lord of Moreuil, near Amiens, whose house, since 1497, was merged with those of MM. de Créqui, de Canaples and de Lesdiguières. This lord, after the defeat of the Saracens, and several fine exploits of war in favour of the Holy See, asked the Pope, as reward, for the body of Saint Restituta, to have it honoured in his country, because the city of Sora had been ruined by the infidels and could no longer receive there the honours which were due to her. having granted his request, he returned very satisfied with so rich a present. His journey did not pass without miracle, for the son of the host with whom he lodged at Florence being dead the very night of his arrival, his body was brought near that of Saint Restituta, and he received life from it, to the great astonishment of all the court. When he was in France, he took his road through the Soissonnais, to retire to Moreuil; but when the holy relics were in one of his lands, a league from Fère-en-Tardenois, a spring was seen to gush forth in a place where there had never been one; it has not ceased to flow since. Moreover, there was brought before her coffin a child who had come dead into the world; after some prayers, he began to give enough signs of life to receive baptism, and even, as the shrine was about to be lifted to carry it away, he cried out very intelligibly: “Art-ci! art-ci!” that is: “Stop here!” In effect, the body remained immovable until it was resolved to leave it in that place and to build a church there. This church, one of the finest in the diocese of Soissons, still subsists, and the faithful continue always to visit it with much devotion, on account of the great graces which they receive by the intercession of Saint Restituta. Those whose mind is alienated are often restored there to their senses, and return from it with a perfect use of reason. It is said that the place is called Arcy, because of the word of the child, who cried: Art-ci![1]

During the Revolution, the shrine of Saint Restituta was broken, and her relics burned in the church itself, except some bones adroitly withdrawn by some pious faithful mingled among the profaners. After the re-establishment of worship, those who possessed these precious fragments hastened to bring them back; their authenticity was recognized by M. Leblanc de Beaulieu, bishop of Soissons, after the Concordat. The ancient shrine has been restored and contains today what could be saved of the body of the Saint; it is exposed to the veneration of the pilgrims during the whole month of May. Two days especially, the feast is celebrated with more pomp and also with a more numerous attendance; these are: the eve of the 1st of May, on which the shrine is brought down, and the morrow (1 May), anniversary day of the arrival of her relics in the country. On the 27th, anniversary of her martyrdom at Sora, in the kingdom of Naples, the concourse of pilgrims is again remarkable, as also at the Ascension, at Pentecost, and every Sunday of May. People run to Arcy-Sainte-Restitute from twenty-five to thirty leagues around, and principally from the departments of the Nord, the Ardennes, Seine-et-Marne and the Oise. The confraternity of Saint Restituta is very ancient; there is still possessed in the archives of the parish an original piece emanating from John Millet, bishop of Soissons, and dated 1449: it confirms the establishment of the said confraternity, already instituted from the 11th century. A mass is said every month for the intention of the confrères, who in their turn are bound to recite each day a prayer with the invocation of Saint Restituta. Some pictures placed in the church bear witness to cures obtained at different epochs by the intercession of the holy Martyr. — A second pilgrimage exists at Noircourt, in the same diocese of Soissons and Laon.

In the proper of the diocese of Soissons the feast of Saint Restituta is marked on 29 May. — The shrine of Saint Restituta was in such veneration in the Soissonnais, and the inhabitants of Arcy were so intent on preserving it, that the momentary displacement of the relics had to be certified before a notary. There exists a deed of this kind, dated 1589, in which the curé and churchwardens of Arcy consent by this authentic act that, in a time of calamity, “the shrine of Madame Saint Restituta be brought and placed for fifteen days in

the oratory of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes at Soissons."

Impartiality obliges us to add that the inhabitants of Sora pretend to have preserved their Saint Restituta, and that the body which was given to Soissons is that of a Roman martyr of the same name. — The Bollandists, vol. vi of May, p. 655 ff. new ed., consecrate a long chapter to maintaining the pretensions of Sora against the Soissonnais, and conclude that the acts of Saint Restituta of Sora have been wrongly applied to Saint Restituta of Rome. Father Cahier, in his *Characteristics*, makes the same distinction.

Sources: See the Bollandists and Peter the Cartulary, translated by Nicholas le Messier, canon of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes at Soissons, and prior-curé of Sainte-Restitute at Arcy (1611). — Local notes.

Saint Maximin, Bishop of Trier

— Pope: Saint Julius I. — Emperor: Constantius II.

Let me die the death of the just, and let my end be like theirs. Num. xxiii.

Maximin was born at Mouterre-Silly, near Loudun, in Poitou, towards the end of the 3rd or the beginning of the 4th century. His family was one of the most illustrious of the country, but it was above all a family of Saints. The Church of Poitiers considers as such three brothers of our Saint: Saint Maixent, bishop of Poitiers, Saint Jouin of Marnes, and Saint Maximin of Chinon, of whom an important relic is preserved in that city; finally, a sister, named Maxima. Our Maximin and his brother Maixent received an education worthy of their birth. As God destined both to be pastors in his Church, he inspired their parents to have them study, and even to have them learn the divine sciences. Maixent settled at Poitiers, and was afterwards elected bishop of it, a charge which he discharged most worthily. As for Maximin, desirous of increasing his knowledge by solid studies, he betook himself to Trier, then capital of the Gauls and above all reputed for the celebrity of its schools. There he put himself under the guidance of Saint Agrice, who governed its church with an extraordinary reputation. He was not long in so good a school without making appear the solidity of his mind, the greatness of his faith, the eminence of his virtue, and all the heroic qualities with which God had adorned his soul. Agrice, recognizing the treasure which God had sent him in Maximin, put him in the number of the clerics and soon after raised him to sacred Orders. This new dignity only augmented the fervour of this holy ecclesiastic. He fulfilled perfectly all the duties of that state; everyone judged that there was no one more worthy than he to succeed Saint Agrice. A holy man, named Quiric, who was praying in the church of Saint Eucherius, had an order from heaven to tell him that the will of God was that he should charge himself with this great ministry after the death of his bishop. Saint Agrice himself was warned by an angel to ordain him from then as his successor. Maximin found, in his humility, many reasons for rejecting this burden; but he was obliged to yield to the instances of his master, to the remonstrances of all the clergy, to the desire of the people, and above all to the will of God, who had chosen him for bishop (13 January 332). Saint Jerome, in his *Chronicle*, makes known in a word the high reputation he acquired in this function. It was a very difficult time, in which, to be a good bishop, there was need of an intrepid courage, of a constant and unshakable faith and of a perfect detachment from all the things of the world; one had to be ready for exile, torments and death itself, for the defence of the consubstantiality of the Son of God with his Father: for the Arians, under the favour of the prince, persecuted without mercy all the Catholic bishops. Yet this holy Doctor represents to us Saint Maximin as a generous defender of the truth, and as one of the most courageous bishops there were then in the Church. He began his combats for the faith from the time of Constantine, by receiving in his house Saint Athanasius, exiled for this cause. He did not regard him as a criminal, nor as a banished man, but as an illustrious confessor of Jesus Christ. He thought himself infinitely happy to possess him; he surrounded him with all the honours due to his dignity of patriarch, and he made no difficulty of sharing his revenues to make him subsist with splendour during the two years and four months he remained at Trier.

He granted the same hospitality to Saint Paul, bishop of Constantinople, banished by the emperor Constantius. To this rôle of consoler of the most illustrious afflicted our Saint joined that of defender of the faith. At Trier, where the emperor Constans, brother of Constantius, reigned over the West, Maximin made all his efforts to guard this prince from the snares of heresy. He fought valiantly for the orthodox faith at the Councils of Milan, of Sardica and of Cologne.[1] On a journey from Rome, a bear having devoured the animal which carried Maximin's baggage, he commanded it itself to carry it: which it did during the whole road, by an extraordinary miracle. Saint Maximin did not survive long the Council of Sardica. On his return from Illyria, he went to Trier to put order in the affairs of his church, then, whether to visit his parents or friends, or for another motive, he set out for Poitou. He died where he was born, at Mouterre-Silly, in 349 at the latest. The body of the Saint was, a short time after, under the pontificate of Paulinus, his successor, transferred to Trier; there were many miracles during this translation. He was received at Trier with an incredible magnificence: he was deposited in the church of Saint John the Evangelist, where his tomb was afterwards extremely frequented, on account of the great number of supernatural cures which the sick received there. Saint Hidulphus had his relics transferred in 667 to the abbatial church, become celebrated under the name of Saint-Maximin: they remained there until the French Revolution.

In the time of the fatal invasion of the barbarians, they were withdrawn from their fury, then discovered in 888, and it was on the occasion of this event that numerous miracles were wrought, of which the most respectable authors have transmitted to us the faithful relation.

The church of Mouterre-Silly, near Loudun, is placed under the invocation of Saint Maximin; we do not dare decide whether this patron is the holy bishop of Trier, or a bishop of Poitiers of the same name, whose virtues we shall relate later. We incline nevertheless to think that, by reason of the renown of the host of Saint Athanasius, it is to him that this honour must be attributed.

His feast is celebrated at Poitiers on 29 May, under the double rite.

Saint Maximin is represented welcoming with charity Saint Athanasius and Saint Paul, and ordering a bear to carry his baggage.

Sources: See the Works of Saint Athanasius, of Saint Hilary; the *History of the Councils*; Dom Rivet, *Literary History of France*; Dom Calmet, *History of Lorraine*; Gregory of Tours, *De Gloria Conf.*, ch. 93; Auber, de Chergé, *Saints of Poitou*.

The Martyrs of Avignonet, and Our Lady of Miracles

— Pope: Celestine IV. — King of France: Saint Louis.

Gaude, Maria Virgo: cunctas haereses sola interemisti in universo mundo.

Rejoice, Virgin Mary: alone you have destroyed all heresies in the entire universe.

It was in the night of 28 to 29 May of the year 1242 that the horrible drama of Avignonet was accomplished. The bailiff Raymond d'Alfaro then governed the castle of this town in the name of Raymond VII, count of Toulouse. The bailiff formed the project of having massacred the inquisitors of the faith who were then preaching at Avignonet and who received hospitality in the castle itself: they were eleven or twelve in number, including their companions and familiars. These were brother William Arnaud of Montpellier, Dominican, and brother Stephen of Narbonne, Franciscan. They were assisted in their mission by Raymond Scriptor, or the Writer, also named Raymond de Costiran, canon of the cathedral of Toulouse and archdeacon of Lézat or of Villelongue; by the prior of Avignonet, who belonged to the monastery of Cluse, situated near Mont-Ferrand, at a short distance from Avignonet; by two other preaching brothers, Bernard of Roquefort, in Comminges, and Gardas, issue of the family of the counts of Aure, a lay brother, also of the diocese of Comminges; by another friar minor, Raymond de Carbonier; by Peter d'Arnaud, notary of the Inquisition; by

Bernard, clerk of Raymond Scriptor, and by two nuncios, or apparitors, who were called Fortanier and Aymar.

The inquisitors had been preaching several days at Avignonet. Their eloquence attracted around the Catholic pulpit a numerous crowd, and heresy, all-powerful in that place, saw itself threatened with losing the greater part of its adherents.

The defections, each day more numerous, irritated the heretics, and there was perhaps in the atrocious project they conceived more fanaticism than spirit of vengeance and reprisals. They knew well, indeed, that the capital executions which followed the judgments of the tribunal of the Inquisition were never pronounced by the judges who composed this tribunal.

The conspirators, who were about a hundred in number, advanced with great precautions as far as a castle of William du Mans. There a young knight came bearing a secret order, following which twelve sergeants armed with axes were detached from the troop, who came as far as the leper-house near Avignonet.

Soon Raymond de Golairan, who was coming out of the castle of Avignonet, came to ask whether all was ready. All was ready, in effect, and the whole troop could approach the castle. Golairan re-entered to inform himself of what the inquisitors were doing, who had retired there with some Catholics. He was told that the inquisitors were going to bed. He went out at once to warn the knights.

Then ten knights or so and the twelve sergeants, armed with axes, presented themselves at the gates of the castle. They were opened to them by inhabitants of Avignonet, and all these armed men penetrated into the interior, where they found Raymond d'Alfaro, a squire who had served the inquisitors, and fifteen men of Avignonet armed with axes and staves. Behold then the two camps face to face. On one side, some weak men, poor, without arms, grown old in penance and prayer, and acquitting themselves with simplicity of a perilous and painful mission with which the Pope and their king had invested them.

On the other side, a hundred men well armed, seasoned, who glide furtively, like traitors or cowards, under favour of the darkness, for the execution of an infernal project, concerted clandestinely and which can obtain from success only the lugubrious éclat they scarcely dare hope. An army of assassins for eleven victims!

Raymond d'Alfaro, a traitor to his master, unless he had received secret orders from him, puts himself at the head of the band. He leads the assassins into the great hall of the castle where the inquisitors and their familiars were. To reach their victims, the assassins had to cross several halls. The doors being shut, they are broken with a crash. On hearing the sinister noises that were made in the castle, the violent and repeated blows that beat down the doors, the inquisitors understood that their last hour had come. None of them however thinks of flight. They kneel, intone the *Te Deum*, and, in this posture which the Martyrs of the first centuries delivered to wild beasts often took, they await their executioners, happy to arrive at heaven by the road of bloody immolation.

The heretics rush in, striking their peaceful enemies, vying with one another, some with blows of axes, others with blows of lances and knives. The task was easy, for no one thought of defending himself. The two nuncios Fortanier and Aymar, who had run to the help of their masters, are thrown out of the windows.

Raymond d'Alfaro, who was clad in a white doublet, strikes first; he boasted of it later, saying that he had been the first to deal a blow with a club to the inquisitor. The master of the house had to give the signal. Thus did the sectaries know how to observe the laws of hospitality.

Despite the secrecy with which they had surrounded themselves and the silence of their nocturnal invasion, or perhaps some of those shut up in the place having managed to escape, the terrible news spreads suddenly through the town. The alarm is given, and the Catholics of

Avignonet go in crowds to the castle. They succeed, at the peril of their lives, in disengaging some of these noble victims, whom they carry in haste to the parish church, hoping that at least the sanctity of the place would arrest the fury of the heretics. But the altars themselves had no longer anything sacred for them. They abandon the mutilated and bloody corpses of those they have just immolated and run after the victims whom they fear to see escape. In the temple their fury redoubles, and the silence of the night and the recollection of the holy place are troubled at the same time by their cries of rage. William Arnaud of Montpellier and Stephen of Narbonne fall under their blows, inundating with their martyrs' blood the pavement of the sanctuary.

Then the heretics return to the castle where everything is visited, pillaged, broken. After the expedition, each sets forth, with the calm of assuaged rage, the manner in which he used his arms. An Albigensian tore out the tongue of William of Montpellier, and Peter of Mirepoix reproached the murderers for not having brought him the skull of this inquisitor. He wished to make a cup of it for his feasts.

After so glorious an expedition, it was just to proceed to the sharing of the spoils. Raymond d'Alfaro gave, according to his promise, to William de Plaigne the palfrey of Raymond Scriptor, then he went to tell those of his confederates who had not been able to be present and who doubtless were keeping watch in the surroundings all that had passed, and dismissed them. This able man had besides taken his measures so well that, if the massacre of Avignonet had failed, another snare awaited the inquisitors. He had posted twenty horsemen in ambush between Castelnaudary and Saint-Martin to kill them in passing.

God willed to illustrate by miracles the life and holiness of his martyrs. The night of the massacre, a woman who was in labour, three leagues from Avignonet, saw heaven open, a great number of ladders descend from it, and around much blood spilled. This woman, forgetting her pain and taking pleasure in contemplating the brightness with which those who were mounting the rungs of the ladder were clothed, gave birth most happily. — The same brightness was perceived by shepherds who were guarding their flocks in the fields. — James, king of Aragon, who was then at war against the Saracens, and who was watching in his tent, saw a brightness descend from heaven. Turning towards his officers: "Know," he said to them, "that Our Lord is doing at this hour some great marvel in the place of his servants." — In the monastery of the Dominicans of Barcelona several brothers had the same vision. — A devout person of Carcassonne, having heard the martyrdom of the inquisitors related, vowed himself to them and at once found himself cured of an illness which had tormented him for two years. — Raymond Carbonnier, who was one of the victims of the ambush of Avignonet, saw, some days before the event, a beautiful crown of gold enriched with precious stones swinging above the castle. He related this vision to the prior of the monastery of Prouille and to other brothers. One of the religious who was to succumb said then: "Know that shortly we shall die for the honour of the Catholic faith." — The eve, a devout woman of Toulouse went to find one of the Dominican Fathers of the convent of that city and said to him: "This morning, while the religious were singing Mass, I fell asleep in the church, and it seemed to me that I saw the crucifix which is at the entrance of the choir pour out a great quantity of blood. At which I was greatly surprised. Then the crucifix spoke to me thus: Go, my daughter, find the prior of the monastery, designate to him the place where the bodies of the martyrs are to be deposited." The place marked was to the right of the crucifix which had made the revelation. It is easy to understand the lively impression which the cowardly ambush of Avignonet produced in all minds.

"One cannot deny," says an author above suspicion in such a matter,[1] "that this murder is frightful in itself; ah! what would become of society if men avenged themselves by such attempts!"[2] The Church herself was moved by it, and pope Gregory IX being dead, the cardinals of the holy Roman Church wrote to the Dominicans, during the vacancy of the See, letters of consolation.

The precious remains of our martyrs, abandoned to the beasts and birds of the sky, were piously gathered by the Preaching Brothers and transported to their church of Toulouse. Those of the Friars Minor were likewise buried in the church of their Order, and those of Raymond Scriptor and of his clerk in the cloister of

Saint-Stephen of the same city.

The blood of the martyrs spilled on the flagstones of the church of Avignonet, pure and sacred as it was, had nevertheless been for the holy place a canonical defilement which rendered henceforth impossible the celebration of the holy offices within its enclosure.

The church, struck with interdict, remained closed for forty years, and for the celebration of worship one had to be content with a church belonging to the Benedictines, dependent on the abbey of Saint-Papoul.

Meanwhile heresy was dying out little by little, thanks, doubtless, to the intercession of the Martyrs who, after the example of their divine Master and of Saint Stephen, prayed in heaven for their executioners.

Thus the parish of Avignonet, converted entirely to Catholicism, understood that it was time at last not to let the anathema weigh any longer on the holy place.

A deputation was sent to the sovereign pontiff Alexander IV, to supplicate His Holiness to lift the interdict. This grace was granted the first Tuesday of the month of June 1283.

At the moment when the Pope lifted the interdict, the bells of the parish church of Avignonet, which had not been heard for forty years, began to ring of themselves and continued thus a whole day and a whole night: the fact is attested by a declaration of the inhabitants of Avignon collected in 1293. This prodigy is found still recorded in a bull of Paul III of the year 1537 and in a notarial act of 29 January 1676.

This bull of Paul III, dated from Rome, informs us that the church of Avignonet already bore the title of Our Lady of Miracles or of Gaulège: we shall see below whence this glorious appellation comes to it. But it is not only the spontaneous ringing of the bells heard during a whole day and a whole night that is recorded in this precious historical piece: there is spoken also of the prodigious opening of the doors of the same church, closed for forty years. They opened also of themselves, despite the numerous iron locks with which they were armed.

The original of the bull of Paul III is still piously preserved in the archives of the church of Avignonet, where, even in our days, everyone can see it.

One of the great errors of the Albigensians[3] consisted in refusing to the august Mary the title of Mother of God: they taught that the Word had taken in the Virgin only a phantom flesh. This error, at once doctrinal and historical, already several times combated and anathematized by the Church, attacked too directly the glory of Mary, of which God has always shown himself so jealous, not to make the misunderstood truth burst forth by prodigies.

It was fitting that the glory of Mary should not be separated from that of her faithful servants: she wished to have particular honours and a special altar on this earth which had drunk their blood.

A short time after the rehabilitation of the holy temple, the inhabitants of Avignonet found at the entrance of their church a magnificent statue of the Virgin.

What artist had conceived and executed this beautiful work? What hand had placed it there? No one knew. One had passed a hundred times a day, and during long years, over the place occupied by the marvellous image; nothing had appeared, and suddenly astonished eyes meet an object which attracts and charms them. This sudden apparition was for the pious Christians of the region like a warning from heaven. It was evident that Mary wished to be honoured there where the most abominable blasphemies had been vomited against her, and to enhance by a prodigy the merit of the intrepid defenders of her cult and of her divine maternity.

The heart of the Mother spoke to the heart of the children, and this mysterious and sweet language was understood. The institution of an annual feast was asked for, to perpetuate the memory of the prodigy, and the solemnity of Our Lady of Miracles, approved by several sovereign Pontiffs, enriched with indulgences, is

still celebrated on the first Tuesday of June each year.

That is indeed a feast of expiation, and as the massacre took place under the veils of night, a procession of penance goes through, in the evening, the eve of the feast, by the light of torches, the principal streets of the town. The image of the august Mother of God is carried in triumph in it. Sacred chants resound in the silence of the night as if to stifle the blasphemies vomited by the sectaries during the horrible night of 28 May 1242. "The next day a ceremony remarkable for its antiquity and its signification attracts the attention of the spectators. People of all conditions are seen holding a candle in the hand and traversing on their knees the space which exists between the place of the miraculous statue, at the bottom of the church, and the balustrade of the choir, opposite the picture of the high altar, which represents the glorification of the holy Martyrs. Arrived there, these persons end their painful journey by kissing a little image of the Virgin which the priest presents to them. This act bears the name of Vow. It constitutes a double reparation: one towards Mary horribly blasphemed by the Albigensians, the other towards the blessed Martyrs whose blood was shed so cruelly in this very place. The first converts engaged themselves to this act of expiation in honour of the Blessed Virgin and of her servants. It will soon be six hundred years that their children are faithful to fulfilling this vow of their ancestors."[4]

The attention of the Church turned with tender solicitude towards the glorious remains of our Martyrs. From the first times which followed their death, the sovereign Pontiffs give the title of Martyrs to these courageous defenders of the faith, and the peoples themselves, foreseeing perhaps the judgment of the Church, hasten to honour and invoke them as such. God seems to ratify this pious impulse, and shining miracles are accomplished on their tombs and on the theatre of their martyrdom. Contemporary historians, like Stephen of Salagnac, and later Bernard de la Guionie (14th century); Saint Antoninus of Florence (15th century), have made themselves the echoes of these prodigies. The brush of Fra Angelico da Fiesole surrounds their memory with an aureole of glory and genius, and one sees still in the chapter of the convent of Saint Mark at Florence the blessed Bernard of Roquefort, represented with rays of glory around his head and a palm in his hand.[5] These are the attributes consecrated of all time to the Martyrs of the faith.

Very ancient manuscripts, religiously preserved in the convent of the Preaching Brothers, prescribed to the religious to recite every evening, after mental prayer, the antiphon of the Martyrs with verse and proper prayer.

A still more touching ceremony was accomplished every year the eve of the anniversary day of their death. The whole convent went in procession in presence of the holy relics, and there, according to the usage adopted by the Order for the veneration of the relics of the Saints, they were saluted by a profound inclination, then the antiphon was sung: *Gloria tibi Trinitas*, followed by this other antiphon: *Christi pia gratia sanctos sublimavit quos Patris Ordo Dominici propagavit, nos eorum meritis petimus juvari, atque suis precibus Deo commendari.* All this was followed by the corresponding verses and by two Collects sung by the prior: one of the Holy Trinity, the other of the Saints of the Order of Saint Dominic. The Reverend Dominican Fathers of Toulouse continue to render to the blessed Martyrs of Avignonet the cult consecrated by the preceding centuries. Several lamps, maintained by the pious generosity of the faithful, burn continually before the picture which represents their martyrdom. Signal favours have been obtained in these latter times by their powerful intercession.

As to what concerns the two Cordeliers, Stephen of Narbonne and Raymond de Carbonnier, their bodies were, immediately after the massacre, transported and buried in the great church of their Order, where they reposed under the altar of the chapel of Saint Joseph until the year 1619. At this last date they were visited by the very reverend Father A. Messana, general of the Order, and transported to the two sides of the said chapel. Above each tomb was read an inscription traced in letters of gold on a plate of black marble let into the wall, three feet above the ground.

A very old picture, since in 1700 it dated from more than three hundred years, represented the massacre of our Martyrs. Rays of gold lit the heads of the personages, and there were seen Angels descending from heaven and bearing in their hands crowns of flowers and palms destined for the Martyrs.

Things remained thus until the Revolution of ’93. But at that epoch of upheaval and ruin, the temples were pillaged; the chapels for the most part demolished; the altars broken; the holy tombs profaned, and one no longer knows today where to find the sacred relics before which our fathers knelt for six centuries. The Reverend Dominican Fathers of the convent of Saint-Romain of Toulouse, provided with all the authorizations necessary for this purpose, have executed excavations in their ancient church, but all their researches have been up to this day fruitless.

Sources: General History of the Church of Toulouse, by M. the abbé Salvan; *History of the Martyrs of Avignonet*, by M. the abbé Carrière; *Biography of Toulouse*; *Acta Sanctorum*, at 29 May.

Saint Cyril, Child, Martyr at Caesarea in Cappadocia (3rd century)

Cyril’s father was plunged in the superstitions of paganism. Seeing that his son, who had been instructed secretly in the Christian religion, refused to adore the idols, he drove him from his house, and made him suffer all sorts of ill-treatment. The governor of Caesarea, informed of what was passing, wished the young Cyril to be brought to him. He could not contain his anger when he heard him confess the name of Jesus Christ. He dissembled however, and sought to win him by the way of caresses. “Detest the name of your Christ,” he said to him, “and I promise to pardon your fault, to reconcile you with your father, and to assure you the possession of his goods.” “I rejoice,” answered Cyril, “at the reproaches you make me. I shall be received by God, and I shall find myself infinitely better there than with my father. I shall willingly be poor on earth, in order to possess eternal riches in another world. I fear not death, because it will procure me a better life than this one.” When he had thus spoken, he was bound as if to be led to execution; but the judge gave secret orders that the executioners should content themselves with frightening him. The sight of a great fire into which he was threatened to be cast having been unable to shake his constancy, he was brought back before the judge. “My son,” the latter said to him, “you have seen the fire and the sword which are to give you death; be wise at last, and do not run to an inevitable loss.” — “You have done me a real wrong,” answered Cyril, “when you recalled me. I fear neither fire nor sword; I burn with desire to go to God. Make haste to put me to death, that I may have the happiness of seeing him the sooner. Why do you weep?” he added, addressing the bystanders who dissolved in tears; “you ought on the contrary to show great joy; but you are ignorant what is my hope, and you know not the kingdom I am about to enter.” It was in these fine sentiments that he died. It is believed that he ended his life by the sword, under the reign of Decius or Valerian. His name is read in the martyrology attributed to Saint Jerome, and in that of Florus.

Sources: See his genuine Acts, published by Ruinart and by Henschenius. It appears that they were written by Saint Firmilian, bishop of Caesarea.

Saints Sisinnius, Martyrius and Alexander, Martyrs (397)

These three Saints, of whom the last two were brothers, came from Cappadocia into Italy, under the reign of Theodosius the Great. They remained some time at Milan, where Saint Ambrose treated them with all the regard due to their virtue. Their courageous faith, nobly impatient, caused them to be designated by the bishop of Milan to the bishop of Trent, who was asking with loud cries to be helped to carry the light of the Gospel into certain cantons of his diocese which it had not yet enlightened. Saint Vigilius, having ordained Sisinnius deacon, Martyrius reader and Alexander doorkeeper, sent them to preach the faith in the Alps of the Tyrol. They turned their zeal towards the inhabitants of the canton of Anaunia, called afterwards the Val d’Anagna or d’Egna. All the ill-treatment they had to suffer did not rebuff them. By their patience, their gentleness and their charity, they succeeded in winning to Jesus Christ a great number of souls. Sisinnius

having had a church built in the borough of Methon or Mécol, he assembled there the new converts to finish instructing them.

The pagans saw with spite the number of the worshippers of their gods diminish. On one of their feasts, when they made a kind of procession with their idols, they wished to oblige the new Christians to join them. Sisinnius and his companions put everything to work so that none of their little flock should succumb to the temptation. The pagans, being informed of it, resolved to discharge their fury against the holy preachers. They arrested them in the church, where they were singing the praises of God. On their refusal to sacrifice to the idols, they were beaten with so much cruelty that they were left almost dead on the spot. Sisinnius expired some hours after.

The next day, Martyrius and Alexander sang the praises of God as tranquilly as if they had not been wounded the day before. They withdrew however on the approach of the pagans. The latter, having found the body of Sisinnius, made it undergo a thousand indignities. They then sought his companions. They found Martyrius in a garden, where they threw him to the ground all bathed in his blood; after which they tied him by the feet to a lever, and dragged him across the pebbles until he was dead.

There remained only Alexander, who was also arrested. They first tried to intimidate him by threats, and burned in his presence the bodies of Sisinnius and Martyrius. As he persisted always in the confession of the faith, he was cast on the same pyre, where he consummated his sacrifice on 29 May 397.

The faithful gathered their ashes, which were carried to Trent. Saint Vigilius afterwards had a church built on the spot where they had been martyred. He sent to divers bishops the history of their triumph, and we have still the letters which he wrote on this subject to Saint Simplicianus of Milan and to Saint Chrysostom. Several distributions of the relics of the three Saints were made.

Sources: See their Acts in the Bollandists, with the letters of Saint Vigilius of Trent to Saint Simplicianus and to Saint Chrysostom, etc.

Saint Ortaire, Abbot of Landelle (6th century)

Born of noble parents, Saint Ortaire entered a monastery at the age of twelve years. His assiduity in prayer, his abstinence and his other virtues caused him to be chosen by his brethren as abbot of the monastery of Landelle. He was raised to this dignity in spite of himself; he had even fled to escape it; but a warning from heaven obliged him to yield to the desire of his brethren. He took the government of his abbey about the fiftieth year of his age. His life was more than ever admirable in holiness. He avoided with great care the conversation of women, judging it the seed of sins. He kneaded and baked himself the barley bread which was his only nourishment, eating only an ounce of it at each meal; he drank only water, and his fasts were sometimes prolonged to the third day. A rough hair-shirt always tightened his body under his tunic. With all that, he was full of charity and compassion for the poor and the sick. He restored health to a young girl whose hand was withered, and to a woman afflicted with leprosy. There were still in his time, in the 6th century, remnants of paganism in the country districts; he laboured with success to make them disappear. He died at the age of ninety-eight years, and was buried in a chapel dedicated by him to the Mother of God. He is invoked throughout Normandy not only at his tomb, but also at the altars and chapels raised in his honour.

Sources: Proper of Bayeux. — See, in the Supplement of this volume, a more complete life of the Saint, from documents which have reached us since the printing of this Notice.

Saint Gerard, Bishop of Mâcon, Founder of Brou (958)

Saint Gerard,[1] twenty-fifth bishop of Mâcon, was a native of Belgium. He succeeded Gonthard in the episcopal see of Mâcon, about the year 896. Saint Gerard, under the mitre, shone so much by his learning and

his virtues that he was the arbiter and the light of the clergy, both secular and regular. He assisted, in 915, at the council held at Chalon-sur-Saône, where the prelates who composed it occupied themselves with many things concerning the spiritual and temporal good of the churches of their province; but the principal aim of their meeting, say almost all the historians of Burgundy, was to force, by way of excommunication, Baculf, count of Mâcon, to restore the goods of the church of Saint-Vincent, of which he had seized by violence, abusing the too great goodness of the holy bishop. Raculf did not think he ought to await the sentence; he gave back the lands which he had appropriated. Gerard was not so fortunate with Hugh II, lord of Bâgé. This lord had usurped from the church of Mâcon several possessions, among others the borough of Saint-Laurent on the left of the Saône. The bishop sent troops to retake his goods, but Hugh repulsed them, and left to Gerard only the town of Mâcon. God, it seems, managed this defeat for his true servant, to make his resignation and disinterestedness shine the more; he never complained of these violences, and if he tried to repel them, the interest of the Church was the sole motive of his steps. The contrarieties which this holy bishop experienced in doing good, and the desire he had to live in solitude, disgusted him with the world and made him take the resolution to quit his bishopric, to retire into the solitude of Brou in Bresse, six leagues from Mâcon.

A few words on this locality, become so celebrated by the residence of Saint Gerard and by the beautiful monument which Margaret of Austria had raised there later, cannot appear misplaced here. The most ancient documents on Brou begin its history only in 927. We owe them to Fustaillier and to Bugnion, who report that in this same year Gerard, twenty-fifth bishop of Mâcon, abdicated his see in order to occupy himself no more with the earth, and that he retired into the solitude of Brou, where he made a vow to pass the rest of his life. Here is the text found in the chronicle of Fustaillier: *Brovii saltum prope Tant oppidum, cui Burgo nunc nomen est, cœnobium inibi construxit, in quo usque ad vitse exitum pientissime v'xit.* — "Gerard retired into the forest of Brou, near the town of Tanus or Tanum, whose name is today Bourg, etc." A dissertation of M. Thomas Riboud on the ancient and modern monuments of Brou proves that this forest had grown up over the ruins of a considerable agglomeration of houses which he suspects to have been destroyed by the Burgundians, who seized the provinces of the east of France and sacked them about the beginning of the 5th century, or perhaps fifty years later, when the ferocious Attila made an irruption into the Gauls. Medals, works of copper, bronze and iron, utensils, household-god statues, fragments of pottery, vases, urns, lamps, lachrymatories, metal keys, rings and other jewels, a compact layer of ashes, a thick and continuous bed of debris of Roman tiles which overlies it, and a multitude of curious objects, mingled sometimes with human bones; such are the monuments which have been discovered in digging the soil of Brou and its environs, and which prove better than would volumes of titles that this place was the seat of a considerable assemblage of dwellings, perhaps of the ancient town of Tanus or Tonum. Saint Gerard was doubtless ignorant that before being crowned with majestic oaks, witnesses of his meditations and his sacrifice, this place had formerly been occupied by dwellings united together, and that men in society had existed there and disappeared. His presence, by reviving religion in this desert, soon restored to it a part of its ancient splendour. The work of Christianity is to spread life everywhere it establishes its empire. The éclat which the virtues of Saint Gerard cast in the desert of Brou drew around him so great a number of companions that he was obliged to build there a church and a monastery, where he lived in the practice of all the virtues, and where, according to Fustaillier and some other writers, he died in 958 in the odour of great sanctity.

There has long been dispute, and there is still dispute, on the place of Saint Gerard's sepulture; but according to the numerous historians and the divers martyrologies, notably that of Hugh Ménard, which we have consulted, it appears constant that his body reposed several years in the monastery of Brou, but that it was afterwards transported to the church of the religious of Saint-Peter of Mâcon. The cause and date of this translation are unknown. In 1560, says the abbé Agu in his *History of the Last Revolutions of Mâcon*, the Protestants drew from the tomb where they reposed the relics of Saint Gerard, and cast them into a well, mixed with the bones of animals. Afterwards a stone cross was raised on this spot, which was called the cross

of Saint Gerard, and which was thrown down by the revolutionaries in November 1793.

The death of the holy bishop only added to the celebrity which his virtues had already given to the monastery of Brou. The crowds of the peoples betook themselves there in devotion; they came from very far to invoke his power in heaven, and the vows of the intercessors, often granted, caused the reputation of the holy founder to go on growing. His memory was still living in those places when Margaret of Bourbon trembled for the life of duke Philip, her husband. Let us recall the facts; they are interesting. In 1480, Philip II, prince of Savoy, who, like his predecessors, came often to dwell in the castle of Pont-d'Ain, whose picturesque and salubrious situation on the banks of the Ain rendered this sojourn agreeable, had a fall from his horse while hunting near Lagnieu, and broke an arm. This accident had dangerous consequences; Margaret of Bourbon, his wife, vividly alarmed and fearing for the duke's days, made the solemn vow to build at Brou a church and a monastery on the site of that of Saint Gerard, if the prince were restored to her. Heaven was propitious to her, but the death of this princess, which occurred in 1483, did not permit her to fulfil her engagement. Philip took charge of executing the vow which this so dear wife had made to obtain his cure; he was about to put his hand to the work when he died at Chambéry, on 7 November 1497. Before rendering the last sigh, he recommended earnestly to Philibert II, his son and successor, to supply for him in this pious duty. Philibert, surnamed the Handsome, was married to Margaret of Austria, daughter of the emperor Maximilian. To the charms of beauty this princess joined that of a noble and gentle character, of a tender and pious heart, of a lively and amiable mind. Death, which from Margaret's cradle had been bent on destroying the objects of her affections, cruel death was not long in breaking the bonds of so perfect a union. Philibert, hunting in the very place where his father had broken an arm, stopped, being hot, at the edge of a spring, near the village of Saint-Vulbas; a pleurisy seized him, and a few days after he died at Pont-d'Ain, on 10 September 1504, aged only twenty-four years. Nothing on earth was capable of consoling Margaret; she directed her sad regards to heaven, and, faithful to her great character, she had only two thoughts: to succour the unfortunate and to put into execution the vow of Margaret, her mother-in-law. She calls to Brou the most celebrated artists of France, Italy, Flanders and Germany. The first stone is laid on 2 January 1507. From then the brush animates the glass, the axe fashions the wood, the chisel makes the marble breathe, the hammer bends iron into a thousand ornaments, the mould gives forms to the clay, stereotomy regularizes the rough rock; and in less than thirty years, in the bosom of a fertile and smiling country, there rises one of the temples richest in architectural detail that exist in France. Margaret placed it under the invocation of Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, to whom she had a particular devotion.[2]

A vast and commodious convent was built on that of Saint Gerard, of which vestiges are still perceived in the corridor which exists between the present seminary and the church. Margaret established there Augustinian religious whom she brought from Lombardy. They were replaced by the discalced Augustinians of France in 1659. The work of Margaret of Austria, scarcely finished, ran the greatest dangers when the troops of Francis I, king of France, seized Bresse and Bugey in 1535. Duke Emmanuel Philibert, seeking to recover Bresse, sent an army there in 1557, under the orders of Polvilliers, who laid siege to Bourg. The church of Brou suffered much; a part of the convent was burned, and the damage was completely repaired only many years after.

When Henry IV made, in 1600, the second conquest of Bresse from the duke of Savoy, the operations and movements of the army of marshal Biron, the long siege of the citadel of Bourg, caused great damage to the buildings of Brou.

The epoch of the Revolution, particularly fatal to the clergy whose goods were declared property of the State, would probably have been that of the decadence and ruin of Brou, if the administration of the department had not succeeded in having this edifice comprised in the class of national monuments to be preserved at the expense of the State. This safeguard did not prevent depredations and irreparable removals. The church ran a real danger above all when revolutionary effervescence turned against armorial bearings and heraldic

symbols: a troop of Vandals went to it; happily the administration had had the doors shut. The assailants, unable to penetrate to the interior, discharged their brutal fury on the ornaments which decorated the frontispiece. Another crisis succeeded that one; but what was to have wrought the ruin of this monument was precisely what saved it: an army corps was being formed at Bourg, under the name of army of the Alps; for want of sufficient place to store the forage necessary to the cavalry, the church of Brou was invaded for this purpose. The nave and the aisles were encumbered up to the roof; thus the mausoleums and all the precious objects, defended by impenetrable masses, were sheltered from any injury.

The invasion of foreign troops, in 1814 and 1815, made fear for the church and its monuments, but it is just to say that the Austrian corps which occupied Bourg testified only admiration for a masterpiece due to the magnificence of a princess of their nation. As for the monastery, it has undergone many phases from 1792 to the present epoch. First, under pretext that the decree which declared Brou a national monument named only the church, the agents of the treasury made repeated attempts to sell the buildings of the convent. The efforts of the administrators of Bourg prevented their ever succeeding in their project, and this house, under the empire and under the restoration, was alternately a cavalry barracks, a depot of mendicity, a hospice for the insane; but at last the bishopric of Belley having been re-established by the concordat of 1817, and Brou being found in the new circumscription of that ancient see, the general council of the department of the Ain in its session of 6 June 1823 ceded the buildings and church of Brou to Mgr Dévie, bishop of Belley, to establish his major seminary there, which was installed there on 11 November of the same year. Mgr Dévie hastened to place under the invocation of Saint Gerard the chapel which he had prepared in the apartments of Margaret of Austria which are joined to the seminary, and which serve as palace to the bishops of Belley during their sojourn in Bresse. The zealous prelate established the feast of Saint Gerard in his diocese, and his office is seen indicated in the calendar inserted in the third volume of the Ritual of Belley, printed in 1830.[3]

Supplement — 29th Day of May: Saint Ortaire, Abbot of Landelle (580)

Saint Ortaire was born in the diocese of Coutances, about the year 482. His family, which was noble and very much considered, had him given a brilliant education. But the sight of the riches and honours of the world did not tempt his heart. Applied solely to the search of the sovereign good and to the great affair of his eternal salvation, he put his happiness in visiting churches, in living in retreat and in fleeing the noise of the world. He had much affection for monks, and desired ardently to lead one day their poor and humbled life, in order to share their glory in heaven. At the age of twelve years, having obtained from his parents permission to follow this sublime vocation, he made to God the sacrifice of all that could retain him in the world, and betook himself to a monastery near Landelle, situated, according to tradition, on the present parish of Beaumesnil. The religious of this monastery, walking in the footsteps of those of Saint-Martin of Tours, lived habitually in grottoes hollowed under rocks or in very poor cells, which they built themselves in the midst of the woods. Burning with the desire of being associated with these faithful servants of God, Saint Ortaire threw himself at the feet of their abbot, and humbly asked him for the religious habit. Admitted among the novices, he applied himself at once to the practice of the virtues which make worthy servants of God. He chastised his body by frequent fasts, passed the nights in watching and prayer, and kept a continual silence, to imitate that of Jesus Christ in the desert.

After his profession, he felt himself kindled with a new ardour to labour for the glory of God, to mortify his body by penance and to destroy entirely in himself the reign of sin. He distributed in secret to the poor a part of his food; he did not fear to deprive himself of a part of his garments to clothe the suffering members of Jesus Christ. Not content with giving them these temporal helps, he strove to console the poor by recalling to them the eternal happiness which Jesus Christ merited for them at the price of His blood, if they wish to walk in His train by the way of patience.

The Saint tasted, in the midst of his brethren, the sweet peace of God. By obedience to his superior, he nevertheless left this amiable retreat to go and found a new monastery in the forest of Andaine, on the parish of La Ferté-Macé (Orne). He lived for some time in this solitude with a small number of religious whom he directed in the ways of salvation; for the abbot of his monastery had had him raised to the priesthood a short time before his departure for the hermitage of La Ferté-Macé. After having embalmed this part of the forest, before sad and savage, with the sweet perfume of his virtues, the humble servant of God handed over, with the consent of his superior, the conduct of his house to another religious, and returned to the monastery where he had made profession. He easily resumed there the yoke of obedience, and continued to edify his brethren by his great regularity.

To give himself more easily to contemplation, the Saint retired into a grotto situated on the parish of Beaumesnil, on the edge of the little river of the Drôme. Sustained by the grace of God, he practised there austerities frightful for human weakness. He gave his body, which he treated as an enemy, only the food absolutely necessary not to die. He took rest only when, his strength being exhausted, he succumbed to sleep. Prayer and the divine office made his sole occupation. The demon, jealous of so many virtues, attacked him in a thousand ways to turn him from the service of God, or at least from his constant application to prayer. But the Saint always remained victorious, employing against his enemy prayer and fasting. The abbot of Landelle having died, Saint Ortaire left his solitude to go and render him the duties of burial, after which he returned to his grotto. The monks assembled to elect a new abbot agreed unanimously to designate our Saint. The servant of God was warned of it, and fearing to succumb under the weight of a charge which he regarded as excessive for his strength, he went and hid on the right bank of the Vire, where he was discovered miraculously. Obliged to accept the charge which was offered him, he redoubled his fervour in the service of God. The mere shadow of sin made him shudder; he fled with care all occasions of it, but principally the conversation of women. He was of such temperance that he ate per day only an ounce of barley bread which he baked himself. He drank only water, and that only from three days to three days. A sack, a coarse tunic and a hair-shirt on his flesh formed his clothing, a chain served him as girdle.

God was pleased to glorify this faithful servant by numerous miracles, in order to make the holiness of his life shine the more. A young girl, paralysed in feet and hands, recovered, at the prayer of the holy abbot, perfect health. This miracle was followed by the cure of a leper, who came also to implore the pity of the Saint. The report of these marvels spread on every side and drew to the servant of God the veneration of the neighbouring populations.

He had built in honour of the Mother of God a beautiful chapel near his monastery. It was in this oratory that he retired to pass in prayer the few days that remained to him. He expired there gently, on the 15th of April 580, at the age of ninety-eight years. Saint Ortaire was buried in the chapel which he had raised in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and his tomb was illustrated by a great number of miracles. Yielding to the wishes of the clergy and the people, the bishops of Coutances permitted him to be honoured with a public cult. Soon after, a chapel was raised in his honour opposite that of the Blessed Virgin. His precious bones were then drawn from the bosom of the earth with the stone coffin which contained them, and they were transferred to the new oratory in the midst of a great concourse of faithful. This translation took place on the 21st of May, a day on which the faithful have continued to celebrate his memory in several parishes, where there are chapels dedicated to this illustrious servant of God. In the sixteenth century the Protestants destroyed the Saint’s chapel, violated his tomb and dispersed the precious bones which it contained; but when the political troubles were appeased, the chapel of the holy confessor was raised from its ruins. One saw there a very ancient and very remarkable statue representing the Saint clothed in the monastic habit and holding in his hand a pastoral staff in the form of a T. He is invoked against paralysis, the pains of gout and articular rheumatisms.

The ancient oratory dedicated to the Blessed Virgin disappeared during the revolutionary tempest; but the pious inhabitants of Landelle have preserved the chapel of Saint Ortaire and still surround it with their

veneration. His tomb, which is of granite, is still seen there; but it no longer contains relics. The feast of the Saint, fixed in the diocese of Bayeux on the 29th of May, is celebrated solemnly at Landelle, by a particular indult, on the Monday of Pentecost. On that day a great number of children are brought there; a Mass is said for the pilgrims and then the little children are blessed. It is above all for the latter that Saint Ortaire is invoked. Often, during the year, pilgrimages are made to the chapel by grown persons, sick or infirm. The name of the holy Abbot is attached also to the grotto of Malloué, situated in the little commune of that name, about two leagues from Landelle, on the right bank and at the edge of the Vire. This grotto, always called the Grotto of Saint-Ortaire, receives on this title each year a certain number of visits.

The chapel of Landelle was not the only one erected, from ancient times, in honour of Saint Ortaire. One of the most celebrated in the diocese of Coutances was that called of La Mare, situated in the parish of Le Désert, about two leagues from Saint-Lô. It goes back to a very remote epoch. It is still a very celebrated place of pilgrimage. Saint Ortaire was the second patron of the chapel of Saint-Clair, near Vire. The statue of the Saint was seen there with the insignia of an abbot. It was broken during the Revolution. Saint Ortaire was still venerated in several other churches or chapels of the diocese of Bayeux, particularly at Estry, at Saint-Germain-l'Angot, near Falaise, at the abbey of Barbery, and at Estavaux, near Caen.

The church of Bazoques, two leagues from Bernay (Eure), possesses no relics of the Saint, but it is a very frequented place of pilgrimage. The solemn feast of the Saint is celebrated there on the Monday of Pentecost: the pilgrims come there more numerous on that day; but the day properly so called is the 21st of May. — In the church of Écouché, one still sees a little statue of Saint Ortaire, before which people go on pilgrimage. This statue represents an abbot, with the insignia of his pastoral charge. — At Le Mesnil-Gondouin, an ancient statue of the Saint is also venerated, honoured before the Revolution in the church of Le Sacq, near Chènedouit. Many pilgrims go before this image to commend themselves to Saint Ortaire. — The parish of La Chapelle-aux-Moines, in the canton of Fiers, formerly called La Chapelle-des-Armentiers, regards him as its second patron and has venerated him from time immemorial. — At Saint-Pierre-de-Monsort, in the town of Alençon, Saint Ortaire is also in great honour. From several neighbouring parishes people come to invoke him to be delivered from rheumatic pains.

Among the chapels most frequented by the devout servants of Saint Ortaire must be cited that of Les Béziers, built at a short distance from the ancient oratory which the Saint had himself raised in the forest of Andaine. This sanctuary has been several times ravaged during the wars and revolutions of which Normandy has been the theatre; but it has always been seen to rise from its ruins, thanks to the piety of the faithful. The last reconstruction took place in the eighteenth century. On the 2nd of April 1793, an impious man of La Ferté-Macé betook himself to the chapel, overthrew the statue of the Saint and broke it in several pieces; he then pulled down all the religious signs which were in the chapel. But at the moment when he was preparing to cross the threshold of the door to go back, he was seen suddenly to stagger and fall backwards. His companions raised him, crippled in arms and legs and uttering frightful howls. All the pilgrims fled in terror at the sight of this chastisement. After the Revolution, the chapel remained long desolate. In 1840, it was repaired and then blessed, and soon the surrounding parishes were seen coming there on pilgrimage as in the former days. Near this chapel one still sees the fountain of the Saint; it never dries up, and the pilgrims fail not to visit it. Extract from the *Lives of the Saints of the Diocese of Séez,* by M. l'abbé Blin, curé of Durcet.

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[1] There is a church of his name at Monte Rotondo.

[2] The relics of the two holy Martyrs are kept in a church of their name at Acerra, an episcopal city of the Terra di Lavoro, 15 kilometres north-east of Naples. It appears that they were brought there in the 9th century at the latest.

[3] There is at Verona a church and a suburb which bear his name. He must have succeeded, in the see of Poitiers, Aliphius, eighth known bishop of Poitiers, about 346, and died only in 353. Saint Maixent, ninth known bishop of Poitiers, must not be confounded with the holy Abbot who founded, in 459, the monastery of his name on the Sèvre-Niortaise. (See *Origins of the Church of Poitiers*, by M. Aubert.) We give the Life of Saint Maixent, abbot, at 26 June. The forest of Foucherans, in which Saint Maximin of Besançon had ended his days, was chosen by the Christians to be the place of his sepulture. A chapel was raised there of which the ruins are still seen.

The miracles which Saint Maximin had wrought in this solitude during his life continued after his death, and the pilgrimage of Foucherans became very celebrated and much frequented. On 29 May, the feast day of the Saint, a great concourse of the faithful takes place near his tomb. The sick come there to ask for their cure, and the graces which they have not ceased to obtain there from the most remote times to our days contribute to maintain the faith and piety of the peoples.

[4] See 25 May.

[5] See 26 May.

[6] See 16 May.

[7] See 18 May.

[8] See 30 March.

[9] This is the legend: the etymologists derive the name of Arcy from *arseium*, *arscia*, *ardere*, to burn, to clear by burning, which would indicate either that the place was ravaged by flames or that it replaced a cleared, burned wood. This etymology does not satisfy us: it seems to us more natural to derive the name of Arcy from *Arx*: that would recall an old fortress built under the Romans, and would explain why the lord of Mareuil gave a rendezvous there to the son of Lothair, Louis the Younger.

[10] The history of these councils may be seen in the Life of Saint Hilary, 14 January, and in the *General and Particular Councils*, by Mgr P. Guérin, 4 vols. in 8vo. According to Mansi, the council of Sardica took place in 344. It is therefore no longer astonishing that Euphratas, then orthodox, had fallen into error and deserved to be condemned at the council of Cologne in 346.

[11] Durossoy, *Annals of the City of Toulouse*, vol. i, p. 302.

[12] William of Puy-Laurens affirms that this assassination was found so odious by those themselves who were of the party of the count of Toulouse that several abandoned him. *Cujus ficti atrocitas nonnullos retraxit a g.ieriM ia qua esso rolueriut COUtn lla^em*. (G. de Podio-Laurentii, *Chronicon*, cap. 45.)

[13] It will perhaps not be without interest for the reader to find here before his eyes a summary of the propositions which made the foundation of the doctrine of these sectaries. The Albigensians taught: 1° that the body of Jesus Christ is not in the Sacrament of the altar and that there is only bread; 2° every priest who is in a state of mortal sin cannot consecrate; 3° the soul of man is nothing else than the blood; 4° fornication is not a sin; 5° all men will be saved; 6° no one will enter Paradise before the judgment; 7° on account of the delay of payment usury is not an evil; 8° excommunication is a chimera; 9° it is as good to confess to a layman as to a priest; 10° the Jewish law is better than the Christian law; 11° it is not God who makes what grows on the earth, it is nature; 12° the Son of God took in the Virgin only a phantom flesh; 13° Easter, penance and confessions were instituted by the Church only to obtain money from the laity; 14° the priest who is in a state of mortal sin cannot absolve anyone; 15° no bishop can grant indulgences; 16° all those who are born of a lawful marriage will be saved.

[14] *Notice on Our Lady of Miracles at Avignonet*, p. 44.

[15] Cartier, *History of Fra Angelico*.

[16] Gérault, Gérald, Girald, Girard.

[17] According to the primitive vow made by Margaret of Bourbon, the church and monastery were to be of the Order of Saint Benedict. Margaret of Austria, who had a special confidence in Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, had the vow of her mother-in-law modified by the Pope, who permitted her to call Augustinians into the new monastery and to place the church under the invocation of her preferred Saint. The inhabitants of Bresse have preserved for the patron of Brou a part of the devotion of their former sovereign. — See the Life of Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, or rather of Tolentino, at 10 September.

[18] There are found very interesting details on the church and monastery of Brou in the *History* given of it by Father Pacificus Rousselet, 1 vol. in 12mo, at Bottier's, printer-bookseller at Bourg, and in the poem of M. G. de Moyria, preceded by a learned and rich introduction by M. Edgar Quinet, printed at the same. — Cf. *Hagiological History of the Diocese of Belley*, by M. Depéry, then vicar general of Belley, died bishop of Gap.

30 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, on the Aurelian Way, the birth into heaven of Saint Felix, pope, who merited the crown of martyrdom under the emperor Aurelian. 274. — At Torre, in Sardinia, the holy martyrs Gabinus and Crispulus.[1] 2nd century. — At Antioch, Saint Syque and Saint Palatin, who endured many torments for the name of Jesus Christ. 4th century. — At Ravenna, Saint Exuperantius, bishop and confessor. 418. — At Pavia, Saint Anastasius, bishop.[2] 680. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, Saint Basil and Saint Emmelia, his wife, father and mother of Saint Basil the Great, who, exiled in the time of Galerius Maximian, dwelt in the solitudes of Pontus, and, after the persecution, rested in peace, leaving children heirs of their virtues.[3] 370. —

At Seville, in Spain, Saint Ferdinand III, king of Castile and León, surnamed the Saint, on account of his rare virtues, who, after having conquered the Moors and rendered himself recommendable by his zeal for the propagation of the faith, quitted his kingdom of earth to go to that of heaven. 1252.

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

At Mehun-sur-Loire, in the diocese of Orléans, Saint Urbice, disciple of Saint Lifard, who, having perfectly imitated the virtues of his master, succeeded him in the government of the religious, and died full of holiness and good works. About 600. — In the abbey of Saint-Riquier, in the diocese of Amiens, Saint Caldoc and Saint Fricor or Adrian, Hibernian priests, who, having come into Ponthieu to announce the Gospel, were honourably received there by Saint Riquier, still young, which was the cause of his entire conversion. They continued afterwards their apostolic ministry and merited to be admitted into the company of the Apostles in heaven. Their bones are still venerated today (1872) in the parish church of Saint-Riquier. A modern stained-glass window of the little seminary of Saint-Riquier is consecrated to them.[4] 7th century. — In the same place, Saint Mauguille, hermit, who was first formed to virtue by Saint Fursey, and who, having been afterwards admitted into this abbey of Saint-Riquier, rendered himself brilliant there in all sorts of virtues. He withdrew towards the end of his life to a hermitage at Monstrelet, on the river Authie, where he died holily. The great miracles which God wrought by his relics engaged the abbot Ingelard to transport them into his church. About 685. — At Berthaucourt, near Abbeville, Saint Walter, abbot of Pontoise, whose decease is marked on 8 April. 1099. — At Beauvais, Saint Hubert, monk of Brétigny. 714. — At Nevers, in the parish of Saint-Stephen, celebration, by virtue of a special indult, of the feast of Saint Philomena, of whom this church possesses some relics. — At the monastery of Saint-Bertin, the venerable John of Ypres, to whom pope Innocent III addressed a letter to praise him for his benevolence towards the English religious of Canterbury who had been exiled. 1230. — At Lérins, Saint Venantius, brother of Saint Honoratus, died at Modon, in Greece. Year 374.

Martyrologies of the religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, Saint Basil and Saint Emmelia. *Martyrology of the Benedictines, Camaldolese and Vallombrosans.* — Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Morocco, in Africa, Saint John of Prado.[5] *Martyrology of the Servites.* — Saint Ferdinand III.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Constantinople, Saint Isaac, confessor and abbot. He predicted to the emperor Valens his death, after having adjured this Arian prince three times to restore their churches to the Catholics. Cruelly struck for this deed, and cast into a marsh, he was delivered by miracle, and, after the death of Valens, the emperor Theodosius held him in great honour. 383. — At Toess, an ancient monastery of Benedictine nuns, in the canton of Zurich, in Switzerland, which no longer exists, memory of some religious dead in the odour of sanctity: Anne of Klingenau was remarkable above all for her love of work. She had inscribed these thoughts on her distaff: “The more you are sick, infirm and weak, the more I love you. The more the world despises and repels you, the more I honour you and draw near to you. The more you are poor and abandoned, the more you are like me.” — Bêla of Vinterthur carried fixed to the sleeve of her robe a placard thus conceived: *The soul progresses in the spiritual life according as it renounces its own will, neither more nor less.* When she was in extremity, a sister entered her cell by chance and found her in agony. Then this sister ran through the convent crying: “Bêla is going to die.” The latter asked who was going to die; she was answered: “It is you!” She laughed aloud and died. The author of the chronicle adds: this so joyful death was procured for her by king David, whose Psalms she recited each day with devotion. — Lucy Schultheiss came to the convent very young and little devout. She fell sick and was greatly afraid of dying. A pious sister obtained her cure on

condition that she would recite every day of her life fifteen Our Fathers and fifteen Hail Marys in memory of the Passion. Faithful to this practice, she attained a very high perfection. She lived thirty years more, and during all that time did not once look through the window of her cell to see the sky or the flowers of the garden. — Ida Suîzer was the cook of the convent; the demon tempted her and said to her: "You would do better to work out your salvation elsewhere." At last the pious lay sister prayed thus: "Lord, my God, if this ember burns me, I shall know that you do not want me here." And at the same time she placed a burning coal on her hand. Her naïve and confident prayer was granted: the fire had lost its virtue. — Mechtilde of Stanz came to the convent very young still. As she was lively and very gay, and as on the other hand she knew no one in the monastery, she prayed Jesus to be the companion of her games. When the Passion was read in the refectory, she ceased to eat and wept. 15th century.

Saint Felix I, Pope and Martyr

— Roman emperor: Aurelian.

Honour to the Roman pontiff who celebrates the divine mysteries upon the body of the glorious Apostles! For you, this precious deposit is but the inert ashes of two dead men; for us, these bones are sacred and venerable. You see in them only a handful of dust, we see in them the altar of Jesus Christ. Saint Jerome, Epistle to Vigilantius.

Saint Felix, first of the name, was a Roman and son of Constantius. The eminence of his virtue, which made him the most considerable of the clergy of Rome, caused him to be elected Pope after the martyrdom of Saint Dionysius. It was the last day of the year 269.

We have four Epistles under his name in the first volume of the *Councils*: in the first, which he addresses to the bishop Paternus, he makes very fine decrees touching the accusations of clerics and bishops, and marks how the primate ought to conduct himself with regard to an accused bishop. He forbids also to have regard to the depositions of detractors and calumniators, or to judge an accused person absent and without having heard him. In the second, which he writes to all the bishops of the Gauls, he declares that a bishop driven from his see and despoiled of his goods cannot be judged before being re- established in all that has been taken from him: which has often been ordained by the Popes and in the Councils. In the third, which he sent to the bishop Benignus, he treats of the faith and refutes those who said that the Son of God did not see his Father and that he was less than he. Finally, in the fourth, of which there remains to us only a fragment, which is found in the first action of the Council of Chalcedon and in the Apology of Saint Cyril, he condemns beforehand the heresies of Nestorius and Eutyches, teaching that the eternal Word is not another person than Jesus Christ, and that he is perfect God and perfect man. This letter was addressed to the bishop Maximus and to the clerics of the church of Alexandria: this holy Pope wrote it against the errors of Sabellius, of Paul of Samosata and of Manes, chief of the Manichaeans. Saint Vincent of Lérins assures that it was read at the general Council of Ephesus. Saint Felix made other ordinances very advantageous to the Church, among others, that none but the priest should offer the sacrifice: which some clerics or laymen wished to usurp, by a detestable error and sacrilege;… that the divine Mysteries should not be celebrated outside the church, nor in a profane place, without an absolute necessity, because there was less inconvenience in not hearing mass than in saying it in an indecent place;… that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ should be consecrated on the tombs or memorials of the martyrs;[1] that is, that their relics should be put under the altars, according to these words of the Apocalypse: "I saw, under the altar of God, the souls of those who were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they had rendered to it." It was already the practice of the Church; but there was not yet, before our Saint, an ordinance in writing. He conferred orders twice in the month of December, in which he created nine priests, five deacons and five bishops. He ended his life in the year 274, under the emperor Aurelian: for, although this prince had shown, in the beginning of his reign, benevolence for the Christians, he nevertheless kindled against them a furious

persecution, in which Saint Felix was enveloped, and merited, by a glorious martyrdom, the crown promised to the servants who have faithfully fought for the name of Jesus Christ. His body was buried on the Aurelian Way, in his own cemetery, where he had built a church. He had sat five years, ten months and twenty-five days.

Sources: Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Hubert, Monk of Brétigny

— Pope: Constantine. — King of France: Dagobert II.

Hubert of Brétigny[1] lived under Childebert III and under Dagobert II (695–715). His father, who was called Peter, and his mother, Joan, descended no doubt from some Frankish family established in that place, of which they were lords. Pious and rich, they desired nothing so much as to have an heir of their fortune. After having addressed to heaven the most ardent vows, they went to find the prior of Brétigny, a man of eminent holiness and who was perhaps Saint Gamon or Saint Gam, whose figure was formerly seen in the monastery, with the insignia of an abbot, in order to obtain from him a solemn prayer. They began by laying the richest gifts upon the altar of the basilica, then they besought the prior to ask God for a child for them by the intercession of the saints. The prior offered the holy sacrifice, and, all filled with the spirit of God, promised them what they asked. In effect, nine months afterwards, Joan had a son whom she named Hubert and who had for godfathers Saint Hubert, lord of the Ardennes and bishop of Liège, and the count of Vermandois.

According to the custom of noble families, the young Hubert was instructed in letters in his father's house, but he went often to the church and to the monastery of Brétigny, which was not far from their manor. One day even, being only twelve years of age, he withdrew thither secretly. At the moment when he entered, he heard a subdeacon reading the prophecies, and desiring keenly to know their sense, he went to find an old monk and said to him: "My venerable father, what do you think is the meaning of what is read in Scripture?" — "Fair son,[2]" replied the old man, "what has just been read is the nourishment of the soul. It is ordained there to lead a chaste life and to flee the charms of this age of vanity." — "I pray you, father," resumed the child, little satisfied with this answer, "to teach me clearly what is the nourishment of the soul." — "The fear of God," added the old man, "is its most solid support and the vital nourishment of the human heart. The reading and the hearing of holy Scripture sustain the soul of man and strengthen it. Retain this: 'Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.' Does not the prophet-king also say: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'?" Then, quite astonished at the precocity of the young Hubert: "I fear much, my fair child,[3] that you who question me with so much wisdom wish to try my ignorance." — Hubert answered the old man that he had put these questions, not to try him, but to seize his words the better; that he was but a child, and that his ignorance prevented him from understanding lofty things. Then the good old man held long discourses to him on the soul, the creation of man, his fall and the fatal consequences of that fall, the redemption by Jesus Christ. He showed him that the only means of arriving at eternal beatitude was to live conformably to the prescriptions of the faith of Jesus Christ. He told him in conclusion that in monasteries there were found more facilities for performing the good works which it recommends and consequently for arriving at heaven. "Wherefore, my dear son," he added, "if you desire to nourish your soul with the heavenly nourishment, reflect well on what you will undertake and, if you believe me, you will pray to Jesus Christ with fervour."

When the eloquent old man had ceased to speak, the pious child falling at once at his feet, said to him: "Henceforth, O old man, you who speak so well of Christ, who teach so well excellent works and show the way to heaven, you shall be my father. God, by your organ, has deigned to draw me out of this fragile and profane world, to make me enter into holy religion. May he reward you as you deserve. My spirit[4] is inflamed with the desire to put on the religious habit in this monastery." — "Courage, virtuous child," resumed the old man, filled with wonder, "it is thus that you will arrive in the heavens! But before making

yourself a monk, think what are the duties and the rules of religious. The aim which you pursue is magnificent, but know that in the monastic state you will have to undergo a thousand privations, pass nights without sleep, sing the psalms by night, suffer contradictions, sometimes reproaches, and experience great pains, but you will come out of them victorious; for, if in all these difficulties you remain, for the love of God, faithful and magnanimous, in you will be accomplished, to the letter, this word of Jesus Christ: *He that shall persevere to the end, shall be saved.* May God be propitious to you!…"

Meanwhile, Hubert's parents, uneasy at his prolonged absence, run to the monastery. There, having learned that he had become a religious, they go to find the prior to demand their son back of him. When they were in his presence, his mother, who loved him tenderly, said to him: — "If I had to speak before the people or to powerful monarchs, I should have to wipe my tears and stifle my sobs, but, O my sweet child![5] coming to lay my grief in your heart, why should I fear to speak to you, my cheeks watered with tears? When I was in the flower of youth, long my womb remained barren; married, I was without a child. We obtained you, your father and I, by our prayers, and you saw the day by the favour of God. We had the hope that you would continue our race and that you would be our heir. I know how beautiful it is to see a young noble honour the supreme God, I know that the most excellent nobility consists in serving him. This is what you would have done each day under my guidance. What do you seek, my son? What is this enterprise of yours? Your father is in the rank of the most fervent Christians by his spirit of prayer and by his alms. Moreover, he shines by his equity, his probity and his courage. My tender son, if the lustre of a distinguished mind has for you so many attractions, you will increase yours at your pleasure, in your father's house. The domain of Brétigny extends far; we have superb fortresses, rich lands, a considerable revenue. We are already old, we shall leave you all our riches, we wish only to have you for heir. Must our hopes be deceived? Come, my sweet child, return to the house, have pity on your mother's tears, have pity on your father's old age!"

After the noble lady had spoken, the young Hubert, as though filled with the spirit of God, answered her gravely: "Your sweet and sad words, and your sobs full of tears, O my mother! penetrate me with grief and bring the tears to my eyes. Nevertheless, I cannot change my resolution, for it comes from God. I am not ignorant of what the holy books say: 'Honour thy father and thy mother'; but I know also that Jesus, remaining in the temple, said to his mother: 'Why did you seek me, did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?' Now, understand, my dearest mother, this sacred word, which is for me an exhortation to embrace piety, to pass all the days of my life in the service of God, to dwell in his temple and to devote myself to holy things, as I have resolved! Is it then doing an injury to my mortal mother to serve my Creator? O my glorious heavenly Father, who willed to be born of the most holy Virgin, and who have in the heavens an eternal kingdom, be propitious to me! I implore your help, soften the grief of my parents, dissipate their sadness and their sorrow, and nothing shall hinder me from consecrating myself to your holy altars! Why lament? Why groan and weep so much, O my mother? Why promise me dignities and earthly goods? I despise the joys, the pleasures and the pomps of a passing world. Earthly goods are fragile and vanish, heavenly goods are solid and eternal. I have preferred God, I shall love him, I shall follow him, I shall adore him, I shall be consecrated to him, I shall pray to him for your salvation, and no human consideration will turn me from my design. I pray you then, my good mother, I beseech you by Jesus and all the Blessed, let me become a monk here; let me apply myself here to divine things; let me contemplate here Christ Jesus. Death presses, old age comes, the debt to nature will soon have to be paid; permit me then to begin here what we shall do, you and I, after death, my dearest father and mother, in heavenly beatitude. I shall thus be for you a more true consolation." He had no sooner finished these words than the most powerful warrior Peter of Brétigny,[6] inspired in his turn by the divine Spirit, cried out: "Cease, my son, these long discourses, God has spoken by your mouth, that is enough, we must consent to everything. Yours is not the voice of a mortal, it is the organ of the Almighty. It is just that mortal men obey the divine will; live the life of angels, make yourself a monk, let all our goods be common between us, pray for me and for your mother!" On the spot, the two spouses embrace their son, and soon they share their goods, give a part to the monastery of Saint

Peter of Brétigny, another part to the poor, and keep for themselves only a third. After these arrangements, Hubert received the monastic habit[7] from the hands of the venerable and good prior, about the year 670. He made incredible progress in the religious life and became an accomplished monk. His countenance was beautiful, his speech polished, his conversations sweet, his intercourse agreeable and his piety fervent. Full of respect for the old, loving everyone with a love full of benevolence, he was cherished by all. His sole desire was to please God and to merit the esteem of his brethren. Not only was his whole person stamped with a generous nobility, but one breathed around him, as it were, the agreeable odour of divinity. Applied to reading and meditation, he learned by heart, in a short time, the Psalter and even the holy Scriptures. He ate only fruits and fasted, during all his life, three times a week, giving on those days his portion to the poor. The demon visited him in the midst of his pious exercises. One day when he was in meditation, he addressed to him crafty words. He gave him to understand that he was an angel descended from heaven, by the order of God, to tell him his will, to him, a wavering young man,[8] that he ought therefore to consent to the wishes of his family, not to despise an opulent patrimony; that like an imprudent child, he had undertaken a thing above his strength. What is more cruel than to have no pity for the sorrow of one's parents, what more foolish than to despise riches acquired with so much pains? He must therefore return as soon as possible to his father's house, under pain of experiencing the effects of the divine wrath. At these perfidious insinuations of the spirit of darkness, Hubert wavers, weariness seizes him. What will he do in these cruel doubts? But he discovered the snares of Satan and foiled them by resuming with fervour his pious meditations.

Soon Hubert had another subject of trouble and anxiety. The count of Vermandois, who had the high domain of Brétigny, having learned that he had taken orders and that all his inheritance had been given to the monks, which took from him all power over this domain, resolved, in his anger, to recover by arms what had been taken from him. The count of Vermandois was a powerful man and a valiant warrior, and Peter a noble knight; therefore the latter went to ask his son for the help of his person and of his prayers, before engaging in this fierce duel. Hubert urged his father, who wished to drag him along with him, to betake himself quickly to the place of combat. "Go with boldness, my father," he said to him, "I shall pray to God for you and he will be your defender." Peter, full of confidence, set out on the spot; but while everything was being prepared for a bloody battle, Hubert, having put himself in prayer with tears, appears suddenly "in the army of Brétigny"[9] surrounded by a phalanx of heavenly spirits. The count of Vermandois, frightened by this vision, fled, seized with a cold terror. Suddenly, he throws down his lance, leaps from his horse and, kneeling, takes the hand of Peter of Brétigny. The two warriors embrace and swear each other an eternal friendship. Hubert disappeared with the heavenly troop. The lord of Brétigny, returned to his manor, triumphing in this victory which had not cost a drop of blood, betook himself to the church of Saint Peter, made it new gifts, confirmed the old ones, and rendered thanks to God and to his son Hubert. Everything was prodigious in the life of the holy cenobite of Brétigny. Having been ordained priest at twenty, three Pontiffs, he of Soissons, doubtless Saint Gaudin, he of Noyon and he of Laon, who may be presumed to be, the one, Madalgaire, and the other Munarus or Numianus, were warned by an angel to repair to Brétigny, to assist at his first mass. At the dinner which followed the ceremony, a beggar presented himself at the table where the nobles and the prelates were seated. Hubert having given him his share of the repast, he disappeared. All the guests, filled with wonder, believed that it was Jesus Christ in person who, under the form of a poor man, had assisted at the feast. Hubert healed still, on this occasion, a woman of Noyon, afflicted with blindness and obsession, which gave the highest idea of his holiness to the people and to the bishops, who, before their departure, commended themselves to his prayers. Healing afterwards innumerable sick, attacked above all with rabies, he said to all: "Go, my dearest brother, but render thanks to God alone, creator of all things, and tell no one that Hubert has healed you, lest something worse befall you"; or again: "Take care not to swear by the name of God, for it is a great crime." Hence the habit was taken, in the Soissonnais, the Laonnois and the Noyonnais, of swearing by Saint Hubert. Such was the opinion that was held of his holiness and of his power that, where his name was written and where there was something that had touched his relics, it was believed that neither lightning,

nor tempest, nor madness could have effect. “The incredible multitude of pilgrims who flock to Brétigny, at the time when I write,” says the legend-writer of Saint Hubert, “is a proof of the confidence which he inspired and which was justified by so many miracles.”

Hubert did not survive his noble parents long. He desired so keenly to be reunited with them that the archangel Saint Michael appeared to him, one night when he was prostrate before the holy altars, to announce to him on behalf of God his return to heaven. According to another version which has no less charm, Hubert having the custom of going out after the nocturnal vigils into the garden called since the Garden of Saint Hubert, and of praying to God there under a thick lime tree, kneeling on a stone, it is there that the heavenly envoy would have warned him of his death.[10] It was an immense and ineffable joy for him, this news, but a subject of profound grief for his brethren when he announced it to them. They surrounded the bed where the fever devoured him, their eyes bathed in tears, and they adjured heaven not to take him from them. He consoled them with sweet words and asked God’s pardon for his faults. At the same time that he commended his soul to him, he conjured him to protect the religious, to preserve Brétigny and its environs from wicked beasts, from hail, from lightning, from the illusions of Satan, and to heal of the falling sickness and of rabies all those who, being afflicted with them, should repair to Brétigny to be relieved. “Grant me at last,” he said to God, “what you granted to my godfather (Saint Hubert of the Ardennes), that those who shall implore the patronage of my name be at once and everywhere healed of rabies.”

Having made all these prayers, Hubert received the Sacraments, and, while the monks sang around him hymns and canticles, he fell asleep in death as in a peaceful slumber. He gained paradise under Dagobert, very courageous king of the Franks, ten years and three months after his entry into the monastery, that is, in 713 or in 714, on 24 May. As soon as he had rendered the last sigh, there spread through Brétigny an odour so sweet that one would have said that the divine power had gathered there all the flowers of spring, image of the heavenly sweetnesses which Hubert tasted in paradise. The report of his death having spread through all Belgium, the people ran in troops and by all the roads to touch his body, which was buried at Brétigny, where miracles abounded. A lord named Maranus, paralysed in one arm, not having obtained his cure after nine days and nine nights passed in prayers at Saint-Hubert-le-Grand, in the Ardennes, heard a voice which told him to go to the church of Brétigny; he came there and was healed. A lunatic woman of Vic-sur-Aisne,[11] named Pétronille, came also to pray at the holy tomb and was healed. Three men possessed by the demon and natives, it was said, of a suburb of Soissons formerly named Tour-des-Comtes, were brought to Brétigny eight days after the death of Saint Hubert, and, after a novena, returned healed.[12] Other miraculous facts, no less interesting for local history, are also related. Two celebrated robbers of the castle of Coucy, condemned to death, having invoked Saint Hubert, were suddenly transported to the doors of the church of Brétigny; they entered it, made a novena, and their chains broke. Finally, on the feast day of the Saint, a stranger to the village of Brétigny having dug the foundations of a house, was at once seized by the evil spirit, fell into a deep pit, and the earth fell in upon him. He was drawn out half dead, bearing on his forehead a black mark like a livid scar. He was carried to the church, but he was not entirely healed until he had offered a weight of wax equal to that of his body.

This last feature serves as explanation of the usage of the chapel called of the Scales, which was still seen in the eighteenth century, in the church of Brétigny, which was situated to the north of the high altar dedicated to Saint Peter, and where Saint Hubert had been first buried. There were weighed the foodstuffs which the pilgrims offered to obtain their cure.

Relics and Cult of Saint Hubert

The annals of Brétigny end with the account of the miracles wrought at the tomb of Saint Hubert. This abbey was no more, from the twelfth century, than a priory dependent on Lihons, of the Order of Cluny, since in 1131 pope Innocent confirmed a donation of tithes and *terrages* belonging to the church of Brétigny, made

by the prior of Lihons to the abbey of Ourscamp. The *Annals of the diocese of Soissons*, by M. the abbé Pécheur, from which we have borrowed the translation of the foregoing legend, end thus the chapter relative to Saint Hubert of Brétigny.

According to Mabillon, who had visited Brétigny, the Chapel of the Scales was so called because there were weighed those who came to be healed of rabies, as in certain pilgrimages, to make sure, during the days of their prayer, whether the disease was decreasing. He treats this custom, with reason, as superstition; but the very examples which he brings of it, drawn from the translation of Saint Quirin and of Saint Arsace, where a man is weighed against loaves and cheeses which he then distributes to the poor, prove, as well as the miracle of Brétigny, that this learned man is mistaken and that the use of scales, as we have interpreted it, has nothing superstitious. The Benedictine traveller then depicts for us the sad remains of the monastery of Brétigny, of which there remained in his time nothing but a half-ruined church where was still seen this Chapel of the Scales, a neglected altar of Saint Gamon, above which was seen the image of this Saint, and some vestiges of monastic buildings. The priory was inhabited by a secular prior and a monk treasurer, to whom he ceded a part of the offerings coming from the pilgrimage of Saint Hubert. It is nearly the sad state in which we found the same places, in an excursion made to Kierzy, in 1855, in company of M. Peigné-Delacour. Rebuilt in the twelfth century, the church of Brétigny has now only its nave with two side chapels, of which one, which serves as sacristy, must be the chapel of Saint Gamon, and the other can only be that of the Scales, although the memory of it is completely lost on the spot itself. There remain only faint traces of the castle and of the abbey, of which are still seen some walls built of sandstone and in round arches, with vestiges of ponds, of ditches, and an enclosure which contains a fountain of Saint Hubert to which is attributed the virtue of healing rabies, fever, etc. The memory of the Saint has therefore survived alone all these ruins. The pilgrimage has its relics, which are considerable and authentic; it is still frequented by about two thousand persons during the novena. There is also at Brétigny an ancient way, the Road of Saint Hubert, a Stone of Saint Hubert placed in a field near the village, and an enormous sandstone planted horizontally in the cemetery, near the door of the church, on which was seen, it is said, the print of the Saint’s foot. He is invoked chiefly against the bite of mad dogs, like his godfather Saint Hubert, the patron of the Ardennes.

Sources: Acta Sanctorum; translation of M. the abbé Pécheur in the *Annals of the Church of Soissons*. The foundation of the life of this pious cenobite, written by the monk Pison, is truthful; but it has been embellished with legendary circumstances which, while preserving a lively interest for it, paint, in the most naïve and purest colours, the monastic life in one of the numerous little communities then scattered in the countryside.

Saint Ferdinand III, King of León and of Castile

1200–1252. — Popes: Innocent III; Innocent IV.

When he had said: “Lord God, you are my help,” he feared nothing more on earth.

He was very humble, that is why he was very victorious. Baronius.

Ferdinand III was eldest son of Alphonso, king of León, and of Berengaria of Castile, sister of Blanche, queen of France; he thus finds himself cousin of our Saint Louis. Like him he was a great Saint and a great king; like him again, he made regulations full of wisdom. He humbled the great, who tyrannised over the small, purged his States of brigands and robbers, had the laws of his predecessors collected into a code, and gave a new face to Spain. His zeal for the faith was without bounds; his piety, his austere and exemplary life, his magnificence in all that concerns the worship of God were always regarded by the Christian peoples as the principal cause which chained victory to his arms. A new feature of resemblance with our Louis is that he always preserved a respect, mingled with much filial piety, and the greatest deference for his mother. She had resigned in his favour her kingdom of Castile, which she held by right of birth. By her counsels the young

monarch knew how to stifle all divisions and made himself firm on the throne. It was again by the counsels of his mother that he chose for companion Beatrice, daughter of Philip of Swabia, emperor of Germany, the most accomplished princess of her time. This union, founded principally on virtue, never suffered alteration. Seven princes and three princesses were the fruits of this happy alliance. Ferdinand, raised to the throne, showed what a truly Christian king can do for the happiness of the people. Severe for himself, he was full of gentleness and compassion for others. He always knew how to command his passions. He made the laws respected, but he was always ready to pardon the repentant culprit. As for injuries which were personal to him, he forgot them willingly. The desire that he had to render his people happy was manifested above all in the choice of the persons to whom he confided a portion of his authority; he wished that all his ministers should be animated by a sincere love of the public good. The celebrated Roderick, archbishop of Toledo and grand chancellor of Castile, was for thirty years at the head of his councils. He was so perfectly united with Ferdinand and Berengaria that they seemed to have all three but one soul. To prevent all injustice on the part of the tribunals, the king instituted the court known since under the name of the Royal Council of Castile. It was to it that appeal was made from all the other courts. The most skilful jurisconsults had order at the same time to draw up a body of laws which might serve as rule to all magistrates.

The pious Ferdinand founded some bishoprics, had several churches built or repaired with magnificence, and assigned still considerable funds for the reconstruction of a great number of monasteries and hospitals. He had at the same time several wars to sustain against the Moors, and yet he never burdened his subjects with taxes: it was in a severe economy that he found the funds necessary to meet so many expenses. In one of these wars, one of those politicians with bowels of iron, who count for nothing the misery of peoples, took it into his head to propose to him a means of raising extraordinary subsidies. “God forbid,” the prince answered him, “that I adopt your project; Providence will know how to assist me by other ways. I fear more the maledictions of a poor woman than an army of Moors.” It is by this goodness of soul that he was, during thirty-five years of reign, the idol of his subjects. So true it is that to make oneself loved one must love oneself!

It was in 1225 that Ferdinand began to draw the sword against the infidels; but from the moment he had drawn it, he did not let it rest again. Some years after, he took from them the best places of Andalusia and the kingdoms of Cordova and of Jaën. Aben-Mahomet had acknowledged himself his vassal; he was assassinated by his subjects, who could not bear that he had made himself vassal of a Christian prince. Ferdinand profited by this occasion to conquer the whole kingdom of Baëça. It was always the glory of God that the holy king proposed to himself in all his wars. “Lord,” he said often, his eyes raised to heaven, “you search hearts; you know that I seek your glory, and not my own. I do not propose to acquire perishable kingdoms, but to extend the knowledge of your holy name.” Roderick, archbishop of Toledo, fulfilled in the army the functions of a zealous pastor. The king wished that sentiments of sincere piety should be inspired in his soldiers; he gave them himself the example of all the virtues. He fasted rigorously, and wore a hair-shirt made in the form of a cross. Often he passed the nights in prayer, above all on the eve of a battle; it was to God that he attributed all his successes. Therefore his confidence in the divine help was without bounds. There was always carried before his arms an image of the Virgin, in order that the sight of it might fill the soldiers with ardour, with confidence in God and with hope of victory. Besides this image, around which his faithful soldiers rallied, the king carried himself a small one on his breast, and he suspended it from the pommel of his saddle when he marched to combat: it is the famous statuette of Our Lady of Battles which is still preserved today at Seville.

Ferdinand was preparing to form the siege of Jaën, when he learned the news of the death of his father; he became from that time heir of the kingdom of León, which since has always been united to that of Castile. But it was only after three years of struggles that he saw himself peaceful possessor of his new States. When he had subdued those who disputed with him the paternal inheritance, he took up arms again against the

Moors and made the siege of Abéda, which was carried only after a long resistance. About the same time, his son the infante Alphonso, at the head of 1,500 men only, beat at Xérès the formidable army of Abenhut, king of Seville, divided into seven corps, each of which was more numerous than the Christian army. This victory, which cost Alphonso only ten soldiers, was regarded everywhere as a miracle of divine protection. The Moorish prisoners deposed that they had seen at the head of their enemies the apostle Saint James mounted on a white horse, and with the armour of a horseman. Several Christians gave also the same testimony.

The joy which such glorious victories caused the king was troubled by a bitter grief. In 1236, Ferdinand lost his virtuous spouse, queen Beatrice. This blow, which had found him extremely sensitive, could not, however, cast him down. He drew from the greatness of his faith the strength to bear the loss of this beloved spouse, and after the first tears which a too just grief drew from him, he resumed the course of his warlike operations. While James of Aragon took from the Moors the kingdom of Majorca, he completed the conquest of Baëça and of Cordova. This last city, which contained three hundred thousand inhabitants, had been in the hands of the infidels for five hundred and twenty-four years, and it had long been the capital of their empire in Spain. Ferdinand made his entry into it on the day of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in 1236, and a Christian prince was seen to occupy the palace of Abderrahman the Great, three centuries after the epoch when it was built. The great mosque was purified by John, bishop of Osma, and converted into a church under the invocation of the mother of God. It is still today the cathedral of Cordova; it is a masterpiece of Moorish architecture, where twelve thousand columns are counted. Al-Manzour had had the bells of Compostella brought there on the shoulders of Christians, and Ferdinand had them carried back to Galicia on those of the Moors.

The following year, the king, by the counsels of his mother and the solicitations of Blanche, queen of France, married Joan of Ponthieu, who gave him two sons and a daughter. This princess lived always in the most perfect union with Ferdinand and Berengaria, and imitated their fervour in the exercises of piety. When in spring the king put himself at the head of his armies, Joan remained near Berengaria and ordinarily aided her in the administration of the interior affairs of the State.

In the campaigns which followed the taking of Cordova, Ferdinand seized twenty-four places, of which Ecija was the first, and the last Moron. Then the Moorish kings of Murcia and of Granada declared themselves his vassals. After the death of Abenhut, Seville had erected itself into a republic. Ferdinand resolved to attack it with all his forces. After two years of preparation, he advanced against it. Seville was the strongest and most populous city of Spain. It had a double enclosure of very high and very thick walls, and was flanked by a hundred and sixty-six towers. The Guadalquivir defended the western part; at the foot of the inner wall was a wide and deep ditch. The besieged drew moreover their victuals from the famous Garden of Hercules, to which they have given the name of Axarafa. It is the most fertile and most delicious canton of ancient Baetica. It is ten leagues long, five wide and thirty in circuit. Besides a great number of boroughs and castles, there were counted in it a hundred thousand farms or holdings. It is on the right of the Guadalquivir, and its communication with the city was defended by the castle of Triana.

The fleet of Ferdinand defeated that of the Moors. The holy king, with his land forces, prevented the arrival of the succours sent from Africa, and won every day new advantages over the enemy. At last, after sixteen months of vigorous resistance, the city surrendered on 23 November 1249. The Moors obtained a month to dispose of their effects. Three hundred thousand withdrew to Xérès, and a hundred thousand passed into Africa. Axataf, governor of the infidels at Seville, having arrived on a height from which one discovered the sea on one side and the city on the other, fixed his eyes on this beautiful country which he was abandoning, and said weeping: “None but a favourite of God could have, with so few people, taken a city so strong and so populous. It was written. Without a decree of heaven, no human power could have taken it from the Moors.” The holy king rendered to God solemn thanksgivings, and implored the protection of the holy Virgin before the celebrated image which is still seen at Seville and called Our Lady of the Kings. He had the cathedral

rebuilt with such magnificence that it yields to no church of Christendom, if that of Toledo be excepted. About the same time, he added to his domains several other cities, such as Xérès, Medina, Sidonia, Cadiz, Arcos, Lebrexa, etc. He was preparing an expedition against the Moors of Africa, when he was attacked by the sickness which was to ravish him from the love of his peoples. Warned that his end approached, he made a confession of his whole life and asked for the holy Viaticum, which was brought him by the bishop of Segovia, followed by the clergy and the court. The fervent monarch, at the sight of the blessed Sacrament, threw himself out of his bed to kneel; he had the rope about his neck, like a criminal, holding in his hands a crucifix which he kissed and watered with his tears. In this posture, he accused himself aloud of his sins. They were but light faults which escape the most just. He made then an act of faith full of love, and received the body of the Saviour with the sentiments of the tenderest devotion. He called his children before dying, gave them his blessing and his last counsels, then he expired tranquilly, on 30 May 1252, in the fifty-third year of his age and the thirty-fifth of his reign. He was buried before the image of the holy Virgin in the great church of Seville, where his body is still kept in a beautiful shrine. His tomb was honoured by several miracles. Clement X canonised him in 1671.

Saint Ferdinand liked to style himself standard-bearer[1] of Saint James. Therefore he is represented with the banner of the Apostle marked with the cross of Calatrava in one hand and the sword in the other; this sword which he drew so gloriously for the name of God. He holds in hand a key: it is that of Cordova and of Seville. One may see in this key either the symbol of the conquest of these two cities, or the translation of an historical event. The Spanish historians relate that a fateful key preserved at Seville bore these words:

Dios abrira, God will open, *Rey entrara.* The king will enter.

When the besieged saw that, in spite of his feeble resources, Ferdinand won every day new advantages, they judged that resistance became useless and went to present the prophetic key to the conqueror. Two of these keys are still preserved at the cathedral of Seville. — An engraving reproduced by Father Cahier, in his *Caractéristiques*, represents the holy king full-length, the crown and the helm on his head; holding in the right hand a key; his left hand presses on his heart the statuette of Our Lady of Battles; arms of Castile on the breast; costume of the warriors of the middle ages: coat of mail, cuirass, gauntlets, etc. We have borrowed this Life from the *Lives of the Saints* of M. the abbé Caillet.

Saint Urbice

About the time of the Roman pontiffs Vigilius and Pelagius, there flourished at Mehun-sur-Loire Urbice, disciple of Saint Lifard, who lived as a hermit in a desert. He imitated perfectly all the virtues of his master, in particular his obedience. By dint of obeying punctually the orders of his master, he obtained, a new saint, to work miracles. His holiness was resplendent; and after having taken him for companion and auxiliary in the foundation of the monastery of Mehun, which became later a college of canons (a collegiate church), Saint Lifard, knowing that his end was near, thought he ought to designate him to succeed him.

The bishop Mark, who governed then the church of Orléans, learning the news of the death of Lifard, repaired in all haste to Mehun, to render him the honours of ecclesiastical burial. The obsequies finished, this prelate, who knew Urbice to be loaded with the gifts of heaven, and who was not ignorant that he had succeeded the blessed Lifard, gave him his blessing and confirmed him in his function of abbot.

His predecessor had left only a narrow monastery of small appearance; Urbice enlarged it and raised it to a greater height. But his principal care was to make regular observance reign among his brethren. He attained himself the highest degree of monastic perfection, and acquitted himself very holily of his duties; after which he migrated from this world to God, at the end of the sixth century.

Sources: Proper of Orléans.

[1] Crispulus and Gabinus suffered under the reign of Hadrian for having preached the faith in their country. Some relics of Saint Gabinus were carried to Rome and placed in the church of Saint Peter, under an altar consecrated to him. The island of Corsica and that of Sardinia formerly paid a tribute to this altar. The town of Torre, today ruined, has been replaced by that of Sassari.

[2] Anastasius had belonged in his youth to the Arian sect and was even bishop of the sect at Pavia before having been touched by grace.

[3] A forest in the mountains served them for seven years as asylum, to them and to their children. Their misery was great and their sufferings extreme, for they had only the sky for shelter and only the earth for bed. They preferred to endure all sorts of privations rather than renounce their faith. On the other hand, they did not wish to expose themselves to persecution; they waited for the good God to deliver them, if such was his will. The animals of the forest did not flee them and followed them everywhere. The persecution ceased: then Saint Basil and Saint Emmelia returned to Caesarea, where they continued to give their children the example of all the virtues until they fell asleep in the Lord. Heaven had blessed their marriage by giving them ten children of whom the greater part were Saints. Let us content ourselves with naming Saint Macrina the younger, Saint Basil the Great, Saint Gregory, bishop of Nyssa, and Saint Peter, bishop of Sebaste.

[4] See the Life of Saint Riquier.

[5] See 24 May.

[6] Here is seen the antiquity of the cult of relics, combated by the Protestants. The constitution of Saint Felix had no other aim than to register an apostolic custom and make it obligatory. The study of the monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity does not permit doubt of the antiquity and legitimacy of the cult of relics. Cf. Apocalypse, vi, 9, 10; Prudentius, *Peristephanon*, hymn xi; the Acts of Saint Irenaeus of Lyons; Paulinus of Nola, poem xxvii, verse 384; Saint Ambrose, epistle “isn”, chap. 13; Saint Jerome, epistle to Vigilantius.

[7] A village situated on the river Oise, two leagues above Noyon.

[8] “Belle fill.”.

[9] *Fili pulcherrime.*

[10] *Aninaulus meus.*

[11] *Mi dulcissime gnate!*

[12] *Annipotentissimus eques.*

[13] *Cucullam monacbalem.*

[14] *Juveni vaclllabundo.*

[15] *In exercitu Britignisco.*

[16] This version was written in the margin of the manuscript edited by the Bollandists.

[17] *A Vico cis Axonam.*

[18] I should willingly learn, says the Bollandist editor of the Life of Saint Hubert, where Lasceniwn is situated, and the place named *Turris Comitis*. *Lasceniwn* must be Lassigny (Oise), and *Turris comitis*, the Tower of the counts of Soissons, which may have given its name to the suburb which neighboured it.

[19] “Alttrez.”.

31 May

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Brescia, Saint Angela of Merici, virgin, foundress of the religious of Saint Ursula, mentioned on 27 January. — At Rome, Saint Petronilla, virgin, daughter of Saint Peter, apostle, who, despising the union which Flaccus, a noble man, proposed to her, and having obtained three days to deliberate, gave herself during that time to prayer and fasting, and on the third day, after having received the sacrament of Christ, rendered up her spirit. 81. — At Aquileia, the holy martyrs Cant, Cantien, brothers, and Cantianilla, their sister, who were of the illustrious family of the Anicii, and who, under the emperor Diocletian, on account of their constancy in confessing the Christian faith, had their heads cut off with Protus, their governor. 290. — At Torre, in Sardinia, Saint Crescentian, martyr. Reign of Hadrian. — At Comanes, in Pontus, Saint Hermias, soldier, who, under the emperor Antoninus, was delivered by divine help from numerous and very cruel torments, converted an executioner to the faith and made him a partaker of the same crown which he himself received first, having been beheaded by a stroke of the sword. About 166. — At Verona, Saint Lupicinus, bishop. 6th century. — At Rome, Saint Paschasius, deacon and confessor, of whom Saint

Gregory, pope, makes mention.[1]

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

At Poitiers, Saint Simplician, martyr, who was beheaded for the faith by the command of his father. There was, before the Revolution, in this city a parish church which bore his name. He is invoked with success in the violence of headaches. — In the diocese of Limoges, Saint Paul, abbot, and his companions, martyrs. It is said of this holy man that he recited every day the hundred and fifty psalms of David, to be preserved from temporal fire, from the fire of concupiscence and from eternal fire. — At Sarlat, Saint Mondane, martyr, mother of Saint Serdot, bishop of Limoges.[2] About 530. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Alexander, confessor, and Saint Galla, who were buried in the church of Saint-Vénérand and have there made their merits appear by miraculous cures. Saint Gregory of Tours speaks of them in the book *On the Glory of the Confessors*, chapter xxx. — At Toulouse, Saint Sylve, bishop, who began the building of the church of Saint-Sernin. His relics are still today in this church. Beginning of the 5th century. — At Ajaccio, the feast of Our Lady of Grace. — At Montpellier, on the Thursday before the Ascension, the raising of the body of Saint Fulcran. — At Bourdieu, diocese of Bourges, the feast of the Miracles of the blessed Virgin Mary. — At Issoudun, in the diocese of Bourges, in France, feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.[3] — The blessed Aldo, count of Ostrevant, who renounced all to enter the monastery of Hasnon founded by his brother John. He was its second abbot and died in God at the beginning of the 8th century. — At Vaucelles, the blessed Nicholas, third abbot of the monastery of that name. The blessed Nicholas and his father, Rimbert, had both renounced a brilliant position in Burgundy to put themselves under the direction of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux. 1163. — At Corbie, Saint Gislemar, who was given as companion to Saint Anschar, apostle of Denmark: he wrought numerous conversions in Jutland. 9th century. — At Longeville-Boulancourt (arrondissement of Wassy, diocese of Langres), feast of Saint Asceline, cousin of Saint Bernard, born at Ville-sur-Terre, near Laferté-sur-Aube. She was a religious of Poulangy and afterwards abbess of Boulancourt, a monastery of women founded by Saint Bernard in 1152. She was invited to the eternal nuptials in the year 1195.[4]

Martyrologies of the religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Benedictines and of Vallombrosa. — Saint Philip Neri… *Martyrology of the Camaldolese.* — Saint Philip Neri… — On the Thursday in the octave of the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, the feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. — On the Saturday before the third Sunday of Pentecost, the feast of the Most Pure Heart of the blessed Virgin Mary. *Martyrology of the Cistercians.* — At Brescia, Saint Angela of Merici… *Martyrology of the Dominicans.* — At Venice, the blessed James Salomoni, of the Order of Friars Preachers, who, wishing to imitate in all things the model of Saint Dominic, kept without failing virginity, humility, charity towards God and neighbour; therefore the Lord honoured him with the gift of prophecy and the glory of miracles. His feast, first instituted at Forlì and at Venice by some Roman Pontiffs, was at last celebrated in the whole Order of Friars Preachers, by the permission of Gregory XV.[5] 1314.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Florence, the blessed Gerard of Villamagne, knight of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, of the Third Order of Saint Francis, illustrious for his love of contemplation and of penance.[6] 1242.

Martyrologies of the Minors, of the Carmelites, of the Augustinians, of the Servites, of the Capuchins. — Saint Angela of Merici…

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Paderborn, in Westphalia, Saint Helmtrude, recluse. Saint Cordula, one of the companions of Saint Ursula, whose name was unknown, appeared to her and taught her that she had survived one day her companions; but that, not being able to bear the separation, she had gone and presented herself to the executioner. 10th or 11th century. — At Diessen, in Bavaria, the blessed Matilda or Mechtilde, virgin, abbess

of the Order of Canons Regular of Saint Augustine. She had for sisters two other blessed women, Euphemia and Giselle, of whom the second was mother of four bishops.[7] About the year 1160. — At Assisi, in Umbria, the blessed Vitalis, native of Bastia, in the territory of Assisi, hermit, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. A parish church near Perugia was placed under his invocation, and a Confraternity established in his honour. 1491. — At Camerino, in Italy, the blessed Baptista Varani, of the Order of the Poor Sisters of Saint Clare.[8] 1527. — At London, on the place of Tyburn, martyrdom of Thomas Cottam, priest of the English seminary of Douai, tortured and put to death for not having been willing to reveal what had been told him in confession. In the cart which led him to the torture, there had been put before his eyes the panting members of two missionaries executed before him, and their heads lay on the ground, separated from the trunk. He himself was still alive when the executioner dragged him to the block, mutilated him, opened his belly and breast, tore out the entrails and the heart, which he cast into the fire, cut off the head and put the rest of the body in quarters. Thomas Cottam was twenty-eight years old. 30 May 1582.

The object of the devotion to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is the power which Mary, in quality of Mother of God, exercises over the heart of her divine Son.

The end or aim which is proposed is to exalt the glory of our Mother by this new title, which seems by itself alone to sum up all the others; it is also to confide to the Virgin, powerful over the heart of Jesus, the success of difficult, extreme and desperate causes, as much in the spiritual order as in the temporal order.

The practices to which the pious associates of this Confraternity devote themselves are the practices common to all devotion, with this distinctive note that they are destined to repair, in union with Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the outrages which the divine Master receives and the evil which impiety increases every day. Scarcely was this new devotion known when an association of prayers for desperate causes was asked for from every side. It had been learned by a prompt experience how sensible the Immaculate Virgin was to this title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Mgr de la Tour d'Auvergne, archbishop of Bourges, saw in this demand the finger of God, and, understanding all that this work could offer to the world of help and blessings, he hastened to condescend to these pious desires. With an attention full of exquisite delicacy, His Grace wished to choose the day of the feast of Saint Francis de Sales, patron of all the works relative to the Sacred Heart, to sign and approve the statutes of the Association: it was 29 January 1864.

On 6 April of the same year, His Grace promulgated solemnly in the parish church of Issoudun the decree and the regulations of the Confraternity. The next day, Mgr de Charbonnel, former bishop of Toronto, in Canada, presided at the first meeting, and the burning word of this heroic apostle published before any other voice the glories of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. On 7 June 1861, our Holy Father pope Pius IX deigned, by a brief, to approve this pious Association and to enrich it with precious indulgences.

The advantages of the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart are: 1° Special and particular protection of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. 2° A mass every Thursday of the year for the living members, at the altar of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. 3° That of every first Thursday of the month shall be for the deceased members. 4° Recommendation of all needs, as well spiritual as temporal, which shall be made known. 5° Participation in all the prayers and good works of the associates. 6° Indulgences: plenary on the day of admission, on the feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (31 May), of the Immaculate Conception, of the Nativity, of the Assumption, at the point of death; — partial, 7 years and 7 quarantines, on the feasts of the Presentation, of the Visitation, of Saint John the Evangelist, of Saint Francis de Sales; — 60 days for every good work. All these indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

Conditions. — The only ones that are necessary. — 1° To give one's baptismal name and family name to be inscribed on the register. 2° To recite once in the morning and once in the evening this short invocation: "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us."

All Catholics, of whatever age, of whatever sex and of whatever nation they may be, can form part of this Association.

One can also have inscribed, without their knowledge, the name of persons in whom one is interested, in order to put them more particularly under the protection of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and to obtain the graces of which they have need. — One can likewise have the deceased inscribed in order to make them participate in the suffrages.

The associates are urged: 1° to carry on their person a medal of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; 2° to take a ticket of admission where are found the prayers to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; 3° to make, if they can, a slight offering to meet the expenses of the Association; 4° to offer their prayers and their good works for the needs recommended; 5° to communicate on the principal feasts of the Association, which are: the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the Annunciation, the Assumption, the Nativity, the Immaculate Conception, the feast of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Nothing obliges under pain of sin.

The feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which is the patronal feast of the Association, is celebrated on 31 May; this day is the dawn of the month of June, which is the month of the Sacred Heart. It is Mary who leads us to Jesus. For the same reason, Thursday, in this Association, is dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; for no one is ignorant that the next day is consecrated to the divine Heart of Jesus. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is represented standing and contemplating the child Jesus who stands at her side. With one hand, the Son of Mary presents to men his adorable heart; with the other hand, he shows Mary, legitimate proprietor of this treasure, Mary with this glorious title: Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. M. Lobin, of Tours, has realised this subject with much felicity in the stained-glass window which adorns the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Issoudun.

“The feast of this Saint is celebrated at Boulancourt on Whit Monday; but holy Mass is said only on the Tuesday, the chapel having been interdicted for the Monday for a long time. Many persons go to drink at the fountain of this Saint.

“I do not see that her name is given to the children whom I have baptised here for thirty-five years.”

Saint Petronilla, Virgin

1st century.[1]

Benedictus qui locum suum incontaminatum servavit.

Blessed be he who has preserved his temple without its being defiled. II Maccabees xv, 34.

This illustrious virgin, a native of Galilee, was daughter of Saint Peter, prince of the Apostles, and of Saint Perpetua, his wife, who, according to Clement of Alexandria, one of the most ancient Fathers of the Church,[2] endured death for Jesus Christ before her blessed husband. Being born before the vocation of Saint Peter, who, like all the Apostles, kept continence from then on, she was not named Petronilla, a name derived from that of Peter, at the time of her birth, but only at her baptism.

This great Apostle having crossed the seas and come to Rome to establish his see there, she came also, and she passed there several years in the exercises of a very Christian life, cooperating, moreover, with all her power in the propagation of the Gospel and the conversion of Roman ladies and girls.

The letter of Saint Marcellus, son of Mark, prefect of Rome, which is found in the Acts of Saint Nereus and Saint Achilleus, martyrs, reports that Petronilla having fallen into paralysis, her father, who by his touch and his word, and even by his shadow, wrought many miracles, would not heal her, because he knew that the sickness, which purified her soul and exercised her patience, was more advantageous to her than health. A

Christian, named Titus, made him a respectful reproach for it; Peter answered that it was advantageous for his daughter to be paralytic. However, to show that it was not from powerlessness that he did not heal her, he commanded her to rise and serve the company: which she did; and, immediately after, she put herself to bed again and was sick as before. But when the sickness had entirely purified her, God restored to her the use of her limbs and her first health, and gave her even a beauty so regular and so accomplished that a Roman patrician, named Flaccus, was smitten with it. He spoke first of his passion to his friends; then, as it inflamed more and more, he came himself to find Petronilla, and disclosed to her the ardent desire he had to marry her. The Saint, who had long consecrated her virginity to Jesus Christ, was far from giving any consent to his proposal; but, to rid herself adroitly of his pursuits, she did not show him her aversion, but asked him only three days to deliberate on so important an affair. The patrician granted them to her. During this interval, Petronilla poured out her heart in the presence of God, and shed such an abundance of tears that she obtained at last from the heavenly Spouse to go out of this corrupt world, where the purity of virgins is never without danger, and to go and enjoy his divine embraces. So, on the third day, she had come into her house a holy priest, called Nicodemus, who administered to her the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist; and, after she had received it, she fell asleep peacefully in Our Lord, without any other effort than that of her love, leaving Flaccus thus frustrated in his expectation. It was on 31 May, the day on which the Roman Church and several other Churches have always celebrated her feast. — Saint Petronilla had a friend, or rather a servant, named Felicula, who survived her and died a martyr.

The body of this holy Virgin was buried on the Ardeatine Way, where there was formerly a cemetery and a church of her name:[3] pope

Gregory III established a station there. Pope Paul I, who lived twenty-six years after Gregory, found this rich treasure and transported it into the basilica of Saint Peter, where he had it deposited in a marble tomb with this inscription: *Aureae Petronillae dulcissimae Filiae*, — to the most sweet virgin Aurea Petronilla. The various changes of this basilica have since made this precious treasure change place very often. Gregory XIII had it put near the altar of the most holy Crucifix of the ancient temple; but, in the new church, a chapel has been built in honour of Saint Petronilla, where the bones of her body were carried with much solemnity, on 15 January of the year 1606. As for her head, it has been enclosed in a beautiful reliquary which is kept in the sacristy.

The religious of La Villette, near Paris, possessed a part of these holy remains: that is why they were called of Sainte-Perrine. The religious of La Barre, near Château-Thierry, possessed also a considerable piece of her head, which was given to them by queen Joan, wife of Philip the Fair, king of France. Perhaps there have been two saints Petronilla, of whom one remained at Rome, and the other was brought into France: it is difficult to decide.

The attributes given by popular art to Saint Petronilla are: the broom, because she occupied herself with the cares of the household when her health permitted her. — She is represented also receiving communion from the hands of Saint Peter. — Saint Petronilla is invoked against fevers, because she was constantly ill with them, and when one is to set out on a journey in the mountains, on account of the stones which may make one stumble on the road and the rocks by which one may be crushed.

All the martyrologies speak of Saint Petronilla with honour, and some give her the quality of daughter of Saint Peter. Father Giry, whose account we have preserved, takes this expression in the ordinary sense. But several authors see in Saint Petronilla only the spiritual daughter of Saint Peter. It is the opinion of the learned M. de Rossi: “I have found,” he says, “the pagan name (*Gentilitium*) of this virgin; she was called Aurelia, and the surname of Petronilla was probably derived from Petro, ancestor of the Flavii Augusti and of the Domitillae.

Sources: Father Giry, completed with the Bollandists, Father Cahier (*Caractéristiques des Saints*), and M. de Rossi (*Bulletin d'archéologie chrétienne*, 1874).

Saint Cant and Saint Cantien, Brothers, Saint Cantianilla, Their Sister, and Saint Protus, Their Preceptor, Martyrs

— Pope: Saint Caius. — Roman emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

"The blessed martyrs of Christ Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla, of the race of the Anicii, and relatives of the emperor Carin, of good memory, were born at Rome in the fourteenth region, and were brought up there. They had for governor Protus, who instructed them fully in the Catholic faith. At that time, Diocletian reigned at Rome, Maximian in Illyria, and Carin in the Gauls, where he had great regard for the Christians: but a short time afterwards he died (285). After his death, the execrable emperors Diocletian and Maximian caused to be published in all the provinces of the empire edicts which enjoined to punish with divers penalties the Christians who should refuse to sacrifice. When the blessed Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla had knowledge of these edicts, as they dwelt in the city of Rome, after having taken counsel of the blessed Protus, they sold and distributed to the poor all their goods and the houses which they possessed within the circuit of the walls, in order to withdraw themselves from an unjust sentence. As for the slaves of both sexes whom they had to the number of about seventy, they gave them liberty, after having had them baptised in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. They resolved then to go over the rural estates which they possessed in the neighbourhood of Rome, under pretext of visiting them; and profiting by this occasion which offered itself to them, they went out of the city and directed their steps towards Aquileia, from love of the illustrious martyr Chrysogonus: they had also considerable estates in the territory of this city. But, as light cannot be hidden in darkness, it was necessary that the Lord should crown them for the glory of his name.

"When therefore the holy martyrs Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla had entered, with their governor Protus, into the city of Aquileia, they perceived at once that the persecution raged there with still more fury than at Rome. There were, in fact, in the prisons so great a number of martyrs and confessors in chains for the name of Christ that they could no longer be counted. Our holy Martyrs, after their arrival in this city, presented themselves, in the middle of the night, at this prison, and asked the Christians detained there whether they had in their midst the most holy martyr of Christ, Chrysogonus. The holy martyrs of the prison answered them: 'It is thirty-six days since Chrysogonus received the palm of martyrdom by beheading, by order of iniquitous princes. He was put to death not far from this city, in a place called "at the Waters of Grade," and he was buried by the most holy priest Zoïlus.' The martyrs Cant, Cantien, Protus and Cantianilla wept for joy with those who were in prison: then, by means of some money which they gave to the guards, they were able to pass the night with the confessors. The morning having come, they left the prison and began to announce Our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name they wrought many miracles, enlightening the blind, cleansing the lepers, driving out demons, and, by the imposition of hands, healing those whom their infirmities held on their pallet. At this same time and in this same city of Aquileia, the most impious Dulcidius shared the charge of president with his colleague Sisinnius. The iniquitous judges, learning that the saints of God, Cant, Cantien, Protus and Cantianilla, had come from Rome to this city, ordered the apparitors to seize their persons, to make them offer incense to the gods. The blessed Martyrs, raising their eyes to heaven, answered: 'We do not sacrifice to demons, for it is written: *All the gods of the Gentiles are demons; but it is the Lord who made the heavens*; and again: *Let them that make them become like to them, and all such as trust in them.* Go then and tell your iniquitous president that we wish to die for the name of Christ rather than withdraw from his commandments; for from the cradle we confess the Lord Jesus Christ.' The satellites returned to the president and gave him an account of what had passed. Then the president Dulcidius and his colleague Sisinnius, piqued at this refusal, wrote in these terms to the emperors Diocletian and Maximian:

‘Most pious emperors, come to the help of the Roman laws, for which your victorious arm knows how to bend the proud heads of enemies; lend your assistance to the all-powerful gods, who receive only contempt from the Christians. There have just arrived from the city of Rome three brothers german, who are known to be members of the family of the emperor Carin, accompanied by their governor Protus. They have concerted together to resist our orders and to preach Christ, he whom the Jews crucified under Pontius Pilate, president of Judea, and in his name they do many surprising wonders. It is for you to see what you have to ordain.’ The execrable Diocletian and Maximian, seized with fury, pronounced this sentence, that if they refused to sacrifice they should be put to death.

“When the sentence was known to the blessed martyrs Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla, they took a chariot and went out of the city with their governor Protus, in order to betake themselves in all haste to the tomb of the holy martyr Chrysogonus, remembering this divine word: ‘Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess ye the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.’ Now, in the preceding night, the Lord had deigned to visit the blessed Martyrs, and had said to them: ‘Peace to you. Hasten to betake yourselves to my beloved Chrysogonus; for it is there that I have prepared your crowns, it is there that you must be crowned, to go afterwards and rejoice without end in my kingdom with Chrysogonus. Be not afflicted, for it is written: *If they persecute you in one city, flee into another*; and he who persecutes you persecutes me myself.’ In the morning it was announced to the judges that the Saints of God had fled. The count Sisinnius, to execute the orders of the emperors, set out at once in pursuit of them, accompanied by apparitors.

“The blessed Martyrs continued their road hastily on their chariot. But, at a little distance from the city, one of the mules of the chariot fell suddenly at the place named ‘the Waters of Grade,’ there where Saint Chrysogonus had suffered martyrdom; so that thus might be accomplished what the prophet David had said by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit: *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!* and again: *The Lord has made a command, and it shall not be transgressed.* The holy Martyrs finding themselves therefore at the place where the holy martyr Chrysogonus had suffered, knelt down and addressed to heaven this prayer: ‘Lord Jesus Christ, almighty God, send your holy angel to our help, for the confusion of all those who adore idols. We pray you therefore, Lord, to deign to render us persevering in this holy vocation, for the glory and praise of your name, and to strengthen the hearts of those who believe in you; so that all those who honour idols may know that there is no other God than you alone, who have angels for servants.’ As they prayed thus, the count Sisinnius came up with his apparitors, who seized at once the holy Martyrs. Sisinnius exhorted them to burn incense in honour of Jupiter. The blessed servants of God, filled with indignation, said that never would they sacrifice to demons, but only to God, who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that is contained in them: for, they added, all the idols and all those who revere them will go together to the eternal fire. The impious Sisinnius, irritated by this language, said to his apparitors that if these men did not offer incense to Jupiter they had only to behead them. The blessed martyrs Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla, with their preceptor Protus, having refused to comply, they were led further. On their way to the place of torture, they sang psalms joyfully. And after having mutually given the kiss of peace, they knelt down, presented their heads to the sword and so received immortal crowns. But, O prodigy! their blood appeared to the spectators like milk; the traces of it are still seen in our days, on the stone placed at the place of their martyrdom. At this same time, the venerable priest Zonus gathered the bodies of these blessed Martyrs, embalmed them with precious aromatics and deposited them in a marble tomb near that of Saint Chrysogonus. The blessed martyrs Cant, Cantien and Cantianilla, with their preceptor Protus, underwent martyrdom on the eve of the calends of June, at the twelfth milestone from the city of Aquileia, beyond the river Hysonce, at the place named the Waters of Grade.”

Cult and Relics

The bodies of the four Martyrs remained nearly seven hundred years at Aquileia. But king Robert, one of the most pious monarchs who have reigned in France, having had a church built at Étampes in honour of Our

Lady, asked urgently for the precious bones of Saint Cant, Saint Cantien and Saint Cantianilla; and, having obtained them, he made a gift of them to this new church. We have not the history of this ancient translation; but we have an act, of 12 April of the year 1621, by which it appears that these same bones were changed from their box, and put afterwards into their shrine, which had been enriched with several new works of goldsmith's art, by Henry Clausse, then coadjutor, and afterwards bishop of Châlons. Two processions are made every year in their honour: one on this day, 31 May, and the other on Easter Tuesday; all the clergy, the magistracy and the people assist at them with great ceremony.

Pope Urban VIII opened the treasures of the Church for those who should visit their relics at Étampes, on the days which are consecrated to their memory, and granted them great indulgences. A poet of the seventeenth century made these verses on the subject of their martyrdom:

Valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ, You have won the victory, At last, your name is written

In the registers of glory; For you, there are no more combats: The tyrants are defeated, their pride is brought low.

These formidable majesties, These astonishing thunderbolts of war, These kings whom men so dreaded, Appear no more upon the earth. The splendour of their purple has passed away, And their fragile sceptre in falling has broken.

Neither iron, nor fire, nor bolts Attack your innocence any more; Against you the hand of the executioners Is useless and without power; You are conquerors of death: The storm is beaten down, your ship is in port.

Great Saints, in this charming happiness Whither martyrdom has led you, Cast a glance of favour On those who taste your empire; Be our guardians here below, And be in heaven our powerful protectors. In 1793, the revolutionaries seized the shrine where the "holy bodies" reposed; but a part of these precious relics was saved, which are still the object of the greatest devotion. There is still an immense concourse at the processions of the "holy bodies." No mother in the country would deprive her child of this blessing, for it is above all with regard to little children that the holy protectors of Étampes have made their power with God shine forth. (Information due to the kindness of M. Bonvoisin, curé of Étampes.) The history of the passion of these blessed Martyrs is attributed to Saint Ambrose, bishop of Milan; there is, moreover, in his sermons, a discourse in their honour, which is believed to be by Saint Maximus, bishop of Turin. Bede, Usuard, Ado, Baronius and du Saussay speak of them also in their martyrologies. Jean Ch. avin has given their Life in a particular book, with all that these authors have written of them; and Pierre Le Gendre has made of it a heroic poem in Latin, entitled: *Cantias*. — The translation which we have given here is that of the Benedictines.

Saint Angela of Merici, Virgin, Foundress of the Ursulines

— Popes: Sixtus IV; Paul III. — Emperors of Germany: Frederick III; Charles V.

What the Company of Jesus was for men, that of Saint Ursula was for women. It is to these two companies, in fact, that Europe — and France in particular — owe in great part the happiness of having preserved the true. M. Ch. de Sainte-Foi, *Lives of the first Ursulines of France*.

Angela was born on 21 March, about the year 1474, at Desenzano, a little town of Italy, on the western shore of Lake Garda, diocese of Verona, six or seven leagues from Brescia. Her father was called John Merici, her mother was of the family of the Biancosi of Salò; it is doubted whether they were noble by birth, but they certainly were so by their virtues. Heaven was not slow to bless a marriage which religion rather than interest seemed to have formed. It gave them successively five children, among others two girls, of whom the younger received at baptism the name of Angela: she was in fact to lead a wholly angelic life. She practised piety as soon as she was in a state to know it. Endowed with an uncommon beauty, she disdained all that might heighten her innocent graces; she did even more: as her fair hair, of an admirable length and fineness,

was praised, she washed it several times with water mixed with soot to tarnish its brilliance. Insensible to frivolous amusements, she had a taste only for the exercises and the ceremonies of religion. Every evening before going to bed, her pious parents made in common a reading, now on the mystery of the day, now on the life of the Saints or of the Fathers of the desert: it was a prodigy to see then the attention of Angela, she was as in ecstasy, and came out of it only to express her tender sentiments towards Our Lord Jesus Christ. Envying the lot of the solitaries who had left all for this divine Master, she imagined forming in her room a sort of solitude; she made the proposal of it to her sister, who accepted it. They withdrew every day into their little oratory, and there, prostrate before an altar, they sang, they recited their prayers with an admirable effusion of heart. What is yet more surprising at so tender an age is that Angela, to all these exterior acts of piety, added already in secret the austerities of penance, lying on the ground or on a simple plank, depriving herself of all the meals which she could withdraw from the knowledge of her parents. Her embarrassment was to deceive the vigilance of her sister who slept in the same room; but while the latter slept a deep sleep, Angela slipped adroitly from her bed and, by this pious artifice, she passed in prayer the greater part of the night. Not content with consecrating to God her virginity, she wished to bring her sister to make the same sacrifice, so agreeable to the heavenly spouse in hearts so tender: “We are the children of the saints,” she said to her, “and you have, like me, heard it said that we have no other country than heaven; we must therefore turn all our affections towards him who dwells there. It is true that in the course which I have taken and which I propose to you, one must suffer and die entirely to oneself; but also, it is by abnegation and by sufferings that we shall arrive at blessed eternity. It is by that that Jesus Christ, our model, entered into the kingdom of his glory; it is after many tribulations that Mary, his holy Mother, was proclaimed there Queen of angels and of men. Ah! what torments and trials, what disgraces and privations have not the solitaries and the virgin martyrs endured, to merit the crown of immortality! It is to all these considerations that I owe the sacrifice which I have made to the Lord. Could you yourself not be touched by it? Would you have less courage than your younger sister? Ah! I see at last that you yield to the grace which calls you; let us bless the God of mercies for it, and let us show ourselves constantly his chaste and faithful spouses.”

Angela was scarcely more than ten years old when she had the grief of losing her father, and, a short time after, her mother. Her young heart was at first as though broken by this cruel separation; but soon resigning herself to the will of God: “O my God,” she cried, “pardon my grief, pardon to my age the wanderings of my mind; doubtless these two just ones were ripe for heaven: perhaps, alas! I loved them too much, and you take them from me today only to teach me to attach myself to you alone.” Providence watched over these two orphans: a rich and pious uncle, named Biancosi, took them to his house. A very hard trial awaited our Saint there: her sister died suddenly without having received the Sacraments of the Church. Angela would gladly have known the eternal lot of this so dear soul; this anxious desire occupied her thoughts night and day; she persuaded herself that by dint of prayers she would obtain from heaven some assurance on this. A fortnight after, it came into the mind of Biancosi to send his niece to the country, as much to dissipate her melancholy as to watch over his reapers. Angela sets out at once. On the way, she perceives a luminous and extraordinary cloud; she stops to consider this phenomenon; what is her joy to perceive there her sister all radiant with glory, in the midst of a multitude of angels who accompanied the Queen of heaven; and a voice escaped from it which said: “Persevere as you have begun, and you shall enjoy with us the same happiness.” At thirteen years of age, with a knowledge and virtues foreign to that age, she had not yet been able to obtain the happiness of uniting herself to the Spouse of her soul in holy communion. This reveals to us one of the greatest wounds of that unhappy epoch, the want of devotion towards the holy Eucharist, even in the countries spared by heresy. Angela obtained at last by her entreaties to participate in the sacred banquet: as soon as she had tasted this bread of life, she resolved to nourish herself with it frequently, in spite of the prejudices of her century. To be freer to execute her pious resolution, she entered the Third Order of Saint Francis: she could from then on, with the consent of her director, communicate every day without appearing singular; she rendered herself worthy of it by a manner of life which had not yet had an example in the Third

Order. Wishing to possess nothing of her own, she lived on alms, in spite of the representations of her uncle; there was seen in her room no furniture, even of the most necessary; she had no other bed than a wretched chair or a simple mat; a big stone served her as pillow; the only alleviation which she allowed herself sometimes was to sleep on a heap of vine-shoots; a hair-shirt macerated her delicate flesh; never did she drink wine, except on the days of Easter or Christmas, or in her sicknesses, and then it was in a very small quantity, by spirit of religion and by the express order of the physicians. Her ordinary food was bread, water and a few vegetables; but in Lent, believing she never did enough for her God, she ate only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and she limited herself even on those days to a little bread, with three nuts or three chestnuts, or other fruits of that kind. Her life was therefore only a continual fast; authors assure even that she passed whole weeks without taking any other food than the Eucharistic manna.

Her uncle being dead, Angela, who was then 22 years old, returned with some companions to Desenzano, to the paternal house; she hoped to be more useful there to her neighbour. For a long time she had told herself that the disorders of society came from those of families; that families depended above all on the mother, and that there were so few Christian mothers because the education of young girls was ill done. She went back thus the course of the evil to the source: it is there that she wished to cure it; she often asked God to enlighten her on this pious design. One day when she was in the fields with her companions, she withdraws a little aside, according to her custom, to pray: at once she perceives in the vault of heaven a shining ladder, like that of Jacob; an infinite number of Christian virgins were ascending it two by two, the head adorned with the richest crowns; they seemed supported by as many angels clothed in white, and bearing on the forehead a precious stone of ravishing beauty; at the same time a voice said to her: “Angela, take courage: before dying, you shall establish in Brescia a company of virgins like those you have just seen.” Angela made known this vision to her companions. Peaceful and resigned, she waited twenty years for God to furnish her the means of accomplishing this oracle; but she began, from the next day, at Desenzano, to make the trial and as it were a novitiate of all that she was one day to execute in Brescia. She and her companions were seen gathering in their house the little girls of the town and neighbourhood, teaching them

Christian doctrine, visiting the poor and the sick, distributing everywhere the greater part of the charities on which they themselves lived, instructing familiarly the grown persons who came in crowds to their conferences, and seeking sinners even in their work. Angela converted many by these words alone: “God is here!…” The demon, irritated at seeing his prey torn from him, struggled, but in vain, with all the powers of hell, against his enemy: one day he imagined appearing to her in her cell, under the form of an angel of light, hoping, by this adroit snare, to distract her in her prayers, or to inspire her with sentiments of vainglory. The humble Angela soon penetrated this infernal design, and continuing to lift her hands to heaven: “Begone,” she cried, “do not think you can impose upon me here; I know who you are and I know also but too well that I am before God. You are but a spirit of lying, you usurp here a glory which you have lost by your pride; it is you who, by your malice, make for yourself a cruel glory of tormenting and perverting Christians; as for me, I am but a wretched sinner, a vile instrument which the grace of Jesus Christ makes serve his glory, and I shall never deserve to be visited by the heavenly intelligences; once more, begone, monster whom I abhor, and return into the abysses to announce your defeat and the triumph of my God.” At these words, the phantom disappeared.

The renown of the holiness of Angela spread even into the city of Brescia. God made use of it for his designs. A noble inhabitant of this city, Jerome Patengoli, possessed in the neighbourhood of Desenzano an estate where he came to pass the fine season: he obtained from Angela that she should come to visit him there once a week, for ten years: it was a treasure for the gentleman and his wife. In 1516, having lost one of their children, they wrote from Brescia to our Saint a letter bathed in their tears; they conjured her to come and console them. Charity therefore brought her where Providence awaited her. The virtues of Angela edified the whole city of Brescia.

Great and small believed they saw in her an angel descended from heaven. Among the extraordinary favours which God granted her, there must be counted infused and supernatural science. Without ever having studied or frequented men of letters, she spoke and understood perfectly the Latin tongue; she translated into the Italian tongue the hymns and prayers of the Church, explained the most difficult passages of the Bible, reasoned even on scholastic and moral theology with an admirable precision. The report of this marvel having spread, there were seen to run from all sides to the cell of the humble Angela celebrated preachers, profound theologians, savants of the first rank. Thomas Gavardi, a Brescian noble, came to consult her on the means of sanctifying himself in the great world: "Unworthy and ignorant as I am," she answered him, "I have only two words to say to you, here they are: *Do now and during your life all that at the hour of death you would wish to have done.*" These words pronounced in an energetic tone so struck the gentleman that he wrote them down, practised them on the instant, read them every morning, and became a great servant of God.

In the year 1522, she resolved to go to Mantua to visit the tomb of the blessed Ozanna, dead for seventeen years. She made this pilgrimage in company of several pious women, and under the conduct of a very virtuous merchant of Brescia, named Anthony de Romanis, with whom she had becomebound in a holy friendship, and who had offered her lodging in his house. Returning from Mantua she passed through Solferino, where the prince Louis of Gonzaga was, uncle of the saint of that name, to ask him the pardon of one of her relatives, who had been condemned to banishment and to the confiscation of all his goods. The prince and his wife, who already knew by renown her eminent holiness, received her with honour, and she obtained all that she desired.

The graces which she had brought back from her pilgrimage to Mantua inspired her with the thought of going to visit the Holy Places in Palestine; and as one of her cousins, Bartholomew Biancosi, had long nourished the same desire, he manifested one day his thought to her on the subject. Angela, whom the difficulties of the journey had stopped until then, was transported with joy at this overture, and regarded it as a favourable occasion which heaven offered her to second her desires. They promised each other therefore mutually to go together to Jerusalem. But Bartholomew was yet young, and little capable of directing so perilous a journey. God procured them therefore a third companion, fit to regulate all things with the prudence and the precautions required for so difficult an enterprise: it was Angela's own host, Anthony de Romanis, who had also long thought of making this journey. They set out all three together, and embarked at Venice, after having received holy communion. Arrived at La Ganée, capital of the island of Candia, an unforeseen accident was on the point of breaking their design. Angela lost her sight all at once. Her two travelling companions advised her not to continue her journey: "What are you uneasy about?" she answered her friends; "do you not see that this sudden blindness can turn only to the good of my soul? A like accident was formerly a mystery in the holy man Tobias; I think that it is one equally with regard to me… It is true that I shall not have the consolation of seeing with the eyes of the body the sacred places which my Saviour honoured with his divine presence; but I shall adore him, I shall see him with the eyes of the mind, and my very infirmity will contribute to inspire me with more recollection and devotion." She was no sooner on the sacred shore than she was seen to kneel and kiss the earth lovingly.

She followed with so much devotion the traces which her Saviour had left in Palestine that it was necessary, so to say, to tear her from those sanctuaries. On the mountain which was watered with the divine blood, blood so precious, so efficacious, and nevertheless rendered so often useless by the malice of men: "Ah!" she cried, "if my eyes refuse me at this moment the light, they cannot at least refuse me tears. Why can I not, O Jesus! melt here in tears, to wash a land today so horribly profaned, to efface crimes which all your love has not yet been able to stop, to expiate the ingratitudes of which I am myself guilty towards the best of all masters!"

On returning, divine Providence permitted that they should be obliged to stop, as the first time, at the port of La Canée. Angela proposed to the pilgrims to visit a church where was particularly revered a miraculous image of Jesus crucified. Scarcely was our Blessed at the feet of the crucifix when, seized all at once by the spirit of God, she asked him for the first time the healing of her infirmity, and obtained it. Her friends, struck by this miracle, rendered thanks to God in concert with her; she was led back to the ship as in triumph. They put to sea again for Venice; near arriving at the mouth of the gulf they were assailed by a violent tempest: two vessels which accompanied that of the pilgrims were swallowed up. The latter was saved miraculously, thanks to the prayers of the Saint. The report of this marvel spreads in Venice: the patriarch, the senators, wishing to keep in their city so great a treasure, flattering her inclination, propose to our Blessed the direction of the hospitals: humble and gracious in her refusals, she thanks them, departs secretly, and arrives at Brescia on 25 November 1524, a memorable day for the Order of Saint Ursula, which was instituted eleven years after, on the same day. The following year was the Holy Year: Angela makes the pilgrimage to Rome for the great jubilee: she goes piously through the churches designated by the bull; at one of these stations, she meets a chamberlain of pope Clement VII, who had made with her the journey to Jerusalem; it was Paul de la Pouille: he recognises her and presents her to His Holiness. The Pope, informed of her miracles and her virtues, gives her a most benevolent reception; he grants her several audiences and wishes even to detain her in Rome to put her at the head of a house of hospitaller women. Then she lays before him with so much candour and humility the reasons which call her to Brescia that he permits her at last to take leave of him; but the honours which she flees seem to pursue her. Francis Sforza, last duke of Milan, comes to Brescia to visit this humble girl, and beseeches her to adopt him as her spiritual son and to take his States under her protection. They had need of it. Charles V was already covering them with his troops; the city of Brescia was being deserted; our Saint withdrew to Cremona. There, to bend heaven in favour of her country, she macerates her innocent body, she carries abstinence to the point of contenting herself with a single meal from the feast of the Ascension until Pentecost; she gains there a sickness which the physicians judge mortal. While everyone already deplores her death, she preserves a tranquil countenance: “Why do you pity me?” she said. “Am I then better than Jesus Christ, our head, who endured for us the most cruel torments?… No, no, I do not fear to die!… One thing makes me tremble far more, it is the judgment which frightened the Jeromes, the Arsenii, the Hilarions and the very angels. But I hope that my Saviour will deign to have pity on my soul, on this soul which he created in his image, this soul which he redeemed with his blood, this soul in fine which loves him and will love him always, were he to perpetuate my sorrows and my infirmity.” Meanwhile the evil grows worse; Angela seems to have no more than a breath of life, she falls into a drowsiness which is regarded as an agony; but, O prodigy! at the end of a quarter of an hour she raises herself in her bed and asks for her clothes: “I am cured,” she said with tears, “alas, I have seen only from afar the heaven to which I aspired; God judged that I was not worthy of it!” At once she dresses, takes her pilgrim’s staff and goes to the holy sepulchre of Mount Varallo, in the Novarese, to thank God for her cure.

On returning to Brescia, after the treaty of Cambrai, in 1529, which put an end to the war, she was assisting at the holy sacrifice and, meditating on this great mystery of love, she was publicly ravished in ecstasy. Her body remained raised from the ground for a considerable time, and this prodigy was perceived by an infinite number of persons. She had often similar ravishments. God made her holiness shine forth also by gratuitous graces, such as the gift of prophecy. The doctor Tracagno, her nephew, came to see her; she had not the least notice of his arrival. However, scarcely was he at the door when he heard her say to her companion: “Here is my nephew who comes to see me.” One day when Angelo, canon of Brescia, her cousin, was also visiting her, she gave him the detail of the life which he had led in his youth and disclosed to him the present state of his soul.

As she was always irresolute about what she should found for the glory of God, she saw at night, during her prayer, a spirit with menacing looks, ready to strike her with a whip: and what was her surprise to recognise Jesus Christ himself in person, who made her severe reproaches on her slowness to found an Order which the

good of his Church demanded. The Saint begged his pardon for her negligence and put her hand at once to the work. Having drawn up the plan of her institute, she communicated it to the companions of her good works; all engaged to follow her rules. On 25 November 1535, the day of Saint Catherine, this angelic troop was seen to go out in the morning from its oratory, like the Apostles from the cenacle, and impelled by the same spirit. They go through the prisons, the hospitals, seek out and instruct the poor, break generously their bread with them, gather, each in her own house, a crowd of young girls to instruct them still more by example than by word. It was at first only a simple association; the companions of Angela were not obliged to leave the paternal roof: to raise again the standard of virginity so cowardly abandoned and betrayed by Luther; to renounce all the advantages of the age in the very midst of the age; to abdicate one's will in this world where each follows his own; to bring back light and purity into families invaded by darkness and libertinism, such was the aim of Angela and of her holy daughters. They penetrated with their ordinary dress into houses which would have shut their door, in those unhappy times, to the livery which the servants of Jesus Christ wear in the cloisters.

The day had been fixed to deliberate on the choice of a superior: Angela passed the preceding night in prayer, and, in an ecstasy, Saint Ursula appeared to her in all the splendour of heavenly glory. Our Saint, ravished by this favour, passed from joy to affliction when she saw the votes unite on a head which she judged unworthy. If she accepted the charge of superior, she always refused the title of foundress. She gave her companions the name of Ursulines, and exhorted them to ascend the throne of their patroness: "If we have not, like Saint Ursula," she said, "the happiness of gaining heaven by a glorious martyrdom which I have desired myself more than once, we shall arrive there at least with her by the imitation of her virtues, by our virginal purity, by our attachment to the Catholic Church, by our fidelity to our engagements. Remember that you are bound to it by a special vow which, simple as it is, consecrates you no less to the Lord." These words were received by these holy girls as if they had come from heaven. They did nothing without consulting their mother, and gave her an account of their least acts, opened themselves to her with the most naïve confidence: our Saint was in the midst of them like a sun which lighted them with its light, like a brazier of love which set them all on fire, like the throne by which God reigns over souls and whence he spreads his doctrine; one would have said that God had put in the heart of his spouse the source of a new life which was to flow thence into others. But, like Moses, she saw only from afar the empire promised to her Order. At the beginning of January 1540, she fell sick and predicted her approaching death. This flower of charity cast, before bending on the bosom of the Spouse, a last brilliance, a last perfume which we ought to gather.

It was then the custom in the Church to wash the body of Christians before burial. This ceremony, wholly religious, repugnant to the modesty of Angela: she imagined rendering herself this office to spare her virginal body the shame of being uncovered, even when it should no longer be the tabernacle of her holy soul; after having received the last Sacraments and given touching instructions to her desolate daughters, she began to pronounce, her eyes and mind turned to heaven, acts of faith, hope and charity: "Yes, my God, I love you," she said from the heart even more than from the lips; "ah! how I would wish to love you still more! Blessed spirits, and you, holy Virgin, Mother of pure Love, lend me your hearts: inspire me with your sentiments to love Jesus according to his delights… How long, Lord, shall I remain here separated from your amiable person, who will give me wings to fly towards the Beloved of my soul? O divine Saviour! break at last the prison of this earthly body, receive into your hands this soul which languishes without you and can no longer live outside of you." Her daughters were made to come in to recite, beside her bed, the prayers of the dying; heaven willed to console them: they perceived all at once a ray of glory, with which the face of the Blessed shone. Angela opened her mouth only once more, and it was to pronounce lovingly the name of her Jesus; then the angels bore away her soul. It was in the night from 27 to 28 January 1540.

Angela had lived sixty-five or sixty-six years. She was small of stature, thin, of a white complexion, of a smiling yet modest look, of an agreeable conversation yet always measured; so that she pleased even in an

advanced age, and inspired equally respect and devotion. Her portrait was taken by two celebrated painters of Brescia, Moretto, pupil of Raphael, and Romanini. — The Blessed is represented receiving the visit of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of Saint Ursula; perceiving the mysterious ladder by which her spiritual daughters ascend to heaven two by two. The foundation of the Ursulines is sometimes recalled in allegory, by placing a great number of her religious under the mantle of Saint Ursula, this great educator of virgins.

At Brescia, she dwelt successively near Saint Barnabas, near the church of Saint Afra, and lastly on the Cathedral square. The little dwelling sanctified by the last years of her life, and by her blessed death, is still kept in great veneration; and every year her feast is celebrated there with a great concourse of people.

The canons of the cathedral and those of Saint John Lateran, who served the church of Saint Afra, disputing her holy remains as a rich treasure, they had to be left exposed in the subterranean church of Saint Afra, and it was a permission of God, who wished to manifest the glory of his servant; it shone forth above all by two prodigies. There was perceived in the body of the Saint, after thirty days of exposition, no sign of corruption; all her limbs were supple and flexible; her face preserved its natural features and shone always with the same candour, the same serenity. The other miracle made no less impression: during three nights, towards the middle region of the air, an extraordinary light was seen by the whole city, above the chapel where the body of the Saint reposed. This glorious body was buried in this same church of Saint Afra: pious inscriptions, interpreters of the public veneration, were engraved on a table of black marble. A young stranger, reading these praises, took it into his head to say in a low voice to the ecclesiastic who accompanied him: “Here are pompous eulogies; do you think all that is true?” Scarcely had he let escape these imprudent words when a frightful noise issues from the tomb: this young man received, it is said, two very sensible blows; a religious who was reciting the office in the upper church heard; he comes down and asks the cause of this commotion: “Alas! it is I,” answers the young man, “it is my incredulity.” And, melting in tears, he prostrates himself before the holy relics and renders glory to God for having been punished and enlightened of his doubts.

The city of Desenzano, her native place, rendered her the first honours, by choosing her for its advocate and protectress, and by placing her picture beside that of the other protecting saints in the principal church. On 4 June 1514, pope Paul III confirmed the new institute under the title of Company of Saint Ursula. Saint Angela was beatified by Pius VI and canonised by Pius VII in 1807.

Her Life was published in 1804 at Montpellier.

The First Ursulines of France and of Canada

Madame Françoise de Bermond, Called of Jesus-Mary

Saint Angela did no more than cast the first foundations of the Company which God had charged her to establish: it is from this that comes the diversity which exists in the various branches of Ursulines. Saint Angela did not subject her daughters to any vow, while engaging them to bind themselves by that of chastity; she did not oblige them either to community life and to enclosure; they remained in their families for the edification of the neighbour, and came together only for the spiritual exercises and the classes. It is in France above all that the Order took the form of religious communities: it was introduced there by mother de Bermond, who established it first as a simple association, after the example of Saint Angela, transformed the associations into regular communities, and ended by entering a cloister.

Françoise de Bermond was born at Avignon of Peter de Bermond, receiver at the customs-house of Marseilles, and of Perrette de Marsillon; she had a brother who died in the odour of sanctity at the Oratory, and seven sisters of whom three became, like her, Ursulines.

The mother of Madame Françoise de Bermond, being with child of her, dreamed that she carried a sun in her womb, and as soon as she had brought her into the world, she consecrated her to the service of the holy

Virgin. The devotion of the mother insinuated itself so efficaciously into the soul of her daughter that the latter from the cradle already had a tender love for Mary.

Moreover her father and mother inspired her with an extreme horror of sin, and of lying in particular; and those who knew her intimately have estimated that she never committed mortal faults. Such also was to be the true imitator of Saint Angela, she who, like her, was destined to raise a new troop, to guard and preserve innocence.

Scarcely could she speak when, her mother asking her one day whether she wished to be the servant of the holy Virgin, she answered yes without hesitation. Soon after, it seemed to her in a dream that the Mother of God lodged near her father's house; and she had great regret on waking, when she saw that the thing was not true, persuading herself in her childish mind that she would have served her much better on earth than in heaven.

The natural disposition of this child was so sweet that all who saw her loved her and expected marvels of her with time. She had an admirable grace in all her actions. Her memory was so happy that she forgot nothing of all that she judged to be good. Her mind had point and subtlety, although according to her own account it was heavy and slow. She did not remember ever having discerned whether she had a will of her own, until the age of thirty-six, at which time she felt some pain in conforming to the wills of others. She learned in eight days to write, and even then she was shown only once.

The daily reading of the Lives of the Saints maintained piety in her and furnished her a thousand holy affections. But she nearly lost all, for having changed this reading to that of profane books. She sought in them at first only a relaxation for her mind; but soon she was charmed by them, and gave to them her time and her application. She contracted there the habit of speaking with studied elegance in company, where she made herself listened to like a little oracle. She composed and had printed verses, of which she repented later, as having had, she said, the presumption of making her wit shine everywhere.

God, who destined Madame de Bermond to introduce into France the Order of the Ursulines, whose principal function is to bring up youth, permitted by a secret design that she should know by her own experience the danger of profane and frivolous reading, in order that she might in the sequel forewarn against this kind of peril the young persons confided to her care. When she made her first communion, she was seized with such a trembling that she thought to be overthrown by it. The change which manifested itself in her from that moment shows well of what importance is this great action, and what a salutary influence it has on all the rest of life, when it is well made. In effect, from that day, her affection for the world grew cold, she resumed a taste for books of piety. But as she had a heart very tender and easy to move, she shed sometimes a great abundance of tears in reading them; so that she often believed she ought to interrupt this reading, to spare her tears, she said. She confided the matter to her confessor; and he having made her promise to read no others, she was faithful to the engagement she had taken. And as God never lets himself be conquered in generosity, but renders a hundredfold what is given him, he poured out so many sweetnesses in her soul that, to enjoy them the better, she withdrew from assemblies, even in carnival time, dispensing herself from going down into her father's drawing-room, where she was eagerly asked for. She would even no longer have made or received visits, if one of her uncles, who grew angry when he did not see her at the ball, had not obliged her to be found there sometimes. She was already so advanced in prayer that she remained at it once fourteen hours in succession and without weariness. Divine love taking empire little by little in this noble heart, inspired her at last with the resolution of consecrating to God her virginity, in spite of the oppositions of the demon, who depicted to her the devout life as a sad chimera which would make her die of grief. She made therefore a vow of chastity at the age of fourteen, invoking the help of the Queen of virgins to accomplish it.

This mystical bee knew not in what hive to withdraw to compose the honey of her devotion. She asked for a year long of the holy Virgin the place where her Son wished to be served by her. At the end of the year, an

interior light showed her that she would be an Ursuline. She knew not what that was, except that she had once heard speak of the Ursulines whom Saint Charles had established at Milan. Nevertheless she was assured interiorly that she would teach the youth of her sex, in company with other girls.

God made use of a servant called Antoinette, and of the daughter of a merchant of Avignon, named Sibile d'Olivier, to bring Madame de Bermond to his designs. These two latter had for director a religious of the Company of Jesus, Father Romillon, equally distinguished by his learning and his piety. They decided her to place herself under his direction: and scarcely was she in his hands when she made rapid progress in virtue. The change which manifested itself in her made much noise in the city, because she had breathed there the air of the world. After everyone had said his word about it, the persons who had most mocked at it, and who pressed her to awaken by her return into company the joy which she had ravished from them by withdrawing, profited first of her example, and associated themselves with her. They set themselves from then on to teach Christian doctrine, dividing their day between the exercises of piety and those of charity. Madame de Bermond, entering one day the house of a lady, with the design of winning her daughter to the little rising congregation, met there an old hermit, who, knowing her resolution, and not being able to persuade himself that so young and so beautiful a person would persevere in the devout life, said to her: "Many are called, but few are chosen." Madame de Bermond, understanding well what that signified, was so touched by it that, shortening her visit, she went to the great church of Avignon, where, throwing herself on her knees at the foot of the crucifix, she said, bathed in tears: "What! my Saviour Jesus, would it be possible that your goodness had given me so many desires to be entirely yours, and that I should be in the end of the number of the reprobate?" And while she continued thus the plaints which holy love furnished her, a wonderful thing! the crucifix detached its hand, and, giving her its blessing, said to her: "Persevere, my daughter; I will bless thy Order." After Madame de Bermond had won some twenty companions, she wrote to pope Clement VIII a petition, in order to obtain for them permission to teach Christian doctrine publicly to young girls. The Pope, approving so good a design, granted them his apostolic blessing, with the permission which they desired, and moreover an indulgence. It was about the year 1594 that, having first of all supported her enterprise on the authority of the Holy See, she began to instruct gratuitously at Avignon the girls, and even occasionally the women.

In 1596, she gathered her sisters into community. Father Romillon sought them a house in the Île de Venise. He established sister Françoise de Bermond superior of the first community; and she had the same title and the same employment in all the others which she established. But she conducted herself there so humbly that in the journeys which she undertook, even for the most brilliant foundations, she always travelled mounted on an ass, and all the rest was in keeping. She went to found a similar community at Aix and at Marseilles. While she was in this latter city, she was called to Paris to govern an assembly of girls there, and to communicate to them the rules which she had already established in Provence. She governed for two years, as superior at Paris, the first Ursulines who established themselves there; and when by the care of Madame de Sainte-Beuve they embraced the religious life properly so called, with the three vows and enclosure, she would gladly have remained with them; but her superiors of Provence not willing to consent, she returned by obedience, greatly regretting not to be able to follow her attraction, but leaving behind her daughters formed by her lessons and by her examples, and animated by her spirit. As she passed through Lyons, she was stopped there to establish a new community of Ursulines. It was the last which she began without enclosure. The archbishop of Lyons, M. de Marguemont, having afterwards obtained a bull of the Pope to erect this house into a monastery, gave the veil and received to religious profession sister de Bermond and three others besides, in spite of the oppositions of the Ursulines of Provence, who made every effort to recall to them their dear mother. Thus she had at Lyons the happiness which she had not been able to obtain at Paris, that of being completely a religious, as she had always desired; and the foundations which she undertook afterwards were established with the three vows and enclosure. She changed her name of the world for those of Jesus-Mary, sole objects of her love. Before her profession, the sisters had received to serve them a girl who

announced happy dispositions; but mother de Bermond, who knew how to discern spirits, gave her back to her parents, recommending them to watch well over her: and the care they had of her did not prevent her from soon justifying the suspicions and fears of our pious Ursuline.

Some months after mother of Jesus-Mary had made her vows, the bishop of Mâcon asked for her to institute into a monastery a Congregation of Ursulines which existed in that city. Before she arrived, there appeared above, within and around the house of these girls fires casting a sparkling brightness; and, although it was evening, the brightness was such that one could easily read by it. She carried nothing entire away on her from Mâcon to Lyons, the people having cut off from her even her veil. It was not more than a year that she had returned to Lyons when she was called to establish a new foundation at Saint-Bonet-le-Chastel in Forez. The archbishop of Lyons had much trouble in letting her go, and gave her obedience only for four months. She entered it with the applause of the people, and shut herself up in the little Congregation of Saint Ursula, which she changed into a monastery. It is there that she gave her last examples of virtue. Notwithstanding the works of charity, the journeys and the foundations of this great Ursuline, she could say with Saint Paul: “Our conversation is in heaven,” because her mind was always raised to God; and it would perhaps be difficult to find a person who had more contemplation amid so much action, and so much action in a contemplation so assiduous. She knew how to find twelve hours to pray to God on ordinary days, and fourteen on feast days. Towards the end of her life, she took up to seventeen or eighteen, having discharged herself of every other occupation, on account of her infirmities.

In the depth of winter, and in the night, she was so inflamed in her prayers that she was constrained to put her hands on the pavement, to moderate the ardour of her flame. At other times she let them freeze rather than disjoin them, saying that it was a temptation of the Affronteur (so she called the devil) who wished to make her leave her prayer. Towards the end of her life, the demon took sometimes the form of the sister who was charged with waking the others; and saying to her the same words, and in the same tone as she, he made her rise often from midnight, so that afterwards she should fall asleep at prayer. When she heard the Lives of the Saints read in the refectory, or only the martyrology, she wept abundantly; and as it was represented to her that instead of weeping over the death of the saints one should rejoice at their glory: “It is true,” she answered; “but when I make reflection on my exile, I have no more strength than the blessed Father Ignatius, who wept on a like occasion.” She composed spiritual canticles, to charm in some fashion the weariness of her exile and the violence of her desires towards the heavenly country. The mother of Jesus-Mary, on rising in the morning, turned, like the sunflower, towards the altar, where was the true Sun of justice and of mercy; and, prostrating herself on the ground, she prayed the eternal Father to honour his Son in the most holy Sacrament, and to make fall upon her all the contempts which he foresaw were to befall this divine Jesus, annihilated by love. As soon as she entered the church, her heart flew towards the holy ciborium, as a little bird returns to its nest. During the day, in going and coming, she always took the way of the church, to have the means of adoring her Jesus, at least at the door. Ordinarily she said that she would not have exchanged the sweetness of a quarter of an hour of prayer for the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world during a thousand years. When she went out of the church, she offered her heart to Our Lord, that he might keep it with him in the ciborium.

She had all her life a tender devotion for the most holy Virgin: she recited every day the rosary, in company of some sisters, to avoid ecstasy; but, in spite of this precaution, she did not fail to fall into it sometimes. One day, among others, she said with transport to her companion: “Ah! sister, what a great pleasure it is to see the holy Virgin nurse her little Jesus! one cannot see it without an expansion of joy.” — “Mother,” that girl answered her, “what you tell me causes me also joy, but if I saw what you see, I should have still much more.” The mother of Jesus-Mary, returning then from her ecstasy, turned towards her oratory, saying: “O good Jesus! look what this girl thinks of me; pardon her, and me likewise.”

She asked once of Our Lady in what she could be more agreeable to her, and an interior voice answered her: “Thank God for the grace and the glory which he has given me and my spouse Saint Joseph.” This was also in the sequel the principal occupation of her mind. She esteemed above all things virginity, which put her in the train of this Virgin of virgins. “Though I were to be damned eternally,” she said, “and had in the meantime the choice of a paradise on earth, I would seek no other manner of life than that which I have embraced.” Nevertheless, twenty-five years after her vows, the devil did not fail to excite her to repentance for having quitted the world and the pleasures she might there taste. As she was importuned by divers thoughts of this sort, the holy Virgin presented to her in a dream a cup full of a delicious drink of which she drank; she awoke disgusted with all earthly pleasures, and delivered from her temptation. She had recourse to the holy Virgin in her doubts and difficulties, and scarcely had she opened her mouth to pray to her when she was heard.

She lived in a very intimate intercourse with her guardian angel. If she feared the loss of some important letter, she recommended it to him, and she received soon after the answer. Her weakness, joined to her continual contemplation, made her stumble almost at every step. She invoked her angel; “and without him,” she said, “I should have died in a thousand accidents.” At whatever hour of the night she wished to rise, her angel woke her punctually, by striking on her table. When she desired to speak to some absent person whom she could not have warned, she prayed her good angel to give him the thought of coming to see her, and he never failed. This happened several times to her director, who, feeling himself pressed interiorly, went to the monastery without any settled design. And as soon as the mother perceived him: “God be praised,” she said, “I had sent you an angel to make you come.” She saluted also her angel at each door through which she passed, and withdrew a little, as if to give him precedence over her. The zeal for the salvation of the infidels, which had been kindled so early in the heart of this dear mother, came near consuming it in the sequel. As one speaks willingly of what one loves and of what one desires, she had no more agreeable conversation with the sisters, while she was at Paris, than to make projects of journeys to the barbarous countries, to catechise the women and girls there. These were perhaps the first sparks of that zeal which, later, carried to Canada several religious of this same house. It was she who converted Mademoiselle de Rocheblave, who had a very distinguished mind, but strongly attached to heresy.

What was most admirable in this holy woman was the humility with which she hid the gifts of God, and what she did for him. She had for that so much address that nothing distinguished her externally from the other religious. Sometimes, when she returned from an ecstasy, and saw a sister beside her, she said to her: “My God! sister, you are too patient; you ought to have gone away during my sleep, or else waked me.” She was insensible to praises, and contempts made her joyful. An ill-bred woman came to the convent to make a great noise, and say a thousand injuries against the superior, because they had not been able to receive her daughter among the externs. On these occasions and others like them, she embraced her sisters with tenderness, saying: “Courage! it is a happiness that we are thus treated; let us know by that that we are servants of Jesus Christ.” She had suffered many other contempts at Lyons: for, when she went out with her companions to go to church, the people mocked at them. Some took them for widows, others for repentant girls, some even for girls living ill. A woman said to her one day with passion that she had done well to come to Lyons to put herself again in the good way: “For we know,” she added, “what life you led at Avignon, where your husband was hanged.” — “It is true,” replied the mother laughing, “that my Spouse was hanged on the cross.” She received this woman with so much kindness that she rendered her confused. In all things, great and small, she had regard to humility. Thus a sister who knew how to write better than she, offering to write in her name to a person of quality, she would not consent, saying that she would draw upon herself thereby praises which were not due to her, and that it was just that this person should see that she knew not how to do anything well. She treated with her religious rather as an equal than as a superior; but she knew, when it was needful, to take a grave or severe bearing which made them tremble. As she excelled in humility, she desired it in her daughters, and above all in the superiors. One of the latter excused herself to her for accepting this

charge, saying that she was not capable of commanding others. The mother of Jesus-Mary answered her in a severe tone: “Also I do not mean that you should command them; but you will pray them, and they will be so obedient that your prayers will serve them in place of command.”

After this worthy mother had remained four months with the Ursulines of Saint-Bonet, she was asked for at Grenoble. The archbishop of Lyons having written to her on this subject, she begged him to leave her at Saint-Bonet, because the monastery was poor, because she was despised there, and because she had time there to give to prayer. The prelate would not constrain her; she continued to spread in this humble convent the spirit with which she was penetrated, and the perfume of her virtues. Also she found herself so happy there that she ordinarily said that Paris was a hell to her, Lyons a purgatory, and Saint-Bonet a paradise. In truth, if the Saints make their paradise here below by sufferings, she had in this town more than elsewhere, and that is why she was so pleased there. The dismissal of a girl of quality caused her many; for all the inhabitants were irritated by it, and for a year it seemed that the convent was to perish of it. One day when everything was lacking there at once, a mule laden with flour presented itself at the door without a conductor. The religious took its load, then it went away. The superior ordered prayers for her persecutors and those of her daughters, and she was the first to macerate herself for them. It was in this place that she led for six years a life more angelic than human, hidden in the secret of the face of God, and overwhelmed with persecutions, which made her holiness shine forth still more.

Six months before her death, God tried her by great interior aridities. She was at last attacked by an apoplexy which lasted only two days, and left her the liberty of receiving the Sacraments: after which she died, on 19 February 1628, aged fifty-six years. Her director was then absent; so that it was difficult for a religious to die with less éclat. She obtained in this manner what she had long asked of God, namely, to die in the smallest monastery of the Order, and in abandonment, to honour the desertion of Jesus at his death.

The mother of Jesus-Mary was, like all the Saints, terrible to the demons, and an object of horror and hatred to them. Finding herself once in a place where there was a possessed woman, the demon wished to throw himself upon her, and cried to her in a frightful voice: “Withdraw from me, you burn me.” But she, armed with the strength of God, and not fearing the threats of the demon, drew nearer to the possessed woman, and spat in her face, in contempt for him in whose power she was. The demon, furious, said to her: “I will direct all my efforts and all my wiles against you, and against your daughters, more than against all the other religious Orders.” — “Why, wretch?” asked the mother of Jesus-Mary. — “Ah!” answered the demon, “because the instructions that you give to these little girls are the cause that I can scarcely do anything against them; therefore I shall employ all that hatred and rage can furnish me, to hinder young girls from entering your Order.” The demon has not failed to execute his threats, as those know who have occupied themselves with the possessed women of Loudun,

Madame de Sainte-Beuve, Foundress of the Ursulines of Paris

Madame de Sainte-Beuve had for father John Lhuillier, lord of Boulencourt, etc., president of the chamber of accounts of Paris, and for mother Renée de Nicolaï, both allied to several illustrious families of the kingdom. She had nine brothers and eight sisters, her father and mother having been married several times each. This multitude of children did not hinder them from being all provided for in the world according to their birth. She was born in 1562 and learned from her mother, a woman of high virtue, to flee the ordinary vices of youth, and principally lying. Her beauty, her sweetness, her good nature drew to her many suitors. Her parents chose Claude Leroux, sieur de Sainte-Beuve, counsellor in the parliament of Paris. She was nineteen years old when she married him; and they lived so perfectly united together that it seemed nothing was lacking to their happiness. But there are souls which have the glorious privilege of exciting in some manner the jealousy of God, and which he never leaves at rest until they have given themselves entirely to him. Madame de Sainte-Beuve was one of these souls: God wished her entirely, without any division: and it is for

this that he took from her by death her husband, after only three years of marriage. This blow was very sensible to her; but her faith soon made her grasp its aim. She had courage and fidelity enough to persevere in the generous resolution she had taken not to remarry, and never again to have love but for Him whom one runs no risk of losing.

Madame de Sainte-Beuve was not more than twenty-two years old when she remained a widow, without having had children by her husband. It was an admirable thing to see a widow of her age, of her rank, rich and beautiful as she was, conduct herself in her widowhood, in which she persevered for forty-six years, with an integrity, a wisdom and a life so irreproachable that slander never found in it anything it could blame. Her reputation was such that it was commonly said at Paris that one had only to change a single letter of her name for her to be in name as well as in fact *la Sainte Veuve* (the Holy Widow).

At that time, king Henry IV entered Paris, after having triumphed over the League. This prince having presented himself one day without ceremony in an assembly of ladies of whom Madame de Sainte-Beuve was one, she advanced towards him, impelled by zeal for the Catholic religion, and said to him respectfully that she recognised him as her king. Then she added, speaking of the governor of Paris, who had opened to him the gates of the city: “Sire, I had always believed that the count of Brissac was a man of honour, and I would never have taken him for a traitor.” This freedom pleased the king: “I know well,” he said to Madame de Sainte-Beuve, “that you have always been against me, but I do not love you the less.” Skilfully managing the king’s benevolence, she asked of him pardon for some persons of the contrary party, whom she hid in her house, which he granted her very graciously. He would not permit her to kiss the hem of his mantle, and paid her compliments on her beauty. It is from this moment that it is pretended he had some inclination for her; and he gave of it more than once sensible marks, to the point that he presented himself at her house one morning to pay her a visit, without having himself announced. Warned by one of the girls who served her, she shut herself in her closet; and the king could never prevail on her to open to him. She excused herself on the ground that she was not in a state to appear before His Majesty, so that he withdrew, full of admiration for her virtue.

The king, who had always the same inclination for her, and still more esteem, liked to converse with her. When he perceived her coach in a street, he had his own stopped to salute her. But he had such a veneration for her, on account of her virtue, that never did he address to her any indiscreet or unbecoming word. She feared much to be subjected to this kind of trial, and she avowed herself that this fear was for her a counterweight which hindered her well from being puffed up by the very particular interest which the king bore her. She knew how to raise adroitly the mind of this prince in ordinary conversations, and take occasion from the most common things to bring him to God and to Christian piety. “It is well for you others,” he said to her one day, “to feel the tendernesses of devotion; for you have been nourished from the cradle in the Catholic religion. But I, who am a warrior brought up in the licence of the camps and of Calvinism, and instructed only lately, how would you have me have such great sentiments of piety?” — “Sire,” she answered him judiciously, “if Your Majesty has not the tenderness of devotion, you can have its strength, it is in that that true devotion consists, and you will only have the more merit.”

She passed at court and in the city for a Saint, and everyone, with regard to her, followed the precept of Saint Paul, who ordains to honour the widows who are truly widows. Understanding perfectly the duties of her position, and well convinced that each one in this world has received from God a sort of apostolate, she sought to procure the glory of God, and to bring about his reign not only in herself, but also in others. Her piety was in this very different from that narrow, selfish and false devotion, so common in our days, which, shutting itself up in itself, troubles itself little about the progress and salvation of the neighbour. She knew that every Christian ought to spread, in a certain measure, the good odour of Jesus Christ, according to the expression of Saint Paul, and that God will demand of us an account not only of the evil that we shall have done, but also of the good that we shall have neglected to do. Therefore her charity extended to others; she

embraced with joy all the occasions of doing them good. It is a sad sign for the state of a soul when it is indifferent to the good of the neighbour and to the glory of God. There are so many circumstances in life where a good word placed at the right time may become the germ of a better and new life. How many poor women in the world, ashamed of the bonds in which they are engaged, ask, in order to rise, only a friendly look, a benevolent hand which may sustain them. But this look, this hand, they do not find, even among those who make profession of piety. And this comes very often from a depth of human respect and of pusillanimity, or, what is worse still, from a culpable indifference with regard to the things of God.

It was not so with Madame de Sainte-Beuve. A young girl, pressed by her conscience to withdraw from vice, begged her to protect her and assist her in her need. Our virtuous widow stretched out her hand to her charitably; and, in order to provide for her, and to give her the means of living, she drew from her purse eight hundred crowns which she gave her. Another girl, who had fallen and repented of it, was put by her into religion; and Madame de Sainte-Beuve used such precautions to prevent her fault from being known in the convent that the thing remained secret, and she was admitted there as a religious.

Madame de Sainte-Beuve was perfectly submissive to her director, Father Gonteri, of the Company of Jesus; she did nothing that he had not approved, and had for him an extreme respect and deference. She so esteemed his direction and had found herself so well by it that, during the fourteen years that she survived him, she did not attach herself to other directors, but followed always the maxims of this holy religious, and the practices which he had counselled her. This is, in effect, a point very important for spiritual progress; and it is very difficult, above all for persons who live in the world, to advance in virtue, without an entire confidence in their director, and a great submission with regard to him.

God, who wished to make use of Madame de Sainte-Beuve to establish a new Order in his Church, inspired her with a great zeal for his glory and an ardent desire to contribute to it and to employ in it all the property she had. Her desires were at first general and confused, and she remained several years in this state before she knew in particular the will of God. As she was conversing one day with Father Lancelot Marin, master of novices of the Jesuits of Paris, she communicated to him the great and continual desires of her heart to procure the glory of God, adding that she found herself so incapable and so little a thing that these desires served only to give her confusion and sorrow. She asked him further whether he saw not some means of renewing the worship of God, which diminished every day, and in what she could contribute to it. The Father answered her: “Mademoiselle, I am going to tell you one which God puts into my mind, by a plain comparison. Figure to yourself a large apple which has become rotten. What should be done to restore it to its first state, unless to take out the pips, plant them in good earth, then water and cultivate them well; so that they may produce trees, which would bear in their turn apples as fine as those from which they are produced? In the same way, it seems to me that, to renew the corrupt world, one should go about it by the little young. Our Father Saint Ignatius aimed at this end, destining our Company to the good education of young people. It would be an enterprise equally very laudable and very useful to establish in Paris a congregation where little girls should be withdrawn from the world, as from a bad soil, to transplant them into a fertile ground; so that, having received there good instructions, they might go out of it as from a nursery, to carry virtue into families. Families once well regulated would reform towns, provinces; and by this means, the world would become quite other. The poor Catholics, at least, would not live in ignorance, which is the cause of so many vices.”

This discourse was a ray of light which enlightened her mind, and gave her the first thoughts of the foundation which she established later. We see here how important it is to communicate our good thoughts to those whom God enlightens and animates with his spirit. Madame Acarie was then labouring to establish the Carmelites at Paris. After having chosen, among the girls whom she had gathered around her, those who were the most fit for the Rule of the Carmelites, she employed the others in instructing gratuitously young girls, foreseeing by heavenly light the goods which an institute animated by this spirit would produce in the

world. She had no rest until she saw executed the idea which she had conceived of it, which made her resolve to speak of it to her cousin, Madame de Sainte-Beuve. She easily persuaded her to undertake this work, provided that the girls who should teach were religious. Madame de Sainte-Beuve embraced courageously this work and consecrated to it all her cares with such zeal that she sold the house which she had in the city to go and lodge in the faubourg Saint-Jacques, near the place destined for the monastery. There was already there a rather large building and some other smaller ones, which she paid for almost entirely, and which she united by a large main building which she had constructed at her own expense. (29 September 1610.) She had added later large buildings to the monastery, where she had the consolation of seeing lodged nearly sixty religious and a still greater number of boarders. It was impossible that the beginnings of so fine a work, which was to produce so many fruits of blessing and of salvation, should not be troubled by the demon. History makes mention of several attempts which he made to ruin the monastery which Madame de Sainte-Beuve had just founded at Paris. He raised up for this purpose several novices, of whom he made his instruments, and who had engaged themselves to him by a formal pact. It was above all Madame de Sainte-Beuve whom he had a grudge against, and he sought in a thousand ways to destroy her. But God was with her, and his blessing rested on the work which she had founded. One of these unhappy women, who had yielded to the suggestions of the demon, avowed later that it was above all the humility of Madame de Sainte-Beuve which had preserved her from his attacks.

Among the religious Orders, Madame de Sainte-Beuve was fond above all of the Jesuit Fathers, because they devoted themselves to the salvation of souls, and gave themselves, like the Ursulines, to the education of youth. Therefore, having reduced herself to poverty, she made all her efforts to obtain from her friends the sums necessary for the establishment of a novitiate separate from the professed house of the Fathers (1609).

She founded also another house of Ursulines, in the rue Saint-Avoye at Paris; and by humility she gave her title and her rights of foundress to one of her nieces, married to M. Feideau, lord of Brou. She led four professed to begin this new establishment. It was she also who led the religious who went to found the monasteries of Pontoise and of Saint-Denis, contributing to it by her cares and her charities, as much as was possible to her. Although Madame de Sainte-Beuve had always passed for one of the most virtuous persons, it was principally since she had founded the first monastery of the Ursulines that her virtues shone forth more.

She had in praying to God a manner and a countenance so agreeable that one felt oneself moved to pray merely by seeing her. She said also that to pray awry, and making grimaces, was in some manner wishing to frighten Our Lord. One evening of All Saints, when she was praying in her room for the faithful departed, having reproved several times her companion maid for praying in a very negligent posture, she heard the noise of a slap that an invisible hand gave her; and her attendant felt it so well that she did not wait for a second to take another more fitting posture. Madame de Sainte-Beuve told the thing the next day to the Ursulines, being still all moved by it.

She had prayed to God in each of the places of her monastery while it was being built, that he might never be offended there, at least mortally. The respect which she had for all holy things cannot be sufficiently expressed. The least ceremonies of the Church, all the words of holy Scripture, all the places of devotion, and all that concerned the worship of God and of the Saints were in particular veneration with her; she could not see anything fail in the least in this point without testifying the pain she felt at it. She knew that nothing which touches the worship of God is small, and that the least ceremonies have been inspired by the Holy Spirit, and attest the high wisdom of the Church: very different in this from those light and superficial minds, who imagine that exterior things in religion have no importance, and that the holy practices commanded and authorised by the Church are purely arbitrary. Having learned one day that the gardener of the convent had stored seeds in a hermitage which she had had built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre, she was afflicted by it to tears, and obtained from the superior that a procession should be made to repair this irreverence.

Madame de Sainte-Beuve, considering the religious as the spouses of Jesus Christ, had a profound respect for them. When she had to speak in the Community, she was seized with a fear which was easily perceived. She was astonished at it herself, and said often to the sisters of the monastery: “I am free with each of you in particular, and regard you all as my daughters. But when I see you assembled, it seems to me that I am in the presence of angels; and I tremble more to say a word to you than I ever did before the great of the world. Yes, I should speak with more assurance to the body of Parliament than to yours.” She had a great deference for the superiors, and never consented to pass before them. She never meddled with the particular affairs of the convent, in spite of all the solicitations that might be made to her on that subject; knowing very well that the privileges of a foundress are granted to maintain a monastery, and not to trouble it by the usurpation of an authority which is not due to her. She lodged some time in the interior of the convent, going out when it pleased her, for her affairs, or to receive the visits of her relatives, who were not content with seeing her only at the grating. But as she perceived that in going out so often she might incommode the monastery, she quitted it altogether at the end of a year, and dwelt in a contiguous house, having a parlour whence she could converse with the religious, and a door by which she could enter the convent. She dined ordinarily on feasts and Sundays in the refectory, and passed then the recreation with her dear daughters; then, at the sound of the bell, she withdrew until Vespers, at which she assisted and sang the psalms in choir. When they came to this verse of Psalm cxii: *Qui habitare facit sterilem in domo, matrem filiorum lætantem*, she felt a jubilation so great that she could not conceal it. She saw in effect these words accomplished in her, and thrilled with joy on seeing under her eyes this so numerous family which God had given her, and which multiplied every day.

She had a great inclination for children, took pleasure in reasoning with them, and gave very fine maxims to the Ursulines for their education. She recommended above all to inspire in them the love of modesty, and the horror of lying, never to tell them things otherwise than they were, and not to rebuff them in their childish talk. “How,” she said, “will their mind be formed, if you take from them the liberty of instructing themselves, and of declaring their thoughts?”

She repeated often that money and sadness were incompatible with her. She married many poor girls after having withdrawn them from vice or from the occasion of falling into it, giving to each according to her need and according to the money she had; for often nothing remained to her; and after having emptied her purse, she sought something else, rather than dismiss a poor man without giving him anything. Touched with compassion for an artisan reduced to beggary, she begged for him of one of her relatives, and obtained from him an alms of a hundred crowns. She had this poor man come, all joyful, and inquired of him whether he was careful to render his duties to God. He answered that yes, and that he would never wish to fail in them: “Well! my friend,” she said to him, opening her apron, where the hundred crowns were, “since you have the fear of God, take, here is what he sends you: see how he provides for those who serve him.” This man, surprised at the sight, could not believe in so much good fortune, and thought that perhaps someone wished to deceive him. But his benefactress assured him that all this money was for him, and put it into his hands. It would be difficult to say who was the happier, he who received the money, or she who gave it. Nothing shows better her ardent charity for the poor than this word, well worthy of being meditated by all Christians: “The greatest contentment that I have,” she said, “when I awake in the morning, is to know that I shall be able to give something that day.” She knew that charity is the abridgment of all the law, and the distinctive character by which Our Lord said that his disciples would be recognised. She knew that, according to the testimony of Saint John, no one can flatter himself that he loves God, whom he does not see, if he leaves in need his brother who lives beside him and under his eyes. But she knew at the same time that hardness towards the poor comes almost always from the disposition to refuse oneself nothing; and that it is almost always our useless expenses that put us in the impossibility of providing for the needs of others. For Christianity alone has brought into relief the bond that exists between charity towards the poor, and the spirit of humility and abnegation. It alone has made charity possible and easy, by attacking, even in the most intimate depth of the human heart, the very root of egoism. He alone could say to man to love his neighbour

as himself who commanded him to hate and despise himself. These two precepts hold together so closely that it is almost impossible to fulfil the first, if one does not accomplish the second. Therefore Madame de Sainte-Beuve, to furnish her charities, and to conform herself to Him who, being very rich, made himself poor for the love of us, retrenched from herself all she could. She sold her silver plate, her tapestries and all her other furniture of price: she had no more than a bed of plain drugget; she clothed herself no more but in wool, sewing herself and sometimes spinning her garments. She got rid, shortly after, of her coach, and dismissed the greater part of her servants, after having very well rewarded them. Like the valiant woman of Scripture, she did not eat her bread in idleness, but was always occupied in some useful work.

She spoke of herself with much reserve, was not puffed up by the praises that were given her; and while everyone admired her, she alone seemed to ignore herself. A religious asked her one day with simplicity whether she had not formerly felt some movements of complacency on account of her beauty. She answered frankly that she did not remember having ever stopped at it, unless one evening, when, after having been all the afternoon in company of an extremely ugly lady, she found herself in her mirror more beautiful than she, and felt a little joy at it. She had a profound horror of lying. Queen Anne of

Austria, still very young, having entered one day the convent of the Ursulines, a princess presented herself and asked to enter also. The queen, desiring that she should not be permitted, said to the superior that it must be answered that the key of the door was lost. But Madame de Sainte-Beuve, who was present, took the word; and addressing the queen, with a simple and generous freedom: “No, Madam,” she said to her, “this message shall not be carried: may Your Majesty remember that, for whatever it may be, it is not permitted to tell a lie.” This little reprimand edified the queen and all her suite.

She was regulated in her food as in all the rest. She dined very rarely with others, even with her nearest relatives, above all since she had withdrawn near the monastery of the Ursulines; and, as much as she could, she ate alone in her little lodging. She said one day by occasion to the Ursulines that she did not remember ever having ordered what should be prepared for her meals, nor found fault with what was presented to her. This admirable restraint, in a person who had been delicately brought up like Madame de Saint-Beuve, shows so great a detachment that it alone would suffice to persuade that her virtue was not ordinary. For, in the judgment of Saint Augustine, who knew well these matters, temperance, as the Christian law understands and prescribes it, is the most difficult virtue to observe; and it is there very often, he says, the reef against which the best-strengthened will comes to be wrecked.

To all the advantages which Madame de Sainte-Beuve enjoyed in this world, she joined still a perfect health; which gave her enough reason to love the present life, in which nothing was painful to her. Therefore she avowed simply on several occasions that she feared the loss of it, and that it was necessary for her to raise herself by faith to the desires of the future life. She did not however fail to prepare for death, the more as she advanced in age, and slight indispositions seemed to warn her of it. These increased considerably in the last six months of her life. All sorts of remedies were applied, which seemed to have a good effect, when suddenly, on 25 August, dropsy declared itself, to the great astonishment of all those who treated her, and who had believed until then her state without danger. The physician declared to her that it was time that she should receive the holy Viaticum. This news astonished her a little: “What then! Sir,” she said, “could I not wait to communicate tomorrow?” — “Madam,” he answered her, “I do not advise you to defer a moment.” At once, gathering the rest of her strength, she urged that Our Lord should be fetched.

Meanwhile the monastery was strangely alarmed on learning towards midnight that its dear foundress was at the last extremity. The superior sent to ask her pardon on behalf of the whole community, and to offer her her services, as well as those of all her religious. She could already speak only with great difficulty. But hearing this sad message, she wept again from tenderness. She wished to say something, but her tears prevented her; so that she only made a sign that she was for her dear daughters at death what she had been during her life. She passed so gently, while the psalm *Lætatus sum* was being recited, that it seemed she was falling asleep,

closing her eyes of herself, at two o'clock in the morning, on 29 August 1630, at the age of sixty-eight years, while her good daughters the Ursulines recited together in choir the prayers of the agony for her intention.

Her body was buried in the choir of the convent of the Ursulines of Saint-Jacques. The service could scarcely be completed, the ecclesiastics, the religious and all the assistants melting in tears. The desolation of the poor Ursulines was so great that they resolved among themselves that they would serve her in the refectory for thirty days, putting her place at her ordinary seat, as if she had been alive, and giving to the poor her portion. But each time that this ceremony was done, the tears and sobs began again; so that the religious could no longer take their meal. They were therefore constrained to omit this service: they continued nevertheless, all the time appointed, to give to the poor her portion. Madame de Sainte-Beuve was of fine stature, of grave bearing, of even temper, and of serene countenance, in which the candour of her soul was reflected. She had ash-blonde hair, blue and very gentle eyes, a lively and extremely delicate complexion, and all the features of the face very well made. She had the consolation of seeing before her death her monastery happily established, and nearly thirty others issued from it, and spread in divers provinces of the kingdom, without speaking of many others that were established in imitation of it.

Madame Madeleine de la Peltrie, Born de Chauvigny

Madeleine de Chauvigny was born at the beginning of the 17th century, at Alençon, of a considerable family of the country.

She married M. de Grival, lord of la Peltrie. He was a very honest gentleman, of the house of Touvais, by whom she had a single daughter, who received life only to go and increase the number of the blessed. She kept the holiest laws of marriage, until it pleased God to withdraw her husband from this world, and thus to restore her liberty. She was divided between the desire to renounce all to follow Jesus Christ, and that of employing the immense fortune of which she could dispose for the relief of the spiritual and bodily miseries of the neighbour, for which God had given her a tender compassion. Her charity bore itself by preference towards the savages of Canada, where France had just established a colony, and whom the Fathers of the Company of Jesus had begun to evangelise.

The queen having learned the projects of Madame de la Peltrie, and her approaching departure for Canada, wished to see her with her companions.

The little troop set out for Dieppe, on 4 May 1639 they weighed anchor very early in the morning. The troop was composed of Madame de la Peltrie, of Mademoiselle Barré, of six religious, of whom three Ursulines and three Hospitallers, and of Father Vimond, of the Company of Jesus, who had just been named superior of the mission of Canada. They arrived happily at Quebec, on 1 August 1639. Our dear foundress was ravished to see herself in possession of what she had so much desired, and to be able to devote herself to the service of the little savage girls. She wished to be particularly charged with them, and this consolation had to be granted her. It was a pleasure to see her unfold before these poor children the red camlet stuffs which she had brought to clothe them; and the savages could not contain their joy, having never seen anything so fine. She subjected herself to the enclosure and to the Rule of the Ursulines, like the other religious, and persevered in it constantly to her last breath, without ever relaxing.

She filled for eighteen years the office of linen-keeper, and she knew how to raise what there is small in this office by the manner in which she acquitted herself of it. Seeing with the eyes of faith Our Lord in the person of those whom she served, it seemed to her that it was to him that she gave the linen of which she had the care.

The spirit of humility with which she was penetrated made easy to her the practice of the other virtues. She had put herself in possession of taking the last place in choir, in the refectory, at communion, and at the other assemblies of the community. She could not bear that the quality of foundress should be given her. "Alas!"

she said on this occasion, “I am but a poor wretch, who does nothing but offend God.” She believed it as she said it, although in effect her conscience was very pure before God, and her life very exemplary in the eyes of men. She dissimulated with an admirable sweetness the little displeasures which are inevitable in a religious house, however holy it may be. She always gave herself the blame, and was the first to ask pardon on her knees, saying: “It is I, my dear sister, who gave you cause of pain by my pride and my impatience: pray God that he convert me, and believe that I love you always.”

Her soul being ripe for heaven, on 12 November 1671, she was attacked by a pleurisy which carried her off on the seventh day. She was asked whether she did not regret life: “Not at all,” she answered; “I esteem a thousand times more the day of my death than all the years of my life.” On 16 November, which was that of her happiness, knowing that it was a Wednesday: “God be blessed,” she said: “I am happy to die on a day consecrated to Saint Joseph”

Madame Marie Martin, Born Guyard, Called Mary of the Incarnation

Mary Guyard, so well known under the name of Mary of the Incarnation, was born at Tours, on 18 October 1599, of Florent Guyard, silk merchant, and of Joan Michelet, of the house of la Bourdaizière.

At the age of seven years she had a dream in which she saw Our Lord who drew near to her, saying to her: “Will you be mine?” And after she had given her consent to it, she saw him ascend to heaven. At the age of seventeen, her parents thought of marrying her. The two years that her marriage lasted were a time of trials and pains for her. M. Martin, her husband, was the innocent cause of it. This is all that has been able to be known of it, the industrious charity of his wife having succeeded in hiding the knowledge of a detail which might have done wrong to the memory of her husband.

Mary became a widow at the age of nineteen, after two years of marriage, and remained charged with a child who had but just been born; without fortune, and in a state so sad that she avows herself that her pains were excessive. Her virtue, the qualities of her mind and of her heart, drew to her several very advantageous suitors. Prudence seemed to make it a duty for her to accept them; but a wisdom superior to that of men made her consider things in quite another manner.

All her affairs being ended, and nothing any longer retaining her in the world, she dismissed her domestics, keeping only one maidservant with her, and took a very simple habit, which marked an entire divorce from the world. Her father having called her to him, she lodged on the top floor, and thought no more but of the education of her son and of the contemplation of divine things. All her happiness was in the reception of the Sacraments and in the exercises of piety. But her love of God did not make her forget the neighbour. Not being able to help the poor with her goods, which she had lost, she applied herself to render them the most repulsive services, dressing their wounds with a respect and an affection which showed well that she saw in them Jesus Christ himself. One of her sisters, engaged in a considerable trade, begged her to be willing to relieve her. This proposal frightened her at first: it cost her to renounce that so sweet repose to which she had sacrificed her fortune.

She found herself at her sister’s in a rather strange situation. From her arrival, she had put herself in the kitchen, and charged herself with the vilest functions. It was not for that that she had been made to come: but God, who had his designs, permitted that it should be no longer thought that she could be good for anything else, and that for three or four years, not only the masters, but also the servants, had only contempt for her. She was happy in this situation, and her love of abjection was so great that she feared she was too attached to it. Nothing could content the insatiable desire which she had for crosses and humiliations. She obtained of her confessor permission to make a vow of perpetual chastity. She was then twenty-one years old. As soon as she had made her sacrifice, she knew, by an extraordinary redoubling of graces, that God had accepted it.

However her confessor did not judge it fitting to leave her longer in the state of humiliation in which she was held: and, at the end of four years, he caused her brother and her sister to open their eyes on the singularity of their conduct towards her. They begged her therefore to take the direction of their affairs, and she consented by obedience to her confessor, who commanded it of her expressly. Her brother-in-law was general commission agent for the carriage of merchandise, and he had besides a considerable employment in the artillery. He was obliged, on that account, to have in his house a great number of domestics of all sorts, of horses, of carriages and carts. Amid the occupations and the continual embarrassments into which she was drawn, our charitable widow lost nothing of her application to God. To see her, one would have said that she was wholly in what she was doing and in what was said to her: and yet outside the things which were of her duty, she saw and heard nothing. She passed sometimes whole days in the stables or in the warehouses, and at other times she was still at midnight on the quay, having merchandise loaded and unloaded. “When I was overloaded with affairs,” she writes, “I addressed myself to Jesus, my ordinary refuge, and my confidence in him made all easy to me. Sometimes I withdrew to converse with him in solitude; immediately I was called back, and I went joyfully saying: Come, my sweet Love, you will it. I am content, since I possess you. I felt a lightness without equal, doing everything for the Beloved.” Meanwhile, her son being grown and no longer having so much need of her, she thought in earnest of following the way of the Lord, who called her to the religious life. She had not yet chosen the Order which she was to enter. During this time the Ursulines came to establish themselves at Tours. She had heard speak of these religious, and had felt for their institute a powerful attraction, even before knowing them. But, not being able to bring a dowry, she feared not to be received in a house which was not yet well established.

Mother Frances of Saint Bernard, with whom she was intimately bound, having been named superior of the Ursulines of Tours, she conceived some hope. The superior, in effect, whom God conducted by ways similar to hers, no sooner saw herself at the head of the community than she was strongly inspired to attract her friend to it: and, from the very day of her election, she had her called, to communicate to her her design. She took a day to enter the novitiate of the Ursulines, and, this day come, she called her son and asked humbly his consent. “I shall see you no more, then, my dear mother?” — “Why not?” she replied; “you will see me, my son, as much as you please.” — “In that case,” replied the child much moved, “I am willing.” Then the servant of God continued thus: “I should have had much pain, my son, in separating from you if you had opposed it; but since you consent to it, I withdraw and leave you in the hands of God. You have no goods; but He whom I have chosen for my inheritance will be yours also; and if you have his fear, you will possess the most precious treasure of the earth…” She ended by giving her son salutary counsels; then she embraced him and prepared to depart. It was a morning, 23 January. However the joy which she tasted in her dear solitude was soon troubled by an unforeseen tempest. Her son, excited by his comrades, and by the manner in which the public generally spoke of the course which his mother had taken, was not long in repenting of the consent he had given. His companions, finding him one day more moved than usual, proposed to him to go in a troop to the door of the convent, in order to demand back his mother. He believed them and followed them; and in a moment they threw the whole quarter into alarm. Mary of the Incarnation, which is the name that Madame Martin had taken on entering religion, distinguished amid the cries of this mutinous youth the voice of her son, who in a tone capable of touching the hardest hearts, demanded back his mother. Her soul was broken by it; and moreover she feared that the community, wearied by so many importunities, would dismiss her. Let us leave her to relate herself these scenes so rending to her heart. “Our mothers wept from compassion, hearing the tears and cries of this child. He came to the church when mass was said, and passing his head through the window of the communion grating, he said, with tears in his eyes and in a voice broken by sobs: Give me back my mother. I was sent to see him in the parlour: I consoled him by some little presents which the religious furnished me; and I remarked that in going away he walked backwards to see me through the windows, until he had lost sight of the monastery.” This squall lasted long, and gave rise every day to new scenes. But Our Lord promised her to take care of her son, and the effect followed close upon the

promise. The Father rector of the Jesuits of Rennes, having come to Tours about this same time, took this child away with him to his college. But a new trial came to trouble again the repose of this holy soul. Her father was so touched at seeing her enter religion that, when she went to bid him adieu, he assured her that he would die of grief. He died in effect, at the end of six months; and the public, always so wicked and so pitiless towards the friends of God, attributed again this event to our novice, and accused her of hardness. At last, all the storms ceased, and the world ended by doing justice to her courage. Mary received at last the veil, and, during the ceremony, there appeared in her something heavenly, which filled with admiration the whole assembly. It was at about the same epoch that she received in an eminent degree the intelligence of the Scriptures; so that she could read all the holy books, without the help of any translation or of any interpreter. Whatever attention she gave to letting nothing be perceived of the extraordinary graces with which she was loaded, she could not hide this one. As soon as the other sisters had remarked it, they sought to draw their profit from it; so that during the recreations they did not fail to bring the conversation to holy Scripture, in order to participate in the treasures of wisdom which God poured into the soul of his servant. One day, a novice having begged her to explain to her the first verse of the Canticle, the mistress of novices, who was present, had a chair brought for her, and ordered her to say all that should come to her mind on this passage. She obeyed; and from the first word, being no longer her own, she spoke long as the Spirit impelled her. At the end she lost speech, and was for some time in a sort of ecstasy. But this torrent of spiritual delights soon stopped. Scarcely had she taken the religious habit when she had to struggle against all the powers of hell, to which God seemed to have abandoned her. God makes none pass through this state but the greatest souls, and it is one of the surest marks to distinguish them. This is not all yet: she learned that her son, after having been for some time the example of the college, was beginning to go astray, and that it was to be feared that he would be entirely lost. She thought at first that the demon wished by that to put an obstacle to her profession, the time of which was approaching. She submitted to all that heaven should ordain about it. God waited only for this sacrifice on her part to console her; he assured her that he would take care of her son. A short time after, the child returned to Tours to one of his aunts, who took charge of him; and he began to lead a more regular life. On the eve of her profession, she felt in a moment all her pains cease, and calm revive in her soul. She was first sub-mistress of the novices; then she was charged with the instructions which are customarily given to these young girls. She composed for the novices whom she was charged to instruct a catechism which is perhaps one of the best that we have in our language, and which has been published under the name of *Christian School*. In her school were formed a great number of religious who were later the glory and ornament of their Order.

Madame de la Peltrie having taken measures to establish the Ursulines in Canada, desired to have with her mother of the Incarnation. She set out on 22 February 1639. As soon as young Martin knew that his mother had departed, he followed her and rejoined her at Orléans, went to find her at the inn where she had alighted, and, feigning to be ignorant of her design, testified to her his surprise at seeing her at an inn, and asked her where she was going. “To Paris,” she said to him. — “But will you not go further?” — “Perhaps as far as Normandy.” Her son, seeing that she would not explain herself, drew from his pocket and gave her a letter which his aunt had written to him, and the revocation in good form of a pension which she had assigned to him on all her goods, to recognise the services of his mother. She took the paper, read it, and, raising her eyes to heaven, cried: “Oh! how many artifices the demon has to cross the design of God!” Then, looking at her son: “It is eight years,” she said to him, “since I left you to give myself to God: since that time has anything been lacking to you?” — “No,” answered the child. — “Well!” she resumed, “the past must answer to you for the future. When I left you for the love of Him who had given me the order for it, I gave you to him, and prayed him to serve you as father. You see that he has gone beyond even our hopes. He will continue as he has begun. Show yourself only a worthy son of the best of fathers…” These words, and the air with which she said them, changed all at once the dispositions of her son. He burned the papers which had been sent to him, and abandoned himself without reserve to divine Providence. This act was for him afterwards an

inexhaustible source of graces. Another trial, not less sensible to her, awaited her at Paris. Her son, having testified to Father de la Haye the desire to enter the Company of Jesus, he was made to come to Paris to be examined. But it was thought that he did not suit the aim of the Company, and he was sent back, seeking however to soften in the form what this refusal might have of painful for his mother. He entered some time after the Congregation of Saint-Maur, and distinguished himself there by his merit and his holiness.

The letters which mother of the Incarnation wrote from Canada excited in the houses of Paris and of Tours so great an ardour that, in a short time, there was at Quebec a rather numerous community, of which she was elected superior. The Jansenists, seeing in her a woman of high intelligence and great heart, strove to draw her to their party. But her virtue was too well established on the foundation of humility and of true abnegation to let itself be caught in the snare that was laid for her. To cut short the instances that were made to her on this, she made no answer to the letters that were written to her about it.

She had soon to suffer great crosses on account of the persecution of the Iroquois. The Fathers de Brebœuf and Lalemand, the latter was the nephew of her director, were burned, the Fathers Garnier and Daniel massacred, and all the missionaries of the Hurons, with the rest of these poor neophytes, were constrained to take refuge at Quebec. The Fathers who had escaped the iron or the fire of the Iroquois had suffered more than those who were dead. To succour and console these poor savages whom persecution had constrained to flee, the servant of God studied the language of the Hurons; for until then she had applied herself only to those of the Algoukins and of the Moutagnais. Some time after, fire took, in the night, at the convent of the Ursulines; and as it is almost not possible in these countries to stop conflagrations, on account of the nature of the wood which is used for the buildings, nothing could be saved. Mother of the Incarnation went out last, accompanied only by a sister who would not leave her: and it was only by a visible protection of God that they were able to escape the flames. The fire ended, there arose among the religious a combat of charity: for, as they had been surprised in the night by the fire, they had been able to carry nothing away with them, and found themselves almost naked in a very rigorous season. It was a matter of distributing the few garments that remained; and it was a contest who should yield them to the others. The spectators were moved to tears, and one of them began to cry: “Here are great fools or great Saints.” The Jesuits and the Hospitaller religious came to their help. The poor themselves wished to contribute, so sincere and profound was the gratitude for the good they had done.

In the year 1664, she had a great sickness which God had announced to her beforehand in a dream, in which she saw Our Lord fastened to the cross, and all covered with wounds. On the eighth day of the sickness, she was warned that there was no more hope. From that moment, she seemed to take possession of heaven. The rest of her life was no more than a sweet contemplation. The superior reminded her of her son. She grew tender, and said that in heaven, where she hoped to go, she would have him always in her heart. She received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with perfect presence of mind. Feeling herself at the last extremity, she asked to see once more her little savages, to say a last adieu to them, and, towards noon, she entered into a gentle agony. At the end of some time, she kissed tenderly her crucifix, opened her eyes, which she had held closed for a long time, looked at her sisters as if to take leave of them, closed them again, gave two little sighs and expired. The joy which she had had in dying remained painted on her face, and was accompanied by a splendour of beauty so lively that it seemed the soul communicated to the body the glory which it enjoyed. All that had been for her use was carried off in an instant, and those who could not have a share in it, tried to indemnify themselves by making it touch their rosaries and their medals; in which the devotion of persons from outside had also to be satisfied.

Sources: Lives of the first Ursulines of France, drawn from the Chronicles of the Order, by M. Ch. Sainte-Foi; 2 vols. in-12, Widow Poussielgue, 1856.

Feast of the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Déols

The town of Déols, situated on the banks of the Indre, was founded, it is said, by Saint Leocadius, Roman senator, and governor of this part of the Gauls. Saint Leocadius was a relative, probably the grandfather, of Saint Epagathus, one of those illustrious Martyrs of Lyons whose triumph we are soon (2 June) to relate. Still a pagan he had, at the prayer of Saint Ursinus, first apostle of Berry, ceded his own house to the faithful of Bourges to make a church of it. This act of generosity obtained for him the grace of opening his eyes to the truth. He became a Christian with his son Lusor, who died a short time after his baptism, and who is venerated in Berry under the name of Saint Ludre. The town of Déols, residence of the princes of that name, must have been, at a remote epoch, an important town, if one judges by the foundations of ancient buildings which are found in a very extended radius of its territory. It was the capital of Lower Berry until the moment when Raoul, called the Large, transported his dwelling to the other bank of the Indre. The houses which grouped themselves around the new manor soon formed a town which eclipsed Déols and took its name from the castle built by Raoul (Châteauroux): it is today the chief town of the department of the Indre, while Déols, a quarter of a league from its rival, is no more than a borough whose population does not exceed 2,600 souls.

The Mother of God is venerated at Déols in a more particular manner since the year 917. It was in the course of this year, at the beginning of September, that Elbon, or Ebbon, or Ebbes, son of Laun, and nephew of Saint Gerontius, archbishop of Bourges, founded there an abbey in honour of the blessed Virgin and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul.

In 935, an invasion of the Magyars came to put in peril Berry and the neighbouring provinces. The inhabitants of Berry and of Touraine took arms, and called to their head the lord Ebbon. He succeeded in repulsing the barbarians as far as the Loire; in a bloody battle which he gave them near Orléans, he made a great number of them perish. But he was in some manner buried in his triumph: mortally wounded in the midst of the victory, he was carried to Orléans, where he expired, recommending to his son the abbey which he had founded. His body was buried in the church of Saint-Aignan.

Raoul I, called the Large, son of Ebbon, was faithful to his father's recommendation. Without speaking of his other largesses, he ceded to the religious his castle of Déols with its dependencies, and rebuilt their monastery, destroyed by the Normans, who ravaged the country in the years 935 and 941. After the death of Raoul the Large, which happened in the year 952, the abbey of Déols was again rebuilt, and entirely reconstructed, about 991 or 992, by Raoul II, become lord of the Déolois country. The dedication of it was made on 24 January 1021. One reads in a manuscript piece which belongs to the private cabinet of M. Lemaigre, archivist of the department of the Indre, that "the buildings of the new abbey were magnificent: the cloisters, the dormitories, all the regular places were vast. There was a hospital at the door of the monastery under the invocation of Saint Crispin." There had been displayed, in fact, in this reconstruction so much magnificence that the abbey of Déols was called by the chroniclers "the most beautiful pearl of the crown of Berry and the breast of Saint Peter."

This monastery became very important: it counted forty-three priories under its dependence; its riches were always the patrimony of the poor, even in the days of its decadence; for several centuries, its monks distinguished themselves by the regularity of their life and the practice of religious virtues. Churches, and in particular that of Bourges, often asked for bishops from the cloisters of Déols.

About the year 992 the foundations of the abbatial church were laid, which, after the metropolitan church of Bourges, was the finest religious monument of the whole province. There remains of it only a few rare remains, and an elegant spire in granite, adorned with four pinnacles. The dedication of this church was made by pope Paschal II, in 1107. He was assisted by the bishop of Piacenza, and by Leodegard, he of Saint-André; he reserved to himself the consecration of the altar of the holy apostles Peter and Paul. The anniversary feast of this dedication was celebrated, according to the Martyrology of du Saussay, on the second day of May. Three other Popes honoured the abbey of Déols with their presence, and celebrated the

holy Mysteries in its church. In 1161, Alexander III, having escaped the snares of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, came to France, and withdrew to the monastery of Bourg-Dieu, where he sojourned long. He received there the visit of the king of England, who prostrated himself before him and kissed his feet. Pope Alexander III, in the course of September, consecrated in the abbatial church the altar of the crucifix which he dedicated to Saint Cosmas; the bishop of Ostia, who accompanied him, consecrated that of the Magdalen, and dedicated it to Saint James, to Saint Stephen and to Saint Cecilia. Pope Honorius III visited also the abbey of Déols in 1223; and in 1306, Clement V remained there two months, accompanied by thirteen cardinals, by several bishops, abbots and gentlemen.

It was in the year 1187 that happened the miracle "which served above all," says Father Poiré, "to renew the devotion of all the peoples round about, and the respect that was borne from thence forward to this place where the Mother of God gave such evident marks of her presence and of her maternal affection":[1] it took place on the occasion of the sacrilege of which a Cotereau made himself guilty. The Coteraux, or Routiers, or Brabançons, were wretches of the sect of Peter of Bruys, a species of Manichaean, who had infected above all

Languedoc and Gascony with his errors. They made profession of fearing neither God nor men: they put themselves in the pay of all who wished to commit some crime, and they signalised themselves by all sorts of brigandage. Henry II, king of England, had taken them into his service, in 1174, to fight his son Richard: Richard had done like his father, and Philip Augustus had followed the example of his rivals. To cover the borough of Déols against the attempts of the king of France, who was besieging Châteauroux, Richard sent into this first place a reinforcement of Coteraux. Now, it happened that on 29 May 1187, several of these soldiers were playing at dice before the side portal of the church, on the north side, where was placed an image of the blessed Virgin, holding in her arms the child Jesus, an image which was in great veneration. "One of them, a monster of iniquity, possessed by the demon," says Rigord, historian of Philip Augustus, "was losing at this detestable game money ill acquired, and in anger he burst into blasphemies against the holy Virgin and against God. Then, transported with rage, he raised his eyes, and saw sculptured on the portico of the church the image of the blessed Mary, holding the child Jesus in her arms. He looks at it with eyes sparkling with fury, and vomits in his criminal delirium torrents of blasphemies against our common Queen and against God. O grief! this wretch, this new Judas seizes a stone, and, in the sight of all, hurls it against the holy image, and breaks off for the child Jesus an arm which falls to the ground. Immediately (and we hold this fact from people who were at the siege), the blood streams abundantly from the wound and flows to the ground. The unhappy cotereau who had made himself guilty of so frightful an attempt was seized with a frenzied movement and expired on the spot…" John Lackland came up at this moment, accompanied by Adhémar, viscount of Limoges; he picked up the precious fragment, and later he deposited it in a rich chapel which he had built in England, and which he dedicated to the holy Virgin; she was invoked there under the title of Our Lady of the Redoubt.

At the news of this prodigy, the terror was great among the men of war: Philip Augustus feared that the presence of the Cotereaux in his army would draw on him and on his arms the maledictions of heaven; he dismissed all those whom he had in his pay. Rigord, in relating this miracle, adds that a crowd of sick, having collected some drops of the miraculous blood, were at the same instant healed of their infirmities. A Confraternity was established from the year 1187, in memory of this prodigy; it flourished until the revolution of '93, and M. the abbé Dubouchat, curé of Déols, reorganised it in 1830. From time immemorial there is celebrated in the diocese of Bourges, on 31 May, a commemorative feast, under the title of Miracle of Our Lady of Déols; it has been preserved in the new Proper under the denomination of Feast of the Miracles of Our Lady of Bourg-Dieu, and the office of it has been approved by the Congregation of Rites.

A few weeks after this prodigious event (it was the Sunday which preceded the nativity of Saint John the Baptist), Philip Augustus came to pitch his tents near Bourg-Dieu: his camp was scarcely half a league

distant from it. After having tried in vain, during two days, accommodations for peace, on Tuesday, the eve of Saint John the Baptist, they ranged themselves on both sides in battle, and prepared for a combat which, according to the testimony of all historians, was to be fierce and bloody. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Déols, prostrate before the holy image of Mary, besought the Mother of God to manifest her power and to prevent the shedding of blood. Already the swords were out of the scabbard; the bows were bent; the signal was about to be given: suddenly Henry II, king of England, and Richard his son, come to find Philip Augustus and accept his conditions. Peace was concluded: then were seen the lords, the kings, the people and the soldiers gather around the miraculous image; even princes of the Church could bear witness to the prodigies which were wrought under their eyes; for the cardinals Soffredus and Bovon, legates of the Holy See, passed fifteen days at the monastery. One of their couriers, who had wounded himself very gravely in the foot, had himself carried before the door of the church to pray to the blessed Virgin there, and was healed.[2]

The miracles of Our Lady of Déols are therefore not attested only by the religious of the abbey; according to the remark of the author of the manuscript cited by Father Labbe, an attempt would have been made to reject their testimony, if it had been isolated; but they are affirmed by kings, by princes, by a multitude in some manner innumerable, come there from all parts of western Europe. *Astruunt miraculorum veritatem reges et principes, et occidentalis Europæ fere universæ multitudo.*

Anséald of Barbançois was one of the most redoubtable chiefs of the Routiers. We find in the ancient manuscript, edited by Father Labbe, the account which this soldier himself made to the religious of the cure for which he acknowledged himself indebted to Our Lady of Déols. We are going to let him speak:

“About four years ago,” he said to them, “in an expedition in which I accompanied count Richard, I was struck in the face by a dart of angular form, which penetrated so far into the upper jaw that the physicians could not extract it; the wound closed, and that was the end. But, this week I experienced horrible pains in the jaw. Yesterday, Saturday (it was 21 June of the year 1187), suffering like one damned, and dreading to have to undergo the operation, I ventured to pray to the Virgin Mary. Good and clement Lady, I said to her, if you cure me, I give myself to you; you become my suzerain, and each year of my life I will pay you a piece of silver, in recognition of my vassalage: I make the vow of it. Scarcely had I spoken, and behold the dart which made me suffer so much moves by a divine virtue, detaches itself without any pain and falls into my mouth; I took it and showed it to those who surrounded me. They were in admiration of it and blessed the good Virgin, who does good even to those who hardly deserve it. I ask for my horse; with the help of my comrades, I mount it, for after so many sufferings and a long diet, I could not have done so without their help; I arrive here to deposit on the sacred stone my tribute. I related to the religious what Our Lady, always so compassionate, had done in my favour; they answered me that I must return today, Sunday, and bring the dart of angular form as a monument of the grace obtained. I made the promise, provided, however, that my strength should permit it. Supported by two comrades, I succeeded in climbing the steps of the altar. But my prayer ended and my offering deposited, I felt myself quite cured. Withdraw, I said to my people; I have no more need of your services: Our Lady has restored my health, and I can affirm now that I shall return tomorrow with the dart which bears witness to her goodness. This dart, here it is; I give it to you; I acknowledge publicly and I confess loudly the clemency of Mary; I swear it, and I shall be faithful to my oath: I renounce for ever the sacrilegious trade that I have followed till now.” While Anséald of Barbançois spoke thus, the numerous horsemen who had accompanied him, the crowd of people who had run up, glorified the Mother of God with a joy mingled with a respectful fear. At the same time, Our Lady of Déols made her power shine forth by another miracle at Argenton, a little town situated seven leagues south-west of Déols.[3]

An only child, aged about three years, fell into a state of languor which led to death. The desolate parents implore the help of Our Lady of Déols; with that faith which does violence to heaven, they conjure the Virgin

to recall their child to life: if she hears their prayer, they will bring him to Déols to consecrate him to her. The neighbours had run up to console this father and this mother in their desolation; and because the child was quite dead, they bury him and dispose everything for his funeral. Meanwhile the father and the mother did not cease to hope; they continued to pray with tears; they asked back from the Virgin the child they had lost. A faith so lively received its reward: suddenly the child stirs; with his little hand, he removes from his face the shroud that covered it; he is alive! To try to paint the gratitude, the joy of the parents, the admiration of the neighbours, would be to attempt the impossible; but they came to Déols with the child, and the vow was accomplished.

Father Labbe declares that he read, in the ancient manuscript which was given him, more than two hundred miracles wrought by Our Lady of Déols; he cites those of which we have just spoken.

On Sunday, the last day of May of the year 1187, at the hour of Vespers, the holy image broke the necklace which adorned its neck; it moved on its base as if it had wished to change place.[4] The religious carried it into the interior of the temple, and "placed it," says Rigord, "at the lower end of the church singing hymns and canticles." Later, a high chapel was built above the entrance door, in the very place where the prodigy had been wrought; it enclosed within its circuit the side façade, theatre of so many miracles. When this chapel was finished, the image of Our Lady of Déols was put back in its ancient place "in great solemnity and with a great concourse of people," says Thomas de la Thaumassière.[5]

In 1348, the town of Levroux, ravaged by the plague which, under the reign of Philip of Valois, traversed all Europe, had recourse to Our Lady of Déols, and in gratitude for the assistance it received from her, made a vow to offer every year a candle which should burn at the altar of Mary. This pious custom still existed at the epoch of the revolution. In 1832, the inhabitants of Levroux, on the occasion of the cholera, remembered the promise of their fathers, and every year, since then, on Whit Monday, they bring to Déols their offering. The clergy of Bourg-Dieu goes to meet the pious deputation as far as the limit of the parish; they go processionally to the church to the chant of psalms: the candle adorned with ribbons, and borne with honour; it is blessed, and this blessing is followed by solemn mass.

Sources: Taken from the booklet of the Rev. Father Possoz, of the Company of Jesus: *The Holy Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Déols, near Châteauroux (Indre)*. Nantes, 1853.

Saint Simplician, Martyr in Poitou

(… century).

Simplician was the son of Justin, a man of high condition, who, after having been consul, governed the province of Poitou for the Romans. He was born probably at Poitiers, in the course of the 2nd century, when religion, still persecuted by expiring paganism, was gaining to God, in secret, souls which, in great number, devoted themselves by that very fact to martyrdom. Unknown to his father, whom his superstitions as much as his post attached to idolatry, he was maintained from his childhood in the principles of Christianity, which he learned to love, and which at last he dared courageously to profess before all. His father was not the last informed of this fact. Passing from astonishment to indignation, he employed in turn caresses and threats to bring back to his false religion the son who was escaping him. But nothing could bend the intrepid young man, and the barbarian whom he could no longer obey, since he imposed on him an apostasy, had the horrible cruelty to order the death of his son. — The sentence was executed at once, and the holy Martyr presented his head to the sword, in a meadow watered by the waters of the Clain, between the walls of enclosure of the city and those of the abbey of Saint-Cyprian. It was doubtless a usage founded on Roman legislation to put to death outside the cities, as it happened for Our Lord at Jerusalem; as at Limoges for Saint Valeria in the 1st century of the Christian era. A tradition come down to us establishes that the head of our Martyr formed, in falling on the ground, an excavation which was, until these last times, a place of

pilgrimage where numerous cures took place: the faithful came to place their head on this excavation to be delivered there from one of the twelve hundred acute diseases of which the noblest of human members is the seat. In the sequel, a church was consecrated to the memory of the Saint, who became one of the protectors of Poitiers. This church rose on the eastern slope of the hill on which the town is seated, at a short distance and opposite the place where the blood of the Blessed had flowed. Destroyed during the French Revolution, it has now only a narrow portion of itself in the quarter which still bears its name; but at least it is not, like so many others, either a prison or a workshop, and pious daughters of Wisdom teach there to the children of the people the name of the same God who rewarded Simplician, on account of his docility to Christian teachings and his constancy in the faith.

Sources: Life of the Saints of the Church of Poitiers, by M. the abbé Auber.

End of the month of May.

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[1] "When I was still young and a layman," writes Saint Gregory the Great, "I heard related by our elders and also by the learned that Paschasius, deacon of this apostolic see, — of whom we possess excellent works on the Holy Spirit, — was a man of great holiness, who employed himself much in almsgiving, loved the poor and despised himself. But in the dispute which heated the minds of the faithful on the subject of the election of Laurence and of Symmachus, he gave his vote to the antipope Laurence. Later, in spite of the unanimity in favour of Symmachus, he persevered in his sentiment until the day of his death. He died under the pontificate of Symmachus: now, a demoniac having touched his dalmatic, placed on the coffin, he was healed instantly. Long afterwards, the physicians prescribed to Germanus, bishop of Capua, to go and take the waters. On entering the baths, the prelate perceived Paschasius standing near the mouth of the heat: he was frightened and asked the deceased what a personage as illustrious as he could do in that place? 'I am here,' answered Paschasius, 'because I remained in the party of Laurence against Symmachus. I pray you, intercede for me with God. You will know that you have been heard if, on returning here, you no longer see me here.' Germanus began to pray with fervour. Some days after, having returned to the bath, he found Paschasius no more. It is that, not having sinned by malice, but by ignorance, he had been able to be purified of his sin after death. It must be believed that he owed his pardon to the generosity of his alms, for in the place where he was he could no longer merit. — But," observes to the great Pope the deacon Peter, who was the interlocutor of his dialogues, "how could Paschasius, after his death, be led to the place of expiation, he whose dalmatic had healed a possessed man and put the demon to flight? — We must confess," answers Gregory, "the numerous mercies of almighty God. God permitted that the soul of Paschasius should be chastised and at the same time that his body should be glorified before men, on account of his antecedent good works, in order that on the one hand those who had been witnesses of his good works might know the reward which they had merited, and that on the other hand the fault which he had committed and which he had not wept should not remain without expiation." — Saint Paschasius died about 520.

[2] See the Life of Saint Serdot or Sacerdos, in the month of February. We report there all that concerns Saint Mondane.

[3] This devotion goes back to the year 1854, the epoch at which two priests of Issoudun, who groaned over the unhappy state of Christian society, founded the Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart and promised, if God blessed their work, to profit by every occasion to make Mary known and loved.

[4] M. Fèvre, curé of Longeville-Boulancourt, wrote us, on 22 December 1871: "We have no authentic relics of Saint Asceline: they were carried off to Wassy by M. the abbé Oudotte, proprietor of the monastery of Boulancourt.

[5] The blessed James was born at Venice. — He is represented surrounded by poor and crippled, on account of his charity, but above all on account of the numerous miracles which he wrought in favour of the paralytic. — He is invoked, according to his epitaph, against cancer, diseases of the joints and headache. He had himself suffered from a painful cancer, for four years, without letting escape the slightest complaint: he was cured of it miraculously before dying. The blessed James is yet an example of the longevity granted to those who know how to abstain: he died at eighty-three. The efficacy of his intercession is attested by a Confraternity which the general of the Dominicans established under the name of the blessed James shortly after his death.

[6] Gregory XVI approved his cult in 1833.

[7] See 6 July.

[8] See her Life hereafter, on 2 June.

[9] Perrine, Pierrette, Pernelle, Perrenelle, Perrone, Peyrone, Péronne, etc.

[10] *Stromata*, book vii.

[11] The ruins of this church have just been discovered (1874) by M. de Rossi, in the cemetery of Domitilla.

[12] *Triple Crown*, chap. xii.

[13] M. S. apud Labbe, *Bibliotheca nova*.

[14] *In castello, cui nomen est Argentonio, factum est divinitus quod sequitur.* (M. S. apud Labbe.)

[15] *Dominica pridie calendas Junii, circa Vesperam, visa est eadem Imago moveri quasi vellet se inde transferre.* (Ancient Breviary of Bourges.)

[16] *History of Berry*.

1 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, Saint Juvence, martyr.[1] Epoch unknown. — At Caesarea in Palestine, the blessed Pamphilus, priest and martyr, a man of admirable holiness and doctrine, and very liberal to the poor, who was first put to the question for the faith by the president Urban, during the persecution of Galerius Maximian, and cast into prison; then, having been applied once more to torture by Firmilian, he finished with others the combat of his martyrdom. With him suffered also the deacon Valens, Paul, and nine others, whose memory is celebrated on other days. 308. — At Autun, Saint Révérien or Riran, bishop, Saint Paul, priest, and ten others, who were crowned with martyrdom under the emperor Aurelian. 273. — In Cappadocia, Saint Thespesius, martyr, who was beheaded under the emperor Alexander and the prefect Simplicius, after having endured other torments. About 230. — In Egypt, the holy martyrs Ischyrion, an officer of the army, and five other soldiers, who suffered divers kinds of death for the faith of Jesus Christ, under the emperor Diocletian.[2] 259. — Moreover, Saint Firmus, martyr, who was beaten very cruelly, then stoned, and finally beheaded in the persecution of Maximian. 4th century. — At Perugia, the holy martyrs Felinus and Gratinian, soldiers, who, having endured divers torments under Decius, acquired the palm of martyrdom by a glorious death.[3] About 250. — At Bologna, Saint Procule, martyr, who suffered under the emperor Maximian.[4] About 304. — At Amelia, Saint Secundus, martyr, who, having been cast into the Tiber under Diocletian, accomplished his martyrdom there.[5] 303. — At Città-di-Castello, in Umbria, Saint Crescentian, Roman soldier, who was crowned with martyrdom under the same emperor.[6] 4th century. — In Umbria, Saint Fortunatus,[7] priest, illustrious by his virtues and his miracles. 400. — At the monastery of Lérins, Saint Caprasius, abbot. 430. — At Trier, Saint Simeon, monk, placed among the number of the Saints by pope Benedict IX. 1035. — At Burgos, in Spain, at the monastery of Ogna, Saint Inigo, abbot of the Order of Saint Benedict, who shone by his holiness and by the glory of his miracles.[8] 1057.

Martyrology of France, revised and augmented

At Tholay, Saint Cuno or Conrad, provost of Cologne and bishop designate of Trier, who was massacred by those to whom he had been given as pastor. This resentment came from the fact that the clergy and the people had not been consulted in the election. Conrad was attacked at Urzich, on the Moselle, as he was going to his episcopal city. After they had weakened him by a long captivity, his executioners delivered him to soldiers to put him to death. These precipitated him three times from the top of a rock and could only break one of his arms: at this spectacle, one of the soldiers repented and the Saint pardoned him. The three soldiers who killed the servant of God perished all three by a tragic death. As for count Didier, advocate of the church of Trier, chief instigator of this persecution, he repented, but was shipwrecked after four days of a horrible tempest, on his way to Jerusalem. Saint Conrad was buried at the monastery of Tholay. 1066. — In

Aquitaine, Saint Clair, bishop and martyr, who, after having enlightened several cities of this province with the light of faith, was put to death at Lectoure, where he continued to bear the torch of the Gospel.[9] — In Auvergne, Saint Flour, bishop, who first founded the church of Lodève, and was the first Pontiff of it; afterwards, having come into Auvergne, he assembled there on a mountain so great a number of Christians that they built there at last a town which bears his name. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Claudius, eleventh bishop of that see. It is said that he assisted at the first general council, that of Nicaea. 361. — In Poitou, Saint Jouin, brother of Saint Maixent. After 368. — In Lower Brittany, Saint Bonan, hermit, celebrated for his holiness and his miracles. 6th century. — In Auvergne, Saint Medulfus, commonly Saint Mion, monk,

whose life was a continual exercise of penance and prayer.[10] — At Lombez, in Gascony, on the river Montisson, Saint Majan, bishop, honoured formerly at Villemagne-l'Argentière, abbey of Saint Benedict, in the diocese of Béziers; he is honoured now at Auch on the eve of this day.[11] — At Saint-Cloud, near Paris, Saint Probas, priest, whose body, in the lifetime of Saint Cloud, reposed in the church of that place, then named Saint-Martin-de-Nogent.[12] 4th century. — At Bonchamps, in Anjou, another Saint Jouin, hermit, who is believed to have been a disciple of Robert of Arbrissel. His oratory was, before '93, much frequented by pilgrims. — At the Visitation of Amiens, feast of Saint Candida, young child, whose body, coming from the cemetery of Saint Callixtus, was brought back from Rome in 1853 and given to this house, which celebrates her feast on this day.

Martyrologies of the religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — Saint Simeon of Syracuse, monk of the Order of Saint Basil. *Martyrologies of the Benedictines, of the Camaldolese and of Vallombrosa.* — At the monastery of Ogna, Saint Inigo, abbot.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — In Spain, the torment of the holy martyrs Bernard, monk, and his sisters Mary and Grace, of the Order of Cîteaux.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Halitz, in Russia, the blessed James, archbishop of that city, of the Order of Minors, illustrious by his pastoral solicitude and his apostolic virtues. Pope Pius VI authorised his cult and increased it by permitting the office and the mass in his honour. 1411.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — The feast of Our Lady of Grace.

Additions made after the Bollandists and other hagiographers

At Rome, the holy Justin,[13] Chariton, Charity, Evelpistus, Hierax, Paeon and Valerian or Liberian, martyrs. About the year 167. — In Egypt, sixteen thousand blessed martyrs, who suffered in the persecution of Decius. About the year 252. — At Perugia, in Umbria, the holy Florent,[14] Marcellinus, Cyriacus, Julian and Faustinus, martyrs. Reign of Decius. — At Thessalonica, in Macedonia, Saint Octavius, martyr. — At Antioch, Saint Zosimus and Saint Thecla, virgin, both martyrs. — In Africa, Saint Crispin, martyr. — At Thessalonica again, Saint Lucy, virgin, and about two hundred companions, men and women, whose names several ancient martyrologies give. — At Namur, in Belgium, Saint Photinus, confessor.[15] — In England, Saint Wistan, of the family of the kings of Mercia: he turned all his thoughts towards the eternal kingdom promised to the true servants of God. He was assassinated in a friendly interview by one of his cousins, who feared to see him come to the throne of Mercia. The assassin suffered in this world the penalty due to his criminal ambition: he had scarcely mounted the throne when the Danes deposed him, as too little versed in the art of war. Year 849. — At Arbe, in Dalmatia, Saint Gaudentius, bishop. 11th century. — In Poland, the holy Dionysius, Agapitus and Ruthenes, monks. The first was besides a physician. Year 1095. — At Alba-Pompeia, in the Milanese, the blessed Theobald. Several dead were raised when his body was discovered, in 1429. He died in 1150. — At Urbino, in Italy, the blessed Pilingot, of the Third Order of Saint Francis. Year 1304. — At Montebello, in Umbria, the blessed Peter of Pisa, founder of the Hermits of Saint Jerome.[16] — In Japan, martyrdom of the blessed Navarette, missionary of the Order of Saint Dominic. 1617.

Movable Feasts of June

On the day of Corpus Christi and on the Assumption, procession to Our Lady of Sainte-Langueur, at Vitry-le-Croisé, in the diocese of Troyes. The origin of this chapel is unknown. The faithful propose there to honour the sorrow of the Virgin Mary, who is represented there by a statue sunk in the wall, above the tabernacle. This statue is only fifty centimetres high. The Virgin bears on her arm a child Jesus of sickly appearance; she herself has something languishing about her. Hence doubtless the particular devotion which

brings to her feet, from Vitry and the neighbouring villages, the parents whose children are sick. They have blessed the linen or the garments which they destine for them, and ask for these poor little suffering beings a novena to Sainte-Langueur,

Saint Révérien, Bishop of Autun

273. — Pope: Saint Felix I. — Roman emperor: Aurelian.

You shall be happy when, for the Son of man's sake, you shall be hated by men, when they shall separate you from their company, shall reproach you, and shall reject your name as infamous. Luke vi, 22.

Three periods are distinguished in the primitive history of the church of Autun. The apostolic period begins with the first explosion of the Gospel in the cenacle. Apostles and disciples share the world, invade it, cross each other on all the roads, furrow the Gauls and already cast the evangelical seed even into the senatorial families of Augustodunum. The second period, or Greco-oriental period, begins at the arrival of Saint Pothinus and of his companions. A Greek Church forms in Gaul and grows rapidly amid persecutions. Its centre is at Lyons first, until the great persecution which carried off Saint Irenaeus, and afterwards at Autun, which gathers the fugitives from the unhappy city drowned in blood, becomes the Augustan city, opens its bosom to apostles as to rhetoricians, speaks the language of the Hellenes and takes on in some manner an oriental physiognomy. Then this Church seems to efface itself in history: the series of known bishops is interrupted at Autun as at Lyons, until Saint Révérien, sent from Rome by pope Felix, in the time of Aurelian. This is the third period, or more specially Roman period. According to all the written traditions, the Latin origin and the immediately Roman mission of the men of zeal who came into this country towards the last half of the third century are perfectly distinct from the Ionian origin of the first founders of this Church.[1]

Several military usurpers disputed the possession of Autun, from 260 to 267. The town was sacked and in part destroyed in the war between Aurelian and the usurper Tetricus. To crown the misfortune, the peasants had been pushed to the last extremities by the exactions of the fisc; bands known under the name of Bagaudae came down from their rocks, seized the unhappy city already victim of so many disasters, passed and repassed over the ruins left by Tetricus. The excessive taxes, wearing out the last resources, put the crown on the calamities. Autun, guilty like Lyons of the murder of the just, was therefore struck in its turn, and persecution came again to ask it for blood. The habits of luxury and of corruption, which until then had rendered the inhabitants of this town deaf to the voice of truth, having been violently broken by the recent calamities, the action of Christianity could develop from then on with fewer obstacles. The ministers of Jesus Christ, faithful to their mission of charity, endeavoured at the same time to calm the fury of the rebels, to console the vanquished, by initiating both in the sublime doctrines of the Gospel, to confirm the faithful in the faith and to prepare them to await as they did the combat with firm foot. The hour of the struggle was not long in coming: the terrible Aurelian, having succeeded in re-establishing in the Gauls his disregarded authority, comprised in his vengeance both those who had insulted the majesty of the empire and those whom he called the enemies of his gods. After having crushed on the Catalaunian plains (Châlons-sur-Marne) the army of his competitor, he made Lyons, already lately so horribly maltreated by the ferocious Severus, undergo a rude treatment,[2] passed also by Autun and directed himself towards Rome, dragging after him the emperor of the Gauls, the unhappy Tetricus, to make him serve, as well as the queen of Palmyra, the heroic Zenobia, to adorn his triumph and to feed the pride of a victorious Roman. Irritated by resistance, intoxicated by his anger as by his victories, he marked everywhere his passage with the blood of martyrs. It was said of him that no one had drunk so much wine as he had shed blood; but it is less still the blood of his enemies than that of Christians that he appeared thirsty for. By his orders were slain, at Sens, the gentle and pure virgin Columba; at Troyes, the bishop Savinian; at Auxerre, Saint Priscus. At Autun, Révérien gave his life for his flock and for his God. At the same time were crowned Paul, the worthy priest who seconded so well the zeal of the missionary bishop, and ten other missionaries, collaborators of this new apostolate. These glorious

successors of the disciples of Saint Polycarp, after having laboured like their illustrious predecessors, like them also watered with their blood the land which they had cultivated with so much fatigue and amid so many perils. Révérien, the worthy chief of these valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ, gave the example and was struck first. The priest Paul and his ten other companions followed him successively to heaven. “It is believed,” says the old hagiographer, “that the heads of the holy martyrs were already rolling on the ground while their tongues still pronounced the name of the divine Master.”

According to all probability, Saint Révérien suffered martyrdom in the diocese of Nevers: some say in the borough which bears his name, eight leagues from Nevers, where is still shown a fountain near which he would have endured the torture, the road which he travelled; others, at the very gates of Nevers. Before the Revolution, there was shown in the abbey of the Benedictine nuns of that town a chapel dedicated to the Saint and occupying so-called the place where the Martyr was beheaded, and the stone on which his head had been cut off. There also there is a fountain which bears the name of the Saint and near which it is held that he was put to death. A tower and the street which neighbour this fountain bear the same name. How to reconcile these two opinions? A conjecture has been hazarded, and it has been said that Saint Révérien had been immolated at Nevers, but that his body had been hidden at the borough which bears his name.

Cult of Saint Révérien. Celebrated Inscription of Autun of the 3rd Century, Summing Up the Whole Catholic Dogma

The cult of Saint Révérien has always been dear, not only to the parish which bears today his name, Saint-Révérien in Morvan, present diocese of Nevers, but also to the church of Autun which has never ceased to honour him as one of its Martyrs and one of its pontiffs, and even in the Bourbonnais, the Chalonnais and the Beaunois.[3]

The parish of Savianges (*Savianga villa*),[4] where there was, from the 9th century, a property given by count Eccard to the monastery of Perrecy, has always been under the title of Saint Révérien. The church of Villy, near Nuits, recognises him also as patron and “possesses one of his relics, the upper part of the head, preserved in a beautiful gilt reliquary,” says Courtépée, “by Madame de Cléron, lady of Villy, who has also made a present of several ornaments and of a silver censer. In all the neighbourhood and at Beaune, there is a great devotion to Saint Révérien, whom they invoke with confidence in times of drought.”

Now, may one ask, what is the place where the bodies of Saint Révérien and of his companions were buried? Gregory of Tours relates that monks coming from Rome and bringing the relics of Saint Peter and Saint Paul found themselves forced by a prodigy to stop at the place where the body of Saint Révérien had been deposited, and consequently, according to all appearance, not far from Autun. Now, near this town and the tomb of Saint Symphorian, on the parish placed today under the patronage of this glorious Martyr, is found the village known for a very long time under the name of Saint-Pierre, and possessing since ancient ages a church dedicated in honour of the prince of the Apostles. It is therefore not improbable that it is these same relics brought from Rome by religious which caused this place to be given the name of Saint-Pierre and the church consecrated under the title of the visible head of the Church to be built. The word of the new missionaries had not been sterile at Autun; it had sustained and developed there the faith brought in the preceding century by the Greek Apostles. We have the proof of it in an interesting episode which must have followed fairly closely the martyrdom of Saint Révérien.

Then, that is to say in the second half of the 3rd century, there lived at Autun a Christian family whose existence a famous inscription found, a few years ago, in the ancient cemetery of Saint-Pierre-l’Étrier has revealed to us.

The holy house of which we speak had for head the venerable Ascandius, and the young Pectorius for hope. The name of the mother has not come down to us. Pectorius died in the flower of his spring and composed himself the funeral inscription which was to adorn his tomb. In the primitive Church, there was ingeniously

chosen for abridged symbol of the faith the Greek word *Ichthys*, which means fish, because each of the letters of this word is the initial letter of the following words:, that is, Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. "*Si primas (horum verborum) litteras jungas erit* IXΘYΣ, *id est piscis, quo nomine intelligitur Christus.*" S. August. *De civit. Dei*, xviii, 23.

A pious and useful practice of the first centuries wished that the sign of rallying, the watchword of the Catholics, the anagram in five letters containing the abridgment of the faith and the radical refutation of all heresies, the divine Fish (*Ichthys*), should be everywhere before the eyes, should be engraved on vases, on urns, and even on rings, as it was on tombs and baptisteries. There have been found in the ancient polyandrion of the Via Strata many rings bearing the image of the divine Fish, the *Ichthys*, abridged refutation of the Gnostics, symbol containing all the points of the faith the most important and the most attacked. There is also, at Autun, an antique statue where one sees likewise the *Ichthys* represented on a chalice. There exists in the museum of Autun a glass vase whose form represents a fish. This curious object was found in a sepulchre dating from the first centuries of the Christian era. These monuments of the ancient faith and our inscription serve each other mutually as commentary. This precious inscription is preserved in the museum of Autun where one can see it. M. Haze, so well known for his great works on the Greek language, thinks that its date may without error be fixed to the 3rd century, and consequently the family of Ascandius existed at that epoch. The learned Benedictine, Dom Pitra, who has busied himself much with it, thinks as he does. M. Raoul-Rochette regards it as very ancient. M. Letronne cannot believe it more recent than the century of Constantine. Father Secchi, MM. Lenormand, Franz, Borret, Leemans, etc., all in fine place it in the 3rd century or at the latest at the beginning of the 4th. M. Rossignol (of the Institute) alone makes it more recent. Here is the reading which he gives of it:

> *Holy race of the heavenly fish, have a heart penetrated with respect, after having received in this mortal world the immortal life of the divine waters. Refresh your soul, O friend, in the unfailing waters of wisdom, source of riches, and take the delicious food which the saviour of the saints offers you. Eat, drink, seized with a religious respect, holding the fish in your hands. Fish, I have taken you in my hands; hasten, master saviour, be promptly helpful to me; I beseech you, O you the light of the dead. Ascandius, my father, so dear to my heart, I pray you, remember, with my sweet mother and all my kin, your Pectorius.*

Pectorius, from the depth of his tomb, proclaims then first the divinity of Jesus Christ, the sublime dignity of the Christian, the marvellous efficacy of the principal mysteries or Sacraments of the evangelical law, the respect which they deserve, and invites his brethren amicably to it. After this homage and this fraternal imitation, he implores in the name of these two great Sacraments, of Baptism which he has received, of the Eucharist on which he has fed, the grace and mercy of Christ, Son of God and Saviour. Then addressing a father and a mother cherished, as well as all his kindred or friends whom he is soon to leave, he conjures them to remember him. This last word of an eloquent simplicity gives to understand that the young and pious Christian claims the help of their prayers, as well as a place in their memory and in their heart for him whom they have loved. It is all the Catholic dogma, of which one may say as of Jesus Christ its principle: He was yesterday, he is today, he will be tomorrow.

Let us recollect ourselves, at the sight of this sacred marble, in a profound sentiment of gratitude, and say with the venerable Father Secchi: "May the Lord our God grant that the descendants of the pretended reformers examine, with a little of their proverbial coolness, with a frank will to be instructed, the monument of Autun and so many others which attest the ever-green old age of the Catholic Church! They will recognise, they will detest the pride of those haughty coryphaei who tore them from the bosom of their ancient mother; they will return with happiness to her arms, admiring the indelible permanence of her dogmas, under the shock of the centuries and amid the storms of revolutions or of human passions…"

Sources: Cf. *Saint Symphorian and his Cult*, by M. the abbé Dinet.

Saint Pamphilus, Priest and Martyr

— Pope: Saint Marcellus I. — Emperor: Maximin.

Scientiam Dei volui, plus quam holocausta.

I prefer the knowledge of God to all holocausts.

Osee vi, 6.

Pamphilus was born at Berytus in Phoenicia, of one of the first families of the province, and after having begun his studies in his own country, he went early to perfect them at Alexandria in Egypt, where flourished then the celebrated Christian school which gave to the Church so many personages of eminent virtue, and its most distinguished doctors. He studied there under Pierius, celebrated philosopher, great preacher and profound theologian, called, for his erudition, the young Origen, and who had over the elder the inestimable advantage of shedding his blood for the faith. He came afterwards to settle at Caesarea in Palestine, where Agapius, the holy bishop of that city, gave him priestly unction, and from that day began the truly apostolic life of this illustrious Martyr.

The times of persecution were drawing on. It was then easy to foresee that Christianity was about to establish itself on the ruins of the ancient religion of the Gentiles, principle of life and of regeneration, on dead dogmas which reasoning had pierced on all sides. There were yet however some learned men who fought against the Church, and defended with fury the interests of their pleasures and their passions. These men were for the most part philosophers. Instructed enough to understand the weak point of the doctrines they defended, they wished at least to impose on the people by certain extraordinary practices of devotion and austerities, and the idolatrous world was full then of those Platonic virtues, formed in the school of Marcus Aurelius and of Trajan. That is why we see already in the holy doctors of the second age, as in Saint Justin, this so brilliant varnish of Christian philosophy, polished, elegant in its manners like a memory of Rome and of Athens, pure, humble and devoted like a worthy child of the Gospel, and which ran to die in the amphitheatres for the faith that it professed. We may say that Pamphilus, priest of the church of Caesarea, was himself a sublime model of it, and that none knew better how to ally the love of science, disinterestedness, contempt of pains, to that Christian humility, to that charity which refers all to God, true character of the disciples of Jesus Christ. Joining the taste of science to that of piety, he began to gather a library composed of the best ancient works, which he had brought from all sides at great price. But as he thought only of defending the faith, it was above all with ecclesiastical authors that he filled it, and the number of the books it contained became so considerable afterwards that it was carried to thirty thousand. Among them were remarked above all the writings of Origen, of whom he was a great admirer. He wrote with his own hand the greater part of his works, and Saint Jerome esteemed he had acquired a treasure when he found again the manuscript which our Saint had made of the twenty-five books of commentaries of this author on the twelve minor prophets.

One of the labours which Pamphilus had most at heart was to correct the text of the Bible, in order to present this divine book to the faithful, pure from all the alterations which human weakness might have introduced into it. To succeed the better in this work, he associated with himself the most celebrated of his disciples, Eusebius, afterwards bishop of Caesarea, and friend of the great emperor Constantine. Eusebius — estimable as a scholar, little estimable as a bishop and furious partisan of Arius — attached himself to our Saint with so much affection that death alone was capable of separating him from him, and that, not having been able to share his labours and his martyrdom, he wished at least to make known to posterity by what intimate bonds they had been united, by taking the name of Eusebius of Pamphilus. One of the first and most important works which they made together was doubtless the correction of the Septuagint, the text of which had been extremely corrupted by the ignorance and negligence of the copyists, since Origen had corrected it.

For the rest, this is not the only eminent service which the science of Pamphilus and his love of holy letters rendered to the Church. Precious remains of the Saint's library have survived the outrages of the centuries in the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius of Caesarea, which has reached us. And perhaps it is true to say that, without this precious collection, the Church would have lost the knowledge of a great number of facts of its first centuries, since it is from this treasure that Eusebius drew all the helps which were necessary to him to write it.

It is useless to relate all the exercises of penance and of piety which Saint Pamphilus added to so many useful labours. To practise in a more perfect manner mortification and evangelical detachment, he distributed his patrimony to the poor, kept near him only the domestics and slaves long attached to his family, separated from the world and sought in solitude silence and liberty. Fasts prolonged until sunset, prayers recited in the midst of the silence of the night while all reposed around him, the abnegation of his own will, such were the exercises of penance by which he prepared himself for the martyrdom to which God had predestined him.

He was giving public lessons in the city of Caesarea when the persecution of Maximin Daia, who surpassed in cruelty even the emperor Galerius Maximian, came to interrupt the course of his holy exercises. There was hardly a surer means of flattering the ferocious Caesar than to invent some new torment to torment the disciples of Jesus Christ and to water cities and provinces with their blood. Urban, one of his creatures, whom he had made governor of Palestine and who executed with unheard-of violence the orders of his protector, had Pamphilus arrested, on the reputation he had of being one of the principal doctors of the Christians, in the city of Caesarea. The account which had been made to him of the science and virtues of this extraordinary man had given him the desire to see him and to try by himself his knowledge and merit. Having made him appear before him, he conversed some moments amicably with the holy priest, and was not long in understanding of what importance it would be to gain to paganism a man of so great weight. Promises, threats, sufferings and seductions of every kind, he forgot nothing to overthrow the virtue of Pamphilus. He had his sides torn with iron claws; he had him scourged with a cruelty so great that the Martyr had to be carried to his prison half dead, exhausted of blood. All his efforts were useless, and his rage came to break before the courage of the valiant champion of the faith. He was waiting for his wounds to close to begin again with him this horrible combat of tyranny against conviction, when there arrived an order of the emperor, which deprived himself of his dignities and condemned him to lose his life. Urban, stripped of all, abandoned by his guards, driven shamefully from the palace, was dragged through the streets and abandoned to the outrages of the vilest populace. It avenged itself largely for the exactions of this faithless governor, his barbarity, his licentious life; it covered him with mud, insults and wounds to the place of torture, where his head was cut off by the hand of the executioner.

Maximin, who had loved this unhappy governor only on account of the hatred he bore the Christians, sent in his place Firmilian, to whom he ordered not to diminish anything of the fury of the persecution. The new governor, seeing the city of Caesarea almost entirely peopled with the disciples of the new religion, did not wish to irritate them at the beginning of his administration. Pamphilus was almost forgotten in his prison, and the friends of the holy confessor had the faculty of coming to visit him as seemed good to them. Eusebius of Caesarea was imprisoned with him; they profited by this time of trial to compose together five books of the *Apology of Origen*, to which Eusebius alone added later a sixth book. This writing was principally addressed to the confessors who laboured in the mines of Palestine, uncertain, in their simplicity, whether they ought to venerate the memory of Origen, or believe those who declared themselves the enemies of his belief and of his writings. It was to refute the calumnies of the latter that the work of Pamphilus was undertaken. The six books of it were still seen in the ninth century, in the time of Photius. Today we have of it only the first.

There had been nearly two years that Saint Pamphilus was in his prison when a quite unforeseen circumstance gave him the occasion of receiving at last the crown which he had awaited for so long. Five Egyptians were returning from Cilicia, where they had conducted confessors condemned to the mines.

Arrived in the city of Caesarea, they declared themselves Christians to the guards of the gate, and were at once led to prison. These holy persons had left the profane names which their parents had given them, and had called themselves Jeremias, Isaias, Samuel, Elias and Daniel. The next day they were led before the governor, who had called at the same time Pamphilus, four other Christians, Paul and the holy old man Valens, the last two who were to receive the crown of martyrdom with him. We shall not speak here of the martyrdom of the five Egyptians and of their four companions, whose sentence was not pronounced at the same time as that of Valens, Paul and Pamphilus. These nine martyrs were already condemned when Firmilian came to the three confessors, and prepared to make them undergo the question. But on the advice he received that all three had been subjected to it under his predecessor, he judged it useless to put their constancy once more to the proof, interrogated them for form's sake and condemned them to death, applying the penalty pronounced by the edicts of the emperors. At this moment, Porphyry, domestic of Pamphilus, a young philosopher full of courage, of virtue and of attachment to his master, asked loudly for burial for the condemned, who were to be exposed to wild beasts and birds of prey. He was seized and cast into the fire, without other form of judgment. He received the baptism of blood in the flames which consumed him, and the catechumen preceded the priest by a few hours into the glory of God. Saint Pamphilus and his two companions were executed towards evening, and their bodies, by order of the governor, remained exposed during the night on the place of torture. But no animal having approached them during the night to devour them, a protection of heaven so visible touched the guards, who left to the faithful the liberty of carrying them away.

Sources: MM. Juste and Caillau, *Lives of the Fathers*; — Cf. *AA. SS.*, Baillet, Godescard and all the hagiographers.

Saint Caprasius, Abbot of Lérins

— Pope: Saint Celestine I. — King of the Franks: Clodion.

… Quantos illa insula plana Miserit ad cœlum montes: quæ sancta Caprasi Vita senis, etc.

How many citizens the flat island of Lérins has furnished to the mountains of heaven, beginning with the old man Caprasius, monk of holy life. Sidonius Apollinaris, *Poema Eucharisticum*.

Saint Honoratus, archbishop of Arles, is recognised as the founder and first abbot of the celebrated monastery of Lérins; nevertheless, as he had in this island, and even before withdrawing to it, Saint Caprasius for master, it is not without reason that we give to this holy solitary the quality of abbot of Lérins. There is much appearance that he was of Provence, though the manuscript of his life, which Vincent Barault reports in the *Chronicle of Lérins*, does not say so in express terms. He received from his noble parents a very good education, and, having been applied to studies, he showed much wit and judgment in them. The knowledge he had of the world served only to make him despise it. He abandoned it from his youth and withdrew into a solitude, where all his occupation was to meditate on the eternal truths, and to unite himself to God by the contemplation of his perfections and by the love of his goodness.

His reputation of holiness attracted several persons under his direction; the chief were Saint Honoratus and Saint Venantius, his brother, who after their baptism had embraced, in their own house, a manner of life very austere, little different from that of the most rigorous solitaries of Egypt and of Palestine. As these disciples had an extraordinary merit, and as there were seen in them evident marks of a sublime vocation from God, Caprasius made no difficulty in accompanying them on a journey which they wished to make in the East, to flee the honours which they received in their own country. He suffered extremely there, as much on land as on sea; but, with his zeal and his spirit of penance, the greatest pains appeared sweet to him, and he had joy when the elements seemed to have conspired to torment him. The death of Saint Venantius, at Modon, in the Peloponnesus, was what afflicted him most; but he was soon consoled, considering that, if he had lost a

disciple, he had acquired a powerful advocate in heaven, and that, if he whom he loved had died a corporal death, he lived in God a spiritual life, which would never end. On the return from this journey, he shut himself up in the island of Lérins, with Saint Honoratus, one of the two brothers. His life, in this island, was angelic rather than human. Saint Eucherius, archbishop of Lyons, in the eulogy which he made of solitude, says that he yielded in nothing to those illustrious hermits who had preceded him, and who were in so great veneration in the Church. Saint Hilary, archbishop of Arles, in the funeral oration of Saint Honoratus, assures that Caprasius was consummate in all sorts of virtues, and that his life on earth was wholly heavenly. In effect, according to his historian, no one was so austere and so penitent as he; his charity was ardent, his humility profound, his sweetness extreme, his faith and hope firm and unshakable, his modesty perfect, his obedience prompt, his abstinence regular, his look sweet and agreeable, his perseverance constant. He prayed without ceasing, passed the day and the night in the exercise of contemplation, wished for none of the consolations of earth, and all his desire was to possess Jesus Christ; but in desiring him, he possessed him already, because he enjoyed him in the depth of his heart. He desired only the blessed life, and this desire gave him a precious foretaste of it which rendered him happy from this world; he sighed after the company of the Saints, and he was never separated from it: because, if he did not receive their visit, his spirit transported itself to the place of their beatitude.

When the term of his pilgrimage had arrived, the archangel Saint Michael appeared to him and brought him the news of it. He could receive none more agreeable; he prepared himself with joy for death, and, having been visited by the neighbouring bishops, who came to commend themselves to his prayers, he rendered his beautiful soul to God on 1 June of the year of Our Lord 430, a short time after Saint Honoratus. One of the bishops who assisted at his decease was Saint Hilary, successor of the same Saint Honoratus; but he assisted at it before pronouncing the funeral oration of this holy prelate, since he speaks there of Saint Caprasius as of a Saint who already reigned in heaven.

Relics of Saint Caprasius

Chartèves, a village of the Brie, two leagues from Château-Thierry (Aisne), in the diocese of Soissons, possesses since several centuries a small fragment of bone of Saint Caprasius, brought from Rome and given to this parish by a bishop of Soissons. The first authentic document which establishes its provenance still exists. This precious relic was carefully hidden during the revolution; and, since the restoration of worship, in 1801, it has been successively examined and recognised as authentic by all the bishops of Soissons.

A confraternity of Saint Caprasius already existed at Chartèves, since the 17th century; Mgr Leblanc de Beaulieu re-established it and approved its regulations. Faithful of all countries still come to have themselves inscribed on the registers of this association. The Pilgrimage to Saint Caprasius continues to be much frequented. People come from thirty leagues round, at all times, but principally on 20 October, the day on which the patronal feast is celebrated, as well as the following Sunday. — It is above all for the cure of rheumatism and nervous maladies that Saint Caprasius is invoked. The pilgrims have often affirmed that they had obtained from the Saint the grace which they had come to solicit. The most celebrated, as the most recent cure, is that of a woman of Chartèves who was, in 1858, suddenly cured and who has not felt since the attacks of the evil with which she was afflicted.

Sources: The life of this excellent solitary is drawn from an ancient manuscript of the abbey of Lérins. Surius wrote it at 1 June, and Vincent Barault in the *Chronicle* of this abbey. — Local notes.

Saint Ronan or Renan, Bishop in Ireland, and Hermit in Lower Brittany

End of the 6th century.

When a soul possesses true sweetness, it humbles itself in contempt and affronts; it rejoices in injuries and pardons them, because sweetness comes from charity.

Saint Ephrem.

Ronan, born in Ireland of parents who had become Christians through the preaching of Saint Patrick, took the resolution to leave a country where he found himself surrounded by too many honours, and to withdraw into the solitudes of Armorica. He settled first in the place where the town of Saint-Renan-en-Léon now stands, which the Bretons call Loc-Renan-Ar-Fang. He would apparently have remained there until the end of his days, if the miracles which he wrought had not drawn the crowd to his cell. He therefore crossed the gulf of Brest and came to the forest of Coat-Neven in the country of Cornouaille. Overcome with weariness and dying of hunger, he went to ask hospitality of a good peasant, who received him very charitably and was even so touched by the intentions of Saint Ronan that he asked to come and see him sometimes. But the peasant's wife found that her husband prolonged his visits to the hermitage too much: she went to find Saint Ronan and poured out against him all the insults which her fury suggested to her, to avenge herself for the pretended wrong he did to her household, in turning her husband away from work.

The patience and silence of Saint Ronan only irritated more and more the bile of this furious woman; she entered into a kind of rage against the servant of God and spread the rumour in the neighbourhood that he was a magician, and that he wished to debauch her husband to teach him this diabolical art. Her calumnies made an impression on some coarse persons, who began to regard Saint Ronan only with horror. But Keban (that is the name of this wretched woman), seeing that the most reasonable persons continued to honour Saint Ronan, and destroyed the atrocious calumnies which she published against him, bethought herself of a most black wickedness. She hid in a chest a daughter she had, of four to five years of age, and complained to everyone that Ronan, transforming himself when he wished into a beast, and running about the country, was the wolf who had devoured the cattle which had been lost, and that she, more unfortunate than the others, because she was the most hated by him, had lost her only daughter, whom this abominable man had devoured. Having become more shameless when she perceived that people were moved by her words, she went first to the Saint's hermitage, with several other women, to ask him for her daughter with frightful howlings; and then, followed by the same company, whose presence animated her, she had the impudence to go to Quimper and throw herself at the feet of King Grallon, and ask justice of him against Renan, who had devoured her child and made her husband a sorcerer like himself. She shed so many tears and her transports were so violent that it was difficult not to be seduced by her words, and not to believe that it was nature itself which spoke.

Grallon was deceived by it, as well as the greater part of the lords of his court; and having horror of so enormous a crime, he sent at once to fetch Saint Ronan, who came immediately. Grallon, letting himself go to the impetuosity of his passion, and consulting only the hardness of his zeal, would not give himself the trouble of probing the accusation. "I have," said he, "two furious mastiffs who will make me know if this man is innocent; let them be loosed against him, and let the holiness of his life save him, if he is not guilty." The dogs rushed upon Ronan to devour him. The Saint, raising his hand and making the sign of the cross, said: "May the Lord stop you." At once both of them, softened, came to fawn upon and caress Ronan; which made Grallon come back to himself. He recognised the fault which his precipitation had made him commit, and gave Ronan full leisure to justify himself.

He did so, because the glory of God was at stake, and publicly disclosed the wickedness of Keban. He said where she had hidden her daughter, and warned at the same time that she had died there, for want of free breathing. The thing was recognised as true by the officers whom the prince sent to the spot, and Keban could not have avoided being stoned or burned on the spot, so great was the public indignation against her, if the charity of Ronan had not delivered her from the danger. He did even more, according to the Legend, and to avenge himself as a true Christian, in returning good for evil, he raised to life, in presence of all, the daughter of his enemy.

The sequel of the history of Saint Ronan has remained in obscurity. His body was buried in the place of his second hermitage, which took the name of Loc-Renan-Ar-Coat-Nevent. The piety of the count of Cornouaille afterwards raised there a very beautiful church: the devotion and concourse of the people have formed round about it a considerable borough.

A part of his relics remained long in this church, which now possesses only two of his ribs; but the most considerable was transferred afterwards to the cathedral of Quimper, which lost them during the Revolution. Several great miracles are reported to have been wrought at his tomb, and at Quimper. Besides the two boroughs of Saint-Ronan, in the dioceses of Léon and of Quimper, there is also in that of Saint-Brieuc the parish of Lan-Renan, now called Laurenan.

The church of Loc-Renan-Ar-Coat-Nevent still contains the tomb of the Saint. It is of Kersanton stone and consists of a massive table, upon which is the recumbent statue of Saint Ronan, represented in episcopal vestments, the mitre on his head and the crosier in his left hand; he tramples under his feet a monstrous animal, emblem of paganism, the remains of which he contributed to uproot in these regions.

Abridgement of the Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau.

Saint Flour, Bishop

1st and 2nd centuries.

According to the most ancient monuments of the churches of Saint-Flour and of Lodève, Saint Flour was one of the disciples of Our Lord, and it was Saint Peter, the prince of the Apostles, who sent him to preach the Gospel in Gallia Narbonensis. Scarcely had he set foot on the soil of Lodève when his preachings made fall the ancient oaks and the old beeches, that is to say, the idolatry which the peoples of Gaul practised around great trees. He then employed all his care in the instruction of the new converts, nourishing them with the evangelical precepts with all the solicitude of a good pastor.

When he had put the church of Lodève on a good footing, he directed himself toward Aquitaine to clear new regions, to spread in new lands the good seed in the place of the tares uprooted. His conquests in this country were important, thanks to the virtue of his preachings and of his miracles. Having come with his companions to the summit of a hill, they became thirsty, and water was lacking to refresh them. Then Florus, with the staff which he held in his hand, struck the earth, which opened to let flow a fair spring, whose waters have never dried up since that day. After having evangelised Aquitaine and the Cévennes, he arrived among the Arverni. The herald of the holy Gospel stopped at Mount Indiciac, in a very small town, which afterwards took the name of the apostle and was called Saint-Flour. From this summit, our blessed Flour, true flower of heaven, spread in the mountains of Auvergne the divine odour of Jesus Christ. About the year 1000, Saint-Flour and its territory were given to the abbey of Cluny. Saint Odilo had built in the town a church which he dedicated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Some years afterwards, the foundations of the present cathedral were laid. Urban II consecrated it after the council of Clermont and raised the relics of Saint Flour upon the high altar (1095). Finally, John XXII divided the diocese of Clermont and erected the abbey of Saint-Flour into a bishopric (1316). Saint Flour is the patron of Machy; one of his relics is preserved at Saint-Vulfran of Abbeville. *Proper of Saint-Flour and of Clermont.* — See 4 November.

Saint Jouin, Founder of the Monastery of Ansion

After 368.

Saint Jouin was born at Mouterre-Silly, in the Londunais, land of his family, which was illustrious and powerful according to the world, but greater in the eyes of God for having given to the Church several Saints whose memory she honours. He was brother of Saint Maximin of Trier, whose life we gave at 29 May. It is

therefore toward the beginning of the 4th century that he began to edify by his virtues. The traditions of his family, which was wholly Christian at an epoch and in a country where paganism still had partisans, raised to God his first thoughts. Disgust of the world followed, and, still young, he withdrew, to think only of his salvation, into a solitude then named Ansion, watered by the little river Dive, at a short distance from Loudun. There he bound himself to a severe Rule of work, prayer and penance. Numerous disciples soon desired to join him, and became the first guests of the celebrated monastery known later under the name of Saint-Jouin de Marnes, on account of its nearness to that small locality. This establishment must be placed in the middle of the 4th century, and perhaps in the episcopate of Saint Maixent, under whose authority Saint Jouin must have received the abbatial charge; so that this foundation would have preceded that of Ligugé, which has long passed for the first monastic establishment of the Gauls. The authority which this charge conferred upon him only made him more assiduous at his duties. Unceasingly applied to the instruction of his brethren, the pious cenobite made them advance rapidly in the perfection of which he gave the example. He had the happiness of seeing the episcopate of Saint Hilary, and, without doubt, in the great work of his monastic foundation, he enjoyed more than once his conversations and his counsels. We might say also that he had the grief of seeing him die, if it were not rather a consolation to follow, so to speak, with his eyes the last flight of a Saint who leaves the earth for heaven. However that may be, he did not survive him by much, according to the most common opinion, and must consequently have gone, after the year 368, to rejoin the august pontiff who had been his master and his friend. These times so fertile in virtues so eminent, let us say more, in true holiness, were to be so also in miracles. Miracles are the most authentic marks of the perfect charity which God is pleased to honour in his friends. Those which were wrought at the tomb of Saint Jouin put the crown to the reputation which he had acquired. The monastery increased under the influence of these prodigies; people ran to it from all sides; illustrious disciples were formed in it. Saints formed in the school and by the memories of the holy abbot were seen to shine in it successively. Of this number, the church of Poitiers honours in its public offices Saint Paternus, who became bishop of Avranches; Saint Aicadre or Achard, who was abbot of Jumièges, in Normandy; and Saint Generous, who governed the monastery of Saint-Jouin, and built on the banks of the Thouet, at the beginning of the 6th century, another convent whose church still bears his name.

The body of Saint Jouin, deposited first in a church dedicated to Saint Christopher, was transferred afterwards to another, larger and more magnificent, which he had himself dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. It was preserved there until the 9th century. The wars of those unhappy times brought, with the ruin of the monastery and the dispersion of the religious, the irreparable loss of the pious treasures which were kept there with love. But God has promised “to find again the bones of his saints” on the day of the resurrection which they hope for.

M. l’abbé Aubert.

Saint Simeon, Recluse at Trier

Born at Syracuse, he made his studies at Constantinople, visited as a pilgrim the places sanctified by the footsteps of the Saviour, and settled with monks who dwelt at the foot of Mount Sinai. Richard II, duke of Normandy, made every year large alms to this monastery. The monks who had gone to France to receive them having died on the way, Simeon was charged by his superiors to make this journey. He embarked; but the vessel on which he was embarked was taken by pirates, who put to death the sailors and passengers. Simeon escaped by swimming, and betook himself to Antioch, where he joined the abbot Richard, of Verdun, who was returning from the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He continued his road with him as far as Belgrade, where the lord of the town arrested him prisoner and would not let him follow the French pilgrims. Richard arrived happily at Verdun. As for Simeon, when he had been set at liberty, he went to Rome, whence he passed into France with a holy monk named Cosmas, whom he had brought from Antioch. Having arrived

in Aquitaine, they were well received by Duke William; and as minds were then much heated on the question of the apostolate of Saint Martial, they did not fail to interrogate them upon it. They bore witness that the Church of the East placed this holy bishop in the number of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ. The monk Cosmas died in Aquitaine: thus Simeon took alone the road to Normandy, where he arrived in the year 1027. He found that Duke Richard, whose alms he came from so far to collect, had died the year before. He asked them of the successor, but he was not listened to. He made some stay at Rouen; and he engaged Count Josselin and Emmeline, his wife, to build a monastery, in honour of the Holy Trinity, on the mountain near Rouen, which bears today the name of Sainte-Catherine, on account of the relics of that Saint, which Simeon gave there, and which he had brought from Mount Sinai. Simeon, not having been able to obtain anything from the duke of Normandy, and not wishing to return empty-handed to his distant monastery, took the resolution to go and find the abbot Richard, of Verdun. He passed then to Trier, where Popon, who was archbishop of it, was so charmed with his virtue that, having had the devotion to go to the Holy Land, he wished him to accompany him. Simeon, having returned from this pilgrimage to Trier, desired to live there as a recluse. The archbishop, at the head of the clergy and in presence of the people, performed the ceremony of the reclusion on the day of Saint Andrew, in the year 1028, that is to say, he shut him up in a tower near the gate of the town, then called the Black Gate, walling up the door, or at least setting his seal upon it. The holy man lived there as in a tomb; but the manner of life which he led, appearing above human strength, astonished the populace more than it edified it. It imagined that this foreign monk was a magician, who deprived himself of the company of men in order to have commerce with the demons; and the holy recluse was blamed for all the calamities which befell the town. An inundation having made great ravages at Trier, in the meantime, it was believed that Simeon had procured it by his enchantments, and the people mobbed against him to stone him; nevertheless it could not force the tower of the holy recluse, and all its fury ended in breaking the windows with stones. The Lord was thus completing the purification of his servant by these trials. The people, who pass easily from one extreme to the other, showed as much veneration for the holy man as they had shown prejudice against him. Simeon died holily on the first day of June, in the year 1035. The abbot Eberwin, who wrote his life, assisted him in his last illness and made the commendation of the soul for him. As soon as the news of his death had spread, malignity and slander were silent, and people hastened to testify the more veneration for his virtue as it was known to have been more cruelly calumniated. The clergy of Trier, the monks, the people and even the religious women went to his cell to honour his funeral; and the whole town resounded with nothing but the praises of the holy man, whom calumny had made, some time before, an object of execration. Thus it is that God justifies his Saints. Popon, archbishop of Trier, wrote at once to Pope Benedict II to ask the canonisation of Simeon. It was pronounced in the year 1042, and promulgated at Trier, with much solemnity, on 27 November. Nevertheless the Church honours the memory of Saint Simeon on the day of his death.

It is the second canonisation according to the present rules, if one admits that that of Saint Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, made forty-seven years before, was the first. There exists at Deville, canton of Maromme, diocese of Rouen, a marvellous water known under the name of the fountain of Saint-Simeon, which is the occasion of a much frequented pilgrimage; it is supposed that this name comes to it from the celebrated solitary of the 11th century.

AA. SS.; Baillet; *Seine-Inférieure*, by the abbé Cochet; Rohrbacher.

Saint Thibaud of Mondovi, Shoemaker[1]

Born at Vico, a village near Mondovi, he exercised first the profession of shoemaker, then that of porter at Alba in the Milanese. Therefore the shoemakers and cobblers of Mondovi and those of Montferrat celebrate his feast as patronal.

The master shoemaker with whom he had learned his trade having died, he was urged to marry his daughter, to take up, as they say, the continuation of the business. But the pious young man, who had resolved to live in entire chastity, escaped by flight from the danger of temptation, and made the pilgrimage of Saint James of Compostela. It was on his return to Alba, where he had made his apprenticeship as shoemaker, that he exercised the hard trade of porter. He found the means of doing good to those poorer than himself. It is related that, not having had the courage to refuse to some needy persons a load of flour which he had undertaken to carry, his sack was found full again as soon as he had emptied it. Toward the end of his life he employed himself in sweeping churches, and when he died, he asked to be buried in the place where he used to throw the sweepings of Saint Lawrence of Alba. It is said that it was to expiate a movement of anger that he made himself a sweeper. Blessed Thibaud is represented with a broom or a sack. He is the patron of the town of Alba, and, as we have already said, of the guild of shoemakers at Mondovi. *AA. SS.*, new translation.

Supplement — First Day of June: The Apostles of Aquitaine[1]

Much darkness has been accumulated on the origins of the Churches of the Gauls, both by the centuries and by criticism. While awaiting the appearance of a work destined to dissipate it, at least in part, a work which would be welcomed with favour by the public, we are going to furnish on the apostles of Aquitaine the few data of which we are in possession.

The true and first Apostle of all the Aquitaines is Saint Martial. His spiritual empire extends, as is known, from the Rhone to the Ocean, and from the Loire to the Pyrenees. Although venerable traditions supported on monuments do not permit doubt that he crossed these limits, it remains established by the authentic testimonies of seventeen centuries and by the criticism of our days that he deserves above all the title of Apostle of Aquitaine. Saint Martial is indeed the disciple of the Lord and the immediate envoy of Saint Peter. It is he who first cleared the blessed soil which the steps of our bishops still tread and which their laborious hands make fruitful. It is by him that our country was reduced into a Christian province between the years 46 and 74 of our era.

All that touches this original memory, all that recalls, establishes or confirms this first benefit of the Apostolic See, is for our Churches of capital interest. The limits assigned above permit us therefore to call Saint Martial the Apostle of Aquitaine. His history has appeared in its place.[1]

It is important to consecrate a few lines to the Apostles of the second mission who came after him and who have left an ineffaceable imprint on the old soil of Novempopulania.

Contemporary of Saint Martial and surviving his illustrious master, we find Saint Saturninus or Sernin, who projects his immortal glory over the apostolic cradle of the Church of Toulouse. His detailed history and the liturgical monuments of his apostolate will come in their place. (29th of November.)

I. — Saint Clair, Apostle and Martyr

“His memory is celebrated and venerated in all the Aquitaines,” say the Bollandists. “Most authors place him at the foundation of the churches of the Gauls and make of him a martyr of the first times.”

Africa has often been given as the native country of Saint Clair and his companions. But the reading is bad. The manuscript of Saint-Sever, where Benedictine learning sums up all that it was able to gather and save of the ancient traditions on the evangelisation of Novempopulania, affirms that the word *Ampligonia*, which is read with great difficulty in the old manuscripts, has been improperly rendered for the word *Africana*. The author prefers to follow an ancient tradition which would make Saint Clair and his companions come from the regions of the East and from the country of Saint Saturninus. These same traditions make these apostles arrive from the evangelical times and toward the end of the first century, which would be further confirmed by a legend of Saint Quitteria which is read in the Proper of Agen published in the seventeenth century,

under Mgr Barthélémy d'Elbène, and which makes the Saint die in the town of the Tarusates, in the year 130 of the Christian era. Du Saussay, in his martyrology, makes Saint Clair come to Rome in the time when the first gleams of the faith illuminated the world. It would be in the time of Pope Anacletus. The same author makes Saint Clair preach at Cologne. It is a question, according to some hagiographers, of the town of Albi, which they designate under the name of *Colonia Albia.* According to others, it would be Cologne of the Gers, "where the devotion to Saint Clair," writes us from Toulouse the very reverend Father Caries, "has long been very flourishing. It is like a pilgrimage, and many children bear in his honour the name of Clery. He is invoked for the evil of the eyes. His name has won him this reputation, as so often happens in the history of the Saints. There is still at Cologne a little white stone, which is kept as one of his relics, and which is believed to have served him for the ring of his finger. It is made to touch the eyes of the sick, and the curé assured me he had been witness of truly marvellous cures."

The liturgical monuments of the Churches of Périgueux, Tulle and Sarlat make Saint Clair preach successively in these dioceses. It cannot be affirmed with proofs that the relics honoured in various places under the name of Saint Clair really belong to this illustrious Martyr of apostolic times. All the hagiologists agree in making Saint Clair the first bishop of Albi; the second is Saint Anthimus, disciple of Saint Clair. Our holy regional bishop, sent by the Roman Pontiff to re-awaken in Aquitaine the faith already founded by Saint Martial and Saint Saturninus, arrives in the town of Lectoure which was to be the theatre of his glorious passion. He preaches in this ancient city. At his voice the idols fall into dust, the evangelical miracles are renewed. The satellites of Satan rush on the man of God. He is loaded with chains, he is summoned to sacrifice to the false gods; on his refusal the Saint is dragged across brambles and bushes. He is thrown panting before an altar of Diana. The whole town goes each year in procession to the place of the martyrdom, on the site of the ancient temple of Diana where there flows to-day an abundant and sacred fountain, on the flank of the hill crowned by the ancient Lacora.

One may reasonably suppose that the town of Lectoure preserved religiously and surrounded with the accustomed honours, during seven centuries, the relics of its apostle Martyr. The great emperor-missionary Charlemagne, always careful of the glory of God and His Saints, would have transported them with several others gathered in divers places and deposited at Bordeaux in the church of Saint Eulalia to withdraw them from the profanation of the Saracens. One read in fact formerly, on the walls of the church of Saint Eulalia of this town, the following inscription: "Charles the Great founded this chapel and had placed behind the altar the bodies of seven Saints who suffered for Christ: Clair, Justin, Gerontius, Sever, Polycarp, John or Jonas and Babylas."

It is certain, indeed, that the six martyrs mentioned after Saint Clair, and who are regarded as his companions, suffered martyrdom like him, but in various places. *Passi sunt cum eo, sed alii aliis in locis,* says the Agen Proper of Mgr Barthélémy d'Elbène, already cited.

As to the pretension of Father Papebrock to confound Saint Clair of Albi and Lectoure with Saint Clair of Nantes, it could not hold in presence of the traditional and liturgical monuments of the Church of Nantes. Whereas Lectoure still shows the traditional place of the martyrdom of its Apostle, Nantes names the place where Saint Clair, its first bishop confessor, died, at Réguiny, a parish of the present diocese of Vannes. The particular history of the relics of the two Saints completes the destruction of Father Papebrock's affirmation.

II. — The Companions of Saint Clair of Aquitaine, Apostles and Martyrs

1st. *Saint Sever.* — The manuscript of Saint-Sever assigns to the companions of Saint Clair the same native country as to Saint Clair himself, that famous and illegible *Ampligonia* from which *Africana* was made, very wrongly. It inclines to the tradition which makes them come from the East and from the country of Saint Saturninus. For an attentive mind accustomed to disentangle the chaos of Christian origins, the traditions recorded by the monk of Saint-Sever still contain all the indications necessary to carry this Saint back to

apostolic times. He is contemporary with Saint Clair and like him of the country of Saint Saturninus. It is consequently difficult to put him back as far as the time of the Vandals under the reign of Honorius. *Ampligonia* having become *Africana*, compatriots come from the same regions had indeed to be sought in history. The only constant facts in the fragments of legends preserved in the precious Benedictine collection are the following: 1st. Saint Sever is companion and contemporary of Saint Clair of Lectoure; 2nd. he came with him to Novempopulania to preach the faith there. The Gallo-Roman town which was later to bear the name of Saint-Sever then bore the name of *Palæstrion*. A king designated under the name of Adrian and of whom a "roiainen" was made without trouble afterwards, is met by Sever on the banks of the Adour; 3rd. this king, called the debonair, would have facilitated the preaching of the apostle; 4th. whether this benevolence soon ceased, or the successor of the debonair king persecuted the Saint, Sever, persecuted for the faith, condemned and put to death, sealed with his blood the faith he had come to bring to this country.

All the rest came late. All the hypotheses, all the efforts of the misguided hagiographers of the seventeenth century succeed in establishing nothing that sustains a serious critical examination.

The tomb of Saint Sever became the meeting-place of pilgrims during the fine centuries of the middle ages. By night and by day the sons of Saint Benedict faithfully mounted guard around the sacred deposit. Raised at the bottom of the principal apse, surrounded with liturgical honours, quite near the fountain or miraculous well which was still seen in the last century in the choir of the basilica, the illustrious tomb received until the civil wars of the sixteenth century the public and solemn homages of piety. And the proof that the translation to Bordeaux by Charlemagne must be understood only of a portion of the body, is that the Benedictine titles mention the existence of the nearly entire body of Saint Sever until the profanations of the religionaries. In the last century still, the renewed tomb, surrounded with historical pictures reproducing the miracles and mysteries of the Saint, presented itself to the eyes of pious visitors under an imperial or canopy which is the ancient ciborium overshadowing the liturgical altar as well as the tombs and shrines of the Saints.[2]

Attentive researches, the study of the liturgical monuments of the diocese of Aire, would permit the trace to be found of the tombs and of the cult of the saints Polycarp, Justin, John and Babylas. This work and this study belong of right to the clergy of this illustrious diocese, which will find again, like all the others, at the apostolic sources, the eighteen-times-secular history of its Christian origins.

2nd. *Saint Gerontius or Girou, companion of Saint Clair, first bishop of Aire.* — If we give this Saint the title of first bishop of Aire, we have two reasons for it: the first, which is not without value, is that this Saint being companion and contemporary of Saint Clair, carries us back to the end of the first century and consequently to the apostolic origins. The second is wholly liturgical and has its very significant value. In the ancient litanies for the use of the diocese of Aire, Saint Gerontius is placed immediately after the name of Saint Matthew, apostle. Now, this place of honour, immediately after the Apostles, was never accorded but to the apostle of the country, to the first bishop of the city. The tomb which appears to belong to him in the crypt of Aire is joined to a sacred fountain which was, doubtless, there as in so many other places, the baptismal fountain of which the first Christians kept a religious memory and which their piety rendered miraculous for the succession of ages. One sees there beside a large skull the bones of a little child, which is still common in the tombs of the first Apostles.

With this Saint Gerontius or Girou, Saint Edentius must be pointed out, his contemporary and perhaps his disciple. A second Gallo-Roman sepulchre appears to belong to him. He is honoured in the same vault as the preceding. Three other sarcophagi juxtaposed answer very well to the description given by Saint Gregory of Tours[3] of three miraculous sepulchres of the little town of Aire, in Gascony, which had risen gradually and one more than the other above the ground.

3rd. *Saint Julian of Lescar.* — The legend of this Saint, in the ancient breviary of Lescar, seems to show that the acts of it have long been lost. There nevertheless emerges from it enough light to carry him back to

apostolic times. One sees mingled in it the almost entire legend of Saint Valeria borrowed from the acts of Saint Martial of Limoges.[4] 4th. *Saint Leontius of Oloron.* — It is the same as with Saint Julian of Lescar. His apostolic date appears to result from the vagueness within which one had to confine oneself for want of positive or surviving documents.

5th. *Saint Leo of Bayonne.* — He is commonly said, since the seventeenth century, to have been put to death or martyred by the Normans. But the ancient legend does not designate these Barbarians; it says only that he was martyred by the pirates who inhabited this country. Now, a country bordering the Ocean could, and perhaps must, be inhabited by pirates. No wonder that the executioners of Saint Leo are thus designated, especially if the redaction is later than the fatal appearance of the true Normans.

Besides, how can the date of the Norman invasions be admitted for the martyrdom of Saint Leo of Bayonne, when this same Saint Leo, whom they moreover make come from Rouen in Normandy, is constantly designated in the Bayonne tradition under the name of first bishop of Bayonne? Now, if he is the first bishop of Bayonne, he is anterior to the Norman invasions, since we find an Itcassicus, bishop of Bayonne, sitting in a council (of Dax, probably), in the quality of bishop of Bayonne. Saint Leo therefore pre-exists Itcassicus himself and must go back beyond the fifth century. His legend, moreover, makes him come, like all the other Saints, from apostolic times to carry to peoples still pagan the light of the Gospel, to ruin the temples and the cult of idols, etc., etc. Well received at first, he is persecuted afterwards, then martyred by the pirates of the country. A sacred and miraculous fountain flows on the scene of his martyrdom, where there rose also a church or chapel, to-day destroyed. Saint Leo of Bayonne had his altar and his chapel in the abbatial church of Saint-Sever-Cap-de-Gascogne.

Local notes; Acta Sanctorum; Proper of the dioceses.

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[5] There was formerly celebrated, on this day, at the convent of women of La Chaise-Dieu, Order of Fontevrault, diocese of Évreux, the feast of a Saint Juvence whose relics had been brought from Rome in 1665; but nothing proves that he is the Martyr mentioned today by Baronius. The Bollandists regret that the day should be chosen, to fix the feast of the Saints, on which the martyrologies name Saints of the same name. In effect, this manner of acting inevitably produces confusion. And it is doubtless to this confusion that we owe it that the same acts are sometimes attributed to namesakes perfectly distinct as to circumstances of time and place.

[6] His companions are named, by the Ethiopian *Hagiologium*: Ammon, Zeno, Ptolemy, Ingine and Theophilus.

[7] Saint Gratinian and Saint Felinus are still honoured at Milan and above all at Arona, where their relics were transferred towards the end of the 10th century.

[8] The name of this holy Martyr figures in verses of Saint Paulinus of Nola:

Vitalem, Agricolam, Proculumque Bononia condit, Quos jurata fides pietatis in arma vocavit.

Bologna possesses Vitalis, Agricola and Proculus, whom an invincible faith called to the combats of piety.

The Bolognese hold that Saint Procule was a distinguished officer of the armies of Diocletian. One may see in the *Acta*, on this day, the magnificent sarcophagus of this patron of Bologna.

[9] Here is yet one of those Saints whose possession several towns and several countries dispute. He is honoured not only at Amelia, which possessed his tomb, — void of relics, — but at Spoleto, at Pergola, at Gubbio, at Toscanella, at Pulvesa, island of Lake Trasimene. At Pergola, his cult is associated with that of Saint Agapitus and Saint Justina. Born at Rome, he is said to have been discovered by the persecutors at Gubbio, where he had hidden himself, then led to Spoleto to be submitted to the question and drowned at Amelia.

[10] Città-di-Castello, — the ancient Tifernum, — was the theatre of the martyrdom of Saint Crescentian: Urbino, where he is called Crescentin, was enriched with his relics in 1068 and took him likewise for its patron. Crescentian had served in the Roman armies and lived retired, stripped of all, at Città-di-Castello, when he was denounced to the persecutors. He is therefore distinguished in the arts by the armour of Roman knights and the standard. It appears that in his retreat the Saint preached the Gospel to whoever wished to hear. Now, as preaching was, in the first centuries, the diaconal function above all others, he has sometimes been represented with a deacon's dalmatic; but there is every appearance that this is by pure allegory. It is none the less true that there was long preserved in the treasury of the church dedicated to the Saint at Città-di-Castello a little cross which Crescentian was supposed to hold in his hand when he preached. There was shown also a bone, pretended to be of a dragon from which he delivered the country.

The ancient office of Saint Crescentian made mention of the companions of his martyrdom: Justin, Griccivianus, Virianus, Orphitus, Exuperantius, Benedict, Eutropius and Fortunatus. The Acts do not name these Martyrs.

[11] Saint Fortunatus is one of the patrons of Montefalco: in the territory of this town is found the parish of Territa, where he was curé. One day when he was driving the plough, — for in that time priests still worked with their hands, — he found two deniers in his furrow. There happened to pass a poor man who asked alms with loud cries. The Blessed draws out his two deniers to pour them into the bosom of the indigent: but, O wonder! they had become two shining pieces of gold “like a piece of sun.” The man of God had only the more eagerness to give them to the beggar. — It is said also that the goad with which he pricked his oxen became suddenly a great tree, one day when he had planted it in the ground.

[12] Eneco, Inacus, Ennecho, Ignico, Ignatius, Ignace. This name, of Visigothic origin, signifies probably: domestic (*intérims domus*) or familiar. He was a native of Calatayud, in the province of Bilbao. Therefore this town has chosen him as patron, as well as Ogna.

[13] See, in the Supplement of this volume, the chapter devoted to the apostles of Aquitaine.

[14] One day when the holy man was at a feast, he refused to eat meat by mortification; at which the guests mocked, all the more since it was in winter and there was very little appearance of counting on fish that day. But, O wonder! a servant, going to draw water, brought back an enormous fish in his vessel. Saint Mion sanctified himself in the solitude of Thiers. His death is placed before the year 430.

[15] One cannot indicate either the church of which Saint Majan was bishop, or his country, or his epoch. First buried at Lombez, his body was carried off in the 12th century by the monks of a monastery of the diocese of Béziers which was called Cognes and which took from then on the name of Ville-Magne (*villa Majani*).

[16] Probatius, Probat or Proboce. The Proper of Versailles makes Saint Probas die at the end of the 8th century and adds this detail, that he was charged, in the church to which he was attached, with the guard of the sacred vessels.

[17] Contrary to the opinion of Baronius, which we adopted on 13 April, the Bollandists maintain that Saint Justin, named here, is the philosopher of Samaria. In this hypothesis, the Martyrs whose names follow his would be young Greeks, his disciples; for it is known that Justin kept a school of philosophy at Rome under Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. — The Bollandists give on this day the bust of Saint Justin. The features of the philosopher are those of a man who inclines towards old age, but a robust old age. His fingers are directed towards heaven: the professor demonstrates the mystery of the Holy Trinity — unity of nature, trinity of persons — by means of the index finger of the right hand, which alone is raised, and three fingers of the left hand. One may also see in this attitude the figure of the syllogism, that is, the unity of God established by means of the two premises and the conclusion.

[18] There was formerly at Perugia a church of Saint Florent. A solemn cult was rendered to him in this town, and each time that an epidemic afflicted the town, his shrine was carried through the streets. Even today Saint Florent is one of the patrons of the city.

[19] He is invoked at Anhée against the maladies of children. On the first Sunday of June, there is made at this place a great concourse of mothers who go to bring there their children late in walking. The Bollandists suspect that Saint Photinus is the same as Saint Stapin, bishop of Castres, who is invoked for the same object: they found their conjecture on the fact that the word Stapin decomposes, in Flemish: S tan, to stand, and pen, foot, that is, to stand on one’s feet.

[20] See, on the family of this Blessed, the Life of the blessed Clare of Gambacorta, his sister.

[21] *Origins of the Æduan Church*, by Mgr Devoucoux, p. 33. — The first apostles of the Autunois received their mission from pope Saint Anicet, as the second received theirs from pope Saint Felix.

[22] Crévier, book xxvii. — Mgr Devoucoux.

[23] *Origins of the Æduan Church*, by Mgr Devoucoux.

[24] Pérard, *Charter of count Eccard, in 840*.

[25] Theobaulns, Thebandns, Thibaudns, Tibaldus, Teobaldo.

[26] It is a question here of the third Aquitaine, called also Novempopulania.

[1] We gave his life on the 30th of June.

[2] Manuscript of Saint-Sever.

[3] *De Gloria Confessorum*, ch. 52.

[4] See his life at length, 16th of March, vol. iii, p.

2 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the birthday in heaven of Saint Marcellinus, priest, and of Saint Peter, exorcist, who, having taught the faith to several persons in the very prison, were loaded with heavy chains and beheaded under Diocletian, by the judge Serenus, in a place which was called the Black Forest, and which, changing its name afterwards in honour of the Saints, was called the White Forest. Their bodies were buried in a crypt, near Tiburtius, and their tomb was adorned with an inscription in verse composed by Pope Damasus. About 304. — In Campania, Saint Erasmus, bishop and martyr, who, under the emperor Diocletian, was first scourged with

leaded cords, then beaten with blows of a stick, and afterwards sprinkled with resin, sulphur, lead, pitch, wax and oil, without his body appearing damaged. He was again subjected, at Formiae, under Maximian, to torments as cruel as they were varied; but God preserved him for the strengthening of the others. At last, Our Lord calling him to himself, he died holily, with the glory of martyrdom; in the course of time, his body was carried to Gaeta. About 301. — At Lyons, the holy martyrs Pothinus, bishop; Sanctus, deacon; Vettius Epagathus, Mattjrus, Ponticus, Biblis, Attalus, Alexander and Blandina, with many others, whose heroic and repeated combats are related in the letter sent by the church of Lyons to the churches of Asia and Phrygia, in the time of the emperors Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and Lucius Verus. Among these martyrs, Saint Blandina, in spite of the weakness of her sex, the delicacy of her complexion and her humble origin, sustained the most violent and the longest attacks of the persecutors: having remained unshaken to the end, she had her throat pierced by a sword-stroke, and followed to martyrdom those whom she had exhorted to it. 177. — At Rome, Saint Eugene, pope and confessor. 657. — At Trani, in Apulia, Saint Nicholas the Pilgrim, confessor, whose miracles were reported in a council held at Rome under Urban II. 1094.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Laon, Saint Algise, priest and confessor, 7th century. His feast is tomorrow at Soissons. — At Lagny, diocese of Paris, the translation of the body of Saint Dieudonné, bishop, and of other holy bodies, of which the fury of the heretics stripped this abbey almost entirely. — At Cahors, Saint Mondane, martyr. After 530. — Again at Lyons, the holy martyrs Vincent, Nina, Priscus, Sepaca, Hilary, Felix, Tastula, Epagatus, Amelia, Donatus, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome and different from the companions of Saint Pothinus. Epoch uncertain.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Rome, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Marcellinus and Peter.

Martyrologies of the Benedictines and of the Camaldolese. — Saint Angela of Merici.

Martyrology of Vallombrosa. — At Florence, Blessed Humiliana of Cerchi, widow of the Third Order of Saint Francis, illustrious by the nobility of her birth, her abstinence and her miracles; she fell asleep in the Lord on 19 May.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Sandomir, the torment of forty-nine[1] martyrs of the Order of Friars Preachers, who were warned of their death the evening before this day and inscribed beforehand in letters of gold in the Martyrology, and were massacred all together by the infidels while they were devoutly saluting the Mother of God.[2]

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Camerino, the decease of Blessed Baptista Varani, of one of the first families of that town, who, having embraced the primitive Rule of Saint Clare, afterwards founded a monastery of that Order at Camerino.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Egypt, Saint Theemede and her children; Saint Armenius and his mother, martyrs. — At Rome, the saints Secundus, Maximus, Martinian, and about two hundred others, martyrs, designated by the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Acqui, in Italy, Saint Guy or Guido, bishop. Year 1070. — In Sweden, Saint Stephen, bishop of Nora and martyr. He had been taken from Corbie-la-Jeune, where he was a religious. 12th century. — At Burgos, in Spain, Saint John, priest and solitary. Year 1153. — At Belgrade, in Bessarabia, Saint John, martyr. About the 13th century.

Saint Pothinus, Bishop, Saint Blandina, Virgin, etc., All Martyrs at Lyons, and the Foundation of the Church of That City

— Pope: Saint Eleutherius. — Emperor: Marcus Aurelius.

The relics of a single Martyr suffice to excite the joy of a city. For us, behold we possess a whole people of Martyrs. Glory to our land, nurse of heavenly combatants, fruitful mother of heroic virtues!

Homily of Saint Eucherius, bishop of Lyons, on Saint Blandina, etc.

Saint Pothinus appears for the first time in history at the moment when the persecutors of the Christian name drag him before the tribunal of the president of Gallia Lugdunensis.

The constant tradition of the church of Lyons is that her first bishop came to her from Asia, that he was formed in the school of Saint Polycarp, disciple of Saint John, bishop of Smyrna, and by him directed toward the Gauls. This immemorial tradition has always had for its expression a special cult rendered to Saint Polycarp. The church of Lyons has always considered herself as of Greek origin, has always attached herself to the church of Saint John the Evangelist, by Polycarp and Pothinus; she proclaims solemnly her gratitude in her liturgy.

It has been asked how Lyons, which was early an important city, remained until the middle of the 2nd century outside the sphere where the evangelical action was exercised, or rather why the Roman Pontiffs had not yet sent missionaries to it? This delay is explained by the fire which destroyed Lyons under Nero, by the nearness of Vienne which, evangelised from the time of Saint Paul, doubtless sent preachers to her neighbour, and by other causes of which history has not kept the memory. It is beyond doubt that Lyons, city of commerce and of studies, counted Christians within it before the arrival of Pothinus, and that he was directed from the banks of the Iomé toward the Rhone to constitute there a church whose nucleus already existed. On his arrival, Blessed Pothinus, “the desired,” according to the etymology of his name, knew at which door to knock to meet friendly faces in Christ. His first care was to fix the site where to establish the place of prayer: the Christian oratory rose in the peninsula formed by the waters of the Saône and of the Rhone. This quarter, placed far from the noise and the eyes of the magistrates, filled with trees fond of water, was inhabited only by fishermen and workmen. The crypt of the church of Saint-Nizier occupies the site of this first oratory of the Christians, which must have been built of wood and foliage; for to dig an underground church was not to be thought of, the ground being too marshy. It has indeed been recognised since that the underground chapel of Saint-Nizier is ten feet deep, and rests on the ancient soil.

As a worthy disciple of Saint John, whom he might have seen in his youth, Pothinus hastened to make the Virgin known to the inhabitants of Lyons, and it is known what deep roots devotion to Mary has thrown out in this city. According to a tradition dear to Lyonnese piety and respectable in every respect, Saint Pothinus is said to have brought from the East an image of the Virgin: perhaps it was one of those numerous portraits — original or copy — attributed to Saint Luke.[1]

The word of life preached by Pothinus had produced fruits of salvation: the oratory on the banks of the Rhone soon became insufficient, and it was therefore necessary to think of a new meeting-place. At the borough of ancient Lugdunum, on the prolongation of the hill, not far from a place consecrated to Roman burials, a grotto or natural excavation opened in the flanks of the rock. Blessed Pothinus made choice of this grotto and converted it into a place of prayer for the faithful who dwelt on the height. A well, whose waters were to serve for the administration of baptism, was dug in the underground chapel which was a prolongation of the grotto. The crypt of the mountain was placed under the invocation of Saint John the Evangelist: it was testifying clearly enough the filiation which, by Saint Polycarp, attached the church of Lyons to the beloved disciple.

About fifteen years had passed since Pothinus had been labouring in the Lord's vineyard, when he asked by letter of Saint Polycarp a reinforcement of apostolic men. At the call of Pothinus, Polycarp made a new sacrifice and designated Irenaeus with several others, whose name and number remain unknown. Irenaeus, on his arrival at Lyons, must not have been more than thirty-seven years old.

In the meantime, Antoninus Pius died (161), and had for successor to the empire his adoptive son, Marcus Aurelius. Antoninus had been tolerant toward the Christians; he had even ordered his proconsuls to deal severely with their calumniators.[2]

The accession of the new emperor was greeted with enthusiasm by all that the empire counted of rhetoricians, philosophers and learned men, that is to say, by the most bitter enemies of the disciples of Jesus Christ. Marcus Aurelius had perhaps aptitude for philosophising; he had none for reigning. An upright mind, but a weak will, he let himself be governed by the professors of his childhood whom he had installed at his court. Incapable of repressing even the disorders which dishonoured his own family, he had much less still the energy to refuse the edicts of proscription which were asked of him against the Christians. The miracle wrought in favour of his army at the prayers of the thundering legion[3] had indeed been able to lead him to forbid that Christians should be accused on account of religion; that was rendering them justice in part; but to make it complete, he should have repealed the ancient edicts which proscribed the Christian religion; which he took good care not to do. Besides, at the end of some years, the service rendered was forgotten. In the very year of his death, the philosopher emperor had traced these lines: *The soul must hold itself ready for death, and that by an act of its own judgment, and not by a spirit of faction, like the Christians, but with reflection, with gravity, without anything theatrical.*[4] He who saw factious men in the Christians had not preserved great gratitude toward them.

Before the miracle of the thundering legion, which happened in the year 175, the reign of Marcus Aurelius had seen flow at Rome the blood of Saint Felicitas and of her heroic children; at Smyrna, that of Polycarp; at Rome again, that of Justin, the philosopher. After it came that of Benignus at Dijon, of Pothinus and of his forty-eight companions, at Lyons. We are going to assist at the bloody drama of their martyrdom.

It was a touching usage of the Churches, in the first centuries, to maintain a commerce of charity by the letters which they sent to one another. The faithful of these Churches edified one another, and drew new strength from the accounts of the acts of courage which the grace of God had inspired in their brethren. Thus it was that after the martyrdom of Saint Polycarp, the Christians of Smyrna, at the prayer of those of Philadelphia, addressed to these last a relation of the sufferings and glorious end of this holy bishop. The faithful of Lyons having been persecuted in their turn, it was natural that they should instruct the Churches of Asia, to which several held by their origin, of the combats which had been sustained by those among them who had confessed the faith. They therefore consigned the details of them in a letter which the historian Eusebius has preserved to us in part, and the composition of which is attributed to Saint Irenaeus. The truly evangelical simplicity of this letter makes it one of the most remarkable monuments of Christian antiquity; after so many centuries, one still feels deeply moved on reading this admirable account.

"The servants of Jesus Christ, who dwell at Vienne and Lyons, cities of the Gauls, to the brethren of Asia and Phrygia who have the same faith and who hope in the same Redeemer, peace, grace and glory, from God the Father and from Jesus Christ Our Lord.

"The violence of the persecution and the rage of the Gentiles against the Saints, the variety and cruelty of the torments which our blessed martyrs have endured, have been such that we are incapable of expressing them by word of mouth or of tracing them in writing. The enemy threw himself upon us with a ferocious violence, and the preludes of his fury presaged to us at once what we were to expect from the ministers whom he had instructed to make war on the servants of God. They began by forbidding us entrance to houses, baths and the Forum; we were hunted everywhere. Nevertheless the grace of God sustained us; it drew the weak aside, and

reserved for the combats men who, by their courage, were to be like so many unshaken columns. These generous athletes, having thus come to blows, suffered all kinds of opprobrium; and pains which would have seemed to others insupportable were regarded by them as light, in the desire which they had to be united sooner to Jesus Christ. Thus they taught us by their example that the afflictions of this life have no proportion with the glory which is one day to shine forth in us. All the brutalities which accompany popular riots, the vociferations, the outrages, the violences, the imprisonments, the stonings, the pillage, in a word all that a populace in fury and driven by its rage, its fears or its hatred is capable of, was exercised against the confessors; but their constancy remained invincible. Then, dragged to the Forum by the tribune of the soldiers and by the magistrates of the city, they answered the questions put to them, in presence of an immense crowd, by a generous profession of faith. After that they were thrown into prison until the return of the governor. As soon as he had arrived, they were presented to him; and as he treated them with a cruelty equal to his hatred against the Christians, this injustice revolted one of our brethren, Vettius Epagathus. He was a young man burning with charity for God, of manners so pure and of a life so austere that he already deserved the praise which Scripture gives to the holy old man Zachary; for he walked with edification in all the ways of the Lord,[5] always prompt to serve God and neighbour, always animated and filled with the divine Spirit. Now Vettius Epagathus, not being able to contain his indignation, asked permission to defend his brethren and to prove that among us nothing impious was done. At this proposal, the crowd which surrounded the tribunal began to vociferate against him (for he was well known), and the governor, shocked at his request, however just it was, inquired of him whether he was a Christian. Vettius confessed aloud that he was, and he was immediately put in the number of the Martyrs, under the charge of being the advocate of the Christians. He had well deserved this title, since he had himself the Holy Spirit for advocate and consoler. A disciple worthy of Jesus Christ, he follows to-day the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

“These first trials soon wrought a sad discernment between those who had prepared themselves for the combat and those who had not foreseen it. The first declared themselves with boldness, and testified an ardent desire to consummate their martyrdom. Among the others, ten troubled the joy of the confessors by a deplorable fall, and spread affliction among all the brethren. Their apostasy cooled even the zeal of those who, not having yet been arrested, did not cease, in spite of the peril, to assist the martyrs in their sufferings.

“We were all then in alarm and in cruel uncertainty as to what would happen to the confessors; the torments frightened us little, but we trembled lest other apostates should be met with.

“Each day, however, brought new arrests, and each day the faithful worthy to replace those who had fallen were led to the prisons. Soon the dungeons held the principal men of the two Churches, those above all who, by their prudence and their labours, had contributed to their development. Some of our pagan slaves were also seized: for the governor had ordered that witnesses against us should be found by all means. These slaves, then, themselves dreading the torments to which the Saints were being put, moreover excited by the demons, and at the instigation of the soldiers who had orders to push them to it, accused us of things so monstrous that we could neither think of them nor relate them without crime, nor even believe that men had ever been found who committed them. These depositions, having been published among the people, animated them more and more against the Christians; so that even those to whom kinship or friendship had hitherto inspired some moderation gave free course at last to their fury. Thus was accomplished that prediction of the Lord: *A time will come when, in delivering you to death, men will think they do an act agreeable to God.*[6]

“Human language could not describe the tortures which were then made the Saints endure, in the hope of making them avow the impieties with which we were charged. The hatred of the governor, of the people and of the soldiers fastened first upon the deacon Sanctus, of Vienne; upon Maturus, still a neophyte, but already a generous athlete; upon Attalus, of Pergamum, who was always the pillar and support of our Church, and upon a slave woman called Blandina, by whom it pleased the Lord to show that what is contemptible in the

eyes of men is often in honour with him, and that the weakest instruments become the strongest by his grace. All of us, and her mistress especially, who was in the number of the Martyrs, feared much for her, on account of the delicacy of her complexion, that she would not have the courage to confess the faith. Nevertheless her constancy was so great that she wearied the executioners, who from morning until evening succeeded one another to torment her. At last they were obliged to avow that they were conquered, and they were astonished that life could remain in a body all dislocated which was no more than a wound. For her, the confession of the Christian name revived her strength; all her relief was to say: 'I am a Christian, no evil is done among us.' These words seemed to render her insensible to pain.

"The deacon Sanctus also bore with invincible firmness all the torments which the executioners imagined to make him suffer, in the hope of drawing from his mouth some avowal against religion; but he opposed to them always so great a courage that he would tell them neither his name, nor his country, nor his condition. To all interrogations he answered: I am a Christian, comprising in this quality his name, his country, his condition, all that he was. The pagans could never wring from him any other answer. The governor was beside himself with fury; the barbarity of the executioners demanded vengeance, and, as they no longer knew what torments to employ, they made plates of brass red-hot in the fire, and applied them to the most sensitive parts of the body. The holy Martyr saw his flesh burn without complaint, Jesus Christ pouring on the wounds of his servant the heavenly dew of grace, which tempered his pain. Already the mutilated body of the Martyr retained scarcely any human appearance: it was a shapeless heap of crushed bones and limbs, of calcined flesh, torn, falling in shreds. But the Lord, who suffered in him, made his glory shine forth through him, confounded the enemy and animated the faithful, showing them by such an example that one has nothing to fear when one bears in oneself the charity of the Father, and that one suffers nothing when one beholds the glory of the Son. In effect, some days afterwards, the impious applied the Martyr to new tortures, hoping that, if they put iron and fire again on his wounds still open, and so inflamed that they could not be touched without his feeling an insupportable pain, his constancy would yield at last; or that, in making him expire in the torments, his fate would terrify the others. But the event deceived their expectations: for, by an unhoped-for miracle, his body, perfectly restored in its form and first strength, was found disposed for new combats, and, by the grace of Jesus Christ, the second trial was for him a remedy rather than a torment.

"Biblis was in the number of those who had denied their faith. The pagans, at the instigation of the demon, who knew her weakness, bethought themselves to put her to the torture, thinking that she would avow the crimes of which the Christians were accused.[7] But the torments awoke Biblis as from a deep sleep. The passing pains which she felt making her think of the eternal pains, she began to harangue the people with force: 'And how,' said she, 'should we eat children, we to whom it is not even permitted to eat the blood of beasts?'[8] She confessed that she was a Christian, and was put with the Martyrs.

"Thus Jesus Christ, by his grace, having rendered the constancy of the confessors victorious over all the torments, hell had recourse to new means to destroy them. It had them thrown into a dark dungeon: there their feet were put in wooden stocks which were spread apart with violence up to the fifth hole, making them suffer all the torments that conquered rage is capable of exercising on captives. God, to make his glory shine forth, permitted that many of these holy confessors should die stifled in the prison. Others, on the contrary, who had been so cruelly tormented that they did not appear likely to prolong their existence amid evils against which every remedy was useless, were still able to live in that frightful abode. Human helps were lacking to them, but the Lord repaired their strength and sustained their courage, so that in their turn they consoled their brethren and revived their ardour. Christians newly arrested, on the contrary, and little accustomed to suffering, soon expired in a prison whose inconveniences were insupportable to them.

"We cannot pass over here in silence the glorious end of Blessed Pothinus, bishop of Lyons. He was ninety years old, weak and infirm, so that he could scarcely breathe; his zeal and the desire of martyrdom sustained him. He was led, or rather carried, to the tribunal amid the insults of all the people, who vomited

imprecations as if in him they had seen Jesus Christ himself. The governor asked him who was the God of the Christians: ‘You will know him,’ he answered, ‘if you are worthy.’ Then the multitude broke into fury. Those who surrounded him struck him with feet and hands, without any respect for his age; those farther off threw at him whatever they met, thinking that thus they avenged their gods. The holy bishop scarcely retained a breath of life when he was thrown into the prison, where shortly after he expired.

“It pleased God again to manifest the admirable economy of his providence and of his infinite mercy, by one of those contrasts which reveal to us how far Jesus Christ carries for his own the attentions of his love. Those who had denied their faith were shut up in the same prison, and suffered the same pains as the confessors; only, those who had avowed themselves Christians were thrown into irons as Christians, and not as guilty of any crimes; the apostates, on the contrary, were detained as homicides or scoundrels. Thus they had much more to suffer than the others, whose pains were softened by the joy of their confession, by the expectation of martyrdom, the hope of eternal happiness, the love for Jesus Christ and the spirit of God the Father. But the former were so tormented by their remorse that, when they appeared before the people, they were distinguished by their consternated air. On the face of the others shone happiness, majesty, a holy joy; their chains gave them as much grace as the bracelets and the golden fringes give to the bride on the day of her wedding; they spread around them the heavenly odour of Jesus Christ, so that several thought they made use of precious perfumes. As for the others, with dull eye, embarrassed countenance, painful gait, they were the object of the bitter railleries of the Gentiles, who taxed them with treason and cowardice; because they had renounced the glorious name of Jesus Christ, they were pursued with the title of homicides. This sad spectacle contributed much to strengthen the confessors, and, if any other Christian came to be arrested, he hastened to confess the faith, to prevent every temptation of apostasy.

“However, by the diversity of their torments, the Martyrs were to be like a crown composed of various flowers which Our Lord Jesus Christ offered to his Father, from whose hands the generous combatants were at last to receive the reward due to their courage. Maturus, Sanctus, Blandina and Attalus were the first condemned to be devoured by the beasts in the amphitheatre. On this occasion, the people were given a day of spectacle of which our holy Martyrs were to bear all the cost. Maturus and Sanctus again bore all sorts of torments, as if they had suffered nothing yet, or rather as generous athletes who, already conquerors several times, fought for the prize of the last victory. They were first torn with rods, according to custom, then abandoned to the beasts, whose ferocity awoke at the sight of a bleeding body, and finally given up to all the torments which the capricious barbarity of the assembly demanded with loud cries. It wished them to be seated on the iron chair made red-hot in the fire. From their grilled flesh exhaled an odour whose inconvenience did not repel the executioners; their fury, on the contrary, grew the more irritated as they made vain efforts to conquer the constancy of the Martyrs; but they could never draw from Sanctus other words than those he had already so often repeated: I am a Christian! These invincible heroes, given as a spectacle to the world, served a whole day for the amusement of the people; and as it was seen that after so many torments they still breathed, they were at last slaughtered in the amphitheatre.

“Blandina was fastened to a post to be torn there by the beasts. Suspended by the arms in the form of a cross, she addressed fervent prayers to God, and her example filled the other Martyrs with ardour. It seemed to them, in the person of their sister, that they saw Him who, crucified for their salvation, had wished to leave in the cross, to all his disciples, a proof that those who suffer for love of him will one day enjoy the presence and the glory of the living God. The beasts having respected Blandina, she was unfastened from the post and led back to prison. She was soon to come out of it for new combats, so that, victorious over the enemy in the numerous attacks which he made upon her, she might render certain the condemnation of the infernal dragon and inflame by her example the courage of her brethren. For, though delicate, weak and despised, she was clothed with the strength of Jesus Christ, the King of Martyrs; she had won several triumphs over her adversary, and conquered in a glorious struggle an immortal crown.

“Meanwhile the vociferations of the people called for Attalus, whom a generous confession of faith, more than his high birth, rendered illustrious. Attalus was prepared for the combat, the testimony of his conscience sustained him. Practised in all the exercises of the Christian warfare, he had always been among us a faithful witness of the truth. Shudders of fury received him and accompanied him, while he was led round the amphitheatre, preceded by this inscription: ‘This is the Christian Attalus.’ But the governor, informed that he was a Roman citizen, had him led back to prison with the others.

“The holy Martyrs turned this delay to profit to make shine forth, by their gentleness, the great mercy of Jesus Christ. In effect, several dead members of the mystical body of the Church were revived by the help of those who were alive. The confessors obtained grace for the apostates, and, in transports of happiness, the Church, that virgin-mother of all the faithful, embraced alive those whom she had been obliged to cast out of her bosom. The piety of the Martyrs had begotten them anew to the spiritual life, henceforth full of vigour and instructed to confess the faith.

“At the same time that they raised up those who had fallen, the confessors gave examples of a truly admirable humility, in imitation of Jesus Christ, who, being equal to his Father, had voluntarily descended to the last limits of abasement. They who had confessed him not once, but several times, who had been exposed to the beasts and to the burning plates, not only did not attribute to themselves the quality of Martyrs, but could not suffer others to call them by that name. ‘This glory,’ they said, ‘is due only to Jesus Christ, sole and faithful Martyr of the truth, who is the first-born from the dead and the author of eternal life. After him, this title can be given only to those who, having departed this life by a generous confession, have been received into the bosom of God. As for us, weak and little, our confession is not complete’; and they conjured their brethren, with tears, to pray the Lord for them, that they might suffer to the end with constancy and really deserve to be crowned. But, in speaking to the pagans, their language bore the stamp of the nobility of their souls, and they bore insults with as much magnanimity as they had shown in the midst of the torments… They found in their heart words of admirable sweetness toward those who, having fallen, had not yet been raised up. Their solicitude for them was like that of a mother who watches over her children of tender age. Then they addressed themselves to Almighty God, asking him to restore these unfortunates to the life of grace; and the Lord granted it to them. Such was the charity of these generous confessors that even the crown of martyrdom and the glory of heaven seemed to them less desirable, if it were given to the spirit of darkness to ravish from the Church some of her members and to carry them off like spoils destined for the triumph of her enemies. Above all, they showed themselves animated by a great spirit of peace, and they urged us to preserve with care this precious virtue, together with the charity which is the bond of unity and concord.

“Among those who were detained there was one named Alcibiades, who was accustomed to lead a very austere life, taking for all nourishment only bread, water and a little salt. He wished to continue this manner of life in the prison; but Attalus, after his first appearance in the amphitheatre, learned by revelation that the conduct of Alcibiades was not agreeable to God, and that he was to the others an occasion of scandal. The latter yielded at once, and from that time he ate of everything with thanksgiving.[9]

“In the meantime, a letter from the emperor arrived; it ordered that those who persevered in their confession should be put to death, and that those who should deny it should be set at liberty. On the day, then, of the inauguration of the solemn games, the assembly being very numerous, because people ran to it from all the provinces, the governor mounted his tribunal and commanded that the Christians be brought to him to give the bystanders the spectacle of their torments. All the instruments of torture were displayed anew. Those who were Roman citizens were condemned to have their heads cut off, the others were reserved for the beasts.

“As for those who had denied their faith, the governor had them brought before him separately, thinking he had only to send them home; but, contrary to his expectation, they declared themselves Christians with a courage which glorified the name of Jesus Christ, effaced the shame of their first weakness and merited them the honour of being associated with the martyrs. Some children of perdition persevered in their impiety, but

these had never had faith nor the fear of God in the depth of their soul; they had profaned the robe of innocence with which they had been clothed in Baptism, and dishonoured religion by their conduct.

“A Christian named Alexander, a Phrygian by birth, but long established in the Gauls, where he practised medicine, had until then escaped the searches of the magistrates, although his ardent piety and his intrepid zeal had rendered him famous among his brethren. He profited by his liberty to place himself near the tribunal of the judge during the interrogation, in order to encourage the confessors by his gestures and to exhort them to perseverance: he did it in a manner so expressive that his neighbours said of him, in mockery, that he was in the pains of childbirth. Meanwhile the people, irritated at hearing the faith confessed by those who had already denied it, denounced Alexander with loud cries as the author of this pretended defection. The governor, who was there only for the pleasure of the people, hastened to do what it demanded: he asked Alexander abruptly who he was. ‘I am a Christian,’ answered the latter promptly; and the judge in anger condemned him to be torn by the beasts. The next day Alexander appeared in the amphitheatre with Attalus, whom the governor, out of complaisance for the people and contrary to the orders of the emperor, condemned to the same torment; but, as the beasts dared not approach the Saints, they passed again through all the torments; after which, led back into the midst of the arena, they perished there by the sword.

“In the midst of the torments which were made him suffer, Alexander let escape no complaint. Recollected in himself, he conversed sweetly with God. As for Attalus, while he was being grilled on an iron chair, and the odour of his burned limbs spread afar, he made to the spectators in Latin this grave and just reproach: ‘It is what you are now doing that can be called eating men. As for us, not only do we not eat human flesh, but we avoid moreover every other sort of crime.’ He was then asked how God was named. ‘God,’ he answered, ‘has no name as we mortals have.’

“Blandina and Ponticus, a young man of about fifteen years, had been forced to be present at the torments of their brethren. The last day of the spectacles brings their turn. First they are pressed to swear by the idols; the two Martyrs despise the false gods. The people break into fury, and, at its demand, without compassion for the youth of Ponticus, without regard for the sex of Blandina, they are submitted successively to torments as painful as they were varied. They are pressed again to swear, they persist in their refusal, and their constancy is submitted to new torments. At last Ponticus, encouraged by Blandina, who exhorted and strengthened him, consummated his martyrdom with a courage greater than his sufferings.

“Blandina remained: like a generous mother who, after having animated her children to the combat, would have sent them victorious before her to the King of glory, she rejoiced to go and rejoin them in the heavens. She ran through the same career of torments with a joy so radiant that one would have said she was called to a nuptial feast rather than condemned to the lions. Already scourged by the executioners, torn by the beasts, burned on the iron chair, she was wrapped in a net, and in this state exposed to a bull, which several times flung her violently into the air; but, wholly occupied with the hope of the goods which her faith promised her, she was not distracted by the torments from her familiar conversations with Jesus Christ. The sword finished immolating this innocent victim, and the pagans were forced to avow that never had they seen a woman suffer with so much constancy.

“The death of the Saints could not satisfy the rage of these barbarous peoples. The infernal dragon who had excited it did not let it die out so easily. They pursued their victims beyond the tomb, and invented against these inanimate remains a new kind of persecution of which only the wild beasts seemed capable. The hatred of the governor and of the people kindled against us with the more violence as it was more iniquitous. That oracle of Scripture had to be accomplished: *Let the malice of the wicked grow still; let the justice of the just increase always.*[10] They therefore threw on the dunghill the bodies of those who had succumbed to the infection and the other inconveniences of the prison; and, for fear that any of us should render them the duty of burial, they had them guarded night and day. They gathered also in heaps the remains of the bodies which the beasts or the flames had spared, the heads and trunks of those whom the sword had immolated, and

entrusted to sentinels the guard of this trophy of their barbarity. At the sight of these venerated remains, some shuddered with rage and regretted that they were no longer animate, to exercise on them new torments; others insulted them and raised to the clouds the glory of the false divinities, to whose power they attributed the death of the Martyrs. The most moderate seemed to take pity on our faith, and, as if to reproach us with it, said: 'Where is their God? of what use to them was this religion which they preferred to life?'

"As for us, we were sensible only to the grief of not being able to bury the bodies of our Martyrs. Nothing could favour our desires, neither the darkness of night, nor the prayers we made to the sentinels, nor the lure of the rewards which we promised them. The sweetest reward for these ferocious souls was to see fall into putrefaction the corpses whose guard had been entrusted to them.

"These Christian bodies remained thus, for six days, exposed to all sorts of outrages. At last the pagans burned them and cast the ashes into the Rhone, that no trace of them might remain on the earth. They pretended thus to take from the Martyrs the hope of the resurrection, and from God the power to raise them. 'It is,' they said, 'the expectation of their resurrection which leads them to introduce among us this new religion, and to brave torments and death rather than renounce it. We shall see whether their God is strong enough to snatch them from our hands, and whether he will raise them…'"

Here ends what Eusebius, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, has preserved to us of this letter. Saint Gregory of Tours, who, in the 6th century, was able to have knowledge of the part of this document which has not come down to us, relates that the Martyrs appeared, after their death, to some of the faithful, and consoled them by telling them that none of them had perished. They added that they were living in heaven; that care should be taken to gather their ashes and to preserve them. The Christians found, in effect, these holy relics miraculously gathered in a place which was called Athanaco, a name which we have rendered by that of Aynay.[11]

Bibliographical Notice on the Account of the Martyrdom of Saint Pothinus; Some Details on the Other Martyrs of Lyons; Monuments; — Cult

As we have said, we have drawn the account of the martyrdom of Saint Pothinus and of his companions from the Circular Letter addressed by the Churches of Lyons and of Vienne to those of Asia and Phrygia. This Letter, composed in Greek, has been preserved to us by Eusebius Pamphilus, bishop of Caesarea, and has reached us in the original text, with the ecclesiastical history of that author. Unfortunately, this letter, which constitutes the finest page of the history of Lyons, we do not possess in its integrity. Eusebius had inserted it in its entirety in his collection of the *Acts of the Martyrs*. This last work is lost, and the hagiographer regrets its loss the more as it contained the primitive and consular acts of all the martyrs of the first three centuries of the Church.

The authenticity of the Letter of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne has been called in doubt by no one. Thus the severe Baillet could say: "We have nothing more authentic after holy Scripture." The composition of it is attributed to Saint Irenaeus. All authors have pointed out the penetrating beauties, the perfume of antiquity of this Letter, written under the very dictation of the Martyrs. Eusebius, a calm and even dry historian, cannot help coming out of his impassibility on approaching this venerable monument.

Du Bosquet knows not how to praise this admirable Epistle. In the midst of history, he interrupts the thread of his narrative to cry out with enthusiasm: "Who is he that would dare undertake to imitate the eloquence of these Fathers? The blessed spirit of the martyrs is still living in these words, dead as they are. The blood shed for Jesus Christ still appears there all boiling. They speak only of things they have seen, which they have touched, which they have endured; they relate only the words which they have gathered from the sacred mouth of the Saints, or those which they employed to exhort them to carry off the victory over idolatry."[12] Although separated from Rome, from that Church which claims the martyrs for her legitimate children, Scaliger did not fail to write these memorable words on the Acts of Saint Polycarp and the Letter of the

Churches of Vienne and Lyons: “These Acts, which are among the most ancient of the Church, touch the religious reader so much that he cannot be satisfied with reading them. There is no one who, according to the reach of his mind and the movement of his conscience, cannot recognise this truth. For myself, I have never read anything in ecclesiastical history which leaves so strong an impression in my soul, which carries me thus out of myself.” Speaking in particular of the Letter of the Churches of Vienne and Lyons: “Can one,” says he, “read anything in the monuments of Christian antiquity which is more august and more worthy of respect?”[13] From the literary point of view, this Letter has been compared, by the most recent historian of Saint Pothinus,[14] to those Cyclopean monuments whose powerful courses and severe lines repel ornaments made for more humble styles, for edifices of an inferior order. A stranger to every literary preoccupation, the writer of this Letter effaced himself completely, he took good care not to make of it a work of his own by a personal labour; thus he did not reserve to himself the privilege, moreover fully acceptable, of setting his signature to it. A collective work of the Churches of Vienne and of Lyons, this Epistle was not to strip itself, even as to form, of this general character in order to take on that of a too marked personality. Well, it happens that this absence of all literary artifice attains to a power superior to all the effects of art. This exact, scrupulous reproduction of the scenes of the forum, of the prisons and of the amphitheatre puts our soul in contact with the great soul of the Martyrs. Seized with admiration, we feel passing into us something of the spirit which animated these Christian heroes. The communicative virtue of their moral grandeur is such that it raises us, that it arms us with courage for that martyrdom in detail, condition of every seriously Christian life.

Yet, however careful he was to efface himself, the writer of the Letter could not help leaving in it something of his manner, of his style, a light imprint of his talent. Forced to abridge it considerably, we have not been able to reproduce its marvellous beauties; but the whole and the details of this monument betray a skilful hand, a cultivated mind; one meets in it a number of traits which denote a writer of exquisite taste, familiar with all kinds of beauty. Thus, when Blessed Pothinus appears at the foot of the tribunal, the writer has a magnificent stroke of the brush to represent to us the generosity of the holy bishop, the thirst for martyrdom which devoured him. “Exhausted by age and infirmities,” says the Letter, “he held his soul in his body in order to procure by his death a glorious triumph for Christ.” The following passage paints with rare felicity the chained ones of Christ; it brings out vividly to our eyes the serenity of these Christian heroes. “The Martyrs appeared joyful; their brow breathed a mixture of grace and majesty. The chains composed for their limbs an admirable adornment; they were the bracelets of the bride, clothed in a tunic with golden fringes, of varied designs.” Here now is a graceful image to retrace as a whole the torments which ended the life of the Martyrs: it is a crown of flowers laid upon their tomb. “They accomplished their martyrdom by divers kinds of death. In this way they offered to the heavenly Father a crown woven of various flowers, shaded with different colours.” In more than one place, the expression, like the thought, is of a remarkable force and energy. After having said that the martyrs obtained by their prayers the conversion of several who had had the weakness to deny their faith, the writer adds: “They (the Martyrs) gripped the infernal dragon so strongly by the throat that they forced him to give back alive those whom he thought he had devoured.”

We have four Latin translations of this Letter: we owe them to four authors who have rendered into the language of Rome the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius. The first in antiquity, but not in merit, is that of Rufinus, priest of Aquileia, so well known by his disputes with Saint Jerome. Rufinus looks more to the sense than to the words. His translation is too free. The version which the Protestant minister Wolfgang published about the middle of the 16th century is clear, precise, but quite often unfaithful to the sense. The same qualities and the same defects are in that of Christophorson, Anglican bishop of Chichester; Baronius followed it and owes to it, it is said, several of the chronological errors into which he fell. Coming last, that of Henri de Valois is the most exact.

The French language possesses two complete translations of the history of Eusebius. The first, published in 1532, is of an aged and antiquated style: it is owed to Claude de Seyssel, bishop of Marseilles; the second, correct, elegant even, but too free, is by the president Cousin. — The Letter of the Churches of Vienne and Lyons has been translated separately by a great number of authors, and among others by Drouet de Maupertuy, in the *Acts of the Martyrs*, translated from Dom Ruinart. This translation is the best known, and yet it is full of defects. “Maupertuy takes too much room; his version plays around the text in the manner of a commentary rather than of a severe translation. Now, with this largeness of interpretation, the sense is not always saved; the beauties of the original are tarnished, effaced; the general character of the Letter, its accent and its colour disappear; and, instead of an exact reproduction, there remains to you only a pale and unfaithful copy of a Christian masterpiece.” We have avoided, this time, reproducing Maupertuy. The best translations being those of M. Collombet, in his *Saints of Lyons*, 1835; of Father Gouilloud in the history of Saint Pothinus and his companions, martyrs, 1868, we have combined them to give as far as possible an idea of this masterpiece.

In his ecclesiastical history, Eusebius indicates positively that Blessed Pothinus suffered in the seventeenth year of the reign of Marcus Aurelius. As this year corresponds to the year 177, we have therefore the precise date of the epoch at which the letter of the churches of Vienne and Lyons was written. It remains to fix the day.

According to the common opinion, the last Martyrs were put to death at the beginning of the month of August. The writer of the Letter does not mention this epoch expressly, but he gives it sufficiently to be understood by the term which he employs. In this “panagyrie”, the Lyonnese historians agree in seeing the immense concourse which the festivals in honour of Rome and Augustus, celebrated on the calends of August, drew from all parts to Lyons. There is therefore no reason to put back the last interrogation two months earlier, as one author does. The feast of Saint Pothinus and of his companions, fixed by the Church on the second day of June,[15] does not favour this opinion at all. According to the terms of the Letter, the great butchery in which the Martyrs of Lyons were immolated was consummated at the amphitheatre, during the festivals which, in all likelihood, were the festivals of the month of August (177).

“It was,” says the Letter, “at the beginning of a solemn gathering which attracts from all countries a great concourse of strangers. The president brought the Saints to his tribunal, to give them as a spectacle to the multitude. He made them undergo a new interrogation. After which, all those who were found to have the right of citizenship had their heads cut off; as for the others, they were delivered to the beasts.”

After the persecution, the Church of Lyons, instituting a feast in honour of Saint Pothinus, would not separate from the pontiff those who had been associated with him in his sufferings. Vettius Epagathus is the first whose name is written in the Letter of the two Churches. By the nobility of his birth, he ranked equal with what there was most distinguished at Lyons and in the province. His family had arrived at the greatest honours: the name of the Vettii had been several times inscribed in the consular fasti; it had also shone on the album of the Roman senate. To this profane brilliance there came to be added in Epagathus the lustre which comes from the true faith. He was, it appears, grandson of Leocadius, of that senator who, in the 1st century, had given his palace of Bourges to Saint Ursinus that he might convert it into a church. If it is so, one sees that we were right to say that Lyons contained Christians within it before the arrival of Blessed Pothinus. Gregory of Tours, it is true, inverts the roles and makes of Leocadius a descendant of Vettius Epagathus; but it will suffice to observe that the chronology of the Father of the history of France is at fault, as concerns the history of Lyons, as on many other points. Thus, to cite only one example, he places the martyrdom of Saint Irenaeus before that of Saint Pothinus. Besides, after having said in his *History of the Franks* that Saint Ursinus was sent to Bourges in the 3rd century, under the empire of Decius, he contradicts himself in his *Book of the Glory of the Confessors*, and represents to us this same Saint Ursinus, sent by an immediate disciple of the apostles, that is to say about the time of Claudius, in the 1st century. Probability is therefore in

favour of the pre-existence of Leocadius.

As to the native country of Vettius Epagathus, no monument makes it known in a precise manner: it is natural to think that he was of Lyons, since he was well known there and was grandson of a senator who had resided in that city.

The writer of the Letter then introduces upon the scene Sanctus, Maturus, Attalus and Blandina: a deacon, a Roman citizen, a neophyte of yesterday and a slave woman. Sanctus was born at Vienne of a free family.

Henri de Valois, translator and annotator of Eusebius, thought that Sanctus had been born at Vienne and had been attached to the clergy of Lyons as deacon. Although the Greek text lends itself to a double interpretation, it suffices, to dispel all ambiguity, to have recourse to local traditions. Now, according to the traditions of the churches of Vienne and Lyons, not only was Sanctus of Vienne, but he belonged to the clergy of the latter city. But, it will be asked, how did Sanctus find himself at Lyons, and how could the president of the Lyonnaise condemn a citizen belonging to the province of Narbonensis? The answer is easy. Ties had been formed between the two Christian communities, well before the persecution of 177. The persecution having broken out at Lyons, the faithful of Vienne went to the help of those of Lyons.[16] Now, according to the Roman laws, the president of a city had jurisdiction over strangers when they had committed some crime.[17] We know nothing of Maturus, except that he was a provincial subject of Lyons and that, scarcely out of the sacramental bath, this Christian of yesterday had become a generous athlete, thus realising the signification of maturity which his name carries.

Attalus was a Christian of great birth. A Greek of Asia by origin, he had been born at Pergamum and perhaps descended from one of the freedmen of the kings of that country. Attalus is represented to us as one of the pillars of Christianity at Lyons: this will not astonish if one considers that it is probably he whom Saint Justus, bishop of Vienne, had chosen to go and fulfil with Pope Saint Pius I a mission in the name of the church of Vienne. Here is the occasion. Christians had succumbed at Vienne, victims of a local persecution of which the causes are unknown, under the reign of Antoninus the Pious. Saint Justus charged Attalus to carry to the see of Peter the Acts of these Martyrs. The letter, qualified as a golden letter by Baronius, which the Pope wrote in reply to Saint Justus, begins thus: “Attalus has come to us and has filled us with joy by making to us the recital of the triumph of the Martyrs.” Most orthodox scholars do not hesitate to see in the courier dispatched to Rome this same Attalus who was brought before the tribunal of the president of the Lyonnaise. This point admitted, one is authorised to recognise that Attalus belonged to the church of Vienne, rather than to that of Lyons.

After Sanctus, Maturus and Attalus comes Blandina the slave.

The contrast of her condition with the nobility of her character has contributed not a little to set Blandina in relief. A heroism sprung from so low has placed the humble slave so high, has raised for her so lofty a pedestal, that, among the forty-eight Martyrs of Lyons, she occupies one of the first places in the admiration of the faithful as well as in the historical and liturgical monuments. Descended with her mistress into the bloody arena, she shone there with so lively a brilliance that she completely eclipsed the Gallo-Roman matron whose property she was. Her name was gathered up by the Letter of the two Churches; it has come down to us glorious among the forty-seven others; and the name of her mistress, immolated for Jesus Christ like her, is known only to God alone. There is better: it is the privilege of Blandina to walk the equal of Blessed Pothinus in the cult rendered to the Martyrs of Lyons. In the eloquent homily pronounced by Saint Eucherius to the glory of these Christian heroes, she is distinguished among all the others; she is named there alone with Blessed Pothinus. Sometimes even the Christian heroine effaces completely all her companions in suffering, so that express mention is made only of Blandina. Thus, in several martyrologies and ancient collects, she has the singular honour of figuring alone, of being invoked alone by her name.[18] This privileged mention, this exceptional invocation, happily translate the title of mother of the

Martyrs which is given to her by the Letter of the two Churches.

The writer of this Letter makes the heroic Blandina stand out vividly to our eyes; he stops with a sort of complaisance before her radiant figure, and each time he returns to her, while remaining in his role of faithful witness, he lets a shade of tender admiration show through, something which resembles a sort of predilection. Thus the slave disdained by men has become a type of moral grandeur, the personification of the martyrs of Lyons. The name of the Christian slave has remained attached to an oratory built near the place which was the theatre of her immolation. The crypt of the church of Aynay is called the crypt of Saint Blandina. We think that near the amphitheatre there was a special prison where those condemned to the beasts were shut up, awaiting the hour of the games, or when they were to appear several times in the arena. According to this, Saint Blandina would have been taken from the dungeons of the hill, and would have remained in the prison contiguous to the amphitheatre until her last combat. Thence would have come to the faithful the thought of raising to her a chapel in the place where she had been shut up between her first and her last exposure to the beasts.

However that may be, we cannot, for lack of data, assign a certain date to the present crypt. In the era of the persecutions, a Christian chapel could not exist two steps from the altar of Rome and Augustus. The construction of an oratory raised to Blandina at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône cannot therefore be carried back higher than Constantine. We know that a solitary of the name of Badulphus came to settle in this spot, to shelter there his life of penance and prayer. But at what epoch? Is it in the 4th or the 5th century? We do not know. Supposing that Badulphus lived only in the 5th century, it would remain to be known whether this solitary found, toward the extremity of the delta, an oratory already existing in honour of Saint Blandina, or whether he was the first to lay its foundations.

The crypt which one visits to-day shows a very high antiquity. Its architectural character allows it to be carried back to the 5th century. Let us add that the oratory of Saint Blandina rests on the ancient Roman soil, that the progressive raising of the ground has buried it so as to make of it a sort of crypt. Precious to Lyonnese piety, this crypt is so still from another point of view: it seems to support the tradition as to the site of the amphitheatre. According to us, it is a monument which indicates the place where Blandina and several other Martyrs of Lyons were immolated. Nothing else is known of Blandina than what the Letter of the two Churches teaches of her. Saint Eucherius, however, seems to say that she belonged by birth to Lyons, when in his homily on the Saint he cries out in the name of the city of which he was pastor: “O Bethlehem, my Blandina could not find a place in the choir of thy Martyrs!” As to Ponticus, some authors have made of him a brother of Blandina, and have placed him in the servile condition. The Acts do call Blandina his sister; but the bond of this fraternity was probably only that of Christian fraternity. If Ponticus had been a slave, the writer of the Letter would not have omitted to bring out this detail to the honour of Christianity, friend of the little and the disinherited of this world.

The Letter of the two Churches designates only ten of the forty-eight blessed who compose the legion of the Martyrs of Lyons. Here are the names of these ten: Pothinus, Vettius Epagathus, Sanctus, Maturus, Attalus, Bibliade, Alcibiades, the physician Alexander, Ponticus and Blandina. The others had not been passed over in silence. The writer of the Letter had signalled them all by name, but Eusebius omitted, in his Ecclesiastical History, the passage which contained these names, and referred to his collection of the *Acts of the Martyrs*, which is lost. This list has been restored by means of Gregory of Tours and of Ado, who were able to consult either the lost work of Eusebius or the diptychs of the Church of Lyons.

By filling the gaps and comparing the variants, here is how the most authorised critics have thought they should establish the list of the forty-eight first Martyrs of Lyons: *Had their heads cut off as Roman citizens:* Zacharias, Vettius Epagathus, Macarius, Alcibiades, Silvius, Piimus, Ulpius, Vitalis, Comuiiuus, October, Philominus, Geminus, Julia, Albina, Grata, Rogata, Æuiilia, Posthumiana, Pompeia, Rhodana,[19] Bibliade, Quinta, Materna, Helpis, called also Amnas.

Were exposed to the beasts: Sanctus, Maturus, Attalus, Alexander, Ponticus and Blandina. *Died in the prisons:* Blessed Pothinus, Arescius, Cornelius, Zozimus, Titus, Zoticus, Julius, Apollonius, Geminianus, Gamnite, Julia, Æmilia, Pompeia, Antonia, Alumna, Justa, Trophima, Antonia.

Let us say a word of the frightful underground where the first bishop of Lyons died, where the first Martyrs of this city were heaped together like unclean beasts.

Let us climb together the montée Saint-Barthélemy, and enter the Antiquaille by the service door. The threshold passed, we arrive on a level into a rather spacious yard, around which is a simple gallery. The prison extends precisely beneath this court. Let us descend the steps of a stone staircase giving on another court lower than the first, and we enter the venerated dungeon by a modern door. Above this door we read, on a wooden frame applied to the wall, the following inscription: "The church of Lyons, by a constant tradition, has always venerated this vault as the prison where Saint Pothinus, her first bishop, was shut up with forty-eight Christians, and where he crowned his martyrdom."

While at the surface of the ground everything has been overturned by the action of time and the hand of men, the prison of the Martyrs, buried under the earth, has escaped these upheavals. The black underground measures only six metres in length by five in width, and three in height at its centre. The lowered vault falls according to an irregular curve down to the ground, on which it rests on three sides. Toward its middle it is supported by a column with courses of stone. According to tradition, Saint Blandina was fastened to this column; an iron trellis protects it to-day against the indiscreet hands of visitors. Round this pillar there hung formerly from the vault several iron rings intended to hold the prisoners. A single one of these rings is still seen to-day, all the others have unfortunately disappeared.[20] On the right on entering, opens, in the form of a niche, the excavation where Blessed Pothinus was shut up.

In a corner of the prison rises a modest altar. Each year, on the feast of Saint Pothinus, and throughout the octave which follows the feast, the crypt, hung with white and red draperies, adorned with garlands and green foliage, opens to the piety of the faithful. A numerous crowd climbs the hill, visits the dungeon dear to the church of Lyons. It accomplishes this pious pilgrimage in order to steep its faith anew under these vaults where the memory of the Martyrs is still living. On their side, a great number of priests are happy to celebrate the holy mysteries in the dark vault, quite near the cell where Blessed Pothinus rendered his fair soul to the Lord. This prison extended, in the manner of a vestibule, before three other dungeons, lower and of lesser dimension. A single one of these secondary dungeons subsists to-day; it is placed to the left of the original entrance. These four places of reclusion had been furnished by the Romans with solid doors, latticed in lozenges. In 1627, the year in which the Visitandines took possession of the Antiquaille, they were still all in place. In 1659, the one which closed the cell of Saint Pothinus existed also. It is greatly to be regretted that these doors have been removed to serve other uses; the memories attached to them should have protected them, made them respected as precious relics.

The prison receives a little air and light only by the door; no skylight, no air-hole taking daylight from outside. The door closed, it is a sepulchral darkness; thus one must arm oneself with a torch to visit this underground. Under the Roman domination, the state of these places does not seem to have been different. In a relation which she wrote in the year 1695, a sister of the Visitation affirms that, under the Romans as in her own time, daylight penetrated into the dungeons only by the door. From all that is known of Roman prisons, this privation of air and light has nothing that should astonish.

The palace of the emperors rose above or quite beside this prison, which it crushed with its mass and its luxury. The Martyrs of Lyons were shut up beneath this palace, dwelling of the president of the Lyonnaise and of his principal agents: the victims under the feet of their executioners. Below the ground, privations and sufferings of every kind; above, the delights of banquets and the mad joys of debauchery. Roman civilisation took pleasure in such contrasts. This palace, raised at great cost by the Romans, embellished by the arts and

by luxury, has been completely effaced from the soil. A reservoir of water, a conduit which made this reservoir communicate with the aqueducts, a few remains exhumed from the ground, that is all that remains of the splendid edifice, ornament of the hill, pride of the city. And the funereal dungeon where the first bishop of Lyons gave up his last breath has resisted the injuries of time and of men; it is still there with its sombre walls, with the power of the memories it awakens. Thanks to this preservation, it is not difficult to picture to oneself Saint Pothinus in his cell; Blandina fastened to the ring of the column; the other Martyrs bound, chained, their feet in the stocks. As to the place where the Martyrs sustained their combats, our ancient historians affirm that it was on the hill, in the enclosure of the Minims, where lately there were still seen some ruins of a Roman monument, of which nothing remains to-day. In the 17th century, these ruins, though already very incomplete, still allowed one to distinguish the hemicycle of a theatre, with some vestiges of the tiers on which the spectators sat. In the opposite part was the stage, beneath which Father Colonia had thought he recognised one of the grottoes or cellars in which the wild beasts were shut up. He concluded from it that this theatre might have served at once for scenic games and for the combats of gladiators and beasts, although these ordinarily took place only in amphitheatres. Modern writers have not admitted this double use: they have thought that the sloping vaults placed beneath the hemicycle, of which Father Colonia speaks, had no other object than to support a staircase with two flights.[21] But where, then, was the Lyonnese amphitheatre? Some have suspected that perhaps it occupied that space which the rue Tramassac traverses.[22] All our historians have signalled the existence, in this place, of a very considerable monument which, according to this system, they would have taken, wrongly, for a temple dedicated to Antoninus. A fragment of inscription, found in the ruins of the porticoes of this edifice, fixed the date of its construction at the year 174 of Jesus Christ, under the consulate of Orfilus and of Maximus, and our Martyrs suffered only in 177. However, it is held to be improbable that an amphitheatre existed in this place at that epoch.[23] Lastly, at various dates, and quite recently again, there have been recognised in the quarter of our city called the Déserte vast Roman substructions cut by water conduits which seem to indicate a naumachia. Now, nautical games often took place in amphitheatres, where the waters were poured by secret channels. No one, however, has ever affirmed that the Martyrs of Lyons sustained their glorious combats at the Déserte.[24] The most accredited opinion to-day is that they were put to death near the altar of Augustus, at Aynay. To justify it, in the absence of every vestige of an edifice, it is supposed that, during the first centuries of our era, the Romans established, in this place, a provisional construction destined for the bloody games, like a temporary circus. Perhaps the various hypotheses might be reconciled by admitting that the first combats of the confessors of the faith took place on the hill, and the last before the altar of Augustus, in the month of August, the epoch at which solemn games took place. However that may be, oral tradition and written tradition, sacred monuments and profane ruins, all tell the Lyonnese that the place where the Martyrs suffered was at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône, in the neighbourhood of Aynay. The Letter of the two Churches affirms that the Martyrs fought at the amphitheatre; now, according to Gregory of Tours and Ado, echoes of the tradition in the 6th and the 9th century, these Martyrs sustained at Athanauem (Aynay). The rigorous consequence is that the arenas, reddened by the blood of the soldiers of Christ, extended over the zone now occupied by the church of Aynay and the adjacent streets. Four granite columns, on which the church of Aynay still rests, come from the ruins of this amphitheatre. It is agreed to think that these four pillars, joined two by two, formed the columns of the altar of Augustus and that each of these columns was surmounted by a colossal statue of Victory. We may be reproached with invoking here the testimony of Gregory of Tours, when we so often challenge him. We answer that in a question of topography Gregory of Tours is perfectly admissible, since he spent his youth at Lyons. It is not here a question of high criticism or of chronology. Ado, for his part, is an exact author: he lived at Vienne, scarcely four leagues from Lyons: as he agrees with Gregory of Tours, it may be thought that he came to gather on the spot details which would interest the Church of Vienne as much as that of Lyons. Several think that the bodies of our holy Martyrs were burned in an *ustrinum*, of which, in the 16th century, vestiges were found in digging the ground to lay the foundations of a house in the place Bellecour. The *ustrinum*, which, according to the Roman laws, could

be placed only outside a city, served to consume the bodies of the dead, principally those of poor people who could not bear the cost of a pyre. The one of which we speak was situated not far from the confluence of our two rivers, where, according to Saint Gregory of Tours, the pagans threw the ashes of the Martyrs.

Amid the various appreciations which we have just mentioned, one fact is beyond doubt: it is that the confessors of the faith must have been interrogated in the Forum, which occupied the summit of the hill of Fourvière; for it was there that justice was rendered. It is probable, then, that they were shut up in the prisons of which the remains are seen at the place we call the Antiquaille, where formerly stood the palace of the emperors. It is there, in effect, that tradition places the dungeon in which Saint Pothinus expired.

Here now, in a few words, are the principal phases through which the church of Saint-Nizier, cradle of Christianity at Lyons, has passed.

The oratory of Saint Pothinus was replaced by a church in the form of a Greek cross. At the peace given to the Church by Constantine, this destroyed sanctuary was rebuilt on the same foundations and dedicated by the bishop Vocius to the holy Apostles. This monument, built by the unskilled architects of that epoch, necessitated, a century afterwards, a new reconstruction. In the 5th century, then, Saint Eucherius built a church on larger proportions. In this reconstruction, the oratory of Saint Pothinus was re-established in its primitive state; it communicated with the new church, to which it probably served as baptistery. Saint Nizier, who died in 575, having been buried in this church, his tomb became famous by a great number of miracles. That is why this church, placed at first under the title of the Holy Apostles, took the name of Saint-Nizier. The monument raised by Saint Eucherius subsisted until the invasion of the Saracens (732), who overthrew it from top to bottom. In 800, Leidrade raised it from its ruins. The work of this great bishop, friend of Charlemagne, lasted until the end of the 13th century. The construction of the church we see to-day was begun in 1303. The works, several times interrupted for lack of funds, lasted until the 17th century. These intermittences explain the varieties of style which are remarked in this monument.

It is to be regretted that the works executed in the 15th century altered the character of the crypt, an alteration aggravated in our days by unintelligent restorations. For a long time the crypt of Saint Pothinus has been abandoned, forgotten; to-day most of the inhabitants of Lyons are ignorant even of its name. This oratory opens only once a year, on the day of the feast of Saint Ennemond. For several centuries the gratitude of the Lyonnese showed itself in frequent visits to this sanctuary. Let us hope that the initiative of the clergy will resume these visits too long interrupted.

The cult of Saint Pothinus and of his companions must have begun a short time after their martyrdom; the solemnity in their honour took on later an exceptional character: under the name of the feast of the Marvels, it was celebrated with extraordinary brilliance and pomp. It consisted of a procession made in boats on the Saône. The bishop’s barge, escorted by four others after the manner of acolytes, opened the march. Then came the magistrates in official costume, the principal inhabitants in festal dress, the guilds, banners displayed. The procession on the water passed through the places marked by the principal circumstances of the combat of the Martyrs. Thus it started from the church of Vaise, because in this remote suburb the martyrs Alexander and Epipodius were discovered; arrived at the bridge of the Saône, the barges passed one after another under the arch nearest to Saint-Nizier, and this arch was called the Marvellous. At the same time the *Laudate Dominum* was intoned to salute the oratory of Blessed Pothinus. At the height of Aynay, everyone landed, and the procession proceeded toward the abbatial church. Entered into the sanctuary, all the members of the clergy applied their lips to the stone called of Saint Pothinus: this stone, according to tradition, came from the dungeon where the holy pontiff had expired for Jesus Christ. Aynay was therefore the second station. The third was at the church of Saint-Nizier, originally of the Apostles. They returned to it by land. A solemn mass celebrated in this church, which had received the ashes of the Martyrs miraculously given back by the Rhone, crowned the religious solemnity. It is easy to see that, as we follow the sorrowful way of Jesus Christ in making the Way of the Cross, so the ancestors of the Lyonnese followed the triumphal

way trodden by their Martyrs, stopping at the principal places marked by the circumstances of the combat. As to the general sense of the procession, it is easy to grasp: this voyage on the water was made in memory of the miracle by which the waters of the Rhone gave back the relics of the Saints. We have spoken of the feast of the Marvels in the past, for it has not been celebrated since the middle of the 15th century; though the date of its suppression, which was brought about on account of the abuses which with time were introduced into it, cannot be fixed, the epoch at which it began can be fixed still less.

The church of Saint-Leu of Amiens possesses a large bone of Saint Blandina, framed behind the altar.

Saint Pothinus and his companions, martyrs; Origins of the Church of Lyons, by Fr. André Gouilloud, of the Society of Jesus; and the *Great Memories of the Church of Lyons*, by D. Meynis.

Saint Erasmus,[25] Bishop and Martyr

— Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Martyr morte vitam contemnat, ut vitam morte custodiat.

The martyr condemns life by death, that death may preserve life to him.

S. Cyprian, *De laude mart.*

Saint Erasmus having withdrawn into a solitude on Mount Lebanon, to implore the help of God in favour of the Church persecuted by the emperors Diocletian and Maximian, wrought many prodigies there. The angels came down from heaven to converse with him; the wildest beasts came to his cell, prostrated themselves at his feet and rendered him the services he desired, and a raven brought him food. He did not fail, nevertheless, to betake himself from time to time to the city of Antioch, of which he was bishop: there he drove the demons out of the bodies of the possessed, and converted by his exhortations and baptised many infidels. Diocletian had him first beaten with rods, then struck with scourges loaded with lead with a horrible cruelty; but these torments not having shaken him, a great cauldron was prepared, filled with resin, pitch, sulphur and boiling wax, into which he was thrown without his receiving, by the permission of God, any harm from it. Struck with astonishment at the sight of this miracle, the pagans who had run together to enjoy the spectacle of his sufferings, detesting their false gods, were converted to Jesus Christ.

But the tyrant, full of rage, ordered that the Martyr be shut up in a dungeon, and left there to die of hunger, threatening with death whoever should be bold enough to bring him food.

In the middle of the night, an admirable light illumined the prison, which was soon filled with a heavenly perfume, and an angel addressed these words to the holy Martyr: “Rise quickly, Erasmus, and follow me, for thou hast yet to convert many souls to Jesus Christ.” Erasmus rises and follows his guide, who leads him to Lucrinum, a city of Apulia, where, by his miracles, by his shining virtues, by his word inspired by God, he snatched from the darkness of paganism a very great number of the inhabitants of these regions.

The glory of his conquests spread afar: the emperor Maximian learned of it and hastened, not to assure himself of these prodigies, but to avenge himself upon them. He has Erasmus brought to his tribunal and says to him: “What religion dost thou profess?”

The holy Martyr, raising his eyes to heaven, asked of it strength and grace to answer with firmness the questions of the tyrant. Maximian perceived it and had him given blows on the face. “Take heed to thyself,” he added, “and sacrifice to the gods.”

Soon a cuirass of iron was made red-hot in the fire, and when it was well burning, the Martyr was clothed with it as with a garment. But Our Lord, who had preserved the three young men in the furnace, preserved his servant again from the touch of the fire. He came out of this furnace of iron without his body bearing the least trace of the flames which should have devoured it.

The tyrant, whose anger went as far as rage, had a cauldron filled with lead, pitch, resin and oil. They were made to melt and boil together, and the holy Martyr was cast into it. But all obeys the hand of God; the cauldron smoked, boiled, foamed; it rolled the Martyr in its bubbling waves, without being able to attack his life. The vanquished tyrant ordered, trembling with rage, that he be taken out of the cauldron, and had him shut up in a dark dungeon, until he should have invented some very cruel torment to be rid of him. But that same night, an angel appeared again to Saint Erasmus; he delivered him from his bonds, led him to the shore of the sea, where a boat awaited them; they embarked in it together, and the angel landed him at Formiae, a city of Campania, situated near Gaeta. There again, by his miracles, his virtues, his preachings, he won a great number of souls to Jesus Christ.

God at last willed to reward his courage and his labours. One day when the holy Martyr was wholly absorbed in his prayer, he heard a voice from heaven which said to him: “Erasmus, good and faithful servant, since thou hast fought the good fight, come to receive the crown of glory which I have prepared for thee.” He raised his eyes and perceived in effect a most precious crown which the angels were bringing him; then he said, bowing his head: “Lord, receive my spirit.” In pronouncing these words, his soul escaped from his body under the form of a dove of dazzling whiteness: it was surrounded at once by a heavenly troop, and presented to its Creator, who had strengthened it in the midst of its torments, snatched it from so many and such formidable perils.

This holy bishop died, according to Baronius, in the year of Our Lord 301.

His body, according to Saint Gregory the Great, was buried at Formiae, where it remained until the 6th century in the cathedral church; but after the destruction of that city by the Saracens, it was transferred to Gaeta (842), where it is still held at present in great veneration. Saint Benedict, patriarch of the religious of the West, was so devout to this blessed Martyr that he had two basilicas built in his honour: one at Rome, and the other at Véruile. Saint Erasmus is represented with an angel. This recalls the fact of his deliverance and of his voyage into Italy. This miraculous voyage of the Saint at sea gave birth to the devotion which has taken this Saint as patron of sailors. The Italians call Saint Erasmus Saint Elmo; the Spaniards have transferred this name to Saint Peter Gonzalez, one of their saints whom they have likewise taken as patron of seafaring people.

Pope Gelasius II, while a monk at Monte Cassino, wrote the life of Saint Erasmus, as Peter the Deacon assures us, in the collection he made of the illustrious men of this monastery. The Bollandists think that the acts of Saint Erasmus have been altered and that several facts have been attributed to him which relate to other saints. — Cf. *AA. SS.*, 2 June.

Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter, Martyrs

— Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperor: Diocletian.

Martyrum certamen, cœleste certamen est, certamen Dei, certamen spirituale, prælium Christi.

The struggle of the martyrs is a heavenly struggle, a divine struggle, a spiritual struggle, the combat of Christ.

S. Cyprian, Ep. ix, *ad mart. et confess.*

Saint Marcellinus was a priest of the Church of Rome, and Saint Peter was an exorcist of it. They lived, both of them, at the end of the 3rd century and the beginning of the 4th. The eminent virtue of Saint Marcellinus and the holiness of his exorcist shone with too much brilliance in this capital to be sheltered there from the persecution of Diocletian, when the blood of the martyrs streamed on all sides. The power which God had given the holy exorcist over the demons had irritated hell, which was not slow to excite the pagans against him. His high reputation, his zeal, his miracles caused him to be denounced to the prefect Serenus, as the greatest enemy of the gods. He was arrested and cast into a dungeon, after having been several times torn

with scourges. The joy which this generous Martyr showed in the torments, his sweet, modest and smiling air, his tranquillity, his patience astonished all the pagans. He was heard, day and night, singing the praises of God in his frightful prison, although he was loaded with irons, and his whole body was but one wound. He perceived one day that the jailer, named Artemius, never descended into the dungeon but with tears in his eyes; the sadness painted on his brow showed that his heart was in bitterness. Our Saint took the liberty to ask him the cause of his affliction. “I weep,” answered the jailer, “the misfortune of a daughter I have, whom I love tenderly, without my being able to bring any relief to her ills. It is some years since she has been possessed by a cruel demon who torments her horribly, and I have just left her in one of those frightful attacks.” “If that is the only thing which afflicts you,” answered the Saint, “it will be easy to console you.” “And how?” replied Artemius. “By delivering your daughter,” said the exorcist. “I understand it,” replied Artemius, “but what man, or what God, can work this marvel?” “I,” said Saint Peter, “by the almighty power of Jesus Christ, only true God, who is also the only one that I adore and serve.” The jailer listened with pity to this answer. “If that is so,” resumes Artemius, “thou art very foolish not to make use of the power of thy Master to deliver thyself from thy chains.” “I know too well the advantages and the price of this dungeon and of these irons,” answers the holy exorcist, “to wish to be delivered from them; and my divine Saviour loves me too much to wish to deprive me of so precious a crown: sufferings are the fortune of Christians.” “If thou wilt,” said Artemius, interrupting him, “that I believe in thy God and his almighty power, break thy chains, open thy prison thyself; and, passing through the guard-room which is at the door, come to find me this evening in my chamber.” In saying this in mockery, he turns his back on him and withdraws into his house. Artemius, entering his house: “I have just,” says he to Candida, his wife, “left in the dungeon a young Christian, whose mind the torments and the prison have turned. His folly is rather amusing: he imagines that, by the virtue of his God Jesus Christ, he will deliver Paulina our daughter.” “I wonder,” says Candida, “that you treat it as folly; what does it cost to make the trial?” “The folly,” replied Artemius, “is that having asked him, as proof of the almighty power of his God, to come to find me this evening in my chamber, he has promised it me, although I have doubled both his chains and his guard.” “If he keeps his word,” replied Candida, “it is indeed a sign that there is no true God but his.” “Thou art as mad as he,” answers Artemius: “if Jupiter with all our gods were to come to draw him out of his dungeon, they could not succeed.” The conversation was continuing when Saint Peter appeared at the door of the chamber, dressed in white and holding a crucifix in his hand. His presence astounds Artemius and Candida, who, recovered from their astonishment, throw themselves at his feet, and, melting into tears, cry out: “There is no true God but the God of the Christians.” At the same time Paulina falls on her knees before the Saint; and the demon by which she was possessed, not being able to bear the presence of the holy exorcist, left her crying: “O Peter! the virtue of Jesus Christ which is in thee drives me hence, and constrains me to go out of the body of this girl.”

The prodigy was too striking not to make a great noise. The house was soon full of neighbours and kinsfolk, who, witnesses of a fact so marvellous, all asked for baptism. Saint Peter, filled with the sweetest consolation at the sight of so many conversions, went to find the priest Marcellinus, who, having explained to them the principal mysteries of the faith, and seeing them in the best disposition, gave them Baptism. Artemius, thrilling with joy at seeing himself a Christian, enters the prison, and brings out all those who were retained there for the cause of Jesus Christ.

The illness of the prefect Serenus gave full leisure to Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter to instruct, during nearly fifty days, these new Christians, and to prepare them for martyrdom. Serenus was no sooner recovered than he summoned Artemius, and ordered him to bring him the prisoners. “Lord,” answers the jailer, “the prisons are empty. Peter, exorcist of the Christians, has broken the irons of those whom you held in the dungeons, and has opened the door of the prison by the almighty power of Jesus Christ. At this miracle we have all received the faith and holy Baptism, and there remain only the holy priest Marcellinus, Peter his exorcist and myself to receive your orders.”

Serenus, irritated to fury against Artemius, had him torn with scourges armed with lead with so much cruelty that he could not survive it without a miracle. Then having Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter brought: “Expect to be treated with no less severity,” he said to them, “after the attempt you have committed, unless, renouncing your Jesus Christ, you offer incense to our idols.” “God forbid,” answers Saint Marcellinus, “that we should ever commit such an impiety: there is but one God, and it is the height of folly and of impiety to acknowledge several. It is by the almighty power of this God that the irons of your prisoners were broken, and that the doors of your prisons were opened; do not make a crime to us of this marvel, but rather acknowledge by it that there is no other God than the God of the Christians.”

Serenus could not restrain his anger any longer; he had Saint Marcellinus cruelly beaten, and, seeing him all bruised, he ordered that he be bound in a dark dungeon, stretched on broken glass, without water and without food. Saint Peter was shut up in another prison, with fetters on his feet, and his whole body in torture. But the hand of the Lord, which had set at liberty the holy confessors, delivered our holy Martyrs that very night. An angel, having entered the dungeon where Saint Marcellinus was, broke his bonds, ordered him to put on his garments, and led him to the dungeon where Saint Peter was; and having likewise delivered and healed him, he conducted them both to the house where the new Christians were assembled in prayer. They remained there some days to confirm them in the faith, and to prepare them for martyrdom.

Meanwhile Serenus, having learned that Marcellinus and Peter had escaped, discharged all his fury upon Artemius. He ordered that this jailer, Candida his wife and Paulina his daughter be led to the temple of Jupiter, and that, if they refused to sacrifice to the gods, they be buried alive under a heap of stones which should be made to fall upon them. As they were being led to the torment, Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter, followed by several other Christians, came to meet the holy Martyrs, and accompanied them in triumph. God soon rewarded their zeal and fervour. They were themselves arrested, and without delay condemned to have their heads cut off.

To avoid an uprising which was feared, it was ordered that they should be executed a league from Rome, in a wood which was then called the Black Forest, and which since, on account of these holy Martyrs, was called the White Forest; there they received the crown of martyrdom, about the year 304. Their bodies were cast into a cavern, where they remained hidden.

Some time afterwards, a respectable lady, named Lucilla, learned by revelation what had happened. She had herself accompanied by another lady of piety, who was named Firmina, and having taken up the bodies of the Martyrs, she buried them beside that of Saint Tiburtius, in the catacombs, on the Via Lavicana. Pope Damasus assures us that, when a child, he learned all these particulars from the very mouth of the executioner.[1] He inserted them in the Latin epitaph which he put upon the tomb of the Saints.

Anastasius the Librarian relates, from ancient monuments, that Constantine the Great built in this place a church under the invocation of the two Martyrs; that he had Saint Helena, his mother, buried there, under a tomb of porphyry, and that he gave to it a paten of pure gold, weighing thirty-five pounds, with a quantity of other rich presents.[2] According to the same author, the popes Honorius I and Adrian I had the church and cemetery of Saint Tiburtius and of the saints Peter and Marcellinus repaired.

In the 9th century, the bodies of our two holy Martyrs were transported to Germany. Here is the occasion. Eginhard, favourite and secretary of Charlemagne, had bound himself by vow, as well as Emma, his wife, to keep perpetual continence. He became a monk, and became successively abbot of Fontenelle and of Ghent. Emma having died in 836, he felt a lively grief from it, as is seen by the letters which Lupus of Ferrières wrote to him. In 827, he had sent his secretary to Rome, to obtain from Pope Gregory IV relics of the Martyrs, to enrich the monasteries which he had just founded or repaired. The sovereign Pontiff gave him the bodies of Saint Marcellinus and of Saint Peter, which he transferred to Strasbourg; but, soon after, he deposited them at Michlenstad, then at Malinheim or Selingestad. In 829, he built there in honour of these

Saints a church and a monastery, of which he was the first abbot.

Saint Gregory the Great preached his twenty homilies on the Gospels in the church of Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter, at Rome. This is seen from some of these homilies themselves, and is again confirmed by the testimony of John the Deacon.[3]

Cf. *Lives of the Saints*, by the abbé Daras.

Saint Nicetas or Nicholas the Pilgrim

— Pope: Urban II. — Emperor of the East: Alexius I.

Crux Christi incredulis scandalum est, credentibus vero salus.

The cross of Jesus Christ is the scandal of unbelievers and the salvation of believers.

S. Ignatius, martyr, Ep. viii, *ad Philipp.*

This venerable child was born in the neighbourhood of the monastery of Sterion, in Attica. His parents were poor labourers who could not teach him any of the elements of human sciences, nor even any trade. At the age of eight years, he was entrusted with the keeping of sheep: this did not last long, for the Holy Spirit had particular designs upon this child. One day he began to cry out suddenly: "Lord, have pity on me!" or *Kyrie eleison*, in Greek. This was, from that moment, the only prayer he addressed to heaven; and he did not discontinue it day or night, until the end of his life.

His mother, hearing this monotonous cry, thought him mad and spared him neither words nor blows to impose silence on him. Not being able to succeed, she drove him from the house and forbade him to return to it: Nicholas was then twelve years old.

He went to repeat his refrain to the echoes of a neighbouring mountain. Maternal tenderness, however, took alarm and ran after him. He was brought to the monks of Sterion, in the thought that he was possessed and must be exorcised. The monks submitted him to all sorts of painful trials. The young man continued always his *Kyrie eleison*. At last the monks, grown impatient, let him go: he withdrew with his brother into a cave of the mountain and both led the eremitic life there. But soon George, which was the name of this brother, was disgusted with so mortified a life and returned to their mother. The occupation of Nicholas was to say unceasingly to God: "Lord, have mercy on us," then to cut wood and make crosses of it, with which he sowed the heights and precipices.

From time to time, he left his cell to go and unite himself to Jesus Christ in communion, but it was not always granted him. Afflicted at this exclusion, he took the resolution to betake himself to Rome, where they would perhaps be less severe.

He came first to Lepanto, and there found a monk, named Bartholomew, who joined him and did not leave him again: it is to this monk, without doubt, that we owe the detail of the life of this Saint, more admirable than imitable. During the crossing, Nicholas was ill-treated on the ship as he had been everywhere. At last they landed at Otranto, where he cured an energumen. In the various places through which he passed, at one time he was regarded as a Saint, at another considered as a madman. He walked with feet, legs and head bare, clothed only in a short tunic which fell to his knees. He carried in his hand a cross of light wood, with a double cross-bar, which is the Greek cross, and slung a satchel intended principally to contain the sweetmeats which he gave to children to attract them to him, to organise them in processions and make them sing *Kyrie eleison*. Trani was to be the end of his course. As soon as he arrived in that city, he gathered the little children and made with them the circuit of the ramparts, repeating his chant. The archbishop was informed of all this noise; he sent for Nicholas and asked him why he acted thus: "Lord," answered the young Greek, "you who know all your Gospel, are not ignorant that Jesus Christ commanded his disciples

two things: to carry their cross and to become like little children. Having understood these things, I have not blushed to bear the sign of salvation inwardly and outwardly and also to behave in the manner of children, little caring for the mockeries of men. It is for you to judge whether I must continue. If it is your good pleasure, my intention is to remain with you: otherwise I shall go away of myself elsewhere." The archbishop, having heard him reason with so much good sense, recognised that he had before him a servant of God and answered him: "I have recognised by your explanation that you do the will of God. Why then drive you from our city? Remain until the feast of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and sing your accustomed prayers: I shall provide for all your needs."

The archbishop was about to continue, when the attention of Nicholas was drawn by the stamping of his little troop which was waiting for him in the street: he stole away and went to rejoin it. He ran joyfully through the streets of the city for three days; on the fourth, he fell suddenly ill and was carried to the hospital, where the whole town came to see him: his youth, his candour, his naive piety inspired at last the liveliest interest: the little children above all were inconsolable. He died the same day, 2 June 1094, and was buried in the cathedral.

The miracles wrought at his tomb were so striking that the same prelate who had so well received the young child of Greece asked for his canonisation of Urban II and obtained it (1098).

He is represented with a cross with a double cross-bar on his shoulder and traversing the streets of Trani with a procession of children: he is one of the patrons of this city.

AA. SS., 2 June, new translation.

Blessed Camilla-Baptista Varani, Poor Clare Nun at Camerino

— Pope: Clement VII.

Deus benignus est, ac misericors: infinita bonitas, ineffabilis misericordia, inæstimabilis pietas.

God is good and merciful: his goodness is infinite, his mercy ineffable, his tenderness incomprehensible.

S. John Chrysostom, *Hom.* xiii, *sup. Matth.*

This Blessed was born on 9 April 1458. Her father, Julius Caesar Varani, was prince of Camerino and generalissimo of the pontifical troops. Her mother, named Joan, belonged to the illustrious family of Malatesta of Rimini. She received at baptism the name of Camilla, for which she substituted that of Baptista on her entrance into religion.

History teaches us nothing of the first nine years of her life; what we know of the remainder of her existence was written by herself: Camilla was ten years old at most when it was given her to be present at a sermon which was to be, without her suspecting it, the principle of her spiritual life. It was a Good Friday. In ending his discourse, the preacher exhorted his audience to weep over Jesus, to make at least each Friday a short meditation on his sufferings, to give a tear to his love. This exhortation made on her such an impression that later she bound herself by vow to shed, each Friday, a tear of compassion in memory of Jesus crucified. She had at first much trouble to obtain this tear: when it was done, she did not wait for the second and rose in all haste to give herself up to the amusements of the world. Some time afterwards, she disclosed this singular vow to her confessor: he urged her to observe it, adding that if she did not obtain material tears, it would not be a sin.

"I continued therefore," writes the Saint herself, "to acquit myself of this obligation, but always with the same pain, which the exercise did not diminish, when after a rather long time, God came to my help with his ordinary goodness. I came upon one day under my hand a meditation on the passion of the Saviour, which seemed made for a person little accustomed to this holy exercise: it was divided into fifteen points, after each

of which an *Ave, Maria* had to be recited. The first point pleased me much, and having soon assured myself that it would be the same with the others, I kept the book, and took the resolution to read this meditation on my knees every Friday. I did so in effect for several years, exciting myself to shed a tear at each of the *Aves* which I recited as devoutly as was possible to me. It appeared that this devotion was agreeable to Jesus, for, the greater part of the time, instead of a tear, I shed them in abundance. One Friday, after having been occupied until an hour after midnight, I obtained permission to retire to my chamber. Seeing the night so far advanced, and my reading being very long, I was violently tempted to leave it for that time; it cost me however to make this sacrifice; I deliberated long, without being able to arrive at a determination; but at last, God helping, I conquered myself, and did my accustomed exercise. Oh! how happy a creature is, when, assailed by some temptation or other, she nevertheless holds firm to her resolutions.

"The pleasure ever increasing which I tasted in this reading inspired me with the desire to substitute for it a true meditation. I therefore took the habit of meditating the Passion, not only every Friday, but every day, and that for a considerable time, according to the inspiration which God gave me. This practice earned me so abundant a gift of pious tears that I wept all the day, even before strangers, without being able to prevent it. This lasted three entire years before I had formed the design of giving myself wholly to God. I need not say that the demon omitted nothing to make me lose this holy habit. At his instigation, the persons whose presence I could not flee, because they lived in the house, interpreted my tears maliciously, attributing them to worldly griefs, or to ridiculous attachments. Not content to think it in low voice, they said it to my face, and I avow that these affronts wounded my heart deeply. Nevertheless, by the grace of God, I came out victorious from all these combats, changing nothing in my resolutions, nor in my habits. 'Interpret,' I said to them, turning toward God, 'interpret my conduct as it shall please you, I make as little account of your censures as of your praises.' Thus passed these three years, during which the devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ inundated my heart.

"'O my Lord!' I said, 'if you foresee that anything in the world is to separate me ever so little from you, prevent this misfortune, by sending me the plague or any other calamity.' Now, by separation I understood the loss of the sweetness which I tasted at that moment; for I had no other access to God than that, at the epoch of which I speak. The life that I led then put a great obstacle in the way of it. Except the time, so short, which I gave to meditating the Passion, all the rest was sacrificed to dancing, to music, to walks, to toilette and other like puerilities. Devout readings wearied me or made me laugh. I had such an aversion for the religious of both sexes that I could scarcely bear the sight of them. Finery and frivolous reading made all my consolation, all my delights. In short, during these three years, my soul was as a prisoner.

"God willed, in his mercy, that my eyes, blinded by the deep darkness of the world, should open at last to the light of truth. Father Francis of Urbino, whom I would dare to call the trumpet of the Holy Spirit, but whom heaven has ravished from the earth, came to preach the Lent at Camerino. I followed him assiduously, and not without profit; for his words were like so many darts of fire that pierced my soul. All his station turned on these words, which he made resound, at intervals, like so many claps of thunder: 'Fear God, fear God.' Now, I conceived so strongly this holy fear: I perceived so clearly the greatness of the offences I had committed against his Majesty, and I felt so lively a dread of the eternal flames that, if I had not known that despair displeases the Lord more than other sins, I believe truly that I should have despaired of his mercy." Blessed Varani fasted on bread and water three times a week, cruelly scourged each of the members of her body, and rose in the night to say the rosary. The love of sufferings growing in her heart, she reduced herself on Fridays to taking only three or four mouthfuls of bread and a little water. At night she slept on the hard ground, and by day she meditated almost without ceasing.

"In this life of prayer," she says, "into which fear had made me enter, I began to hear, at intervals, a voice that was unknown to me, a voice which seemed to come from afar, but not from so far however that its words were not very intelligible; it told me that if I wished to avoid the pains of hell, of which I had so great a fear, I

must renounce the world, and become a religious. My mind, at the same time, was enlightened by a heavenly light, which made me see clearly that, if I did not leave the world, my loss was assured. Now, these words were very bitter to me, and this light insupportable, because I had not yet shaken off the chains of my bad nature, and because, accustomed to the pleasures of the world, I had difficulty in renouncing them. It was in vain I alleged to myself the strongest and most persuasive reasons, they made no impression on me, on account of those disordered affections of which one must be free in order to obey the movement of such an inspiration.

"When I went to prayer, it seemed to me that I went to war, and I was not mistaken; for I fought ceaselessly there against God; and there is no war so painful as that. Nevertheless I never interrupted the course of my ordinary prayers. It happened sometimes that, tired of my resistances to his grace, the Lord said to me: 'I am he whom thou desirest; and yet the more I call thee, the more thou turnest a deaf ear; the more I press thee, the more thou resistest my love for thee. Well, my daughter, go into the world whither thy folly draws thee; go and beg its miserable affections: I warn thee only that thou wilt not find there the satisfaction of thy desires.' One day, among others, when he had held this language to me, I meditated long on his words, turning them and returning them in my mind, but with an insupportable malaise of heart, because I could not resolve to enter religion. Nevertheless, instead of leaving prayer, I gave to it a double time of the ordinary, not from devotion, but because it was a Friday, and I was accustomed to prolong my meditation that day. Never had I yet experienced such a shock of contrary thoughts, now wishing to obey grace, and now wishing it no more. The combat became so hard that my body was all drenched with sweat. But then my free will, which in the midst of this conflict had remained neutral and free of itself, set itself up as judge, and of its own movement pronounced against me in favour of the spirit of God. The submission was prompt. I determined, with all the affection of my soul, to serve the Lord as he willed; ready, if need were, to suffer martyrdom, rather than to resist his grace further, or even to oppose to it culpable delays. I felt at the same time a lively desire to go to Urbino, something telling me inwardly that it would be only there that I could serve God with a tranquil heart. This determination was to my soul, exhausted by such painful agitations, what a bed of moss strewn with flowers would be to a body overwhelmed with fatigue."

Wishing to increase the splendour of his house by a rich alliance, the prince of Camerino omitted nothing to force his daughter to take the course of marriage; but he failed in his design. "I yield to the Lord," he said at last to his daughter, "whose vengeance I dread. The fear alone of drawing his scourges upon me forces me to restore you your liberty. Without it, never would you have obtained my consent to become a religious." It was in the month of November of the year 1481. The Blessed one set out for Urbino, and took the habit of Saint Clare in the convent of that city, where several persons of her family had already retired.

At the end of two years, Julius Caesar Varani, wishing to bring his daughter back to Camerino, had built in that city a monastery for the religious of Saint Clare. It was in this convent that Baptista entered, with seven other religious of Saint Clare, on 4 January of the year 1484.

Blessed Varani was raised to the highest degree of contemplation. We are again going to let her herself set forth one of her revelations, the most remarkable: she speaks here in the third person.

"There was a devout soul, much hungry for the food which the Passion of the most loving and most sweet Jesus procures, who, after a great number of years employed in her spiritual reform, was at last admitted, by an admirable favour, to the communication of the interior pains of the afflicted heart of this God-Man.

"One day, then, when this devout soul was at prayer, she said to him with anxiety of heart: — Let thyself be moved, Lord, and introduce me into the sacred bed of thy interior sorrows. — Since you are ignorant, my daughter, answered this good Master, of the greatness of my pains, I will tell you that they were as great as the love I bore to my Father and to poor mankind. — The devout soul resumed: O my God! I cannot content myself with this general knowledge; deign to make me know each of the pains which overwhelmed thy

sacred heart.

“Jesus answered her with that sweetness which makes him so lovable: — Know, my daughter, that the pains which I bore in my heart were innumerable and infinite: it will be easy for you to understand it, if you attend to this, that I am the head of a body of which all Christians are the members; members which are innumerable, as you see, and of which the greater part were, are and will be torn from me by mortal sin.

First pain. — “This pain was for my heart one of the most cruel and most sensitive. Picture to yourself, in effect, what is the torment of a criminal from whom the limbs are torn by violence, and you will know what was my martyrdom, at the deeply felt thought of so many souls torn from me for ever, and of so many others who separate themselves from me for a time, and cause me as many rendings as they commit mortal faults. Now, you must know that the pain caused by the abscission of a spiritual member exceeds that of a bodily member by as much as the soul is superior to matter. You could not understand, neither you nor anyone, how great is this superiority; I alone know how to appreciate the nobility of the soul and the baseness of the body, because it is I who made the one and the other. You could not then understand, neither you nor anyone, the atrocity and bitterness of the pain of which I speak; a pain nevertheless so often renewed that the number of it is incalculable. To speak here only of the damned, as many souls lost, as many members torn from my body, with the pains that it is easy for you to imagine. I must say, however, that these separations were not all equally cruel to me. As mortal sins are not all equal among themselves; as there are diverse ways of committing them, the separations which they work have caused me rendings more or less painful. And, to say it in passing, thence come the diversities which are remarked in hell, in the quality and quantity of the torments which are endured there. And because their will will remain eternally perverse, their torments also will be eternal. Oh! how insupportable to me was this sad thought that these innumerable members were torn from me without return! Thus this fatal *never* is what torments and will torment most eternally these reprobate souls: all their other evils are nothing in comparison with this despairing thought.

“In the overwhelming grief which this fatal *never* caused me, I would willingly have consented to suffer anew all these cruel separations with their diverse rendings, not once only, but an infinity of times, to recover a single one of these souls, and to see it reunited to the integrity of my vital members; I mean, to my elect, who will preserve eternally the life which they hold from me. For it is I in effect who am the vital life, that is to say, the life of all the beings who enjoy this great benefit. You may judge by all that I have just said, by the dispositions of my heart which I have just manifested to you, how dear human souls are to me. Note well this confidence, and never lose the memory of it. You must also know that this sorrowful *never* afflicts the souls lost by an effect of my justice so much that there is not one that would not wish to suffer a thousand hells at once, to recover the hope of being reunited to me at some time or other; but, alas! their sad separation is without return; and, I repeat it, that is the most frightful of their torments. Behold, my daughter, what was the first interior pain, which did not cease, from my conception until my death, to rend my heart.

“After this discourse, the religious to whom this good Jesus addressed it felt a lively desire, of which she had no difficulty in guessing the source, to propose to him a certain doubt. Accordingly, she dared to say to him, not without respect and fear, but nevertheless with confidence and simplicity: O amiable and afflicted Jesus! I have often heard it said that thou didst endure all the pains of the damned; but on this subject I should like to know, provided however that this curiosity cannot displease thee, whether thou didst experience the diverse sentiments which cold, heat, the action of fire, gnashing of teeth and the other tortures to which they are condemned work in these unhappy souls? Tell me then, my Jesus, whether thou didst make the discernment of all these painful sensations? This question did not appear to displease him, and, in a gracious voice, he made the following answer: — I did not feel, my daughter, the diversity of the torments which the damned suffer, in the manner you understand; that even could not be, since it is a question of dead members separated from me who am their head. I will explain my thought by the following comparison: If one of your members were devoured by some atrocious pain, you would feel it keenly until the surgeon had cut it off

from your body; but this cutting off once made, it might be cut or torn, subjected to the action of fire or of ice, without your soul experiencing the sentiment of these diverse torments; because sentiment supposes the union, which would no longer exist between that part of your body and the soul which animates it; yet you would not be insensible to these diverse treatments inflicted on a member that was yours, and the more it was tormented, the more, without doubt, your heart would be sensible of it. Make me now the application of this figure, and you will understand what passed in my heart in regard to the reprobate. When mortal sin tore them from my body, the pain was terrible, and because they preserved, as long as they lived, the power of reuniting themselves to me, I felt all their evils, and shared all their pains; but since their death made this reunion impossible, I was delivered from this painful sentiment; I experienced nevertheless another ineffable and incomprehensible pain, in considering that they had been my true and proper members, and that nevertheless they had fallen under the power of the infernal spirits, who rendered them excessively unhappy.

Second pain. — "Another sorrow, which pierced my heart, was caused me by my elect themselves; for you must know that all those among them who have sinned or will sin mortally did me the same harm, by their separation, as those who have fallen to the bottom of the abysses, since they are so many members which this cruel sin tore from my body. The greater was the love I bore them, and which was to extend unto the ages of ages, as well as that which was to unite them eternally to me, the more was I afflicted to see them leave me to attach themselves to the vilest and most contemptible objects. Thus I may say that the sorrow which I felt in all these members caused me the most cruel rendings. I suffered in effect much more in them than in the reprobate, because, besides the rending which their separation from my body caused me, when they rendered themselves guilty of mortal faults, I felt habitually, and shared, all their evils; I felt all the torments of the martyrs, all the mortifications of the penitents, all the tribulations of those who were tempted, all the sufferings of those who were sick. I shared their persecutions, their infamies, their labours, their dangers, their fatigues; in a word, all the afflictions, small and great, with which they were overwhelmed. Do you wish now, my daughter, to have an idea of these pains? suppose that you had a thousand eyes, a thousand feet, a thousand hands, and so of your other members, and that all were tortured at once by means as atrocious as varied, would not this torment appear to you intolerable? Well! my daughter, my members are not counted by thousands and by millions; they are innumerable: it is equally impossible to count the pains of the martyrs, of the confessors, of the virgins and of all the other elect: it goes almost to infinity. Conclude then that, as no one is capable of enumerating so many sufferings, no one also can understand the pain which they caused to my divine heart.

"But my heart did not limit itself to feeling all these afflictions of their life, it felt equally the diversity and multiplicity of the torments which remain for them to undergo in purgatory, according to the quality and number of their sins: for these souls are not dead members and separated from my body, like those of the damned; they are my living members, spiritually united to me, and whose sufferings I consequently endure. Behold, my daughter, my answer to your question. You asked me what sentiment I had of all these pains. I answered you that I did not feel the sufferings of the reprobate, but indeed those of my elect. For the rest, there is no difference between the pains of hell and those of purgatory, except that the first will last always, while the last will last only for a time; and that the inhabitants of hell are reduced to despair, while the souls in purgatory remain resigned and content, suffer in peace, and render thanks to the justice of God. But enough on this pain.

Third pain. — "This amiable Saviour continuing his narrative, added: — Listen, listen, my daughter; I have not yet said all that you desire to know. It remains for me to relate to you other pains which were also very bitter to me. What a sharp sword pierced my heart, every time I thought of the sorrow which my sufferings and my death were to cause to my pure and innocent Mother! for no one compassionated so sorrowfully as she the torment of her Son

Fourth pain. — “Jesus changes the subject and says: — If you knew, my daughter, how much my heart had yet to suffer from the affliction of my beloved disciple, the tender Mary Magdalene! But it is a mystery which you cannot understand, neither you nor anyone, because it is our mutual love which served as principle and solid foundation to all the spiritual loves of the saints. Those who have the active and passive experience of holy and spiritual love can indeed form some idea of the perfection of that of Magdalene for me; but in practice no one could attain to it.

Fifth pain. — “Another sorrow which rent my soul was the fixed and continual thought of what was to befall my Apostles, at the time of my Passion and my death. I saw them shaken, I saw them fall, they who were the pillars of heaven and the foundations of my Church militant. I saw them dispersed, like sheep that have no more shepherd; I thought of all that they would have to suffer for love of me; I contemplated beforehand their torments and their martyrdoms. Now, you must know, my daughter, that never had father for his children, nor brother for his brothers, nor master for his disciples, a love so tender and so cordial as that which I bore to these disciples, to these brothers, to these dear children. Thus the sorrow which all my foresight in their regard caused me was overwhelming; you can judge of it by this one fact. You know, my daughter, that in my agony, in the garden of Olives, I cried out: My soul is sorrowful even unto death. Now, what caused in me this bitter sadness was less the consideration of my own evils than that of these beings who were so dear to me. I saw them without me, that is to say without head, without master and without father; and this abandonment was so painful to me that it seemed to me another death. Whoever will read the last discourse which I addressed to them after the last supper cannot, however hard he may be, restrain his tears, because all the words which compose this discourse breathe compassion. And it could not be otherwise; for they issued from the depth of my heart, which seemed to me to split with love for these dear friends.

“It was not with a confused view that I perceived from afar their cruel martyrdoms. I saw Peter crucified, Paul beheaded, Bartholomew flayed, James cast down from a terrace of the temple; I saw, in short, by what kind of death each of them was to end his life. Judge by that of the pain which I felt in my soul. If you were closely united to some person by the bonds of a holy love, and you saw her insulted, tortured, put to the torment for you, how desolate you would be to be the occasion of her sufferings! Yes, your desolation would be the more bitter as you would wish, on the contrary, to be able to procure for her all sorts of goods, honours and consolations. Now it was I, my daughter, who was to be the cause of the misfortunes of my Apostles; what more is needed to initiate you into the secret of my sorrow, and to make you understand how worthy it is of your compassion?

Sixth pain. — “Here is another which was not less sensible to me: it was the treason of Judas, who after having been my disciple became my murderer. Oh! my daughter, a sharp and poisoned sword, which had been plunged and continually turned in my heart, would not have made me suffer more than this rending foresight. Was there ever an ingratitude blacker than his toward me? After having pardoned him all his sins, I chose him for one of my Apostles. He ate with me, lodged under the same roof and was admitted to my familiarity. I entrusted to him the power of miracles, and made him the dispenser of the gifts which were offered me by those who bore me some interest. When I saw the design of betraying me forming in his heart, I redoubled the proofs of my tenderness, to turn him from this criminal thought; but in vain did I try, nothing could touch his bad heart. On the contrary, the more I showed him attachment, the more he strengthened himself in his perfidious resolution. At last came the supper, in which I performed that humiliating and lamentable ceremony of the washing of the feet. When his turn had come, I humbled myself before him as I had done before the others; but my heart could hold no more. I wept bitterly and watered the feet of that unhappy man with my tears. What made me weep was that I said inwardly: O Judas! what then have I done to you that you treat me in so perfidious a manner? O unfortunate disciple! behold then the last proof that I shall give you of my love! O son of perdition, am I not your Father and your Master? why then do you wish to abandon me? O Judas, if you desire thirty pieces of silver, why do you not go and ask them of my mother

who is also yours; her heart is so perfect that she would sell herself, to spare you a crime and save my life. Ah! Judas, ungrateful and insensible disciple, I wash your feet to-day and kiss them with so much love, and you are going to kiss me in a few hours to deliver me to my enemies. O my dear and beloved son, what a return for a father who weeps your loss with more sorrow than his passion and his death, because it is to save you that he came into this world!

"While my heart spoke thus, my tears watered his feet; but he took no heed of it, because I was on my knees before him, my head bowed, and my long hair falling over my face prevented him from perceiving that I was all in tears. But John, my beloved disciple, to whom I had confided all the mysteries of my passion, during this sorrowful supper, observed my sorrow, saw my tears flow on the feet of the traitor, and understood very well that they came from my tender love for this unhappy man. When a father, in effect, seeing that his son is dying, hastens to serve him, it is with an extraordinary effusion of love, and he can scarcely help saying in his heart: Farewell, my son, here is the last service that it will be given me to render you. So it was that I acted with this unfortunate man whom I knew to be on the eve of dying eternally. This testimony of love which I gave him was to be the last, since his despair was soon to ravish him from my tenderness. That is why I caressed his feet in a way, and kissed them with a tender compassion. Now, John, who watched, with his eagle's eye, all my actions and all my gestures, was more dead than alive on seeing me treat with so much kindness my greatest enemy. When I approached him last, for his humility had made him take the last place, seeing that I bowed to wash his feet, he could contain himself no longer. Scarcely had I bent the knees when he took me in his arms, where he held me rather long enlaced, weeping, sobbing and saying to me in his heart, without uttering any exterior word: O my Father! O my dear Master! O my beloved brother! O my Lord and my God! how have you had the courage to wash and to kiss, with your sacred mouth, the accursed feet of this infamous traitor? O my Jesus! what a perfect example of charity you leave us as an inheritance! but how shall we follow it when we shall have you no more, you who are all our good? Ah! this humility kills me. And your divine Mother, what will become of her, when I tell her what you have just done? I fear indeed that she cannot hear it without dying. O my dear Master! I can bear no more; spare me the service which your humility wishes to render me. Assuredly my heart will split, if I see you wash my filthy feet, and apply your sacred mouth to these so contemptible objects. O my God! each new proof of your love only serves to increase my inconsolable sorrow. After these words and several others like them, stamped with a sensibility capable of softening a heart of stone, he nevertheless took off his shoes through obedience, and presented to me, blushing, his feet to be washed. I have told you all this, my daughter, that you may know how much my heart had to suffer in this circumstance, from a disciple who seemed to make it his task to show me the more hatred as I testified to him the more love. Judge, from seeing the sorrow of John, what mine must have been at the aspect of so black an ingratitude, of so monstrous an insensibility."

Seventh pain. — "The obstinate hatred of the Jewish people was also for my heart an intolerable torment, and you will understand it easily, if you attend to the ingratitude which it supposed. I had made of the Jews a holy people, a priestly people. I had chosen them among all the peoples of the universe, for the portion of my inheritance… After that, I had indeed the right, without doubt, to hope for some return on their part. What then was my sorrow, when I heard them cry with an incredible rage: We will not have this man, crucify him and give us Barabbas…" When the Blessed wrote these things, she had been a religious for eighteen years, and the 15th century was about to end. We know of her spiritual life in religion only what she judged fit to say of it. The last twenty-three years of her life are not known to us: it is known only that she was chosen by Pope Julius II to found a monastery of her Order at Fermo; that she returned at the end of a year to Camerino, where her companions elected her abbess, and that she protected the establishment of the reform of the Capuchins. It is believed that our Blessed died on 31 May of the year 1527, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. There is no doubt that her death was holy as her life had been. The reader will have the proof of it in what follows; but we cannot enter into any detail on this event, because no one, that we know of, took care to preserve the memory of it.

Her religious gave her burial in their choir, in order to have a sort of ever-present memorial of their beloved mother, and a visible pledge of the protection which they hoped to obtain from her maternal tenderness. Thirty years after this burial, the religious, being unable to bear any longer that her precious body should remain buried in the bosom of the earth, exhumed it with great respect. What was not their joy, when they found it in a perfect state of preservation, the eyes shining like those of a living person, the face vermilion and smiling, as if she had been glad to see them again. They wished to preserve this holy deposit in an open place, where they might go and render her their homage; but we know not why the confessor opposed it, and wished it to be buried again; he required even, with an obstinacy to which they had to yield, a mode of burial as strange as unbecoming. He had the holy body first placed between two boards, and ordered that it be put back in the grave from which it had been taken. Then he had it filled with earth, and after having had a great quantity of water poured on it, he required that his companion should tread it with his feet until it was level with the ground.

The very exact obedience which these holy daughters professed permitted none of them to oppose a word to the strange zeal of this religious, still less to withdraw the holy body from the grave where he had had it put. It remained there therefore until the year 1593, when the need of burying another body in the place which hers occupied obliged the religious to open her grave anew. Then the elder ones, who knew the precise spot, recommended to the workmen to dig with all possible precautions; which they did. When they had reached a certain depth, they found a board; and as soon as they stirred it, a very sweet odour left no doubt that it was the board which covered the holy body. At this news, all the religious ran together; and as soon as they smelled this perfume, they were transported with joy, and shed abundant tears, being unable to doubt that this heavenly odour was a sign of the glory which their blessed mother enjoyed in the heavens. Another circumstance came further to increase their admiration and their sweet belief: it is that, her flesh being reduced to dust, in conformity with the desire which she had expressed to God some time before her death, her tongue alone had remained fresh, soft and vermilion.

The confessor, Brother Evangelist of Fabriano, who was present, touched to tears at the sight of this miraculous preservation, testified his admiration by the words of Saint Bonaventure in a like case: “O precious tongue, which hast always blessed the Lord, and taught others to bless him, it appears well now that thy services have been agreeable to his holy Majesty!” When the religious had satisfied their tender devotion, they deposited the holy body in a marble tomb, which they had had built beforehand in their choir; but the tongue was reserved and placed in a reliquary, where it is still seen to-day.

Baptista was never beatified in the forms, but it is believed that Clement X authorised the cult rendered to her at Camerino; and all the authors who have spoken of her, since the beginning of the 17th century, give her the title of Blessed, which we give her after them. She is honoured on 2 June in the Order of Saint Francis. — As she contributed much, as did her family, to the reform of the Capuchins, the Franciscans have placed her in their martyrology and keep her feast to-day.

Spiritual Life of Blessed Varani, by H. the abbé P… — Cf. *Lives of the Saints*, by the abbé Daras, 4&. Vivès, 1864.

Saint Eugene, Pope

After Saint Martin I had been, by the orders of a heretical emperor, relegated into the Chersonese, Eugene, who was a Roman by birth, and who had entered from childhood into the Order of Clerics, fulfilled the functions of the absent sovereign Pontiff, that there might be no interruption in the government of the Church. He used much modesty in the exercise of power, knowing well that, during the life of Martin, he was not the legitimate Pontiff, but only his vicar and his legate.

But when the martyr of Jesus Christ, Martin, had succumbed to the miseries and to the needs of every kind which besieged him in his exile, and had passed from this valley of tears to the blessed life, Eugene, with the consent of the clergy, sat on the chair of Peter as legitimate successor of Martin, and, on this summit of the apostolic ministry, he showed himself such as the dignity of his supreme office, as well as the salvation and utility of the faithful confided to his care, demanded: he was gentle, good, indulgent, and, what is the chief thing, illustrious by the holiness of his life.

The clergy was the object of his tenderness and of his paternal solicitude and was loaded with his benefits. His charity toward the indigent was admirable; during his life and at the moment of his death, he distributed to them the revenues of the Church with a liberal hand; he thought that the riches of the Church could not be applied to a better use, and that, from the hands of the poor, they passed straight to the treasury of eternity, to fructify there admirably by spiritual usury. His pontificate ended by a holy death on 2 June of the year of Our Lord 657; his body was deposited in the basilica of Saint Peter. The church of Mont-Saint-Quentin possesses a relic of the Saint. *Proper of Rome*.

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[1] With them suffered Thomat, Rogat and forty-two others.

[2] In the 13th century there was seen at Sandomir a convent of Dominicans. Among the religious one distinguished.

[3] From the beginning, the oratory of Saint Pothinus was at Lyons the centre of devotion to Mary. In the Middle Ages, the devotees of the Blessed Virgin withdraw from it gradually to surround the altar of Notre-Dame de la Platière, or to betake themselves to the Île-Barbe, to the chapel built by the abbot Hogier. From the beginning of the 16th century, the numerous prodigies wrought at Fourvière attract and definitely fix the crowd at the sanctuary of the hill.

[4] See his letter to Minucius Fundanus in the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius, iv, 9. [Printed with the number “3.”; it follows the number “1.” of the previous note.]

[5] See the Life of Saint Eleutherius, p..

[6] *Thoughts*, book xi, 3.

[7] Luke i, 6.

[8] John xvi, 2.

[9] They were accused of eating human flesh, particularly that of young children.

[10] The Christians then observed, and continued to observe still for several centuries, the prohibition of eating blood, laid down by the ancient law and confirmed by the apostolic council of Jerusalem.

[11] Grave historians remark in this regard that if the conduct of Alcibiades was blamed, it is because it might give occasion to believe that he favoured the doctrines of Montanus. It had been learned at Lyons, in effect, that this innovator, aided by some of his adepts, had succeeded in exciting troubles among the churches of Phrygia, and that, the better to impose upon the faithful, he affected a great exterior austerity. The Protestants have therefore been wrong to allege this disapproval of the conduct of Alcibiades as a proof that, in the first centuries of the Church, abstinence from certain meats was held to be superstitious.

Afflicted by the news which reached them of the secret intrigues of the heresiarch, whose disciples sought to spread their errors even into the Gauls, the Christians of Lyons wrote of it to the churches of the East as well as to Pope Eleutherius. They entrusted their dispatch to the priest Irenaeus, of whom they spoke in these terms: “We have begged our brother and companion Irenaeus to carry you these letters; we recommend him to you earnestly as a great zealot for the testament of Jesus Christ. If we knew that rank could give the merit of justice, we would recommend him to you also as a priest, for he is one in effect.” (Eusebius, *Hist. eccl.*, 4.) Irenaeus was to go as far as Asia; nevertheless he stopped at Rome, whence, soon after, events constrained him to return to the Gauls.

[12] Apoc. xxii, 11.

[13] According to some authors, Aynay would come from, on account of the contest of eloquence established by Caligula at the altar of Augustus. Others derive Aynay from, immortal, whence it comes that the first Martyrs of Lyons are called Athanacemes.

[14] *Hist. Eccl. gallic.*, book ii, ch. 18.

[15] *Animadv. ad Eus. Chronic.* [A stray “8.” follows in the print.]

[16] *Saint Pothin et ses compagnons Martyrs; Origines de l’église de Lyon* [Saint Pothinus and his Companions, Martyrs; Origins of the Church of Lyons], by Father André Gouilloud, of the Society of Jesus. Lyon, Paris, 1868.

[17] The feast of Saint Pothinus is marked in the martyrology on 2 June; but as several great feasts of the year may fall at that epoch, to avoid the concurrence the Church of Lyons celebrates that of Saint Pothinus on the fourth Sunday after Easter.

[18] Cf. Lucian, *Peregrinus*.

[19] *Digest.*, on the office of the Praeses, title xviii, 5.

[20] *Festum sanctæ Blandinæ et quadraginta octo Martyrum*, say Ado and Bede. In the Breviary of Vienne, the collect for the feast of 2 June begins thus: *Deus qui nos annua beats Blandinx et sociorum yus Ixtificas*…

[21] According to Paradin and Lamure, the prison of Roanne would take its name from Rhodana. The town of Roanne, in Forez, boasts of having given birth to this Christian heroine.

[22] Manuscript account of the foundation of the second monastery of the Visitation of Sainte-Marie, at the Antiquaille, by Sister Jeanne-Marie Botton, 1695, from the information of Sister Louise-Gaspuvde de Saint-Paul, one of the foundresses. (Manuscript preserved at the convent of the Visitation of Lyons.)

[23] Artaud, *Lyon souterrain* [Subterranean Lyons].

[24] It is known that this name is derived from these two Latin words, *retro massam*, as one would say "behind the colossal monument." [Printed with the number "S." for 3.]

[25] Artaud, already cited.

[26] The construction in question had 128 metres of exterior length, by 62 metres 66 centimetres of width. This elliptical form seems to continue the opinion of those who see in these ruins only those of a naumachia.

[27] , *amabilis*, lovable, amiable, commonly Saint Elmo or Erme.

[28] *Percussor retulit Damaso mihi, cum puer essem.* Damasus, *carm.* 3. The same thing is reported by Bede, *de Tempor.*; by Ado, *in Martyrol.*, and by Sigebert, *in Chron. ad an.* 849.

[29] The paten was anciently much larger than it is to-day, and that so that it might contain the offerings or hosts of all the people who communicated at the Mass. It was for this reason that, during the part of the Sacrifice in which it did not serve, the subdeacon removed it from the altar and held it in his hand, a rite which is still observed to-day. One still sees in Germany patens which are almost an inch deep: such is the one shown in the treasury of the Chapter of Delémont, in the diocese of Basle, and which is claimed to have served Saint Germain, first abbot of Grandfeld, in the 8th century. The porphyry mausoleum of Saint Helena is still seen among other antiquities, near the basilica of the Lateran.

[30] See this author in the Life of Saint Gregory the Great, book ii, no..

3 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Arezzo, in Tuscany, the decease of the holy martyrs Pergentinus and Laurentinus, brothers, who, in the persecution of Decius and under the president Tiburtius, being still children, were slain by the sword after having endured atrocious torments and wrought great miracles.[1] About 250. — At Byzantium (Constantinople), the holy martyrs Lucilian[2] and four children, who were named Claudius, Hypatius, Paul and Dionysius. Lucilian was formerly a priest of the idols; but, having become a Christian, he was, after divers torments, cast into a furnace with these children; a heavy rain extinguished the fire and they all came out safe and sound; finally, Lucilian was put on a cross and the children beheaded; thus they consummated their martyrdom under the president Silvanus. About 273. — In the same place, Saint Paula, virgin and martyr, who was arrested as she was gathering the blood of these Martyrs, beaten with rods and cast into the fire; but, having been delivered from it, she was at last beheaded at the same place where Lucilian had been crucified. — At Cordova, in Spain, Blessed Isaac, monk, who was put to death by the sword for the faith of Christ.[3] 851. — At Carthage, Saint Caecilius, priest, who led Saint Cyprian to the faith of Christ, 3rd century. — In the territory of Orleans, Saint Lifard, priest and confessor. 565. — At Lucca, in Tuscany, Saint Davin, confessor.[4] 1051. — At Paris, Saint Clotilda, who obtained by her prayers the conversion of King Clovis, her husband, to the Christian faith. 545. — At Anagni, Saint Olive, virgin.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Genêt or Ge.£s, bishop, who showed himself as worthy of the episcopate by the great deeds which he performed during his administration, as he had shown himself humble in refusing for a long time this high honour. Born at Clermont, he succeeded Saint Proculus, and distinguished himself by his zeal against the heresy of Jovinian and of Novatian as much as by his love for the house of God. He founded the monastery of Maulieu, and, in his episcopal city, a hospital near the gate of the Holy Spirit. He

had raised on his own lands a sanctuary to Saint Symphorian of Autun: this church, in which he was buried, took his name in the course of time: scarcely is its site known to-day. About 602. — At Carcassonne, Saint Hilary, bishop of this see, whom the churches of Narbonne and of Saint-Ponce de Thomières also honour in their offices.[5] After 376. — In the same place, Saint Valerius, bishop, successor of the preceding. — At Marseilles, Saint Illide or Allyre, whose body rests with honour in the abbey of Saint-Victor. — In Lorraine, Saint Fer, bishop and confessor. — At Pontoise, the venerable Hildeburge, widow.[6] 1114. — At Saint-Dié, Saint Hunne, widow. — In Thiérache, Saint Adalgis or Auîis, apostle of the country. — At Aluer, feast of Saint Severin and of Saint Aquila, martyrs. — At Altkirch, between Basle and Belfort, in the present diocese of Strasbourg, formerly diocese of Basle, Saint Morand, born in the neighbourhood of Worms. After having made the pilgrimage to Saint James of Compostela, he retired to Cluny. Later he was sent to direct a monastery of the filiation of Cluny which had just been founded at Altkirch. Beginning of the 12th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — Saint Bernardine of Siena, confessor, whose feast is kept on 20 May.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Spello, in Umbria, Blessed Andrew Caccioli, of the Order of Friars Minor, one of the seventy-two disciples of the seraphic patriarch and first priest of the Order, whose body is honoured in that town by the great veneration of the faithful in the church of the holy Apostle of the same name.[7] 1294.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — Saint Urban, pope, whose feast is on 25 May.

Martyrology of Saint John of God. — Blessed John Grande, called the Sinner. Pius IX beatified him on 13 November 1853.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Cr.iga, in Portugal, Saint Audit or Ovide. The translation of his relics took place in 1527. He is known only by the cult rendered to him: he was invoked against ear troubles. — At Corne, in Italy, Saint Adelbert, bishop. Accused of all sorts of crimes before the sovereign pontiff Boniface IV, he betook himself to Rome to justify himself. On the way, he met a flight of partridges, which he had accompany him as far as the eternal city. This prodigy disposed minds in his favour: the prejudices of the Pope were entirely dispelled when it was given him to hear the concerts of the angels who constantly rejoiced the ears of the servant of God. 1615. — In Ireland, Saint Coëmgin or Keivin, abbot of Glendalouch, or valley of the two lakes, formerly an episcopal city, to-day a simple village of the county of Dublin, 6th century. — In Asia Minor, Saint Isaac, monk and wonder-worker. His great occupation was to transcribe manuscripts. At this work his eyes wore out quickly. Then he prayed thus: “Lord, my God, if I am worthy, give me back my eyes of former days: all that I shall write will be for the poor.” His sight was restored to him and, for twenty-eight years, he gave to those who were hungry the price of his painful labour. 10th or 11th century. — At Guglionisi, in Italy, Saint Adam, confessor. 1102. — In Tuscany, Blessed Peregrine, hermit, of the Order of the Camaldolese. 1288.

Saint Caecilius, Priest

— Pope: Saint Zephyrinus. — Roman Emperor: Septimius Severus.

We do not pique ourselves on speaking well; we strive to live well.

Caecilius, Octavius and Marcus Minutius Felix, all three illustrious by their merit and their birth, formed among themselves a kind of triumvirate of perfect friendship. Divers circumstances, joined to the nature of the style, have led to the conclusion that the last was a native of Africa; but he lived at Rome and followed the bar there with a great reputation, which he owed to his talents and his probity. We learn from himself[1]

that he was already advanced in age when he was enlightened by the light of divine wisdom. He had, says Saint Eucherius,[2] humility enough to renounce the distinguished rank which he held among the learned and the great of the age, and he did himself a holy violence to go to heaven, confounded among the ignorant and the little.

His two friends were also Africans. Application to the same studies had only tightened the bonds which united them together. They lived long engaged in the superstitions of paganism and in the vices which were the consequence of them. Octavius and Minutius were the first who rose above the prejudices of education and interest, and who despised the seductive lures of the world, to embrace the doctrine of the Cross. It appears that Octavius had the glory of opening the road, for Minutius says that he followed him as his guide. Moreover, friendship did not permit him to shut up his happiness in himself; he wished to share it with his dear Minutius. He gave himself no rest so long as he saw him sitting in the darkness and the shadows of death. The words which come from the mouth of such a friend are like the honey which flows from a comb, whereas truth itself is insupportable when it comes from an austere prophet whose harshness makes us hate him; thus Minutius was easily disposed to receive the impressions of virtue; and this blessed pair was united in religion as it was in friendship. Faith, far from weakening the tenderness of their sentiments, served only to purify and perfect it. These two men, regenerated in Jesus Christ, congratulated each other on their change with transports of joy of which all their eloquence could not render the vivacity. Penetrated with sorrow and confusion at the memory of their past life, they had no more ardour but for the humiliations of the cross and the austerities of penance. The racks and tortures became the object of their most ardent desires. They declared themselves both apologists of the faith; and without seeking henceforth any other wage for their labours than the merit of charity and the happiness which awaited them beyond the tomb, they pleaded generously the cause of Jesus crucified. Arnobius seems to have had in view these two illustrious converts, when, answering the invectives of the pagans, he says that orators and advocates of the first rank had embraced Christianity.[3]

Octavius and Minutius, who had nothing more to desire for themselves, ardently wished to associate Caecilius in their happiness; but the enterprise was difficult, and it demanded on their part all the efforts of zeal and friendship. The first prejudices of education leave in the mind traces so deep that with all the good will and all the candour of soul imaginable, they are effaced only with infinite pains. When it is a question of religion, prejudices have still more empire: one is naturally inclined to remain in that of one’s fathers, whose principles one has sucked in with the milk. Caecilius was in this case. He was besides a man of the world, little scrupulous in matters of morals, and consequently little disposed to grasp sustained reasonings. He had wit and talents; but he was his own idol. He sighed only for pleasures and applause. Till then his first religion had been to serve himself. In effect, we see him in the dispute now rejecting all divinity and all providence, now admitting these two points, and soon after superstitiously defending all the gods worshipped at that time in the universe. We shall say, to complete his portrait, that philosophy had served only to nourish his pride, to give him much presumption and self-sufficiency, and to render him incapable of feeling the solidity of a reasoning.

In spite of this temper of character, Caecilius became, with the help of grace, an illustrious convert, a great Saint, and, according to all appearances, the author of the conversion of Saint Cyprian. Octavius and Minutius were the instruments which God employed to bring him to the knowledge of the truth. They began by addressing fervent prayers to heaven, in order to interest it in favour of their friend. The victory which they gained over him at last was the fruit of their piety and of a conference which they had all three together. Minutius has left us the summary of it in a dialogue which he entitled *Octavius*, in honour of his friend who bore that name and who was dead when he put it in writing.

The order and design of this dialogue are of a great beauty: everything in it announces a master’s hand. From the beginning, the author insinuates himself imperceptibly into the soul by charming traits which he makes

remarked in the character of his dear Octavius; thence he leads on to the occasion of the conference with images so interesting, and paints the least objects with colours so beautiful, that he has in a way won the heart before entering into the matter. After having expressed his sorrow and his regrets at the death of Octavius, he continues thus: “He burned always for me with the same fire. He loved me so passionately that, as well in our affairs as in our amusements, an amiable sympathy united us unceasingly, and our two souls made, so to speak, but one.” He recalls with gratitude the advantages which he drew from the example of his friend and excites himself to fervour by the memory of his virtues. “In preserving,” says he, “his memory in my heart, I strive to go after him by my thoughts and to detach more and more my heart from every earthly affection.” Then he makes the recapitulation of that famous conversation by which Caecilius was led to the faith. The occasion which gave rise to it is described in the following manner.

Octavius came to Rome to visit his friend Minutius. His wife, his children and the rest of his family vainly wished to prevent him from making this journey. It was then autumn. By the favour of the vacations of the bar, Minutius found himself delivered from his ordinary occupations. He profited by this time to go to Ostia to take sea-water baths, with a view to drying up the humours with which he was incommoded. Octavius and Caecilius wished to be of the party. Walking one day, all three, very early in the morning in the city to go and reach the seashore, Caecilius perceived a statue of Serapis; whereupon he carried his hand to his mouth and kissed it, which was an act of adoration among the Greeks and the Romans.[4] Octavius took from this occasion to say to Minutius that it was a crime and a shame for them that their friend should remain always plunged in the darkness of error, and that he should render divine worship to stones which, for having received a figure and a sort of consecration, did not cease for that to be deaf and dumb. Caecilius was piqued at hearing himself accused of ignorance. He addressed himself to Octavius to propose to him a regular dispute on the matter in question. “I will prove to you,” he added with a triumphant air, “that hitherto you have never had to do with a philosopher.” The proposal having been at once accepted, they sat down, all three, on an eminence which served as a shelter to the bath. Minutius was placed in the middle with the quality of arbiter.

Caecilius, taking a decisive and cutting tone, began by denying the reality of a Providence. He counted on the subtlety of his mind and on the power of his eloquence. He objected first the poverty of the Christians, everywhere subject to the idolaters whose flourishing empire drew all eyes. To hear him, the dominant religion should pass for the best; the Christians were only wretches who obstinately persisted in dying of hunger, who made themselves a senseless pleasure of suffering divers tortures, who carried their extravagance to the point of despising life, fortune and all the goods of the world, who had not even a church to adore their one and only God.[5] Their sect, he continues, is only a mass of vile and contemptible people, who hide in holes, without knowing how to say a single word in their defence, and who, in the dark, occupy themselves in singing a pretended resurrection and the chimerical joys of another world. He directed his batteries above all against the resurrection of bodies, which has always been, in effect, a stumbling-stone for the ancient philosophers, as is seen by the writings of Athenagoras, of Tertullian, of Origen and of the other apologists of our holy religion: but calumnies were the principal resource of this champion of error. This sort of arms was not new; the demon had caused it to be invented by the instruments of his jealousy. If one confined oneself to the system of morals which the Gospel proposes, to examine in good faith the motives and the means of perfection which it furnishes, the most furious enemies of Christianity could not have refused it their esteem and respect. What happened? Our religion was disfigured to render it hateful, and the veil of calumny was thrown over that brilliant beauty which attests that its origin is heavenly.

Caecilius thought himself safe in this last entrenchment and flattered himself that he was strong enough in it to overthrow his adversary. He set himself therefore to object to Octavius the nocturnal assemblies of the Christians, their inhuman repasts and other pretended crimes for which their religion served as a pretext. “I hear it said,” he continued, “that they adore the head of an ass, the knees of their priest or bishop, as well as a

man punished for his crimes, and the accursed wood of the cross." He ridiculed the Christians for despising present torments to avoid invisible ones; for forbidding themselves legitimate pleasures, such as games, shows, feasts and the perfumes which they reserved for their dead, etc. Octavius follows his adversary step by step, to refute him with more order and solidity. He begins by establishing a Providence which presides over all human things, and he draws the proof of it from the design and harmony which are felt in a striking manner in the works of nature. This proof, though it is within reach of the most ordinary minds, has nevertheless a force and an evidence which all imaginable subtlety can neither elude nor weaken. In effect, one discovers in each part of the universe an arrangement so regular and a combination so wise that it is not possible to fail to recognise that all this is the work of a sovereign intelligence. "I suppose," says Octavius,[6] "that you enter a house whose apartments are magnificently furnished and where everything is in the most perfect order: could you, at this spectacle, doubt that there is in the house a master who watches over all and whose nature is far superior to that of the furnishings which you admire? In like manner, when you look upon heaven and earth, and consider the harmony and linking which of the different beings form an admirable whole, you cannot call in doubt the existence of a supreme Lord who, by his perfections, effaces the brightness of the stars and who is infinitely more worthy of admiration than all the works of his hands."

Providence established, Octavius proves that there is but one God, that this God is spirit, the Father and the Creator of all; that he is eternal, and that before the creation of the world he was a world to himself; that he is infinite, immense, incomprehensible to every created being. "Our intelligence," says he, "is too limited to reach up to him, and we never conceive him better than when we regard him as incomprehensible." He takes from this occasion to show the absurdity of polytheism, and all the extravagances into which the pagans fell in regard to their gods; coming then to their idols, he shows that they are only demons. "Many among you," he continues, "know that the demons are forced to bear witness against themselves, every time that, by words whose virtue they cannot sustain, we drive them out of the bodies which they possess.[7] You judge well that if they were masters of them, they would not betray themselves thus to their confusion, especially in the presence of you who adore them. You must therefore rely on them, and believe that they are demons, since you hear it from their own mouth. When we conjure them in the name of one only God, of the living God, these wretches tremble; they abandon suddenly the bodies which they possessed, or at least they withdraw little by little, according to the faith of the patient or the grace of the physician." Caecilius, embarrassed by these reasonings, renounces his first principles, and does not think himself the less strong for that against Christianity. This was without doubt abandoning the cause of idolatry, and so feeble a resource disclosed the defeat of its apologist. Caecilius was no more fortunate in attacking the evidence of the evangelical revelation. All his reasons rested on gross calumnies, drawn from some of our dogmas altered or taken by halves, and from our discipline falsified or ill understood. The only thing Octavius had to do to answer these calumnies was to deny them absolutely, and to give a clear exposition of the holiness of our doctrine. As to that old fable of an ass's head adored by the Christians, a fable which had first been circulated against the Jews,[8] Octavius says simply that the fact was false, and he defied his adversary to show its truth. He denied likewise that we adored the knees of the bishop. This accusation, as frivolous as the other, was founded on the fact that penitents prostrated themselves when the bishop gave them the absolution of their sins or his blessing.[9] You are no more authorised, continued Octavius, to accuse us of incest in the celebration of our mysteries. Can one impute a like crime to people so well known for the purity of their morals and of whom a great number make a vow of chastity? It is to you that the horrors with which you charge us must be reproached. Who does not know that you put a Priapus in the rank of the gods; that you sacrifice to Venus the prostitute; that you celebrate the festivals of the good goddess, and that you practise a thousand other abominations which it is not possible to name without blushing? He remarks that the Christians, far from eating children or defiling themselves by infamies, did not even go to see criminals executed, and that they abstained from blood; that those who married took only one wife; that several lived in perpetual continence, without however glorying in their state;[10] that, in short, the least thought of crime was condemned among

them.

All these calumnies, as we have observed, came either from the malice of the pagans, or from the little knowledge they had of our dogmas or our mysteries: the abominations of the Carpocratians and the Gnostics, who gave themselves out as Christians, had also contributed much to accredit them. The idolaters reproached us further with venerating all criminals who were crucified, as is seen from Origen,[11] and Caecilius accused us of adoring crosses; but Octavius shows that the accusation is false. “The exterior respect which the Christians had for the cross, and the frequent use they made of it, gave the pagans, inclined to take everything in bad part, occasion to tax them with adoring a cross.”[12] Caecilius reproached us further with having no temples nor known images, *nulla nota simulacra*. These words do not imply an exclusion of all images, but only of those of the gods known in the empire.[13]

He makes it observed that Pythagoras, Plato and the other pagan philosophers had learned the dogma of the immortality of the soul, as well as the truths which they taught (though mingled with many falsehoods), by an imperfect tradition of the divine revelation made to the ancient patriarchs.[14] He says that the Christians bury the dead instead of burning them, because it is the ancient and the better custom, and that God can equally raise them, whether from ashes or from dust. He establishes the eternity of the fire of hell, which unbelievers deserve as justly as the impious, “because it is not a lesser crime to ignore the common Lord, the Father of all men and of all beings, than to dare to infringe his commandments.”

Octavius ends his discourse by a short but charming description of Christian morality. He expresses himself thus, answering the reproach of poverty with which Caecilius had charged the disciples of Jesus Christ: “What then! can one call poor him who experiences no want? This title suits only him whose heart is not satisfied in the midst of abundance. No one could be poorer than he was on coming into the world. The art of the Christian, to possess all, is to desire nothing. The lighter a traveller is, the more at ease he finds himself; in like manner in the journey of this life, he whom poverty renders light is incomparably happier than he who is overwhelmed under the weight of riches. If riches seemed necessary to us, we would ask them of God. Innocence is the only object of our desires, and patience the only thing we ask. Misfortune is the school of virtue. What a fair spectacle for the Divinity, to contemplate the Christian in the lists grappling with pain, combating with noble constancy the threats, the wheels, the racks, at this moment above all when, like a conqueror, he triumphs over the judge who condemns him! For he is certainly the victor who carries off the prize he has contended for.” He says that our religion consists in practice and not in fine discourses. “We do not say great things, but we do them.”[15]

Scarcely had Octavius ceased to speak, when Caecilius cried out: “I congratulate you and I congratulate myself. We are victorious, both of us. Octavius triumphs over me, and I triumph over error; but the victory and the gain are chiefly on my side, since, by my defeat, I find the crown of truth.”

Such is the abridgement of this celebrated conference; but the beauty of the ideas and of the language can be well perceived only in the original. If this dialogue seems to have any defect, it is that of being short. The reader is sorry to find himself so soon at the end, and leaves it only with regret, which is the mark of excellent productions.

The company agreed that they would have another conversation to initiate Caecilius more fully into the Christian religion and to make him acquainted with its discipline. The beauty of the first conversation gives occasion to regret the second greatly, which was to turn on so interesting a matter. Baronius and several other historians doubt not that our Saint is that Caecilius, priest, who afterwards converted Saint Cyprian. They were both Africans, of the same age and of the same profession. Besides, Saint Cyprian has put in his writings divers things borrowed from the dialogue we have analysed and which doubtless had been communicated to him by Caecilius. Out of respect for the memory of the latter, he took his name, which he added before his own, and wished to be called Caecilius Cyprianus.

We read in Pontius that the priest Caecilius was a just man, venerable for his age, worthy to live for ever in the memory of men. This author adds that Saint Cyprian always honoured him as his father, and that he preserved for him the liveliest sentiments of veneration and gratitude. Saint Caecilius is named in the Roman martyrology.

Notice on Minutius Felix

No pagan author of this century has written in Latin with so much purity and elegance. It is with that tincture of the African dialect which is remarked in some places as with that “patavinity” which the delicate ear of a Roman discovered in Livy. By pleading at the bar, and by seeing the good company of Rome, Minutius had rid himself of the harshness of his national style and had substituted for it the politeness of the Latin idiom. The beauty and justness of his thoughts are an unequivocal proof of his judgment. The candour with which he expresses himself reveals in him an amiable fund of uprightness, goodness, frankness and affability. Bold figures, picturesque images, a pure style, flowing and of an admirable sweetness, a tone of decency and gravity which is constantly sustained, all this shows that he was a man of the first order, and that he knew perfectly the art of persuasion. No one possesses like him the talent of charming the reader and leading him where he pleases. He shows a vast erudition and a profound knowledge of pagan theology. His reasonings are strong and conclusive; he rallies with delicacy; he wounds and heals with the same hand, so well does he know how to prepare salt and satire. His mind is of an excellent nature; if it is brilliant, it is not at the expense of solidity; there is an intrinsic value and a lustre which owes nothing to alloy. This remark is by Mr. Blackwall, in his *Introduction to the Study of the Classical Authors*, p. 140. This ingenious writer adds what follows: “Minutius avenges Christianity superiorly of the calumnies of the pagans. His retorts are found so just, so full of force, and accompanied by such an evidence of truth, that one concludes he is the most dangerous adversary one can fear in a bad cause, and the ablest advocate one can desire to defend a good one.” The dialogue of Minutius Felix has been printed several times by the care of divers scholars. The editions are especially esteemed which have been given at Paris by Rigault in 1643; in Holland, *cum notis variorum*, 1672, 8vo; at Cambridge, by John Davis, in 1707, 8vo; at Leyden, in 1709, 8vo; M. d’Ablancourt has published a French translation of it which is passable and which has been several times reprinted.

Drawn from the dialogue of Minutius Felix, entitled *Octavius*, and from the Life of Saint Cyprian, by Pontius. See Tillemont, vol. iii; Ceillier; Reeve, *Dissert. prelim.*, and Orsi, who has given an excellent analysis of the dialogue of Minutius Felix, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii, book v, p. 453; Godescard, ed. Lefort.

Saint Clotilda,[16] Queen of France

— Pope: Vigilius. — King of France: Childebert I.

After she had invoked God who governs and knows all, God changed the spirit of the King.

Esther xv, 5.

When God undertook to found his Church upon the earth, he addressed himself first to the three peoples who summed up in their life the whole life of the ages past. It was natural, in effect, it was logical, that God should speak first to the three principal representatives of humanity: to the people who represented the holiness of traditions, to the people who represented the brilliance of genius, to the people who represented the majesty of power. God therefore made an appeal to the East, to Greece and to Rome; for Rome, Greece and the East are the whole ancient world: it is the ancient religion, it is the ancient science, it is the ancient authority. Well! what did the East, Greece and Rome answer to God, that is to say, the religion, the science, the authority of ancient times? The East answered the call of God by crucifying his Son; Greece, by pitifully disputing over the shreds of his doctrine, and the Roman people answered its divine vocation by throwing the Christians to the lions. God grew weary; he made a sign to new peoples; he called them from the ice of the

pole, from the steppes of Asia, from the of the desert, and he launched them to the conquest of the world. And then it could be said of the East, of Greece and of Rome, what Isaias predicted of old of proud Babylon: “Woe to Babylon! I have heard on the mountain the voice of the multitude; it was like the voice of a great people, like the war-cries of kings and nations assembled.” A deluge of Barbarians inundated the guilty races, and Europe seemed to be renewed under the breath of the anger of God. But among these barbarian nations, where is the inheritance of Jesus Christ? Which shall be among them the first Catholic nation? To whom is this great initiative due? Such is the question which arose for the Church from the midst of the ruins of the ancient world and at the origin of a new world.

God resolved this question. At one of the extremities of the Roman empire there was a race, the last which the sword of Rome had touched, before the sword of Rome broke in hands become too weak to bear it. All that there had been of great in the old world had met with this race, which Cato defined by two traits: eloquence and bravery, *res militaris, et argute loqui*. When Alexander led his phalanxes through Asia, he came to strike against this race, and it had said to that man before whom the earth was silent: We do not fear you, we fear only one thing, that heaven may fall upon us. Thus Rome trembled only before this race which one day had gone to the Capitol to avenge beforehand the humiliations of twenty peoples; to tame it, it had been necessary that the greatest man of war of the ancient world should deploy against it the double resource of genius and cruelty. But conquered Gaul nevertheless remained for her conquerors a menace and a terror; and one had not to dig very deep into the land of the Civilis and the Vindex to see that it had lost nothing of its sap or its fecundity. Such is the race which God had chosen: and as if it were not enough to form the first kingdom of his son, he permitted a second blood to come and rejuvenate its exhausted veins, and a new race to double its energy by mingling its own with it. Standing on the banks of the Rhine, for centuries, this newcomer awaited only the signal of Providence to enter Gaul. That moment arrived, the tribe of the Franks had crossed the river to occupy the land which God destined for it; and, on that day, the French nation was born, a providential mixture of the two races to which it has been given to accomplish the greatest things upon the earth. Behold how God formed the French nation. Of what instrument will he make use to render it Catholic? Of what there was most weak and most despised in the ancient world: of a woman; this predestined woman was Saint Clotilda.

Toward the middle of the 5th century, the Burgundians, come from Germany like the Franks, occupied in the Gauls the territory which extends from the Rhone and the Saône to the Alps.[1] Lyons, Geneva and Chalon-sur-Saône were their capitals. Their king Gundioc was a Catholic. Dying (463), he left four sons: Gondebaud, Chilperic, Godegisil and Gundomar. It was Chilperic who succeeded his father and took the title of king of the Burgundians, leaving to his brothers the government of some provinces.[2] He resided at Lyons. Chilperic was a Catholic as well as all his family, with the exception of Gondebaud, who was infected with Arianism: he had two daughters, Chrona and our holy Clotilda, at the moment when the events burst forth which cast him down from the throne.

About the year 477, discord arose among the sons of Gundioc. Gondebaud, the most ambitious of all, recoiled from no crime to dethrone Chilperic. The consequences of this fratricidal war seem to have been long and cruel. At last Gondebaud appeared at the gates of Vienne, where his brother had taken refuge. Chilperic fell into the power of the conqueror, with his wife and his two daughters, Chrona and Clotilda. Gondebaud did not know how to show himself generous in victory. He cruelly had the head of his brother Chilperic cut off, whose widow was cast into the Rhone, with a stone at her neck. The two young princesses, fallen into the power of a barbarous uncle, were nevertheless spared. Chrona, who was the elder, was relegated to a monastery, where she took the religious habit, and lived under the name of Mucurune. As for Clotilda, who was still very young, she was shut up in a castle which belonged to the murderer of her father.

A constant tradition, recalled by the historians of Burgundy, places at Montmorot, near Lons-le-Saunier, the sojourn of Clotilda, fallen into the power of her uncle. One still sees to-day the lofty keep where she was shut

up, it is said, by the suspicious Gondebaud.[3] The ancient historians in effect speak to us of the sojourn of Clotilda at Geneva and in upper Burgundy, and King Gondebaud had her carefully guarded, whether at Montmorot or in some other castle of the province. He feared without doubt that the interest which attached to the fate of an innocent orphan might awaken against him the ardour of the partisans of Chilperic. Nevertheless he treated her with honour, and the young princess showed herself as remarkable for the wisdom of her mind as for her dazzling beauty.

Clotilda, brought up thus in the midst of an Arian court, remained faithful to the worship of the true God. Her sweetness, her piety and also her love for the poor made her blessed by all who lived around her, and by all the indigent to whom she was accustomed to distribute alms. She accomplished these good works in full liberty, and soon the reputation of the pious princess spread through all the Gauls.

Clovis, who then reigned over France, heard of the virtues of Clotilda, and at once conceived the desire of having her for his wife. But how could the thought of marrying a Catholic princess come to Clovis, who was a pagan king? From the properly political point of view, this marriage did not offer the advantages which are ordinarily sought for princely alliances. Clotilda could bring to her new spouse only virtues, without other treasures. Stripped of all personal fortune by the murderer of her parents, held in a half-captivity which rendered her invisible even to the foreign ambassadors sent to the court of the Burgundians, she had to be sought for herself, without any afterthought of ambition or of increase of territory. Mention has been made of the rights which she represented, as daughter of Chilperic, over the kingdom of the Burgundians, and some historians have pretended that this prospect alone had determined the choice of Clovis. But it is certain that among the Burgundians, as well as among the Franks, daughters could not inherit the throne. A war alone could dispossess Gondebaud. Now, Clovis and his Franks had no need to buy by an alliance the right to make war on the neighbouring nations. They took this right when they wished, according to the inspirations of their warlike humour and the opportuneness of conjectures. But the choice of Clotilda, as spouse of Clovis, had for the Gallo-Roman Catholics a signification far more considerable. It confirmed the hopes which, from north to south, from east to west, in all the Gauls, attached themselves to the Frankish nation. The wishes of the Catholics were in favour of Clotilda. Ardent prayers rose from all hearts that the orphan, become queen of the Franks, might one day conquer them to the faith.

It is natural to think that the counsels of Saint Remigius, in whom the Frankish king had an entire confidence, were not strangers to his determination.

“Clovis sent frequent embassies to the Burgundians,” says Fredegarius, “in the hope that his envoys might meet Clotilda. But they were not permitted to see her. Clovis then had recourse to a stratagem which a noble Gallo-Roman, Aurelian, undertook to make succeed. The latter disguised himself in the rags of a beggar, a wallet on his shoulder, and set out alone for the city of Janua (Geneva) where Gondebaud then was. He carried the royal ring which Clovis had entrusted to him.” “One Sunday after mass, Clotilda, advancing, according to custom, under the porch of the church, was occupied in distributing her alms to the poor assembled. There pressed the Romans despoiled of their goods, the Gauls ruined by the exactors, those who came as fugitives from the countries devastated by the Franks, women, old men, children, whom the far-off reputation of the beneficence of Clotilda called from all lands to the places where she poured out her gifts. That day, a young Roman, who preserved an air of opulence and dignity under his beggar’s clothes, had struck her by the whiteness of his hands, by the perfume of his hair, and still more by the care he had taken to put aside the veil with which she was enveloped to contemplate her fixedly, while kneeling before her he held out his hand for her silver *as*. Surprised, she had him called, and asked him the reasons of his disguise and of his boldness.

“‘Most illustrious Clotilda,’ he had answered, ‘I am Aurelian, son of the senator of that name, of a consular family. King Clovis has taken my family and me into favour. He took us for the interpreters of his clemency toward the Romans of my province; since then he has honoured me with the title of his table-companion, has

raised me to the rank of his antrustions,[4] and at this moment I am accomplishing a mission which is the highest and most magnificent testimony of his confidence. Aurelian, son of Aurelian, clarissimus senator, he said to me, I have resolved to seat on my throne, at my side, a princess of the same religion as thy people, a princess who is said to be fair among all the daughters of the Gauls. Go, contrive to see her, without the knowledge of her uncle Gondebaud; and if I have not been deceived, if thou findest her worthy of the praises which the world makes of her, here is my ring… Noble princess,' added Aurelian, 'my expectation is surpassed!'[5]"

And at the same time he handed her the royal ring which was to serve as authentic proof of his mission.

Clotilda received it with joy and said to the envoy: "It is not permitted to a Christian woman to marry a pagan. If nevertheless the designs of God are preparing this union, if he wishes to make use of me to bring the king of the Franks to know him, I shall be happy to accomplish his will.[6] Receive, I pray you, as a reward for your service these hundred solidi. Here is my ring. Return promptly to your master and tell him on my part that, if he wishes to marry me, he is to send at once ambassadors to ask for me of Gondebaud, my uncle. The deputies must conclude the negotiation without delay and act with despatch. Aredius, the counsellor of the king my uncle, has not yet returned from Constantinople. This circumstance must be profited by, for I suspect that he would be opposed to our project." Aurelian set out again at once and gave Clovis an account of all the details of his journey.[7] He was at once charged to return, no longer as a beggar, says Aimoin, but as ambassador, to Gondebaud, to demand in the name of the king of the Franks the immediate delivery of his betrothed whom he was unjustly detaining. The exchange of the two rings between the future spouses gave Clotilda in effect the title of betrothed. She knew it. Accordingly she had taken care to deposit secretly, and without the knowledge of her uncle, the ring of Clovis among the other jewels of the royal treasure. Aurelian, arrived at Gondebaud's, who knew none of these details, said to him: "The king of the Franks sends me to claim of you his betrothed whom you retain at your court." "Who is this betrothed?" answered Gondebaud. "Do you come here with a hostile aim, and to play the part of a spy? Take care that I do not have you driven shamefully from my States." "The betrothed of Clovis my master," said Aurelian, "is your niece Clotilda. The king of the Franks has exchanged his ring with her. Fix therefore yourself the day and place where the solemn delivery of the princess shall be made to her royal spouse." Gondebaud, more and more astonished, took counsel of the great men of his court. All feared that a refusal would draw upon the Burgundian provinces the arms of Clovis. This is the advice they gave the king: Let the young girl be questioned; let it be known from her whether it is true that she has received the ring of Clovis and consented to marry him. In case the fact were true and she had really exchanged the betrothal gifts, she must be delivered without delay to the ambassadors of the king of the Franks, rather than expose ourselves to a disastrous war. Clotilda was therefore summoned; she declared that she had really received the ring of Clovis, showed it to her uncle and added that she would willingly become the spouse of the king of the Franks." Aurelian was recalled: "He hastened," says Fredegarius, "to offer Gondebaud a sou and a denier, the usual pledge of matrimonial alliances among the Franks.[8] It was agreed that Clotilda should depart immediately to go and join Clovis, and that the two spouses should return together to celebrate their nuptials solemnly at Cabillonum (Chalon-sur-Saône), where Gondebaud wished to prepare magnificent festivals. The Frankish ambassadors received Clotilda from the hands of the king of the Burgundians. She took her place in a *basterna*, a covered waggon, drawn by oxen." — "But having learned that the speedy return of Aredius was spoken of, she said to the Frankish ambassadors: If you wish to deliver me safe and sound into the hands of the king your master, it is not in a *basterna* that we ought to travel. Give me a good horse, and let us hasten to leave the territory of the Burgundians. Otherwise we shall be stopped on the way." — The Franks asked nothing better, and the young betrothed, mounted on a swift courser, hastened her march. Aredius had in fact just landed at Marseilles, and, galloping day and night, arrived at the court of Gondebaud. "You know," said the prince to him, "that I have just contracted an alliance with the Franks, and that I have given my niece Clotilda as spouse to their king." "An alliance!" cried the Burgundian minister; "say rather that you have just prepared a

war that will never end. O my master! do you no longer remember that the father of Clotilda, your brother Chilperic, succumbed under your sword; that the mother of Clotilda was cast into the Rhone with a stone at her neck? and that the two brothers of Clotilda had their heads cut off by your order? Believe me, if she ever has the power, she will avenge the tragic end of her parents. Send an army in pursuit of her: let her be brought back by force. A quarrel settled once for all with Clovis will be more easily got through than a resentment which will be perpetuated between the Franks and the Burgundians, under the influence of the new queen." — Gondebaud approved this advice. He despatched at once a band of horsemen to arrest Clotilda, and bring her back to him with the treasures deposited in the royal *basterna*. But it was too late. Clotilda was already touching the frontiers of the two States. Informed of the pursuit of which she was the object, she had Clovis immediately advised of it, who was awaiting her at Villariacum (Villery), on the territory of the Tricasses (Troyes), asking him what was to be done and proposing to defend herself by force against the unjust violence of which she was the object. Clovis gave the order to the Frankish soldiers who escorted his betrothed to ravage and burn, over a radius of two leagues, the Burgundian country which remained for them to traverse. They did so and Clotilda reached Villariacum without having been overtaken by the horsemen of Gondebaud. On meeting her royal spouse, she knelt and said: I give thee thanks, Almighty God, that I have seen a beginning of vengeance exercised against the murderer of my father, of my mother and of my brothers (494)!"

The nuptials of the first Christian queen of France could no longer be celebrated at Chalon-sur-Saône, as Gondebaud had proposed: they were celebrated at Soissons, in the midst of the most sumptuous festivals (493). While the Franks profited by the marriage of their chief to amuse themselves, according to their inclinations, Clotilda prayed and made her tears speak to obtain from God the speedy conversion of the king her husband.

Clovis had by Queen Clotilda a first son.[9] Wishing the child to be consecrated by Baptism, the queen pressed her husband earnestly, saying to him:

"The gods whom you honour are nothing, for they can do nothing, neither for themselves, nor for others, since they are carved of stone, of wood or of metal. The names that you have given them are the names of men.

"But he whom we ought to honour the more is he who, by his word, created out of nothing heaven, earth and sea, and all things contained in them; who made the sun shine, adorned heaven with stars; peopled the waters with fish, the lands with animals, and the airs with birds; who decks at his will the fields with harvests, the trees with fruits, the vines with grapes; whose hand created the human race, and whose liberality has willed that every creature should render homage and service to man, formed by him."

But although the queen said all this, the king's mind was not brought to the faith. He said:

"It is by the will of our gods that all things have been created and produced; it is clear, on the contrary, that your God can do nothing, and, what is more, it is proved that he is not even of the race of the gods."[10] The pious queen nevertheless obtained what she desired. It was permitted her to present her child for baptism. By her order, the church was decorated with garlands and rich hangings. Clotilda hoped to draw more easily to the faith, by this pomp, him whom her exhortations had not been able to touch. The child was baptised, and received the name of Ingomer; but he died in the week of his Baptism. The king, embittered by this loss, overwhelmed Clotilda with reproaches, saying to her:

"If the child had been consecrated in the name of my gods, certainly he would be living still; but as he was baptised in the name of your God, he was bound to die infallibly."

The queen answered: "I give thanks to Almighty God, creator of all things, that he has not judged me altogether unworthy to see the fruit of my womb admitted into his kingdom. This loss has not affected my

soul with grief, because I know that the children whom God withdraws from the world while they are still in white garments are to enjoy his presence."

The queen had a second son,[11] who received at Baptism the name of Clodomir. This child having fallen ill some time after his baptism, the king said:

"It cannot happen otherwise to this one than it happened to his brother: baptised in the name of your Christ, he too must die."

But, by the prayers of the mother and the will of the Lord, the child recovered.[12]

Meanwhile Clotilda pressed her husband ever to keep the promise he had made her to acknowledge the true God and to abandon the worship of idols. But nothing could decide him to believe. A war broke out between the Franks and the Alemanni,[13] in which he was forced by necessity to confess what, until then, he had obstinately denied. The two armies met in the plains of Tolbiac. The troops of the Frankish king were repulsed, and the disorder was such in their ranks that the battalions, entangling with one another, gave one another death. At this sight, Clovis could not restrain his tears.

Aurelian, the faithful Aurelian, was at the monarch's side: "O my king!" said he, "believe in the God of Clotilda and he will give you the victory." Then Clovis raised his eyes to heaven and cried out: "Jesus Christ, whom Clotilda announces to be son of the living God, thou who comest, it is said, to the help of those who are in pain and givest victory to those who hope in thee, I invoke with devotion thy glorious aid. If thou grantest me to conquer these enemies, and if I experience the effect of that power which the people devoted to thy name proclaim to have experienced, I will believe in thee and be baptised in thy name. I have invoked my gods, but I find that they are not at hand to help me; thus I believe that they possess no power, since they do not help those who serve them. It is thou whom I invoke now, and it is in thee that I wish to believe. Only let me escape from my enemies!"

As he said this, the Alemanni turned their backs and began to take flight, and seeing that their king was dead, they put themselves under the domination of Clovis, saying: "Cease, we pray, to kill our people, we are thine." — Clovis gave his men the order to cease the carnage and led back his troops to the tent. On his return, he related to the queen how, by invoking the name of Christ, he had obtained the victory (496). It was then that Clotilda sent for Saint Remigius, bishop of Reims, begging him to make the word of salvation penetrate into the heart of the king. The Pontiff taught him to know the true God, and when he thought him sufficiently instructed, he had the ceremony of baptism prepared with great magnificence. This day having arrived, an immense crowd circulated around the principal church of Reims; the king Clovis was impatiently awaited, and the thousands of catechumens who were to be initiated like him in the divine mysteries of the Christian faith. Children strewed on the ground the flowers from their baskets; young girls, covered with long veils, proceeded in file toward the place of the ceremony and sang hymns to the glory of God. Here, the leudes, richly dressed, vied in urging on the course of their chariots; there, religious expounded prophecies which the people gathered with ardour; farther on, *fatistes* (poets) related naive legends, and the name of Christ was at last set upon lips which, lately, repeated only the profane names of idols.

A sudden rumour announced the approach of the royal cortège: Clovis appeared. At his side walked Clotilda, radiant with happiness; behind him advanced the sisters of the king, the princesses Lanthilde and Alboflède, whom the miracle of Tolbiac had converted; the young Thierry, son of a first bed of Clovis, and floods of warriors and people, whom Clotilda was happy to bring to the heavenly fold.

The deacons received Clovis on the threshold of the church; clouds of myrrh escaped from the censers and rose in vapours to the vault; rose-petals strewed the pavement and perfumed the precinct. It was just that Clovis should be the first to quench his thirst at the regenerating springs of Baptism. The bishop of Reims led the illustrious catechumen to the entrance of the baptistery, and like Christ when he healed the blind and the

deaf, Saint Remigius, touching with his fingers moistened with spittle the ears of the monarch, pronounced the word *Hephta*, "Be opened." Clovis, after having recited the Apostles' Creed, entered with the bishop into the Jordan. So was called a sanctuary of circular form, in the centre of which rounded a large basin of porphyry filled with sacred water. Looking toward the East, image of light, then toward the West, image of darkness, Saint Remigius was preparing to pour on the brow of Clovis the water which he had drawn from the basin when a dove descended from heaven, and carrying in its beak a little phial, entered the baptistery by one of the open windows.

The bishop, accomplishing the secret orders of the Lord, seized the little phial, poured on the head of Clovis some drops of the heavenly liquor which it contained,[14] and cried: "Bow thy head, proud Sicambrian; burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned."[15]

A murmur of enthusiasm ran through the assembly; Clovis came out of the baptistery clothed with the white robe of the neophytes; he approached the prisoners of Tolbiac and loosed their chains. It was by an act of clemency that the king of the Franks began his new existence.

"O Clovis!" sang the bards in chorus, "no earthly power equals thy power: for the aureole of the Christian shines on thy brow; one of thy hands holds the sword, and thy other hand rests on the cross!"[16]

After the baptism, Clovis despatched ambassadors to Pope Anastasius and had his own crown laid before the tomb of the holy apostles Peter and Paul: it was the beginning of the alliance between France and the Roman Church. Under the inspiration of Clotilda, he had the temples of the idols pulled down in his States and churches raised to the true God. A warrior ever favoured by victory, everything succeeded with him: his empire increased, and Paris, which until then he had besieged in vain, opened its gates to him at last.

Twenty years had passed in a happy union between Clovis and Clotilda, when God recalled to himself the king of the Franks (511). Clotilda, after the first tears given to nature, resigned herself as becomes a Christian woman and said: "Lord, thou hadst given him me a pagan; by thy mercy, I render him to thee a Christian, thy will be done." From Paris and the sojourn of the court, Clotilda betook herself to Tours before a tomb: that of Saint Martin! "There," says Saint Gregory of Tours, "was seen the daughter of a king, the niece of a king, the wife of a king, the mother of several kings, spending the nights in prayer, serving the poor, consoling the afflicted, assisting the needy with her goods, protecting widows and orphans." No one more than Clotilda was to have compassion for misfortune. After the death of Clovis, she lived yet more than thirty years which were, like her youth, sown with trials and tribulations. Her only daughter, named like her Clotilda, had married the king of the Visigoths, Amalaric. This prince, who was an Arian, began to detest his wife on account of her religion. He had mud thrown at her when she went to church, and wished, by all sorts of ill treatment, to force her to abjure. The brothers of this unhappy princess, having learned the outrages of which she was the object, declared war on Amalaric, killed him and brought back their sister; but Saint Clotilda was not to see her daughter again here below: she died on the way.

Other sorrows, expiation of those faults from which the saints themselves are not exempt, awaited Queen Clotilda. Her uncle Gondebaud had just died, leaving his kingdom of the Burgundians to Saint Sigismund (516). The troubles which broke out in Burgundy under this prince appeared to Clotilda a favourable moment to avenge the death of her parents. She believed that filial piety made it a duty for her. She therefore excited her sons to declare war on Sigismund. "My children," she said to them, "let me not have to repent of having nourished you tenderly; be, I pray you, indignant at my injury, and avenge the death of my father and my mother." Clotilda was but too well obeyed by her children. They attacked the Burgundians and defeated them. Sigismund, vanquished and seized, was delivered to Clodomir, who had him inhumanly cast into a well, with his wife and his children.

One will doubtless be astonished to see thus sometimes the cruel heroine beside the Saint. But to judge worthily these acts, which seem to us so strange in the life of Clotilda, let us beware of estimating them by

the measure of our manners and our civilisation. Posterity, listening to the history of this strong woman, who raised the cross on the shield-raising of the Franks, will not dare to make a crime of it that she sometimes too easily reproduced the imprint of her nation and of her epoch. Christians know besides that the Church proposes in her saints to the admiration of men only their traits of resemblance with Jesus Christ, the author of all holiness. As to the actions which bring them near to other men, she relates them only, abandoning the care of judging and absolving them to the merciful God who crowns repentance no less than innocence.

One of the sons of Clovis, Clodomir, died fighting the Burgundians at Yézeronces. He left three children of tender age, Theodebert, Gontaire and Clodoald. They were brought up by the care of Clotilda, their grandmother, who returned from Tours and established herself with them in a monastery of Paris.

God permitted a supreme trial to break the last bonds which attached her to the world, that the cruelty of her own children should come and snatch from her maternal arms these poor innocents.

One must read in Saint Gregory of Tours himself the moving account of the horrible murder of the young children of Clodomir; nothing is more heart-rending: While Queen Clotilda was sojourning at Paris, Childebert, seeing that his mother had set all her affection on the sons of Clodomir, carried away by envy and fearing that, by the favour of the queen, they might have part in the kingdom, sent secretly to say to his brother Clotaire: “Our mother keeps near her the sons of our brother, and wishes to give them the kingdom. You must come quickly to Paris, and we must hold counsel together to deliberate on what we are to do with them, namely whether their hair shall be cut that they may be like the rest of the people, or whether it will not be better to kill them and divide equally between us the kingdom of our brother.”

Quite joyful at these words, he came to Paris. Childebert had spread among the people the idea that the two kings were meeting in order to raise these young children to the throne. But when they were assembled, they had the queen, who then dwelt in the same city, told: “Send us the children that they may be raised to the throne.”

She, filled with joy, and ignorant of their artifice, had the children fed and given to drink, and sent them, saying: “It seems to me that I have not lost my son if I see you reign in his place.”

These, having gone, were seized at once, separated from their servants and their governors, and all were guarded, on one side the servants, on the other the children. Then Childebert and Clotaire sent to the queen Arcadius, with scissors and a naked sword. When he was before the queen, he showed her both of them, saying: “What is your will, most glorious queen; your sons, our masters, ask what you think should be done with these children, and whether you order that they live with their hair cut, or that they be put to death?”

She, stricken at the message and outraged with anger, above all on seeing the naked sword and the scissors, answered without reflecting, in the bitterness which had seized her, and without knowing, in her grief, what she was about to say: “I would rather, if they are not raised to the throne, see them dead than shorn.”

But Arcadius, little concerned with her despair and with what she might decide afterwards on reflecting further, returned promptly to report this and said: “The queen consents; finish your work; she herself orders that you accomplish your design.”

At once Clotaire, taking the elder of the children by the arm, throws him on the ground and kills him cruelly by driving a knife into his armpit. At the cries of the child, his brother prostrates himself at the feet of Childebert, and seizing his knees, he said to him with tears: “Help me, my excellent father, that I may not die like my brother!”

Then Childebert, his face covered with tears, said: “I pray thee, my very sweet brother, to have the generosity to grant me his life; I will give thee for him all that thou wilt; only let him not die.” Then Clotaire said, full of fury: “Either thrust him away from thee, or thou shalt certainly die in his place. It is thou,” he continued, “who art the instigator, and art thou so quick to fail in faith?”

At these words, Childebert thrust the child away and threw him toward Clotaire, who, receiving him, drove his knife into his side, as he had done to his brother, and killed him. They then put the slaves to death with the governors. After they were dead, Clotaire, mounting his horse, went away without being troubled in the least at the murder of his nephews; as for Childebert, he withdrew into the suburbs of the city. The queen had the poor little bodies placed in a coffin, and followed them with a great apparatus of chants and an immense mourning, to the basilica of Saint Peter,[17] where she had them buried together. The one was ten years old, and the other seven. They could not have the third, named Clodoald, because he was saved by courageous men. He, despising an earthly kingdom, consecrated himself to the Lord, cut off his hair with his own hand and was made a cleric; he applied himself to good works and died a priest.[18] The two kings divided in equal portions the kingdom of Clodomir.[19]

Henceforth the world closed before Clotilda. She returned to the tomb of Saint Martin and shared her last years between prayer and good works.

At Tours, she was witness of the miracles which were wrought every day by the intercession of the wonder-worker of the Gauls and became a wonder-worker herself. The Frankish princes, her sons, continued to deliver fratricidal combats to one another. “Now,” says Gregory of Tours, “it happened that Theodebert and Childeric, at the head of an army, set out against Clotaire. He, despairing of resisting their attack, fled with his men into the forest of Routot, on the banks of the Seine, near Caudebec, where he sought to cover himself with great barricades of felled trees. But the fugitive prince scarcely counted on this feeble rampart and thought of invoking God.

“Queen Clotilda, informed of what was passing, betakes herself to the tomb of Blessed Martin, prostrates herself there in prayer, watches all the night and prays God to put an end to the impious war which her children are waging.

“The two kings, arriving with their armies, surrounded Clotaire and were preparing to kill him on the morrow, when one morning there arose in the place where they were assembled a tempest which carried off the tents, destroyed the baggage and overturned everything; lightnings mingled with thunder and a rain of stones descend on their heads; they cast themselves with the face against the ground covered with hail, and these stones falling strike them with force, for there remained to them for all shelter only their shields, and what they feared most was to be consumed by the fire of heaven. Their horses also were so dispersed that they could scarcely be found again at a distance of twenty stadia, and that many of them were even entirely lost. Bruised by the stones, as we have said, prostrate on the ground, they expressed their repentance and asked pardon of God for what they had wished to do against their own blood. On Clotaire there fell not a single drop of rain, and not the least noise of thunder was heard, and no breath of wind was felt in the place where he was. His brothers sent him messengers to ask peace and friendship of him, which having been granted them, they returned to their homes.

“No one will doubt that this is a miracle of Blessed Martin, obtained by the queen.”[20]

This miracle of maternal love was the last act of Saint Clotilda on earth.

One evening when she was praying with extraordinary fervour at the tomb of Saint Martin, the royal widow heard a voice in her heart foretelling her a happy piece of news. It told her that before thirty new suns had lighted the world a little, the queen of France would have passed to a better life. From that time the virtuous Clotilda was seen to prepare herself by the most ardent efforts and the liveliest transports of piety for this passage from earth to heaven. But although all her thoughts were then fixed on the eternal rewards which God has promised to his Saints, she felt nevertheless her heart move with an immense love for some beings whom she was about to leave in this world. It was her mother’s heart, which, about to lose itself and be inflamed in the flames of divine love, still burned with an ineffable tenderness for ungrateful sons, whose quarrels and crimes had many a time pierced this same heart with a sorrowful sword. Clotilda, on her

death-bed, wishes to see them, to speak to them and to hear them. Clotaire and Childebert, summoned by her, appear therefore in her presence. Oh! how lively and eloquent must have been the last prayer of this royal mother to the cruel sons who had misunderstood her love! She exhorted them in the most touching manner to serve God, to keep his laws, to protect the poor, to live together in perfect understanding, and to treat their peoples with a paternal kindness. She then turned all her thoughts toward God, awaiting her hour, with the calm of the just who, through the transparent veils of death, glimpses the dawn of a fairer life. On the thirtieth day of her illness (545) she fortified her soul with the bread of the elect; and, after a public profession of her faith, she gave up gently her last breath in the arms of the God who had consoled her here below by his love, and who, in the heavens, was himself to be her reward.

The body of Saint Clotilda was brought to Paris, where her sons Childebert and Clotaire made her magnificent funeral! She was buried, according to her desire, in the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, beside that of Clovis and at the foot of the tomb of Saint Genevieve. It is there that her precious remains reposed long, near the monarch whom she had won to the faith, and the humble virgin of Nanterre, whom she had known, whom she had loved and beside whom she reposes to-day in heaven. The Germans have pretended that three toads were the primitive arms of France and that they were replaced by three lilies brought from heaven by angels to Saint Clotilda, after the baptism of Clovis. We have seen Saint Clotilda represented standing: crown on head, two long plaits of hair descending over her shoulders; royal mantle; nimbus of holiness. Her hands hold a little edifice which may recall either the foundation of the basilica of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, at Paris, or the creation of the Andelys, or again, in a figurative sense, the foundation of the new Church of France. In the painted or engraved history of Saint Clotilda there is recalled also the blessing of a fountain which she caused to spring up at the Grands-Andelys, in favour of the workmen who were building her monastery. We shall say below a word of this marvellous fact. Lastly, it is quite natural to recall her tears and her painting at the tomb of Saint Martin.

Saint Clotilda is sometimes represented with a battle in the distance. This is a means of recalling the conversion of Clovis following the combat of Tolbiac.

Cult of Saint Clotilda

Deposited in the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, she was afterwards taken out of it and placed in a particular shrine (1520) which was carried solemnly together with that of Saint Genevieve. This church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul took in the sequel the name of Sainte-Geneviève. Destroyed at the Revolution, it has bequeathed its name to the edifice known under the name of the Panthéon. When the Genovefans were expelled from their house in 1792, one of them took care to withdraw the bodies of Saint Clotilda, of Saint Céran, bishop of Paris, and of Saint Aude, virgin, from the profanation with which they were threatened, and carried them away to a country place in the environs of Paris, where he was going to settle; but, fearing afterwards to compromise himself during the reign of terror by keeping this precious deposit, he burned these holy relics and preserved the ashes, which are now in the church of Saint-Leu, at Paris, enclosed in a reliquary with some small fragments of the bones of Saint Clotilda.

The parish of Longpont, near Paris, preserves a notable relic of Saint Clotilda. Some are also found in the church of Viviers, diocese of Soissons. These relics were brought there, before the 13th century, from the basilica where she was buried at Paris. The feast of Saint Clotilda is celebrated at Viviers, with great pomp, on 3 June. The office of it is double in the Proper of the diocese, approved by Rome.

M. Henri Congnet, dean of the Chapter of the cathedral, wrote to us from Soissons, on 3 June 1866: “A fact which does not appear contestable, and which is reported by the ancient historians, is that, in the 9th century, the relics of Saint Clotilda were carried out of Paris, to put them out of reach of the pillage of the Normans. They were deposited at Viviers or Vivières in the church of the castle, which was fortified. It was on this occasion that the collegiate church of the castle of Vivières was established. When the Normans were no

longer to be feared, a deputation was sent from Paris to ask back the shrine of Saint Clotilda, which had been put at Vivières only on deposit. After many contestations, it was agreed to make a division of the relics. The head and an arm of the Saint remained at Vivières, and the shrine was restored to Paris. — It is from the sojourn of these precious relics that the pilgrimage of Vivières dates. — What confirms the division of the relics such as we have just indicated is that, when Louis XIII, wishing to possess a portion of them, had the shrine opened to satisfy his devotion, a great part of the body was found in it, but the head was not there.

"In the 12th century, the dean of the collegiate church, named Henry, embraced with his Canons the Rule of Prémontré, recently approved by the Pope (1126). The number of the religious having considerably increased in a few years, Henry transported his community (1149 or 1153) a league and a half farther, to a solitary valley called Valsery, *Vallis serena*, which a lord of the neighbourhood had just given them. Henry took from that time the name of abbot of Valsery. A small number of religious remained at Vivières, which was no more than a simple priory.

"Under the reign of Saint Louis there took place a division and a translation to Valsery of the relics of Saint Clotilda remaining at Vivières.

"'The churches of Viviers and of Valsery,' says Muldrac, 'glory in possessing the head of Saint Clotilda, queen of France, and both celebrate her feast with great solemnity. As for Viviers, it appears from a charter of an abbot of Valsery, who made a new translation of it in the time of Saint Louis, that it truly has a good part of the head of this august princess, wife of the great Clovis, — and Valsery another particle of the same head (the *Valois roial amplifié*… by Muldrac, former prior of Longpont in Valois, 12mo of one hundred and seventy-three pages).'

"At Vivières, in effect, the relics of Saint Clotilda have been venerated from time immemorial and without interruption until to-day. We have seen ourselves in the church, in the year 1865, a strong old wooden bust representing a woman, and called by the people of the country and by the pilgrims: bust of Saint Clotilda, before which people kneel and make prayers in the persuasion that relics of the Saint are enclosed in it. We wished to assure ourselves of the truth of the fact and on 8 August 1865, furnished with the powers and the seals of Mgr Dours, bishop of Soissons, accompanied by the reverend Father Lacoste, of the Society of Jesus, and several notable persons, we opened, with the help of a saw, the head of the bust and drew from it a considerable portion of a human head comprising the whole top of the skull, all the frontal as far as the beginning of the nose, the orbit of the eyes, the bones surrounding the two auditory passages, the parietal; then, separated from the head: the upper bone of the jaw, a tooth, and a little bone. — In the interior of the skull there was found wrapped in silk a piece of parchment fourteen centimetres long, eight centimetres wide, written in characters of the 13th century, with the remains of a seal in red wax. It is an authentic piece of the abbot of Valsery attesting a translation of the head of Saint Clotilda: *venerabi. et sanctissim. gleb. Beatæ Chrothildis reginæ… cujus corpus in ecclesia beatæ Genovefæ Parisiens. requiescit, in hoc vasculo positum fuit, anno Domini 1234*, in the presence of the religious of Valsery, of the abbot and of the Canons of Lieu-restauré. — It is established that for six hundred years the pilgrimage of Saint Clotilda at Vivières has been frequented and still is; that during the Revolution the said bust containing the skull of Saint Clotilda was buried in a room adjoining the church, from which it was withdrawn at the restoration of worship. — The fountain of Saint Clotilda exists also and beside it are seen the ruins of the ancient chapel dedicated to the Saint. At the season of the pilgrimage, on the eve of 3 June and during the six weeks which follow, the pilgrims come with devotion to drink the water, 'covered,' they say in their popular language, 'with the hair of the Saint.' So they call the very fine herbs which are on the surface of the water. The Saint is asked especially for deliverance from fever. Each year twelve or fifteen hundred pilgrims are counted.

"The borough of Cœuvres, where are the ruins of the castle of the fair Gabrielle, inherited from the abbey of Valsery in 1793 the arm, that is to say the radius of the arm of Saint Clotilda, *reyne de France* (*Crochildis regine*). The *Annals of Prémontré*, by Louis Hugo, abbot of Estival and bishop of Ptolemais, in the

enumeration of the relics of Valsery, also made mention of a portion of the head and arm of Saint Clotilda. *Reliquiæ: caput et brachium sanctæ Clotildis*. The radius is still in the church of Cœuvres.

"A pilgrimage of Saint Clotilda exists also at the Andelys (Eure). The pilgrims go there yearly to the number of four or five thousand persons. A part of the stained-glass windows of the Grand-Andelys represents the life of Saint Clotilda, who is the patroness of the church. The Saint had, in her lifetime, founded at the Andelys an abbey of Biles. While it was being built, she encouraged the zeal of the workmen by all sorts of means. One day when they were harassed by fatigue and the ardour of the heat, she obtained from heaven that the water of a neighbouring fountain should have for these men the taste and the strength of wine. Each year, on 3 June, at the solemn procession, the shrine enclosing a very small fragment of the skull and a rib of Saint Clotilda is carried and one goes toward the miraculous fountain; and, to recall the prodigy of which we have just spoken, wine is poured into the fountain and the statue of the Saint is plunged in the water. The rib was given to the Andelys in 1655; the fragment of the head, in 1617, by the Canons of Sainte-Geneviève of Paris. Their authenticity was recognised by Mgr Devoucoux, to-day bishop of Evreux.

"Since the 13th century and perhaps before, relics of Saint Clotilda were honoured at Joyeuval (*Gaudium in valle*), a place where, as the *Gallia christiana* reports, *Franciæ insignia fuerunt cælitus demissa*, the escutcheon in a field of azure with three golden fleurs de lis was handed by a hermit to Saint Clotilda to be offered to her husband and to be adopted afterwards by all the kings of France. — In 1791, when the suppression of the monasteries had been decreed, the first mayor of the commune of Champbourcy (Seine-et-Oise), M. Terrier, had the shrine of Saint Clotilda transported in procession from the abbey of Joyenval to the parish church of Champbourcy. It remained there suspended in the choir by two iron chains until 1793. As it was of massive silver and weighed three hundred pounds, the revolutionaries seized it, and M. Terrier, then a simple municipal councillor, obtained leave to take from it the bones, put them in a canvas sack which he had sewn on all sides, and having brought the two ends together he set a wax seal upon it. It is in this state that the sack, perfectly preserved and hidden during the terror, was afterwards handed by the same M. Terrier to M. Tupigny, charged with serving the parish; then, in 1802, to M. Lefebure; then, in 1829, to M. Lacoste, to-day a Jesuit. This sack was put in a glazed box until 1837, the epoch at which M. Lacoste opened the sack and took the relics from it to place them more honourably in a shrine. In 1860 the Reverend Father Lacoste gave one of the bones to the church of Sainte-Clotilde of Paris; a little bone of twelve centimetres to the Bishop of Versailles. There remain to-day at Champbourcy two large bones of Saint Clotilda of about twenty-five centimetres each.

"Statues are erected to-day to all who have made illustrious the place of their birth or of their residence. It is astonishing that at Soissons, where Saint Clotilda long dwelt, and where she often entertained Clovis, her royal spouse, on the necessity of embracing the Christian religion, no one has yet thought of erecting in the cathedral or elsewhere a chapel under the title of this great queen, to whom 'we owe the definitive establishment of Catholicism in France.' In 1864, the seminary of Soissons consecrated one of its windows to Saint Clotilda. It is known that a magnificent Gothic church has been raised in honour of Saint Clotilda at Paris, in the rue de Bourgogne, which recalls the name of her native land."

History of the Church, by the abbé Darras; *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*; *Heavenly Legends* [*Légendes célestes*], by Alfred des Essarts; *Hagiological Annals of France*, by M. Ch. Barthélémy; local notes.

Saint Lifard[21], Abbot

6th century.

In dilectione Conditoris lingua, mens et vita requiritur.

One must consecrate to the love of the Creator one's words, one's thoughts, one's life.

Saint Bonaventure.

This great Saint, who was of one of the best families of Orléans, others say of Le Mans[1], made himself, from his youth, very skilful in the study of jurisprudence. Being of an age to hold an office of judicature, he was raised to one of the first magistracies of the city; his wisdom, his gentleness and his integrity caused him to be singularly admired there; and he acquired such a reputation as a good judge that it was enough to know that a sentence had been pronounced by Lifard to be persuaded that it was just. His great occupations in this employment did not hinder him from rendering to God all the duties of a true Christian. He loved prayer, attended the divine offices, frequented the Sacraments, occupied himself with the presence of Our Lord, and took great care to do all things for His love and with a view to His glory; in a word, the ancient author of his life assures us that he did not live in the world with less perfection and holiness than if he had already been applied, by the clerical state, to the functions of the holy ministry. At the age of forty he was touched by so powerful a movement of the Spirit of God that he resolved to leave all this great encumbrance of affairs in which his office engaged him, and to embrace the ecclesiastical state. The bishop of Orléans, who knew his devotion and his fervour, had great joy of it; he made him a cleric, and then raised him by degrees as far as the order of deacon. One cannot imagine with what reverence and piety he acquitted himself of his functions. He was like an angel around the altars. He scarcely carried his body there at all, or, if he carried it there, it was a body so purified by fasting and by the other mortifications of penance that it seemed to be already spiritual. He soon withdrew to the monastery of Micy, under the direction of Saint Maximin, who was then abbot of it. After some time, the love of austerity and of contemplation increasing from day to day in his heart, he resolved to embrace the solitary life. He withdrew and settled upon the ruins of an old castle destroyed by the Vandals, where is to-day the town of Mehun (on the Loire, seventeen kilometres S.W. of Orléans). Urbice, his disciple, accompanied him there, and together they built a cell of branches of trees and of reeds. The life of our Saint in this hermitage was altogether penitential: for nourishment he ate a little barley bread, drank only water, and only every three days. A sack and a hair-shirt, which he wore upon his bare flesh, made all his clothing; and if he had a bed, it was so hard that he lay down on it rather to torment himself than to find rest there. He passed whole days and nights in prayer, and his spirit was so raised up to God that one might say he was on earth only in body. In a word, as in the magistracy he had been the model of good judges, and in the clergy that of holy ecclesiastics, so in the desert he was the example of the most perfect religious.

God honoured his holiness by several miracles: one of the most considerable was the death of a frightful serpent, which spread terror through all the country. He merely commanded his disciple to go and plant a rod which he gave him, near the place where this monster was. The disciple obeyed, though with fear, and fixed this rod in the ground in sight of this horrible animal. Scarcely had he withdrawn when he saw it throw itself upon the rod to tear it up, break it and put it in pieces; but, whatever violence it could use, it never succeeded; and in the efforts it made it burst itself and died on the spot. Then the demons who were in its body, and who wished to use it as an instrument to destroy the servant of God, came out of it with great howlings, crying in the air: “Lifard! Lifard!” The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages recognised thus that it was to the prayers and tears of the Saint that they were indebted for the deliverance from this monster, which filled them all with fear and terror. At that time Mark, bishop of Orléans, who was at Notre-Dame-de-Cléry, having been informed of the manner of life and of the prodigies of the holy solitary, came to find him in his retreat and ordained him priest; he also had a chapel built for him, as well as a hermitage larger than the one in which he was, and gave him permission to gather a community of religious under his direction. The report of it having spread, many young men wished to have a share in this happiness, and received the habit from his hands; Lifard was thus able to show the singular prudence with which God had endowed him for the government of others. He was very charitable: one day when it was extremely cold, a poor man hid his clothes in a neighbouring wood, and came almost naked to the door of his monastery, to ask him for something to cover himself. The Saint knew his trickery by revelation, and, having made him enter, gave him

good hope of receiving a garment. Meanwhile he sent one of his religious to fetch those which he had hidden, indicating to him the place where they were, as God had made known to him. When they were brought, he gave them back to the poor man, who was quite confounded, and gave him a very severe reprimand for his malice and for the injustice he committed in wishing to steal from the true poor the alms of which he had no need: “Was I not present in spirit,” he said to him, “when you hid them on the mountain, and when you formed the design of deceiving us and of mocking us?”

About this same time he cured a young paralytic by anointing her with blessed oil.

When Saint Theodomir, abbot of Micy, was near death, Saint Lifard was warned of it in a dream: having set out on the road to render him the last duties, he saw, on approaching his monastery, a troop of blessed spirits who, having come to receive his soul, were bearing it gloriously to heaven, singing this verse of Psalm lxiv, 6: “Blessed, Lord, is he whom you have chosen, and whom you have called to you; he shall dwell for ever in your court.” Having entered the monastery, he found him dead, and performed the ceremonies of his obsequies. He then had Saint Maximin or Mesmin the Younger, nephew of the deceased, elected abbot in his place, and returned to his solitude, where he soon fell sick. Being assured of his death, he sent for his disciples, and exhorted them, with words full of tenderness and zeal, to abstain from all the desires of the flesh and from all the pleasures of the world, to keep faithfully the Gospel precepts and counsels, to strive to enter by the way and by the narrow gate of heaven, to resist the devil and the artifices of which he makes use to destroy souls, and never to yield to temptations; but to have always before their eyes these words of Saint James: “Blessed is he who suffers temptation, for after he has been proved he shall receive the crown which God has promised to those who love him.” After this discourse he designated Saint Urbice for his successor, and rendered his beautiful soul to his Creator. This precious death happened about the middle of the 6th century.

His body was buried in the same place by the bishop of Orléans. Saint Urbice afterwards had a more beautiful church built there, which became later the collegiate church of Melun, where there were no fewer than eight dignities with twenty canons and several chaplains. There are also, in the diocese of Orléans, other churches built in honour of Saint Lifard: one in the town, the others at Bucy, at Terminier, at Trainon and at Oynville.

The church of Meung, in the diocese of Orléans, still possesses at present the relics of Saint Lifard, patron of the parish.

The attribute of Saint Lifard is a staff planted in the ground and bitten at the top by a serpent: he is invoked against serpents. The Saint’s life gives the understanding of this symbol.

Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*; *History of the Church of Le Mans*, by Dom Piolin.

Saint Genêt, Bishop of Clermont

662. — Pope: Vitalian. — King of the Franks: Clotaire III.

Quantum Deus diligitur, tantum diabolus, caro et mundus contemnuntur.

The more one loves God, the more one despises the devil, the flesh and the world. Saint Bonaventure.

This holy prelate is one of the most celebrated who have governed the province of Auvergne; he was born there of an ancient family which nobility, riches and fine offices had long made very illustrious. His youth had been a model of innocence and piety, and, having joined the study of polite letters to the exercises of devotion, he had become an excellent man and worthy of the most considerable charges of the Church. He despised the world to embrace the ecclesiastical state: which was a great subject of joy to all the clergy of Clermont, who felt themselves extremely honoured to have him for one of their members. His great qualities soon brought him to the charge of archdeacon; but if this charge raised him above the other clerics, it served

him also as a new spur to make himself perfect in all the virtues. He was extremely austere and treated his body as an enemy, in order to prevent it from revolting against his spirit. He had an inexhaustible charity, and what goods he had he employed in clothing the naked, feeding the poor, receiving pilgrims, relieving the sick and delivering prisoners. His religion toward God surpassed even his piety toward his neighbour. He acquitted himself of the ecclesiastical functions with so much respect and devotion that it was easy to see that he was full of a lofty idea and a sovereign love for that Majesty which can be neither sufficiently esteemed nor sufficiently loved.

God, who makes use of the Saints to form other Saints, inspired the parents of Saint Prix, then still a child, to put him under the guidance of this holy archdeacon. Genêt, who recognised what a great treasure had been entrusted to him, took extraordinary care of him, and cast early into his soul the seeds of that eminent holiness which afterwards made him one of the greatest bishops of France; so that, as the church of Tours is indebted to Saint Hilary of Poitiers for its incomparable Saint Martin, so that of Clermont is indebted to Saint Genêt for its admirable Saint Prix. But the master preceded the disciple in this dignity: for the bishop Progole having died, there was no one, either of the clergy or of the people, who did not cast his eyes on Genêt to put him in the place of the deceased. He was the only one who opposed this promotion: he represented to the electors and to the neighbouring bishops who had assembled to consecrate him “that he was not at all capable of so great an employment: he feared that it would be for him an occasion of many faults and a matter of damnation. He begged them to choose some other who had stronger shoulders to bear so dreadful a burden.” The bishops, to content him, ordered prayers and a fast of three days, in order that God might make known by some sign whether the election of Genêt came from Him and was agreeable to Him. This prayer was heard; heaven pronounced. Our Saint, therefore, no longer able to resist, received episcopal consecration and applied himself to the care of his Church.

As the first care of a good bishop is to root out of his field everything contrary to the faith and to good morals, he laboured with apostolic vigour to banish from all Auvergne the heresies of Jovinian and of Novatian, which had spread there; and he had the satisfaction of seeing them entirely destroyed before his death. He also made an implacable war on every sort of vice and spared nothing to make flourish among his people chastity, mercy, devotion toward God, and all the other evangelical virtues. He knew that example is more powerful than word, and that monasteries filled with holy religious are like perpetual models in which contempt of the world and true piety shine with lustre. He founded a very considerable one in Auvergne: it is that of Manlieu[1], of the Order of Saint Benedict. He also had built at Clermont a hospital for the poor and a church in honour of Saint Symphorian, that illustrious martyr of Autun. Finally, after having governed the diocese of Clermont for a long time with a holiness altogether edifying, he died, full of days and of merits, on 3 June, about the year 662. He was buried with much honour in this church of Saint Symphorian of which we have just spoken, and which has since taken his name, and is called the church of Saint-Genêt.

He had for successor a holy man named Felix, who made Saint Prix superior of the monastery of Chantoin. Saint Genêt, whose life we have just given, must not be confounded with Saint Genêt, count of Auvergne, who lived at the same time. It was the latter whom they elected bishop of Clermont after Felix; although a layman, he had nevertheless such great merits that everyone judged him worthy to be pastor of the flock of Jesus Christ; but his humility, which was the foundation of his other virtues, made him constantly refuse this honour, and he had Saint Prix elected in his place. His memory is solemnised on the 25th of this month.

The martyrology of du Saussay makes mention of these two Saints Genêt on the day of their feast, and it is from that that we have drawn what we have said of them here.

Saint Hume, Widow

7th century.

The true widow is she who finds not her support in men.

Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Three leagues from Colmar, in a charming situation, between Zellenberg and Ribeauvillé, one saw formerly the seigniorial castle in which lived the virtuous Huno and his holy wife Hunne. This castle has given its name to a fine village called Hunawihr. The blood of Saint Odile flowed in the veins of this noble woman, for she was related to Duke Adalric. Like another Anna, she asked God for posterity. The Lord granted her wishes, and she brought forth a son. Hunne offered him to the Eternal and consecrated him to the service of the altars. This young offshoot of an illustrious family had been baptised by Saint Dié, bishop of Nevers, who then dwelt in Alsace. The holy prelate had given him his name and had afterwards received him among his religious, at Ebersmunster, where he died in the odour of sanctity. History scarcely speaks of him.

Saint Hunne had been the benefactress of this last monastery, and, in concert with her husband, she had given it a part of her goods situated at Siegolsheim and at Mittelweier. Saint Dié, who then governed the abbeys of Ebersmunster and of Jointure, in Lorraine, often visited the castle of Hunne, and contributed, by his example and his exhortations, to the spiritual advancement of this humble servant of God. One admired in her a tender compassion toward the poor and the unfortunate. Her castle was the asylum to which the needy of the country took refuge; for she not only made them largesses in money, she tended their infirmities, rendered them the lowest services, and long after her death a fountain was shown where she was not ashamed to go and wash the clothes of the poor; which caused her to be given the surname of the Holy Washerwoman.

It is said that her apartments were often filled with a crowd of poor who had come from afar to lay their troubles before her. Hunne received them always with an extreme benevolence which touched everyone, striving to console them, to improve their situation and contributing to it with all her means. The confidence which the people had placed in her went to such a point that she was often established arbiter of disputes, and that men submitted to her decisions without murmur. History does not tell us in what year she ceased to live; but what it has not forgotten to transmit to us is that Hunne deserved the name of holy princess during her life, and that her death plunged into mourning and affliction all who had known her. Hunne is the patroness of washerwomen in Alsace; what we have said suffices to explain this patronage.

Cult and Relics of Saint Hunne

Our Lady of Dussembach

Saint Hunne was buried in the church of the castle, and the faithful invoked her at once. She continued to be in great veneration until 1520; then the duke of Württemberg addressed Pope Leo X and asked her solemn canonisation. The sovereign Pontiff acceded to the wishes of the duke, and Hunne was solemnly inscribed in the catalogue of the Saints. Her body was exposed to public veneration on 15 April of the same year. The faithful ran from all sides to implore the protection of this ancient benefactress of Alsace, and her cult spread thus more and more. Five years after, during the war called that of the Rustauds, her tomb was profaned; the shrine which contained the relics remained nevertheless intact; but, in 1549, the inhabitants of Hunawihr, having embraced Lutheranism, threw themselves in fury upon the tomb of the Saint, broke the shrine, drew out the venerable remains, and cast them to the wind like vile dust which did not deserve to be preserved. It is thus that the cult of this heroine of the true faith ended in this village.

They saved, however, some small particles, which are kept at Huniville and in the cathedral of Saint-Dié, where they are surrounded with the veneration of the faithful. Our Lady of Dussembach had also a confraternity of Our Lady of Assistance, a society of mutual help for the present life and the future life, in which one engaged not only to come to one another’s aid here below, but also to say certain prayers for one another after death. All these institutions, like the chapels, have disappeared under the revolutionary blast.

At some distance from Hunawihr is situated the town of Ribeauvillé, which formerly contained several religious houses. The fine parish church of this town was built in 1483; the choir, however, dates from 1284. This church is dedicated to Saint Gregory the Great, and contains a vault which formerly served as burial-place for the counts of Ribeaupierre. The only monastery which existed at Ribeauvillé at the time of the Revolution was that of the Augustinians, which Henry of Ribeaupierre had founded in 1197. This house, bought back by private persons, serves in our day as a novitiate for the Sisters of Providence, who occupy themselves successfully with the instruction of the Catholic young girls of the diocese. The chapel of the celebrated pilgrimage of Dussembach formerly depended on it. But a place whose memories belong more particularly to history is the ancient pilgrimage of Dussembach. Its origin goes back to the end of the 12th century. An Alsatian gentleman had made himself guilty of a great crime. Torn by remorse and pursued by the cries of his conscience, he plunged into this wild valley and built a calvary, near which he often came to weep over his faults and to meditate on the nothingness of the things of this world. Egenolf, count of Ribeaupierre, had taken the cross and fought valiantly beside the Baldwins and the marquises of Montferrat. After the capture of Constantinople by the Latins, in 1204, the crusaders threw themselves upon the relics which the numerous basilicas of this city contained, and Egenolf took possession of a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he himself brought from Constantinople to this valley. He raised near the calvary a small chapel in which he placed the statue of the Mother of God, and wished to be buried there.

Our Lady of Dussembach, illustrated by striking miracles, was not slow to become a very celebrated pilgrimage, frequented by pilgrims who came in crowds, from thirty to forty leagues round, to venerate the Virgin brought from the East.

The considerable concourse of pilgrims decided the proprietors of Dussembach, in 1269, to add a second chapel to the first, and in 1297 one of their descendants, named Anshelm the Rash, added a third, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to recover his liberty when he was a prisoner of war.

These three chapels were devastated a first time by the forty thousand adventurers who, disbanded by the Black Prince after the battle of Poitiers, formed themselves into great companies and made throughout France so many frightful ravages; a second time by the Swedes, in the Thirty Years' War; finally, a third and last time, by the Revolution of '93. In our day the image of the Virgin Mary of Dussembach is found in the parish church of Ribeauvillé, in a chapel built to expose it to public veneration. The Blessed Virgin honoured at Dussembach was formerly the Patroness of the musicians of Alsace. They formed a confraternity, regulated by statutes, which obliged each brother to confess, to hear Mass, to give alms on each of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and to wear on his clothes the medal of the Mother of God.

The day of the celebration of the feast of Ribeauvillé was fixed on 8 September. The musicians assembled at the inn of the Sun, and under the leadership of one of them, whom they called their king, *Pfeifferkonig*, they assisted thus united at a solemn Mass in the parish church. After the Mass they betook themselves to the castle and performed various symphonies. A tribunal was established, which condemned those who were absent without legitimate reason or who had committed some grave fault to pay a pound of wax to the Virgin of Dussembach.

Saints of Alsace, by the abbé Hunckler; *Proper of Saint-Dié*; *Notre-Dame de France*.

The Blessed John Grande, Surnamed the Sinner

1546–1600. — Popes: Paul III; Clement VIII. — Kings of Spain: Charles I (Charles V); Philip III.

Habet semper unde det, cui plenum pectus est charitatis.

He who has a heart full of charity has always something to give.

Saint Augustine, on Psalm xxxvi.

The Blessed Grande was born at Carmona, a small town of Andalusia a few leagues from Seville (6 March 1546). His parents lived in comfort and served God with all their heart. From his childhood he gave signs of an angelic piety. Entrusted to the care of a priest of the neighbourhood, his happiness was to serve Mass and to attend the offices assiduously, and in the evening, when everyone had retired, he lit the candles which were on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and, prostrate before the image of his mother, he passed long hours in prayer. The sacristan noticed it and blamed his prodigality. The child pointed out to him, with a modest ingenuousness and while asking pardon for his fault, that the candles were not consumed at all. The sacristan made the experiment, and others with him, and it was recognised that what the pious child had said was true.

Whenever the occasion was given him, he mortified his senses severely, striking himself, for want of another discipline, with a bunch of keys which made him cruel wounds. In order that his secret should not be discovered, he besought the Lord to heal him, and his prayer was always granted at that very instant. Each Sunday he approached the holy table, recited his rosary afterwards, and went to serve the sick in the hospitals. He put so much gentleness, good grace and affability into this office of charity that every sick man wished to have him near him.

At fifteen he lost his father; his mother was not long in marrying again and sent her son to a linen merchant of Seville, who was a relative of hers. The Blessed remained four years in this house, upon which he drew down the blessings of heaven. His Sundays were, as always, consecrated to the service of the sick in the hospitals. He was fond of that of the Holy Cross, the foundation of which was due to a hermit named Peter the Sinner. It was in the conversations of this holy man that he drew the first seeds of his vocation. Recalled to Carmona and put at the head of an establishment by his parents, trade seemed to him so delicate and so dangerous a business that he soon became disgusted with it and took the resolution of abandoning it to withdraw himself from the perils which such a career made the soul run. Unceasingly he asked the Blessed Virgin to enlighten him and to make known to him the course which he ought to take. One night this good mother appeared to him and, presenting him with a habit of coarse cloth, she said to him: “John, put on this robe to enter the service of my Son; it is thus that you will please me.” John awoke full of joy, and after having struggled some time against the fears which the demon inspired in him, he left all to embrace the eremitical life. He was twenty-two (1568).

He left Carmona and made his way toward the hermitage of Saint Eulalia: on entering it he wished to put on the habit which the Blessed Virgin had shown him, but he had first to struggle against the demon, who tried to turn him aside from so austere a life. The love of the Saviour prevailed in the heart of the Blessed; he left the liveries of the world and clothed himself in the liveries of penance. In reward the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and said to him: “Fear nothing, John; my divine Son and I are there, we will never abandon you in your tribulations.” The Blessed, content and ravished, wished to do still more than he had just done, in order to annihilate for ever the temptation; he took the resolution to walk henceforth with legs and feet bare and never to wear a hat. Among various temptations he had particularly to combat the suggestions of human respect and of self-love: this it was which determined him, in order to triumph over them more surely, to add to his name of John Grande that of *Peccador*, that is to say Sinner, a name which in effect people ended by giving him generally, and under which he is still to-day known and venerated throughout Andalusia and principally in the diocese of Seville.

But what God wished of him was not only a penitent life, it was a life consecrated to the service of the sick poor. One day he met on his road two infirm men, and, listening to the inspiration which impelled him, he betook himself with them to Marcena and began to beg in order to assist them. He felt such a joy and such a contentment from this action that he understood that the relief of the poor and the sick was the mission for which the Lord destined him.

But God, who wished to open a vaster career to the virtues of His servant, permitted new anguishes and new doubts about his vocation to bring trouble into his soul. He was thinking of withdrawing again into some

deep solitude, when one night he knew in a vision that Xeres was the place to which the Lord was calling him. He then remembered that, being still at Carmona, his native place, he had heard the same warning to go and serve God at Xeres. All his uncertainties vanished, and without further delay, crossing Andalusia, coasting along the Guadalquivir, he directed himself toward the strait of Gibraltar, and soon he arrived before the long-desired city. Xeres-de-la-Frontera is a fine and admirable city situated in Andalusia, in the diocese of Seville, only two leagues from the port of Santa Maria. As Granada had already been for Saint John of God, so this was chosen by God to serve as a fortunate field for the prodigious and heroic charity of our Blessed. When he had arrived, he confessed, communicated, then consulted his confessor to know what he must do to obey heaven; the minister of the Lord advised him to occupy himself with the prisoners, of whom no one took care. We see for three years the Blessed John Grande begging for these unfortunates, distributing to them all that he obtains from public charity, reserving scarcely the necessary for himself, and tending them with an admirable devotion each time they are sick. The administrators, touched by his conduct, gave him a lodging in the interior of the prison, where he gathered scarcely any consolation from the men to whom he devoted himself with such great self-denial. Wearied by the ingratitude and ill treatment of which he was the object, more fatigued still by the uselessness of his cares as regards the souls of the prisoners, he consulted Our Lord in order to know what he ought to do. Jesus appeared to him and invited him to betake himself to the hospital to tend the sick there. John Grande obeyed, but the furious demon raised up rough trials for him; he spread calumnies against him in the public, had him accused of hypocrisy and of knavery, then, when he saw that he gained nothing, he stirred up against him the administrators of the hospital, who drove him out ignominiously at the end of two years, under the pretext that he meddled with what did not concern him. In reality, the zeal and gentleness of John were the perpetual censure of the conduct of the administrators and servants of the hospital, who were not ignorant of all that was blameworthy in the manner in which they dispensed the goods of the poor and in which they treated the sick. John uttered no complaint and began again to beg for the poor sick, to whom he found means of conveying his alms. Meanwhile, while resigning himself, he suffered at not being able to follow his vocation. A new governor came to Xeres who took him in hatred and uttered threats against him; but the following night he was seized with a sudden illness which reduced him to extremity. In spite of himself the Blessed John Grande was sent for, who, wishing to render good for evil, predicted his cure, which came about in effect at the time and in the manner announced. In gratitude the governor rendered the Blessed a public testimony of esteem; from that moment several persons wished to assist him in his designs. Two inhabitants of Xeres gave him a house, which he had arranged to receive the sick there and tend them; companions joined themselves to him and he affiliated himself to the Order of Saint John of God. From that moment the house took on an aspect of regularity which excited the admiration of those who were witnesses of it (1574).

The Blessed rose at four in the morning and made his prayer with his religious, then with them he visited the sick, made the beds and cleaned the wards. He had for each a word of consolation and encouragement. This work finished, he betook himself to the door of the hospital, where he received the poor and distributed alms to them after having washed their feet. Then he went to the prisons to visit the prisoners and give them the help that was in his power. He had kept no memory of what they had made him suffer formerly. On his return he gathered in the streets of the city the children whom he met, and after having given them some sweets which he had put in reserve for them, he gave them catechism. If he learned that there was in the city any sick person, he hastened to go and visit him. When he learned that a girl ran any danger, he hastened to amass a little dowry for her and to marry her. There were no good works that his indefatigable zeal did not embrace. God rewarded him for it by a miraculous protection, for in 1579 a frightful famine having fallen on Spain, bread never failed him to give to the poor who flocked every day before the door of his house. In the octave of Christmas of that year everything failed him. His confidence in God was not shaken by it; he put a little bread and meat in presence of an image of the Blessed Virgin, and the provisions multiplied to such a point that he made extraordinary distributions, although he possessed nothing. The demon did not see the conduct

of the servant of God without envy. One day he takes the form of a beggar, and when the Saint passes he reproaches him with his hypocrisy; the Saint listens to him tranquilly, then, bending to his ear, says to him a few words which make him utter frightful cries and put him to flight. Another time he takes the form of a workman, and, introducing himself into the house of our Saint, he so excites a religious by his lies that the latter takes the resolution to kill the Blessed. The demon furnishes him a dagger. John Grande, knowing all by revelation, comes before the religious, relates to him all that the pretended workman has just said to him, speaks to him of his own design and reproaches him with not having known how to recognise the demon. The culprit, covered with shame, throws himself at the feet of the Blessed, who raises him with kindness, embraces him and engages him to be more circumspect in the future. The demon, not being able to rid himself of him, profited by every occasion to have him insulted by young people whose spirit he perverted.

The archbishop of Seville, wishing to remedy the disorders which reigned in the hospitals of his episcopal city, entrusted the care of them to the Blessed John Grande in spite of his refusals. This was the occasion of a frightful tempest against him. He was accused of intrigue, he was accused of having ruined the families who lived on the administration of the hospitals; he could no longer go out without being insulted. Jesus Christ, to console him, appeared to him and promised him his justification; in effect, the men most embittered against him died suddenly, but that did not stop the detractors and calumniators. He complained of it to Jesus Christ, who answered him: “I was fastened to the cross by my own friends, by those very persons whom I came to redeem with my blood, and you are astonished to suffer for me such small persecutions?” The Blessed bowed his head, resigned himself and avenged himself by benefits; he miraculously restored health to several madmen, to a sick man whom some ladies reproached him bitterly with tending badly, to a notary whose attestation was necessary to him in order to accomplish the last wishes of a dying man. He saw in an ecstasy the defeat of the fleet which Philip was sending against England: he announced to a lady the deliverance of her husband, prisoner of the English. He predicted to one of his friends the near success of a marriage which he believed very far off and his near nomination to the post of receiver.

Scarcity threatened Xeres anew in 1599. The Blessed began to implore the Blessed Virgin for the people; he fell into ecstasy and remained in it two days. During that time an abundant rain fell, and when the Saint came to himself they hastened to announce the news to him. “I know,” he said, “I know, God has made me see much of water and grain, but He alone knows who will eat it.” In effect, a terrible plague fell upon Spain, and God made known to the Blessed that he would die of it. At the beginning of the year 1600 the scourge invaded Xeres. The Blessed and his religious multiplied themselves to tend the plague-stricken: death carried off as many as three hundred each day. On 26 May he felt himself struck, and he expired on 3 June after having received the Sacraments with great fervour: John was fifty-four years and three months old. At this news consternation was in the city. No one, however, dared to bury him, not even his religious. Porters dug a grave in the courtyard of the hospital and dragged his corpse to it by means of a hook. When the plague had passed, the inhabitants gave their benefactor a burial more worthy of him, and numerous miracles attested his power. He was beatified by Pius IX on 20 October 1853. John Grande was of middling stature, of a rather strong corpulence; he had fair hair; his round and pale face breathed goodness and gentleness.

The Blessed worked many miracles by means of a bread which multiplied between his hands and which the faithful procured as a preservative against evils of every kind. One could bring the bread into his characteristic. — When in his illnesses he was prevented from receiving holy communion, Saint Augustine, to whom he had a particular devotion, brought it to him; — and when he heard himself given praises, he cried out groaning: “Ah! my brother, bless God, the author of all good.” One could further, relying on the first of these traits, compose a communion of the Blessed John Grande and make his motto of the words which humility wrung from him.

Cf. *Abridged Life of the Blessed John Grande*, by a priest of the Order of Saint John of God.

Saint Algis, Missionary (670)

In the Laon part of the diocese of Soissons (Aisne), ten kilometres from Vervins, is found the village of Saint-Algis, near the river Oise. It took its name from that of a Saint who lived and died in that place.

Saint Algis or Adalgis was a native of Ireland and belonged to a noble family. He was a disciple of Saint Fursy, who taught him the rules of the monastic life and conferred the priesthood on him. Feeling a lively desire to evangelise the rural populations and to visit the tombs of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, he communicated his design to Saint Fursy, who approved it. Algis came first to the Gauls with some companions and chose for retreat a desert spot of the forest of Thiérache, near the mountain then called Saint-Julien. He built there an oratory and a small monastery in honour of Saint Peter and of all the Saints. The holy and mortified life which he led there soon drew him some disciples. Full of zeal for the salvation of the populations who surrounded him, he engaged them to renounce the superstitions of paganism and to embrace the Christian faith. He succeeded in persuading a great number of them and won them to Jesus Christ. Toward the end of his life he went to Rome to visit the tombs of the holy Apostles, and brought back some relics of Saint James and of other Saints, which he placed in the chapel of his monastery. He died on 2 June 670. His body was buried in his church. The Lord worked so many cures at his tomb that from the concourse of peoples was formed the village of which we have spoken above. In 946 his body was transferred to the abbey of Saint-Michel in Thiérache, of the Order of Saint Benedict; but, having been often hidden during the wars which have desolated this country, it was not found again. Liessies and the abbey of Maroilles formerly possessed some bones of the holy missionary. In the present year 1866 a relic of the same Saint is still honoured at Saint-Algis.

M. Congnet, dean of the chapter of the cathedral of Soissons.

Saint Morand, Prior of Altkirch in Alsace (12th century)

Morand was born in Germany, near Worms, of pious parents, no less noble than rich. He made his studies with the religious of Worms, and made rapid progress in letters. Full of contempt for the world, and aspiring only to Christian perfection, he set out for Cluny in order to put himself under the discipline of the abbot Saint Hugh. In a short time he became an accomplished religious.

Frederick, count of Ferrette, having asked the abbot of Cluny for religious to serve the church of Altkirch, which his ancestors had founded, and to establish there a monastic institute, Saint Hugh made no difficulty in granting some; but those whom he sent at first, not knowing the language of the country, did not produce all the fruits of salvation that might have been expected; wherefore he delegated Morand, equally instructed in the French language and the German language. He was scarcely at Altkirch when, by his word as by his examples, he brought a great number of men to a holier life. He wrought miracles during his life and after his death. He extinguished with a sign of the cross a fire which had taken hold of the monastery; he cured Count Frederick of a paralysis; he restored health to Udalric, farmer of the monastery, who was sick with quartan fever. Two women were tormented by demons: he offered for them the holy sacrifice of the Mass, performed the exorcisms, and delivered them from all pain. He died worn out with old age, and since then he has efficaciously succoured many sick and possessed persons who visited his tomb. All these miracles having been proved by witnesses, the bishop of Basel obtained from the Pope that Morand should be put in the number of the Saints.

Saint Morand was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, and his memory is attached to two sanctuaries of Mary still standing to-day in Alsace: Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows at Gildwiller in the canton of Dannemarie; and Our Lady of Altkirch. Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows at Gildwiller passes for the oldest pilgrimage of Alsace. According to tradition, the wooded height on which this chapel is situated served originally for the Druidic assemblies; and there was honoured there, as at Chartres, the Virgin who was to bear a child. The

first apostles of Alsace, profiting by this Christian notion, established there the cult of Mary; signal graces were obtained there, and a much-frequented pilgrimage was thus formed there from the first centuries of our era. It was so far more again from the second half of the eleventh century, when one saw Saint Morand, abbot of Altkirch, animated with a tender devotion for Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, go there every Friday on pilgrimage. A few steps from the church there gushes a spring which is still called the little fountain of Saint Morand, because there, it is said, after having satisfied his devotion at Gildwiller, he rested and ate his bread before returning to his monastery. Fridays, especially during Lent, are the days when the faithful come in greater numbers to Gildwiller, and on the Friday of the Passion they celebrate the patronal feast there.

Our Lady of Altkirch, built in the middle of the 13th century under the title of the Assumption by Saint Morand himself, is the principal sanctuary of this canton. Scarcely was the edifice finished when people came there in great number from the city and the environs; and the feasts of the Virgin were celebrated there with a special solemnity. In 1280 a confraternity of the Blessed Virgin was founded there, in which a quantity of communes, of high and powerful lords, of magistrates and of burghers had themselves at once inscribed.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century a miraculous fact, which authentic and contemporary documents attest, came still further to increase the concourse and the confidence. According to the account of the Bollandists[1], a band of the forty thousand adventurers so sadly known in history under the name of the great companies or of the Malandrins had entered, by favour of a dark night, the town of Altkirch, to pillage it and give it to the flames, when Mary appears to them dazzling with light, near the church which is consecrated to her. At this sight the enemy horde, seized with terror, takes to flight, and Altkirch is saved[2]. If, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the heretical bands raised by the furious preaching of Luther came in their turn to pillage this church with the convent, and to murder the religious, the pilgrims did not cease to come to pray and weep upon the ruins. These ruins themselves rose again glorious in 1620, thanks to the Society of Jesus, to which the archduke Leopold ceded the priory of Saint-Morand. The sons of Saint Ignatius rebuilt the house in larger proportions, and raised in the interior an elegant chapel on the spot where, according to tradition, Saint Morand had died. By their preaching as by their writings they reawakened faith throughout the country, the faithful returned to the pilgrimage as in the fairest days of ancient times, and Our Lady of Altkirch recovered all her splendour.

During the revolutionary storm the church was closed; it was reopened as soon as order was re-established; and since then the number of pilgrims there is always considerable, especially on 3 June, the Fridays of Lent, and the Fridays after the week of the Ember Days, to which the Holy See has attached a plenary indulgence, provided that one make communion there. Saint Morand is the patron of the vine-dressers in the Sundgau. To explain this patronage, an old popular biography pretends that the Saint passed a whole Lent without other nourishment than a bunch of grapes.

However that may be, he is represented expressing the juice of this fruit into a cask. *Proper of Strasbourg.* — Cf. *Notre-Dame de France*.

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[3] It would be difficult to determine the age of the two Martyrs of Arezzo. It is known that they were still attending the schools and that the spectacle of martyrdom endured with courage at so tender an age converted a great number of pagans. At their prayer, an idol itself crumbled. Saint Pergentinus and Saint Laurentinus are, with Saint Peter, Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Stephen — whose tunic it is claimed they possess there — and Saint Donatus, bishop, the patrons of Arezzo.

[4] The head of Saint Lucilian was formerly preserved among the relics of the church of Saint Stephen, at Troyes, and the holy Martyr was honoured on this same day in the diocese.

[5] We have given elsewhere the history of the Martyrs of Cordova. See the general table.

[6] Born in Armenia, of a rich family, he sold his goods, distributed the price of them to the poor and made himself a pilgrim for the love of God. After having visited the sanctuaries of Rome, he was going to Saint James of Compostela by way of Lucca, when he died in the hospital of Saint Michael in that city: he was buried in the church of this hospital where a monument was raised to him of which the Bollandists give the drawing. The features of his statue show a young man. It is said that a vine shoot sprang from his sepulchre: thus

artists have often reproduced the tomb of Saint Davin crowned with vine-leaves.

[7] Peter Auxillon, who died bishop of Carcassonne in 1512, making the visitation of the churches of his diocese and arriving at the abbatial church of Saint-Hilary at Carcassonne, asked the religious the origin of the foundation of their house. They answered that it was no longer known, but that according to an ancient tradition it had been founded by Saint Hilary himself, in honour of God and of his Mother, of Saint Hilary and of Saint Saturninus. According to the Proper of Carcassonne of 1845, Saint Hilary would have built there only an hermitage to which he withdrew from time to time with the holiest priests of his clergy, to give himself to the meditation of the eternal truths: this is more probable. That is all that can be said of the acts of this holy Prelate.

[8] The venerable Hildeburge has found a place in the martyrologies because she was the benefactress of the monks of Saint-Martin of Pontoise. Her cult — if ever a cult was rendered to her — had already fallen into oblivion at the time when the Bollandists wrote (17th century). Her tomb could not even be distinguished from those which surrounded it. Hildeburge was daughter of the lord of Gallardon and had been married to Robert of Ivry: her husband ended his days in the cloister of Bec, at Rouen. When he was dead, Lady Hildeburge was strongly advised to marry again. Yielding to the solicitations with which she was importuned, she accepted the hand of an officer of the king whose name is not given. But, on leaving her castle, she had a fall and hurt herself so gravely that she thought she saw in this event a sign from heaven. She renounced earthly nuptials and consecrated herself to the service of God and the poor. She lived as a recluse, the rest of her days, beside the abbey of Saint-Martin, at Pontoise.

[9] Blessed Andrew Caccioli was first a secular priest and parish priest of a parish of the diocese of Spoleto. The loss which he suffered of his mother and his sister, at the age of forty years, determined him to enter the Order of Saint Francis. He preached penance and converted a great number of sinners. The Lord granted him the gift of miracles. Jesus Christ having appeared to him one day under the form of a child, Andrew had the strength to tear himself from the sweetness of this vision to go to the office, at the sound of the bell: but on his return the divine Child testified to him his satisfaction that he practised obedience so perfectly. His death, which was that of the just, happened in. Benedict XIV authorised the cult which was rendered to this Blessed.

[10] In *Octacio*, book i, ch. 1.

[11] *Ep. ad Valer. de contemptu mundi.*

[12] Arnobius, book i.

[13] Hence the words and *adorare*. See Job xxxi, 26, 27, etc.

[14] Churches were built for the Christians under the reign of the emperor Alexander. Baronius observes that the state of misery with which they are reproached in this dialogue came from a persecution which must have been the one that Severus kindled. Saint Jerome, *in Cat.*, places Minutius Felix about the year 211, which was that of the death of the emperor Severus.

[15] Cicero makes the same reasoning, *de Nat. Deor.*, book ii, ch. 6.

[16] *Hæc omnia sciunt plerique vestrum, ipsosque dæmones de seipsis confiteri, quoties a nobis, tormentis verborum, de corporibus exiguntur.* [The French in the body translates this Latin.]

[17] This is what Josephus says in his books against Apion.

[18] This remark is by Cave and several other authors.

[19] *Plerique inviolati corporis virginitate fruuntur potius quam gloriantur.* [The French in the body translates this Latin.]

[20] Book ii, *contra Cels.*, p. 87.

[21] Reeve, mot.. *Ibid.*, p. 136, vol. ii.

[22] *Apud nos et cogitare peccare est*, p. 250.

[23] *Corrupta et dimidiata fide tradiderunt.* [The French in the body translates this Latin.]

[24] *Non eloquimur magna, sed vivimus.* [The French in the body translates this Latin.]

[25] Chlotildis, Chrodechildis, Chrotildis. One pronounced Chrodechildis, which is the primitive name, Hrotehilrt, whence came later the name of Rohilde, quite usual in the Middle Ages. Clotilda signifies, in the Germanic tongue, valiant counsellor or illustrious goodness, and Clovis — Ulodo-wig — Uludwig — of which we have made Louis: celebrated warrior. — Although this be to digress from our subject, we shall say in passing that Frank, Franck or Français does not signify free, as was so long believed. Frek, Frang, Wrang, according to the different Germanic dialects, answers to the Latin word *ferox*, of which it has all the favourable and unfavourable senses: proud, intrepid, haughty, ferocious. Cf. Aug. Thierry, *Merovingian Times*.

[26] Sequania or Franche-Comté, French Switzerland, Savoy, the Nivernais, modern Burgundy, the Dauphiné.

[27] Cf. D. Plancher, *Hist. de Bourgogne*.

[28] Those of our historians who speak of the sojourn of Clotilda at Montmorot rely chiefly on popular traditions or on manuscripts of no great age. There exists nevertheless an ancient document which attests the sojourn of this princess in Sequania: it is the epitaph of Saint Wolf, discovered at Auxerre from the 9th century, where it is said that this bishop had come from upper Burgundy with Clotilda, [the note ends here in the print].

[29] A word which corresponds to that of leudes or faithful, principal lords among the Franks.

[30] M. de Salvandy, *Notice on Saint Clotilda*.

[31] This first part of the answer of Clotilda is not found in the account of Fredegarius; but it has been reproduced by Aimoin, in his *History of the Franks*. (Cf. Aimoin, *Hist. Franc.*, book i, ch. 13; *Patr. lat.*, vol. cxxxix, col. 652.)

[32] Fredegar., *Hist. Franc., epitomata*, ch. 18; *Patrol. lat.*, vol. lxxi, col. 584.

[33] "It is possible," says President Fauchet, "that the offering of 13 deniers which we make at Mass on the day of our nuptials is a remnant of this custom." "There is no difference but in the number and the value," adds Vely.

The gold sou, according to the system of M. Guérard, as reported by Dom Pitra, had a relative value of 90 francs under the Merovingians.

[34] The year 394.

[35] That is to say, of the warlike race of Odin, the god of the Germans, and no military exploit was related of him [Christ].

[36] The year 495.

[37] Saint Gregory of Tours, *Hist. eccl. Franc.*, book ii, ch. 29.

[38] Most etymologists derive the word *Allemands* from *allerley mann*, which signifies all sorts of men. It was given to that part of Germany which forms to-day Swabia and a great part of Switzerland. See the *Iter Alemannicum* of D. Gerbert, abbot, prince of Saint-Blaise, of which a second edition was given in 1773.

[39] It was the Holy Ampulla which has since served for the anointing of the kings of France.

[40] Saint Gregory of Tours, book ii, ch. 30.

[41] Heavenly legends [*Légendes célestes*; the title of the work by Alfred des Essarts named in the closing sources].

[42] Afterwards Sainte-Geneviève. As to the date at which the murder of Clodomir is placed, historians vary between the years 526 and 53'|'.

[43] He died about 560, after having founded a monastery near Paris, in a village which was then called Nogent, and which has taken from him the name of Saint-Cloud.

[44] Saint Gregory of Tours, *Hist. eccles. Franc.*, book iii, ch. 18.

[45] *Hist. eccles. Franc.*, book iii, ch. 28.

[46] Lifardus, Liphardus, Lietphardus, Liéfard.

[47] See, on 6 November, on the origin of Saint Lifard, the Life of Saint Leonard, his *fiers*.

[48] *Magnus locus.*

[1] *AA. SS., vita S. Morandi, com. prævius*, § 11, 18.

[2] There is preserved at the town hall of Altkirch a very ancient manuscript which reports this event, and the town celebrates the anniversary of it every year, on the Wednesday before 2 February.

4 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Agnone, in the Abruzzo Citra, Saint Francis, confessor, of the noble Neapolitan family Caracciolo, founder of the Congregation of the Minor Regular Clerks. Endowed with an admirable charity toward God and toward his neighbour, he burned with an ardent desire to propagate the cult of the holy Eucharist. His remains are honoured with a particular cult at Naples; he was canonised by Pope Pius VII. 1608. — At Rome, the holy martyrs Arèce and Dacian. — At Sisseg, in Illyria, Saint Quirinus, bishop, who, according to the report of Prudentius, was cast into the river, a millstone attached to his neck, for the name of Jesus Christ. But the stone having miraculously floated, the Saint took advantage of it to exhort the Christians who surrounded him not to let themselves be frightened by his torment and not to waver in their faith; after which, wishing to win the palm of martyrdom, he prayed God to let him go to the bottom of the water, which he obtained. 304. — At Brescia, Saint Clatée, bishop and martyr, under the emperor Nero[1]. 1st century. — In Pannonia (Hungary), the holy martyrs Rutile and his companions[2]. — At Arras, Saint Saturnina, virgin and martyr. — At Tivoli, Saint Quirinus, martyr[3]. — At Byzantium, Saint Métrophane, bishop and illustrious confessor. About 325. — At Milevum, in Numidia, Saint Optatus, bishop, celebrated for his doctrine and for his holiness. 384. — At Verona, Saint Alexander, bishop[4].

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Nevers, the holy martyrs Zoticus, Attalus, Eutiche and thirty-seven others, who deserved the crown of heaven by giving their life for Jesus Christ. Epoch uncertain. — At Cluny, Saint Peter de Bono, religious of

this monastery, who, among other excellent prerogatives, had a singular devotion to the Holy Spirit, and died also on the day of Pentecost, at the moment when the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* was being said in choir. About 1419. — At Van-le-Duc, in Brabant, the Blessed Margaret, daughter of Duke Henry II, and abbess of this monastery. — Near Chambéry, Saint Concord, honoured in that place as a foreign bishop[5]. 13th century. — At Saint-Méen, in the diocese of Saint-Malo, Saint Pétrock (*Petroccus*) or Perreux, solitary[6]. 6th century. — At Algiers, feast of Saint Optatus of Milevum. — In the diocese of Nevers, the dedication of Our Lady of the Meadow near Donzy[7].

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Milan, the translation of Saint Peter, martyr, of the Order of Friars Preachers.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Rome, Saint Picte, whom the Bollandists make the companion of the holy martyrs of the Appian Way, Arèce and Dacian, cited in the Roman Martyrology. — In Sicily, the holy martyrs Rustule, Saturnin, Julia and ten others, named in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — In Egypt, Saint Sophia and her two daughters, martyrs; the holy Dilbamone and Bistamone, Saint

Warsenophe and his mother, likewise martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Spoleto, in Umbria, Saint Martial, bishop[8]. About the year 350. — In Egypt again, Saint Alone, abbot. About the year 400. — In England, Saint Nennoke or Ninnoc, abbess. 467. — Among the Greeks, Saint John, martyr, monk of Menagre. — In Thrace, another Saint Sophia, who ended her days in a monastery. She had six children whom she brought up in the exercises of piety; but God took them from her when they were ripe enough for heaven; she then became the mother of orphans, the advocate of widows, the nurse of the poor. It is reported that she had always at their service an enormous vessel filled with wine, and that this liquor never diminished, in spite of the frequent distributions which the Saint made of it to all the needy. She died at fifty-four. 10th or 11th century. — At San Serviliano, in the neighbourhood of Rome, Saint Gautier or Gaultier, abbot of a monastery founded by him in that place. When his mother brought him into the world he was of a ravishing beauty and bore on his right arm, incrusted in the flesh, a star in the midst of which was a cross. This particular sign of the goodness of God and of His quite particular views on the new-born made his parents consecrate him from his birth to His service. 13th century. — At Provins, Saint Lucentia, virgin, whose body was found again in the church of Saint-Quiriace. — At Ceredano, in Lombardy, the Blessed Pacificus, of the Order of Friars Minor. 1482. — At Mantua, the Blessed Frances, virgin, of the Order of the Servants of Saint Mary, of Mantua. 1495.

Saint Quirinus, Bishop of Siscia or Sisseg, Martyr[9]

304. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat.

I can do all things in Him who strengthens me.

Phil. iv, 13.

Saint Quirinus was bishop of Siscia, a town of Pannonia, situated on the Save[1]. Saint Jerome makes an honourable mention of him in his chronicle, under the year 309. Saint Prudentius calls him an illustrious Martyr. Fortunatus also counts him among the most celebrated of those who shed their blood for the name of Jesus Christ. He suffered on 4 June 303 or 304[2]. His acts will furnish us with the history of his triumph.

The holy bishop, having learned that Maximus, first magistrate of the town, had given orders to seize his person, withdrew at once from a place where he was not in safety; but those who were charged to arrest him

pursued him: having overtaken him, they seized him and brought him before the judge. Maximus asked him where he had intended to save himself by flight. “I have not fled,” answered the Saint, “I went out from here only to obey my Master; for it is written: If they persecute you in one city, flee into another.” — Maximus. “Who gave you this order?” — Quirinus. “Jesus Christ, who is the true God.” — Maximus. “Are you ignorant that the edicts of the emperors will discover you in the darkest retreats? You see it by experience, and he whom you call the true God could neither defend you nor draw you out of their hands.” — Quirinus. “The God whom we adore is always with us, in whatever place we may be, and He can always defend us. He was with me when I was arrested, and He is still there at present. It is He who strengthens me and who answers you now by my mouth.” — Maximus. “You talk much, and thereby you delay executing the orders of our sovereigns, which renders you guilty of disobedience toward them. Read their sacred edicts, and do what they enjoin you.” — Quirinus. “I make no account of such edicts, because they are impious and contrary to the commandments of God, in requiring that we, who are His servants, should sacrifice to imaginary divinities. The God whom I serve is everywhere; He is in heaven, on earth, in the sea; He is above all things, enclosing them all in Himself; it is by Him alone that each being subsists.” — Maximus. “Age has weakened reason in you, and you let yourself be seduced by tales. Choose: here is incense, offer it to our gods, or expect to suffer all sorts of insults and the most cruel death.” — Quirinus. “These insults will make my glory, and this death will procure me an eternal life. I respect only the altar of my God, on which I have often offered Him a sacrifice of agreeable odour.” — Maximus. “You have lost your reason, and your folly is going to be the cause of your death. Sacrifice to the gods.” — Quirinus. “I will not sacrifice to demons.” Maximus ordered that he should be beaten with rods; which was executed with the utmost barbarity. He said to him during this torture: “Acknowledge now the power of the gods whom the Roman empire adores. Obey, and I will make you priest of Jupiter.” — Quirinus. “It is at this instant that I perform the true function of a priest in offering myself in sacrifice to the living God. I do not feel the blows which my body has received; they cause me no pain. I am ready to suffer the most cruel tortures, in order to encourage those whose conduct has been entrusted to me to procure for themselves with me eternal life.”

Maximus had him led to prison, with order to leave him there loaded with heavy chains until he should have become wiser. The Martyr addressed this prayer to God: “I give you thanks, Lord, that you have judged me worthy to suffer opprobrium for your name. Grant that all who are in prison may know that I adore the true God, and that there are no others than you.” This prayer was heard. At midnight a great light spread through the prison. The gaoler, named Marcellus, having perceived it, came and threw himself at the feet of the Saint, and said to him with tears: “Pray the Lord for me, for I believe that there is no other God than He whom you adore.” Quirinus, after a long exhortation, marked him with the sacred seal, in the name of Jesus Christ. These words seem to give to understand that he administered to him the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation.

The magistrate, who had not the power to condemn the holy Martyr to death, sent him, after three days of imprisonment, to Amantius, governor of the province which was called the first Pannonia[3]. Quirinus, loaded with fetters, was conducted through all the towns situated on the banks of the Danube. Having been presented to Amantius, when he was returning to Scarabance, the latter had him brought to Sabarie[4], where he was going himself. At the same time some Christian women brought him refreshments. While he was blessing them, the chains fell from his feet and hands. On his arrival at Sabarie, Amantius had him appear before him at the public theatre. After the reading of the report sent by Maximus, he asked him whether he agreed with what was contained in it, and whether he still persisted in his first confession. “I confessed the true God at Siscia,” answered Quirinus, “and I have never adored any other. I carry Him in my heart, and no one in the world will be able to separate me from Him.”[5] Amantius put everything into play to shake his constancy; he told him to consider his great age, and made him magnificent promises; but finding him always inflexible, he condemned him to be cast into the river with a millstone at his neck, and the sentence was executed on the spot.

A thing happened which seized all the spectators with astonishment. The Saint, instead of going to the bottom, remained a long time on the water, from which he exhorted the Christians to remain firm in the faith, and to fear neither torments nor even death. As he still floated, he feared at last to lose the crown of Martyrdom. He addressed then this prayer to Jesus Christ: “It is not surprising, Lord Jesus, that you should stay the course of rivers, as you did at the Jordan, or that you should give men the power to walk upon the waters, as you gave it to Saint Peter. This people has just seen in me a proof sufficiently striking of what you can do; grant me, O my God! what remains for me to desire, what is preferable to all things, the happiness of dying for you.” His prayer finished, he was not long in disappearing in the water[6]. His body having been found a little below the spot where he had sunk, he was buried in a chapel built on the bank of the river[7]. Some time after, he was deposited in a great church which was raised near the gate of Sabarie that led to Scarabance. When the Barbarians drove the Pannonians out of their country, the relics of the Saint were carried to Rome, and placed in the catacombs, near those of Saint Sebastian. In 1140 they were put in the church of Santa Maria beyond the Tiber. Relics of Saint Quirinus are also venerated at Milan, and at Tegernsee, in Bavaria. These are probably only portions, or else there are several Saints of the same name.

The millstone is the attribute of Saint Quirinus of Sisseg in art. Drawn from his genuine Acts, published by Surius and Ruinart, and from Prudentius, hymn vii. (See Tillemont, vol. v, p. 428, and Hansiz, *Germania sacra*, vol. i, p. 38.)

Saint Optatus, Bishop of Milevum

384. — Pope: Saint Damasus. — Emperor: Theodosius the Great.

Doctores Ecclesiæ quasi patres et matres fovent plebes, patres auctoritate, matres pietate.

The Doctors of the Church instruct the peoples as fathers and mothers: fathers by authority, mothers by tenderness. Gloss on Deuteronomy, ch. 22.

This Father, born in Africa, was one of the most illustrious defenders of the Church in the 4th century. Saint Augustine counts him, with Saint Cyprian and Saint Hilary, among those who passed from the darkness of paganism to the light of faith, and who brought back to the spouse of Jesus Christ the riches of the Egyptians, that is to say, human science and eloquence. In another place he says, speaking of him, that he was a prelate of venerable memory, who was by his virtue the ornament of the Catholic Church. Saint Fulgentius gives him the title of Saint and puts him in the same rank as Saint Augustine and Saint Ambrose. Optatus was bishop of Milevum, in Numidia, and he was the first orthodox bishop who wrote against the schism of the Donatists. Here is what determined him to take up the pen.

Parmenian, third Donatist bishop of Carthage, published a work in five books for the defence of his party. The Donatists triumphed over the advantage which they pretended this work gave them over the Catholics. In effect, their defender was a clever man, very versed in the art of the sophists, and capable of representing a bad cause under dazzling colours.

Such was the adversary with whom Saint Optatus undertook to measure himself. He attacked him in a work divided into six books. The style of it is elegant, majestic, full of warmth; the figures in it are noble and bold, the thoughts strong and sublime. One remarks in it that precision and that energy which characterise the best writers of Africa. If one does not find that politeness and that purity of language which made the age of Augustus so celebrated, it is because the language of the Romans had for a long time no longer been what it had formerly been. For the rest, one must above all appreciate the writings of this Father for the substance of things. The privileges and marks of the Catholic Church are set forth in them with as much solidity as clearness: they contain important maxims which serve marvellously to distinguish the true spouse of Jesus Christ; they offer us luminous principles fit to confound all the heretics who may appear until the end of the world. Saint Optatus wrote the first six books of his work about the year 370; he added a seventh to it, about

fifteen years after, under the pontificate of Siricius[1].

It would be inopportune to make here the history of Donatism, the greatest schism which the Church of the first centuries had to combat. Let us only recall to the reader that in each town of Africa where there was a Catholic bishop, the Donatists had established another bishop of their sect, raising everywhere altar against altar. Their fundamental principle was this fatal error that the validity of a sacrament depending not only on the orthodoxy but on the morality of the minister, they alone formed the true Church; Baptism and the Eucharist were null outside their communion. They rebaptised whoever had received baptism from Catholic hands, and profaned the hosts consecrated by Catholic priests. Parmenian, successor of Donatus, schismatic bishop of Carthage, set forth, in the work of which we have spoken, certain ideas which, rightly applied, condemned his sect instead of defending it; for example "that there is but one Jesus Christ, one single Church for the whole universe; that, outside this Church, none has the heavenly keys entrusted to Saint Peter; that schism is a most impious thing, etc."

Saint Optatus makes use of all the principles of Parmenian to combat the Donatists. He shows that the sect of the Donatists cannot be the true Church, since "this denomination suits only the society which is catholic…. Now it is not possible to call the Donatists by that name, they who are shut up in a small part of Africa, and even in a corner of a single region…. It is not the same with the Catholic or universal Church; it is spread over the whole earth[2]." Several texts of the Prophets prove that this universality is one of the distinctive marks of the true Church; it must also be one, holy, and united with the chair of Peter. "Ours possessing the first of these marks, possesses also the others, since they are inseparably linked together." After an enumeration of the Popes who had sat from Saint Peter to Siricius, the Saint says, speaking of the last, who was then living: "We are united in communion with him, together with the whole universe[3]…." It is to Peter that Jesus Christ said: "I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "By what right then do you claim these keys, you who, by a sacrilegious presumption, dare to fight against the chair of Peter[4]?… You cannot deny that the episcopal chair was first given to Peter, in the city of Rome; that he sat there first as head of the Apostles; that this chair was one; that one was held to preserve unity only so far as one was united with it; that each apostle did not pretend to have his own; that one was a schismatic when one had the audacity to raise another against this chair…. Go back to the origin of yours, and you will see how ill founded you are in giving your sect for the true Church." The Saint relates in what manner the Donatists took birth, and makes felt all the absurdities into which they fell.

But, say the Donatists, we have a bishop of Rome, who is named Macrobius, and who is the successor of Eucolpius, as the latter was of Boniface of Balles, and Boniface of Victor of Garbies, whom we sent from Africa to Rome to govern the Church there. To this the Saint answered: "Would Macrobius dare to say that he has sat upon the chair of Peter? I doubt even that he has ever seen it, at least it is certain that he has never approached the tomb of the Apostles, and that he has exercised no functions in the principal church of Rome. He is in this refractory to the precept of the Apostle, who wills that one communicate to the memory of the Saints. One sees in the church of Rome the relics of Saint Peter and of Saint Paul: say whether he has been able to enter the place where they are kept, and whether he has ever offered the sacrifice there. Your Macrobius must then avow that he is seated on the chair of Eucolpius, of Boniface of Balles and of Victor of Garbies. This Victor is a son without a father, a disciple without a master, a successor without a predecessor." The holy doctor insists particularly on the universality of the Church. "By what right," he says, "do you pretend to cut off from the Church an innumerable multitude of Christians who are in the East and in the West? You are but a small number of rebels who resist all the Churches of the world, etc.[5]" He refutes with force the error of the Donatists with regard to the Sacraments conferred outside the Church. He makes mention of the exorcisms which were used in baptism, as they are still used to-day to drive out the unclean spirit[6]. He speaks often of the holy oil and of the chrism. "There have been seen," he says on this subject, "certain Donatists throw from a window a phial filled with holy oil, and that with the design of breaking it;

but their impiety did not succeed: although the phial fell from a great height upon stones, it was sustained by angels, who prevented it from being broken[7].” He expresses himself thus, addressing furious Donatists who overturned the altars which the Catholics used: “What has Jesus Christ done to you that you should destroy the altars on which He reposes at certain times? why do you break the sacred tables where He makes His dwelling? You have imitated the crime of the Jews; they put the Saviour to death on the cross, and you ill-treat Him on the altars.”

Coming then to the contradictions into which the Donatists fell, he makes felt all the ridiculousness of them. “Everyone knows,” he says, “that linens are spread on the altars for the celebration of the holy mysteries. The Eucharist does not touch the wood of the altars, but only these linens. Why then does one see you break, scrape and burn the wood of the altar? If impurity can be communicated through the linen, can it not also penetrate the wood, and even the earth? If then you scrape the altars because they are impure, I advise you to dig the earth and to make yourselves a deep pit in it, in order that you may offer the sacrifice in a purer place; but take care not to dig as far as hell, where you will find Goré, Dathan and Abiron, your masters.”

From this raillery he passes to other accusations which were still graver. “You have,” he says, “put the crown to your sacrileges by breaking the chalices which bore the blood of Jesus Christ[8]; you have melted them to convert them into a mass which you exposed in the public squares and which you sold indifferently to all who presented themselves to buy it…. O enormous crime! O unheard-of impiety!” He expresses himself in this manner on the horrible impiety of the Donatists toward the Eucharist: “Your bishops commanded that the Eucharist should be thrown to the dogs; but there were seen then sensible marks of the anger of heaven. These animals, as if mad, sprang upon their own masters; they bit and tore in pieces the profaners of the holy body[9].” It follows from these passages and from several others that the Eucharist was then kept in the churches after the sacrifice, as is still practised to-day. It is proved further, by divers texts of Saint Optatus, that the altars were ordinarily of wood, and that, out of respect, it was the custom to cover them with a linen cloth[10].

The holy doctor accused the Donatists of many other things which it would be too long to report. In the false persuasion in which they were that everything which had served the Catholics was profaned, they had purified with water the palls, the linens and even the walls of their churches[11]. They had forced the virgins to quit their veils and the little mitres which they wore on the head as marks of their profession, in order to take others which were of another colour and another cloth.

A modern author gives the following summary of the doctrine of Saint Optatus: “This Father teaches that we are all born in sin and that baptism is necessary to obtain the remission of it. He speaks of exorcism as of a necessary ceremony in this Sacrament. He makes mention of the chrism as of a holy thing, as well as of the unction which was made at baptism. He expresses himself in terms so clear on the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and on the adoration which is due to the blessed Sacrament, that one can desire nothing more formal. He points out several ceremonies of the celebration of the Eucharist, to which he gives the name of sacrifice… The holy doctor says that the Church has judges, that she punishes crimes, and that she submits to the penance those who have confessed their sins or who are convicted of them. He remarks that the persons who consecrated themselves entirely to the service of God made solemnly a vow of virginity and that they wore on the head a little veil which was the mark of their vow. In speaking of the tomb of Saint Peter and Saint Paul he bears witness sufficiently to the respect that was had in his time for the relics of the saints; and in speaking of Lucilla he blames those who honoured the relics of false martyrs who are not recognised in the Church.” The year in which Saint Optatus died is not known; it is known only that he was still living in 384. His name is found in the Roman Martyrology under 4 June.

Drawn from his writings. (See Tillemont, vol. vi, p. 142; Ceillier, vol. vi, p. 625; the dissertation of Dom Boniface Collina, on the heresy of the Donatists, in the *Collection of Dissertations on Ecclesiastical History* of the Academy of Bologna, printed in 1758; the *Historia donatistarum per fratres Ballerinos*, appendix in

the works of Cardinal Noris, Verona, 1732.)

Saint Francis Caracciolo, Founder of the Minor Clerks

1563–1608. — Popes: Pius IV; Paul V. — Kings of France: Charles IX; Henry IV.

Ordo minorum religio vera pauperum Crucifixi.

The Order of the Minors is the great family of the poor of Jesus Christ. Anonymous.

Dom Ascanio Caracciolo was born on 13 October 1563, at Villa Santa Maria, in the kingdom of Naples. It seems that God raised him up, in these times of trouble and heresy, to add still a holy militia to so many religious Orders which the Church has opposed in all times to her enemies as her best army. The love of penance and a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin opened to him, from his childhood, the way of perfection. As soon as he could do so he recited every day the little office and the rosary; he fasted every Saturday in honour of this good mother. One admired also his tender compassion for the poor: he solicited help for them from his father; he kept for them the best part of his food and distributed it to them himself; desiring nothing so much as to preserve the purity of soul and body, he fled light conversations, often reproved and even sent away his servants when their morals were corrupt. But as idleness is the mother of all vices, especially of the vice of impurity, he passed his leisure in hunting, subduing his body by fatigue. This tie and others still attached him no doubt to the world; Our Lord, who inspires in the souls He loves with a particular affection a disgust for the world, by making them find great afflictions in it, sent to our Saint a frightful malady. At the age of twenty-two he was struck with leprosy, which ended by reducing him to the last extremity and which caused him afterwards an ulcer in the stomach. When he saw his body in this deplorable state, he understood the vanity of the world, of youth, of beauty which a little venom destroys so quickly; he resolved from that moment to attach himself only to the world which does not pass, to the eternal youth of the elect, to the beauty of the soul which grace begins on earth and which glory accomplishes in heaven. He promised God, therefore, to belong to Him entirely, to consecrate to Him the rest of his life if He restored him to health. As this was all that Our Lord desired, the malady disappeared almost at once and in a manner so marvellous that one could not fail to recognise the divine hand in it. He informed his parents at once of the resolution he had taken, sold what he had of his own, distributed the price of it to the poor, and betook himself to Naples to study theology there for two years, after which he was ordained priest. He went up for the first time to the altar with the fervour of a seraph. He entered then a confraternity called the Bianchi, whose members occupied themselves particularly in preparing criminals for death and in procuring the succours of religion for the prisoners as well as for the galley-slaves. A part of his time was employed, for the rest of his life, in this good work, to which he gave himself with as much zeal as success.

Meanwhile he often asked God that He would make known more particularly His will; and this happened in a marvellous manner. In 1588, John Augustine Adorno, of an illustrious house of Genoa, having generously renounced the world, whose vanities he had at first followed, embraced the ecclesiastical state and formed the project of founding a new institute of priests who were to join the exercises of the active life to those of the contemplative life. He communicated his views first to Fabrizio Caracciolo, then abbot of the collegiate church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Naples, and a relative of our Saint. In concert they chose a third companion, named also Ascanio Caracciolo. By a mistake which Providence no doubt managed, the note which the two founders wrote to make known their intentions to the one whom they had chosen was delivered to the Saint; he goes to them: they are at first stupefied to see him; the mistake is soon explained, and all three thank the Lord for having thus united them. In order to ripen the holy project they retire to the hermitage of the Camaldolese Fathers, near Naples. There, in solitude, in meditation, in the austerities of penance, they prepare the Rules of the Institute, of which Adorno had long had the idea, but of which our Saint, though last come, was to be the true founder. Besides the three solemn vows of religion, they wished the members of their Society to make a fourth, that of seeking no dignity in the Church and of accepting none

except by the express command of the Sovereign; they prescribed frequent examinations, the practice of prayer, the perpetual adoration of the blessed Sacrament and rigorous mortifications. One of the brothers was each day, in turn, to be charged to fast on bread and water; another, to take the discipline; a third, to wear the hair-shirt; so that penance never ceased to appease the wrath of God and to draw down His blessings. In order that the adoration also might be perpetual, each religious made an hour of prayer before the most holy Sacrament.

When the community counted twelve members, our Saint and Adorno went together to Rome to solicit the approbation of the sovereign Pontiff. The reputation of virtue which they had already acquired was so great that several of their relatives and friends resolved to go to meet them; but these humble priests, who had begged all along the road, and who would have thought they lost the most glorious of all their titles by ceasing for an instant to be the poor of Jesus Christ, took another road: they arrived at Rome without being known, and, instead of lodging in palaces, they mingled among the poor who asked alms at the door of the Capuchins. Dom Ascanio had for companion at table and in bed a leper, whom he served with great love, cleansing and kissing his sores. Our pious pilgrims visited the sanctuary and the churches, in order to put their Order under the protection of the holy Apostles, of the Martyrs and other Saints whose relics are the richest treasures of Rome. Recognised in the midst of the poor by their relatives, they would receive from them no other service than to be introduced to the sovereign Pontiff. Sixtus V, whose memory is so dear and whose name so great in the Church, received them favourably, and, on 1 July 1588, after a mature examination, approved the new Congregation under the title of Minor Regular Clerks. In the following month of August the two servants of God returned to Naples as they had left it, as poor mendicants. Not having even a church in which to establish themselves, they were forced to make their profession in the oratory of the White Penitents, on 9 April 1589. Dom Ascanio changed his name into that of Francis, out of devotion to the holy patriarch of the Friars Minor. Soon after, the house and parish church of the Misericordia were ceded to them, which became the first seat of their Order.

Once they had established their companions in this convent, Saint Francis and Adorno set out for Spain; the Pope had exhorted them to introduce their Order there; besides, Adorno had formerly dwelt at Madrid, and he had still to settle in that country some important affairs. They made this journey like that to Rome, on foot, living on alms, walking under the guard of God. At Madrid, the innkeeper who gave them hospitality having recognised them for Saints, they were obliged to withdraw into a convent of Discalced Carmelites, to escape the testimonies of veneration of the people. It is true that they could not obtain at court the authorisation to establish their Order in Spain, the time marked in the designs of God not having yet come; but they were consoled by two extraordinary encounters which they made at Valencia, as they were returning to Italy.

The first was with an English religious, a refugee in Spain to flee the persecutions of Queen Elizabeth. He seemed to be waiting for them at the gate of Valencia, informed no doubt of their arrival by a divine revelation. As soon as he had accosted them, he spoke with them of their Order, of the fatigues they had suffered and of those they were still suffering. Then, taking Saint Francis aside, he predicted to him that his Congregation would soon flourish in Spain and that he would be its first general. The second was at the convent of the Dominicans. The two servants of God had joined the poor to whom the porter, who was a holy religious, gave food; when it was their turn, he handed to each of them a rosary, of those which he made himself, and made a sign to them to wait for him. Having led them into his cell, he served them food and asked of them as a reward the favour of kissing their feet; which he did in spite of their resistance. Our humble pilgrims were quite confounded at this honour and wished to know why the holy religious mortified them thus: “You are,” he answered them, “the founders of a new Order, which will soon spread for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and which will flourish particularly in this kingdom.” — “And when will these things come to pass?” asked Saint Francis. — “Not before three years,” replied the servant of God. Then Saint Francis, animated also with the spirit of prophecy, added: “It will take more than four years, not

counting the patience and confidence in God which we shall need." In effect the thing happened as they had predicted. Adorno had already received the same prediction, in the same city, seventeen years before, from the mouth of Saint Louis Bertrand, who had thrown himself at his feet, in spite of his resistance, saying: "This honour is due to you, because God has destined you to found an Order which will serve usefully the Church of Jesus Christ." Before embarking, our Saint gathered the sailors and the passengers in a chapel of the most holy Virgin, and gave them to understand that great perils awaited them in this crossing, and that they should put themselves under the protection of the Star of the Sea. The tempest which he had predicted burst out at the end of three days; when everyone was preparing for death, and the ship seemed on the point of disappearing in the abysses, Saint Francis assured them that no one would perish; which came to pass, for the ship came and stranded on the sand without having received any grave damage. As they surrounded our Saint, to whose prayers they thought themselves indebted for their life, he went down to land with his companion, to spare his humility this testimony of gratitude; they plunged into a vast forest to pass the night there in prayer; but fatigue prevailing, they fell asleep, after having nourished themselves on some roots. The next morning, when they wished to betake themselves to the ship, God permitted that they should lose their way. They wandered five days, almost dying of hunger and fatigue. At last they found near a grotto a goat which let itself be milked, and pieces of black and dried bread which they soaked in its milk; they recovered thus the strength to leave the forest; they found the sea and a vessel of the republic of Genoa ready to leave for Naples. Thus all the obstacles which seemed to delay their journey served only to make it shorter. Our Lord was hearing the wishes of Saint Francis, who had asked Him, on leaving Valencia, to lead him to his brothers as promptly as possible. He found them very numerous: the convent of the Misericordia could no longer contain them.

Some time after his return he was given the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the Congregation established itself in 1591, with all the more joy as it found itself thus placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, who had already given them more than one proof of the interest she took in their affair, having, from the beginning of the foundation, encouraged Adorno in his designs by these words: "Fear nothing, I put under my guard the Order that you are premeditating." But we forgot to say that Saint Francis, before tasting this consolation, had undergone great trials. His continual labours, his rough mortifications, the little sleep which he took on a table that served him for a bed, caused him a grave illness; he bore the pains and weariness of it with a gay and tranquil countenance, reflection of the peace of his soul, ever resigned, ever united to Our Lord. To this pain another succeeded, which was no doubt much more keenly felt for the servant of God. Adorno, who had returned to Rome and had obtained from the two successors of Sixtus V the confirmation of the Institute of which he was the superior, died at Naples, consumed by labours, at the age of forty, on 29 September 1591. Francis was chosen to replace him, and he received first the title of general, according to the prediction which had been made to him of it at Valencia. It was with great difficulty that his humility was overcome on this point, and he consented to accept this charge only for three years. More master of his person in this employment, he profited by it to increase his exercises of piety and mortification. A zealous observer of the Rule, he wished that no point should be neglected, conforming himself to it in everything and outdoing the practices of penance which it prescribed. Three times a week he fasted on bread and water, habitually wore a rough hair-shirt, took the discipline every night, and passed that time partly in study and partly before the blessed Sacrament. When sleep pressed him, it was often on the footstep of the altar that he took his rest, which never lasted more than three or four hours. He gave seven hours each day to contemplation and to meditation on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. A sincere lover of poverty, he showed in everything his esteem for this virtue. If new garments were given him, he exchanged them with the most worn of those of the simple brothers. An enemy of every distinction that might honour him, he carefully avoided the least marks of it, declaring loudly that they were not due to him, and that the company bore with him only out of pure charity; he ordinarily signed his letters, "Francis, sinner," and begged that he should be regarded as such, so profound was his humility!

The hope of at last establishing his Congregation in Spain led Francis again into that country, in the year 1594; he was accompanied there by the son of the president of the supreme council of Naples, whom he had received among his religious. From his arrival at Madrid he went to lodge at the hospital of the Italians, where he tended the sick with more eagerness than is put into flattering the courtiers of a king from whom one hopes a favour: as he had need, in this circumstance, to be favoured quite particularly by Our Lord, it was quite just that he should first win the poor, who are the only courtiers of this King born in a stable. It was from there, from this palace of the poor, that he addressed a petition to Philip II, king of Spain, to obtain permission to found a house of his Order in the capital of the kingdom. The court charged Cardinal Quiroga, archbishop of Toledo, with the examination of this affair, who at once granted permission to found a house at Madrid. The Saint gave to this first convent the name of the glorious patriarch Saint Joseph. The cells were small, the church narrow and poor, but the grace of God sufficed for everything. The good that the new religious did, and above all our Saint Francis, was immense: sinners were converted in crowds at their voice; the church was always full of people who wished to be reconciled with God.

The demon, furious at seeing so many preys torn from him, resolved to overthrow this new establishment before it should be made firm; he raised up against the religious a lord who brought over to his party the royal council of Castile. The order was given to Francis and his companions to depart within ten days for Italy; but, superior to all events, because he leaned only on Him who is the Master of all and who always brings them back to His ends, he bore this contradiction with the greatest resignation. This pure abandonment of all his desires into the hands of Our Lord was so agreeable to this good Saviour that He consoled His servant: he obtained some delay; and, when later he left Madrid, he had not the grief of seeing his work destroyed, for this house has been maintained down to our days. Returned to Italy, he founded at Rome the hospice of Saint Leonard, and he was received with the greatest kindness by Clement VIII, who even wrote to Spain in favour of his Order.

On going to Naples he passed through Aquila and Villa-Santa-Maria, which was a fief of his house. As soon as his vassals had recognised the son of their master, they ran in crowds: some kissed his hands, others knelt; all made their joy burst forth. It was too much not to alarm his humility; he stopped in the middle of the public square, knelt himself on the ground, and, drawing a crucifix from his bosom, he blamed them gently for honouring a wretch like him, engaged them to render all their homage to the crucifix, and declared to them that he had returned among them only to repair, as far as he could, the bad examples which he had given them in his youth. Thus, after having asked their pardon with tears, he went and hid himself in a retired spot, where he passed the night in prayer. New consolations awaited him at Naples; Fabrizio Caracciolo, abbot of Santa Maria Maggiore, had entered the Institute and had just made profession in it. The Saint, who honoured him as the first companion of Ardono, would have wished to see him placed at the head of the Society, but he had the grief of feeling this burden fall again for the third time on his own shoulders; he was re-elected general for three years; but he made so many instances with Clement VIII that his election was confirmed only for one year, at the end of which he became provost of the convent of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Naples, and master of novices. The city soon felt the ardours of his charity; he distributed abundant alms to the poor, dowered poor girls, brought sinners back by his preaching and prayers. At the same time he formed holy religious who were the support and glory of his Order. Spain was not less favoured than Italy: our holy religious were able to establish several houses there, which became hearths of light and sources of grace for this fair kingdom: Francis made a third journey there, and it is quite to be believed that his reputation for holiness, his patience, his charity, his humility, his zeal, and the blessings which heaven granted to all that he undertook, contributed much to these establishments; he was scarcely designated otherwise than by the name of preacher of the divine love. He often had in his mouth these words of David: “The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up!” His actions said it still louder. The glory of God was the motive which made him act on every occasion. The pardon of injuries was one of the traits in which he delighted to copy his divine model, Jesus crucified. There had been spread abroad in Spain such frightful calumnies against the Friars Minor that the

authors of these infamous rumours were prosecuted and condemned to an ignominious penalty. The first step of our Saint, on his arrival at Madrid, was to go and throw himself at the feet of the king's ministers to obtain, by dint of tears, the pardon of the guilty.

He gave everywhere the example of the humblest obedience. Here is a trait which paints him entire:

He was accustomed, on passing before an image of the most holy Virgin, to say an *Ave Maria* to her: once, carried away by his love, he recited the prayer aloud, so that the superior heard him. He came out of his cell and said to him: "Father, remember that we are at a time of silence; be silent." The Saint was silent at once and knelt down to receive the correction of his superior; he remained there an hour and a half, until at last the superior sent to tell him to rise.

Italy had the happiness of seeing our Saint again, in 1604, never to lose him more. He filled still divers employments in his Congregation, which he completed strengthening by his virtues and miracles. He cured with the sign of the cross all the sick who were brought to him, and drove out demons, who regarded him as one of their most terrible enemies. At last, when he had, so to speak, put the keystone to the edifice of his Order, he obtained, in 4607, to be discharged of every employment, in order to think only of his eternity, to live only in heaven, to speak only to his God. He chose for dwelling the space beneath a staircase of the house of Naples, where he was often found raised in ecstasy, his arms stretched out in a cross: it was there that people came several times, on behalf of Pope Paul V, to offer him the mitre and the crosier, but they could never triumph over his resistance: "I wish to work out my salvation in my little corner," he said to his companions, "for we must die, and often when one thinks of it least. I have now but a few days of life," he said again, "here we are at the end."

He foresaw in effect his death as near and announced it openly; so he was preparing himself carefully for this redoubtable passage, when the affairs of the Institute obliged him to go to Agnone, in the Abruzzo, for a new foundation. He wished to profit by this occasion to visit Loreto, that holy house inhabited by the Blessed Virgin and where the Word was made flesh. By dint of instances he obtained from the guardians the favour of remaining there at night in prayer. While he was imploring the protection of the Queen of heaven for his Order, Adorno, his former companion, appeared to him in religious habit, but all resplendent with light. He assured him, with a smiling face, of the protection of the most holy Virgin, and told him that he already enjoyed glory; that he would soon follow him there, and that two other religious would die immediately after him.

The next day the Saint continued his journey; on arriving at Agnone he said these prophetic words: *Hæc est requies mea in sæculum sæculi*: "This is the place of my rest for ever and ever"; but they did not understand it, for he was in marvellous health. He met a young man who led a licentious life, and warned him to be converted to the Lord, telling him that it was time to leave the way which was leading him to eternal perdition. This young fool received his advice laughing, and answered him, mocking his threats. "Well!" replied the Saint with a severe look, "since you scoff at this last appeal of the mercy of God, before an hour you will fall into the hands of His justice!" He died in effect before the hour had passed, and without having been willing to do penance, to the great fright of all those who were witnesses of this appalling chastisement.

On the first day of June he was seized with a fever which at first appeared of little consequence, but which soon became violent enough to force him to take to his bed. He prepared himself at once for death. He was heard often to repeat: "Lord Jesus, how good you are; Lord, do not refuse me this precious blood which you shed for me. — O paradise! O paradise!…" he cried, raising himself on his bed as if to spring toward where all his desires carried him. On Tuesday, 3 June, two days before Corpus Christi, he asked for the holy Viaticum, after having made a general confession of all his sins. Though very weak, he nevertheless got out of bed as soon as he saw his God arrive, and received Him on his knees with the greatest fervour. He thought then of bidding farewell to his brothers, whom he was leaving for some time in exile, by addressing to them a

letter in which he exhorted them to fidelity to their Rule, as well as to the love and practice of all the virtues. He had his crucifix in one hand, an image of the most holy Virgin in the other, and, looking attentively at this divine Brother, this heavenly Mother, he passed the last hour of his life in the sweet contemplation of the dear society which awaited him above. On the Wednesday, an hour before sunset, his soul burning to take its flight on the wings of love toward the bosom of his Beloved, he was heard to cry out: “Let us go! Let us go!” — “And where do you wish to go, Father Francis?” they said to him. — “To heaven, to heaven!” he answered in a clear voice and with a face full of joy. He departed thither pronouncing these words, on 4 June 4608, at the age of forty-four years and seven months. To satisfy the devotion of the people, who came in crowds to visit him, it was necessary to leave his holy body exposed for three days, after which it was transported to Naples, where it is still religiously preserved. His miracles and his virtues determined Clement XIV to beatify him on 10 September 1769. Pius VII canonised him solemnly on 27 May 1807, and inserted his office in the Roman Breviary. His life has been written in Italian by Father Augustine Cencelli, of the same Order.

He is represented kneeling before a monstrance, because he passed whole nights before the altar, and because he gave his disciples the rule of maintaining in their communities the perpetual adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

We have drawn this abridgment from the continuators of Ribadeneira and from Godescard.

Saint Nennoke, Virgin (467)

In the times of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, about the year 403, there reigned in a part of the island of Britain a prince named Brukan, who had by his wife Menduke fourteen children who all consecrated themselves to God. Nennoke came as the fifteenth, long after the others, when they no longer preserved any hope of posterity. She was also brought up with the greatest care, as the sole heiress of their house. Modest, affable, obedient, charitable, loving pious readings, frequenting daily the holy places, nourishing herself on prayer and the Sacraments, she fled all idleness and occupied herself all day with manual works. The renown of her virtue and of her rare beauty caused her to be asked in marriage by the son of the king of Scotland, to whom her father, on the advice of his barons, was willing to grant her, reserving nevertheless, as a good father, the assent of his daughter. He proposed therefore to Nennoke this so honourable match, which pleased him and his nobility so much, conjuring her to give her consent to it and thus to fill with happiness the old age of her parents. The young princess had dreamed of quite another thing; she aspired to a wedding higher than those of earth: she was, in her heart, betrothed to the Son of the heavenly King. “Dear and most honoured father,” she cried, throwing herself at the knees of the king, “I do not doubt at all the merits of the prince for whom you have destined me, nor the honour which would come to our house from my union with him; I doubt still less your paternal love; but I cannot hide it from you, I too, like my brothers and my sisters, have resolved to reserve myself for God and to consecrate myself to Him alone. I do not believe, in refusing this noble lord, that I violate the obedience I owe you, considering the merit of the Spouse whom I think of choosing.” Brukan was much astonished and very much vexed at the answer of his daughter: she was his only hope! Nevertheless he said nothing painful to her; he returned very sad to his wife Menduke, and gently engaged her to use her maternal influence to bring their daughter to what was the ardent object of his desires. Menduke wisely employed all the means in her power to satisfy the order of her husband. She herself desired keenly to bring her daughter to yield to the wishes of her father: they had given to God fourteen of their children; heaven ought at least to leave them this one, she thought. But God does not yield to the world a heart which resolutely wishes to give itself to Him alone. The tender mother failed, as the good father had failed, and as they both loved their daughter in a Christian manner, they yielded to her on a point which so evidently concerned her happiness. Joyful at her victory, the young virgin thought no more than of devoting herself entirely to piety, to make herself worthy of her sacred Spouse, thanking Him with effusion for the

constancy which He had inspired in her.

A short time after, Saint Germanus of Auxerre passed into Great Britain to combat the errors of Pelagius there, and finding himself at the court of King Brukaa, he preached there several times with the greatest fervour. Nennoke profited greatly by his words, and when she had learned from his mouth the holy life which several virgins led in France, notably in Little Brittany, she felt the desire to withdraw thither, and obtained from her parents, by dint of prayers and tears, their assent to her desire. She was accompanied by several friends, by some religious, and in particular by her godfather and godmother.

Arrived in Little Brittany, they deputed one of their number to Duke Guerech, brother of King Budix, to ask him hospitality on his lands: which was graciously granted them. Nennoke therefore raised an oratory, and had built for herself and her companions cells, where they buried themselves in the peace of the Lord and where they passed their life in serving Him. One day when Prince Guerech was hunting, a stag which he was pursuing came and took refuge in the oratory of Saint Nennoke, then at prayer with her daughters, of whom she was the superior, and lay down at her feet as if to implore her help. The prince not only granted life to the poor beast, but after a pious conference with the holy abbess, he made her a donation of the place where her monastery was built and of all the lands of the parish of Plémaur. This place was called from that moment Laiid-Nennoke. This was in the year 458.

Nennoke continued her angelic life there, governing her religious with a consummate wisdom and preparing there generations of holy souls. After which heaven, content with her works and wishing to give her the reward of them, sent her in a sickness the announcement of her departure from the place of exile, and drew her gently to itself on the 4th of June of the year 467.

Cf. Chapia, *Life of a Saint for Every Day of the Year*.

Saint Saturnina, Virgin, Martyr

In the twelfth chapter of the second book of his chronicle of Cambrai and Arras, Baldéric speaks of a monastery raised at Sains-lez-Marquion, but which no longer existed in his time. It is probable that it was destroyed, like many others, during the invasions of the Normans. This monastery had been built in memory of the virgin Saturnina, who was martyred in this village. Here is how this author, relying on local traditions, reports this fact. Saint Saturnina, he says, born in Germany of a noble family, had promised God to consecrate her virginity to Him. Without regard to this promise, her parents wished to give her in marriage to a powerful lord who had asked for her. The young girl, seeing that she could neither resist the determination of her parents nor avoid the pursuit of him who sought her, resolved to leave the paternal house. After having wandered long, she arrived at the village called Sains-lez-Marquion, where she tried to hide among the keepers of flocks: it was there that the young lord to whom she was promised discovered her. In spite of his entreaties, Saint Saturnina always resisted his desires until, in a transport of fury, he put her to death with his own hands. The body of the Christian virgin was deposited in the monastery which was built a short time after in that place. According to an ancient tradition, continues Baldéric, a troop of Saxons, passing one day at Sains-lez-Marquion and hearing of this Saint, is said to have carried off a part of her relics. There remain now of them, adds Raissius, only two little bones: it is not known where the rest is hidden. Saint Saturnina is ordinarily represented with a distaff in her hand and guarding a flock. The country people invoke her in particular for the preservation of cattle. It is above all on 20 May, the day of her feast, that they come to Sains-lez-Marquion to implore her protection. Nothing is found on this Saint either in the Bollandists, or in the Acts of the Saints of Belgium, or even in Molanus. The Roman

Martyrology nevertheless makes mention of her on the 4th of the month of June. — We have borrowed what precedes from the *Saints of Cambrai and Arras*, by the abbé Destombes.

[1] A martyrologist-poet has thus made his eulogy:

Confregit statuas, Clathæo pastore jubente; Et Christo nomen Brixia læta dedit.

“At the voice of her pastor Clatée, Brescia broke her idols and gave herself to Christ.”

[2] The Bollandists indicate the town of Sarvar (Sabaria) as the place of his martyrdom, and are not of opinion that there are relics of him at Bologna, as has been pretended.

[3] It is commonly believed that he is the same as Saint Quirinus of Sisseg; the Bollandists, however, are of the contrary opinion.

[4] His relics are preserved in the church of Saint Stephen of Verona. — Bollandists.

[5] The Bollandists think that he had been bishop in Ireland; it is thus that they translate the word *Illandia* of the first strophe of his hymn:

Ave, pater gloriose, Salve, præsul pretiose. Quondam pastor Illandiæ, Nunc decus Sabaudiæ.

[6] Saint Perreux died very old, and was buried in the monastery of Padstow, which he had founded, and which was called in the course of time Saint-Perreux of Botmin, and was inhabited by canons regular. One of them, named Martin, having furtively carried off his body, withdrew with this precious deposit into Armorica, to the monastery of Saint-Méen of Gaël. Roger, prior of Botmin, carried his complaints to Henry II, king of England, in the year 1177, and this prince at once commanded the abbot and the religious of Saint-Méen to restore these holy relics. The abbot and the monks, intimidated, gave back to Roger, prior of Botmin, this precious treasure, after having sworn on the holy Gospels that it was the same body which had been brought to them. They kept nevertheless, or rather they obtained, a part of the skull of the Saint, which is still found in the church of Saint-Méen. The cult of Saint Perreux has been preserved since in this abbey, and two feasts were celebrated there in his honour with octave, one on 4 June, which appears to have been the more solemn, and the other on 4 September.

[7] Although Our Lady of the Meadow is no more than a ruin, this ruin is remarkable enough for one to make mention here of this curious priory church in speaking of its consecration. In what year did this consecration take place? by whom was it made? The historians trace the foundation of this monastery back to Hervé I, baron of Donzy, about the year 1100. From 1155 this priory was occupied by religious of Cluny; the bull of Pope Adrian IV bears witness to it. It is presumed that it was Bishop Hugh of Auxerre who consecrated the church of the Meadow, about 1120, when Hervé II endowed it.

This priory had much to suffer in the wars of which the Donziais was so often the theatre. In 1170, at the capture of the castle of Donzy by Louis VII and by Guy, count of Nevers, the church was reduced to the saddest state. It had not yet been re-established in 1364, since Pope Urban V then granted indulgences to the faithful who should visit the church of Our Lady of the Meadow on certain feasts, and should make alms there to help to re-establish it.

At the capture of Donzy by the Protestants, in 1569, the priory of the Meadow was almost entirely destroyed. When calmer days had succeeded these stormy times, the religious were in the impossibility of repairing the evil done to their monastery, for the titles had been burned, and they could no longer re-enter into possession of the important lands which they had formerly possessed. In 1793 some sacrilegious revolutionaries undertook to destroy the church, but it is reported that the women of the Meadow armed themselves with stones and put them to flight. After the Terror the municipal council, which did not know the price of this monument, sold it, and the purchaser set about demolishing it; but the vestry council protested against this act of vandalism, and claimed its right of property, which was recognised in the prefectural council; it was thus that these ruins remained standing. Besides the tower, there remain two bays of the great nave and those of the side aisles which flank them; above these two bays there ran a wide gallery. All these remains are of the 12th century and of a perfect workmanship, whether in respect of the sculpture or in respect of the architecture. One still remarks on the pillars traces of the consecration crosses in polychrome painting of the epoch. The portal is especially remarkable for its ornamentation of a rare richness. The tympanum represents the Virgin-Mother, seated and holding her child on her knees. The style is quite Byzantine; on one side an angel swings the censer, on the other a venerable personage holds a phylactery on which an inscription was formerly painted; it is one of the Prophets who announced the Virgin-Mother. This church was at once priorial and parochial; the altar of the parish was dedicated to Saint Blaise.

The last prior of the Meadow was George-François-Marie Sol, of the congregation of the mission of France; he held this priory from 1772 until the great French revolution. — Mgr Crosnier, *Hagiologie Nivernaise*.

[8] His feast was celebrated formerly on 30 June. — Bollandists.

[9] See on the following day.

[10] The ancient Siscia is no more than a borough of Hungary, now called Sisseck or Sisseg. The episcopal see has been transferred to Zagreb, capital of modern Croatia.

[11] Dom Ruinart places the martyrdom of the Saint in 309; but the date which we follow appears the best founded; it seems to us that Hanciz has proved that it was the only true one.

[12] One reads in Saint Prudentius Galerius instead of Amantius, and this Galerius there has the title of governor of Illyria, in which Pannonia was comprised. It is perhaps only one and the same person who had several names, as was then usual among the Romans.

[13] Sabarie, now Sarwar, is situated at the confluence of the rivers Guntz and Rab. (See La Martinière and Hoffman.) Scarabance or Sopron, called by the Germans Œdembourg, is … and at 8 German miles from Vienna. (*Ibid.*)

[14] This discourse, compared with that which the Saint had held to Maximus, is an authentic testimony rendered to the divinity of the Son of God.

[15] *Vox orans ut mergeretur obtinuit.* One finds this circumstance also in the chronicle of Eusebius and in the beautiful poem which Saint Prudentius composed in honour of the holy martyr Quirinus.

[16] The Guntz. This river was anciently called Sabarius,

[17] Du Pin, in his *Library*, had advanced that this seventh book was from another hand; but he retracted in his new edition of the works of Saint Optatus, and he even proved that the book in question had been written by this Father like the first six, although Saint Jerome seems never to have believed it. Besides the resemblance of style, which is so perfect that it forms, in the judgment of Casaubon, a proof without reply, the author of this seventh book assures us himself that he had composed the six others. The manuscripts are in agreement on this point.

[18] Book ii, n. 1.

[19] Book iii, n. 3.

[20] Book ii, n. 2 and 5.

[21] Book ii, n. 25.

[22] See Saint Optatus, bk. iv, pp. 73, 74. See again Saint Cyril of Jerusalem, *Procatechesis*, p. 7; Saint Augustine, bk. ii, *De Nuptiis et Concupiscentia*, ch. 23; and bk. v, *Opus imperfectum*; last chapter; Tertullian, etc.

[23] Book vi, n. 6.

[24] *Calices sanguinis Christi portitores… O scelus nefarium, facinus inauditum.* Bk. vi, n. 2, p. 93.

[25] *Sancti corporis reos, dente vindice, tanquam ignotos et inimicos laniaverunt.* Bk. ii, ch. 39.

[26] See the holy Doctor, bk. vi, p. 93.

[27] *Ibid.*, bk. vi, n. 4.

5 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

In Egypt, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Marcian, Nicanor, Apollonius and others, who suffered a glorious martyrdom in the persecution of Maximian Galerius. Beginning of the 4th century. — At Perugia, the holy martyrs Florentius, Julian, Cyriacus, Marcellinus and Faustinus, who had their heads cut off in the persecution of Decius. About 250. — At Caesarea, in Palestine, the passion of the holy women Zenais, Cyre, Valeria and Marcia, who arrived with joy, through many torments, at the happiness of martyrdom. — At Tyre, Saint Dorotheus, priest, who, having suffered much under Diocletian, lived until the time of Julian, and honoured his old age by the martyrdom which he endured under that emperor, at the age of a hundred and seven years[1]. 362. — The same day, Saint Boniface, archbishop of Mainz, who came from England to Rome, then was sent by Gregory II into Germany to preach to those peoples the faith of Jesus Christ. He converted a great number, particularly among the Frisians, and deserved to be called the Apostle of the Germans; finally, he was massacred in Friesland by furious pagans, and consummated his martyrdom with Eoban and some other servants of God. 754. — At Cordova, in Spain, the Blessed Sanche, Sanchez or Sance, a young man, who, although he had been brought up at court, did not hesitate to suffer martyrdom for the faith of Christ, in the persecution of the Arabs. 851.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Caunes, in the diocese of Carcassonne, the holy martyrs Amand, Alexander, Lucius and Addalde. Beginning of the 4th century. — The translation of the relics of Saint Grat, bishop of Châlon, to the monastery of Paray (diocese of Autun)[2]. — At Chartres, the feast of Our Lady of Grace. — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Austrebert, forty-third bishop of that see. At the epoch when the Saracens devastated the territories of Lyons and of Vienne, the Saint withdrew to his family, which dwelt on the banks of the Seine. After a long old age, illustrated by numerous miracles, he died in the midst of his own and was buried in a small villa which he possessed not far from the river. About 744. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, the decease of Saint Allyre, fourth bishop of that city, whose ordination is celebrated on 7 July and whose principal feast is on 14 December. 385. — In the same place, Saint Genêt or Genès, count of Auvergne and confessor,

honoured at Clermont. His relics, which rest in the church of Combonde, seem to indicate that he was buried in that place, where miracles were very frequent after his death. Two men who, by the effect of a contraction of the nerves, had the body all bent, found themselves cured after a night passed in prayers before his tomb. A poor blind girl, having cast a quantity of blood from her eyes before this same tomb, recovered her sight there. Several other sick persons received health there, and a great number of the possessed were delivered there. About 710. — Again at Clermont, Saint Léogonce or Legonce, third bishop of that city, who formerly had a church under his title in the territory of Clermont. — At Saint-Savin de Lavedan, in Bigorre, Saint Elzéar or Elsiaire, monk. 1036. — At Orange, diocese of Avignon, Saint Eutropius, mentioned in the Roman Martyrology of 27 May. 1st century. — At Poitiers, Saint Porchaire, abbot. End of the 6th century. — At Saint-Claude, Saint Aldegrin[3], confessor. 10th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — At the monastery of Fulda, Saint Boniface, archbishop of Mainz.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese, of Vallombrosa and of the Cistercians. — Saint Boniface, archbishop of Mainz.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Agnone, Saint Francis Caracciolo, named yesterday in the Roman Martyrology.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Ceredano, in the diocese of Novara, the Blessed Pacificus, confessor of the Order of Minors, celebrated for the merit of his virtues and of his good works[4]. 1482.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Rome, the canonisation of Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, of our Order, whom Pope Eugenius IV placed in the rank of the holy confessors, on account of his rare holiness and his great miracles, in the year 1546, on the very day of Pentecost.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Campania, the holy Javin and Heraclius, confessors. — In Egypt, the holy martyrs Marcian, Nicandre, Apollonius and six others; moreover, Saint Claude and his companions, martyrs. — In Africa, the holy Evase and Privat, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — In Istria, the holy Zoël, Sature, Thymin, Saturnin, Servule, Felix, Silvain, Fortunatus and Mammère, martyrs. — At Lilybaeum, in Sicily, Saint Gregory, bishop and martyr. — In Egypt, Saint Dorotheus, surnamed the Theban, who passed sixty years in a cavern, nine miles from the city of Alexandria. 4th century. — At Volterra, in Tuscany, the holy Justus and Clement, African confessors, patrons of this city. 5th century. — At Como, Saint Eutychius, bishop[5]. About the year 532. — At Fritzlar, in Germany, Saint Felix, monk and martyr, who appears to have been put to death by the Saxons still pagan. — At Paderborn, in Westphalia, the Blessed Meinwerc, bishop of that city[6]. 1036. — At Asserigo, in the Abruzzi, Saint Franc, solitary, whose relics are venerated in the church of the same town. 11th century. — At Recanati, in Italy, the Blessed Placid, of the Order of the Apostolins[7]. 1398. — In Portugal, the Blessed Ferdinand, son of King John I. He died in captivity among the Moors, after having undergone the hardest treatment; his body was afterwards brought back to Portugal, where it wrought more than one miracle. He is honoured at Fez, in Mauritania, the place of his decease[8]. Year 1443.

Saint Boniface, Archbishop of Mainz, Apostle of Germany and Martyr

680–754. — Popes: Agatho; Stephen II. — Kings of the Franks: Theodoric III; Pepin the Short.

Vae mihi, si non evangelizavero.

Woe to me if I do not preach the Gospel.

I Cor., iv, 17.

Let us render to England the glory that is due to her for the great personages whom she gave to the Catholic Church, before she was separated from it by heresy and by schism. Saint Boniface, called at first Winfrid, was born at Kirton, in Devonshire, of considerable parents, who took great care of his education. From the age of five, having seen in his father's house some religious who were making missions in the country, he asked to follow them to their monastery; however, his father, taking his wishes for childish fancies, absolutely refused him what he asked. But he did what he would, the desire for the monastic life grew in the heart of his son, and, as he opposed it, he fell dangerously ill; he recognised then the hand of God which punished him, and permitted Winfrid to follow his vocation. Our Saint passed thirteen years in the monastery of Adescan-Castre, now Exeter, which was under the direction of a holy abbot named Wolphard. He passed afterwards into the abbey of Nutcell, of which the venerable Winbert was abbot; he made there no less progress in the human letters than in virtue.

After having been a scholar he became a master, and taught others what he had learned with so much care. Many pupils, from distant convents, ran to his lessons. At the age of thirty he was ordained priest. A short time after, King Ina and the clergy, assembled in a synod, charged him with an embassy to Britkwald, archbishop of Canterbury, who was to approve the decisions of this synod; he acquitted himself of this negotiation with so much skill and prudence that he enjoyed from that time the greatest consideration; he was invited to almost all the synods.

But Winfrid was destined by Providence for a greater mission. Great Britain laboured for a century to christianise Germany: our Saint was to achieve this holy enterprise and to organise definitively the Church among the Germanic peoples.

He came first into Friesland, and advanced as far as Utrecht, the capital of that country; but King Radbod, who was persecuting Christianity, rendered all the efforts of the Apostle useless. He was obliged to return to England, where he was named abbot of his monastery.

After a sojourn of two years (718) he resolved to recommence his apostolate. Provided with letters of recommendation from his bishop, the wise Daniel, of Winchester, he set out for Rome, in order to receive his mission from the vicar of Jesus Christ himself. Gregory II, after having tried his faith, his virtue and the purity of his intentions, encouraged him by wise counsels and named him, on 15 May 719, apostolic missionary. He gave him also holy relics and letters of recommendation for the Christian princes whom he should find on his road.

Loaded with favours and provided with all the necessary powers, the Saint departed from Rome; and, after having visited in passing Luitprand, king of the Lombards, who gave him a very good reception, he entered Germany, and went as far as Thuringia, where he sojourned some time, exhorting the princes and the most considerable persons of the province to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ. He reformed there also some priests who had abandoned themselves to several disorders. But having heard it said that Radbod, king of the Frisians and sworn enemy of the Christian religion, was dead, he went on board a vessel to pass into Friesland; and, having arrived there, he laboured gloriously for the conversion of the infidels. He obeyed, in all his labours, Saint Willibrord, archbishop of Utrecht. The latter wished to have him for coadjutor and as successor: but the Saint refused this dignity, saying that he must evangelise the idolaters of all Germany. After having remained three years in Friesland, he traversed anew Thuringia and Hesse, which the arms of Charles Martel had opened to him by delivering the two countries from the Saxons. He founded the convent of Hamelbourg, on the Saale.

Then he sent to Pope Gregory one of his disciples and associates, to give him an account of the progress of the Gospel, and to consult him on some difficulties touching ecclesiastical discipline, and on the manner in which he ought to behave with the new converts. The Pope answered him article by article; but wishing to be

more fully informed of the success of this great mission, he commanded him to come and find him at Rome. Winfrid betook himself there at once by obedience, and made known by word of mouth to His Holiness what he had told him in his letters. He gave him also, in writing, his profession of faith, and took to him the oath which bishops are accustomed to make to the Holy See at their ordination; after which the Pope himself consecrated him regionary bishop, on 30 November 723. Moreover, he changed for him the name of Winfrid, which he had borne until then, into that of Boniface, and made him a present of a book containing the canonical rules and institutions, drawn from the Councils approved by the Church, and from the ordinances of the sovereign Pontiffs. He put also into his hands letters, not only for Charles Martel, who then governed France, but also for the ecclesiastics and the princes of Germany; he exhorted the former to favour him and to succour him in his needs, and the latter to perseverance in the faith and in the Christian religion. There were some also for the people of Thuringia, in which he instructed them on some points of the faith and recommended them to render every sort of obedience to Boniface, their bishop, and to receive him as one who was sent to them, not to profit by their temporal goods, but to gain souls to Jesus Christ. There was not even omitted the Saxons newly converted whom this vigilant Pope did not honour with a letter, to exhort them to remain constant in the religion which they had just embraced. Boniface, being provided with these apostolic provisions, came to Austrasia to present the Pope's letters to Charles Martel, who gave him at the same time others of favour and protection for the sovereigns of Germany. Nevertheless, with all these powerful recommendations, he did not lack difficulties in the execution of his designs, particularly when he preached to the Hessians and to the Goths, who were extremely attached to the superstitions of paganism: he dared to undertake to throw down the principal pagan sanctuary of the country: it was the oak of Thor or of Thunder, a gigantic tree, near the village of Geismar. The idolaters threatened to massacre Boniface; but the oak having split in four, and having fallen at the first stroke of the axe which he gave it, they were so frightened at it that several, opening their eyes to the light of the Gospel, were converted to the faith. After this miracle he had built, in the same place, of the very wood of this tree, a small chapel which he consecrated in honour of the prince of the Apostles, and it was the first church of those countries.

Saint Boniface, living thus among the pagans and infidels, suffered great necessities; but God raised up several good persons to succour him; moreover, his friends and his compatriots, being informed of it, did their possible to assist him: some sending him clothes, others provisions for his nourishment, and others books and letters full of consolation. Daniel, bishop of Winchester, of whom we have already spoken, sent him a brief instruction to convince the pagans of their errors and of the vanity of their false gods. The abbess Eadburga, a relative of the king of Kent, also made him a present of some sacred books for the instruction of the peoples, particularly the Epistles of Saint Peter, written in letters of gold, which the Saint had asked of her with insistence. Finally, God Himself provided for his necessities by extraordinary means. One day when, after having dedicated a church to Saint Michael, near the river Oraha, and having been consoled by a vision of this archangel, he had nothing for his dinner, a great bird, flying above his table, let fall upon it a very fine fish; he made his meal of it, thanking the divine Goodness for so miraculous a favour. As he laboured without respite in the vineyard of the Lord, the fruits of his mission increased so much from day to day that he was forced to send for several new workmen from England: he named them rectors of the churches which he had had built.

There were seen also to come out of the convents of Great Britain a swarm of widows and virgins, mothers, sisters, relatives of the missionaries, eager to share their merits and their perils. Chunihild and Berathgit, her daughter, stopped in Thuringia. Chunidrat was sent to Bavaria; Thecla remained at Kitzingen, on the Main. Lioba, "fair as the angels, ravishing in her discourse, learned in the Scriptures and the holy Canons," governed the abbey of Bischofsheim. The fierce Germans, who formerly loved blood and mingled in battles, came now to kneel at the feet of these gentle mistresses. Silence and humility have hidden their labours from the eyes of the world; but history marks their place at the origins of Germanic civilisation: providence has put women beside all cradles[1].

At the end of some years the Apostle counted a hundred thousand converts. While Saint Boniface was occupied in Germany, not only in preaching to the infidels, but also in correcting the unruly morals of the Christians of Thuringia, who, through the negligence of the pastors, were beginning to waver in the faith, Gregory II passed from this life to a better, and Gregory III was elected in his place to fill the Apostolic See. Our Saint saw himself obliged, by that, to send deputies to Rome, to pay his respects to the new Pope; and he consulted him, by the same means, on some doubts which concerned his mission. The sovereign Pontiff made him a very favourable answer, and granted him even more than he asked: for he sent him the Pallium as mark of his archiepiscopal dignity, and gave him power to create new bishops, according as he should judge it more necessary for the advancement of our holy religion.

In the year 738 he had a devotion to visit for the third time the sepulchres of the blessed Apostles, at Rome, desiring at the same time to consult the sovereign Pontiff on several articles important for the salvation of souls. The Holy Father gave him a very good reception, like that which his predecessors had formerly given to Saint Athanasius, to Saint Epiphanius and to other great personages who had served the Church well. At his departure he gave him several relics which he had asked of him; he granted him also Willibald, an Englishman, religious of Monte Cassino, to aid him in his apostolic functions. Boniface directed himself toward the town of Pavia, as much to visit Luitprand, king of the Lombards, as to see there the holy relics of Saint Augustine, brought for some years from the island of Sardinia by the care of this prince.

He passed then into Bavaria; after having delivered the province from several false ministers who usurped the office of priests, and from some others who called themselves bishops, he erected three bishoprics: that of Salzburg, that of Freising and that of Regensburg, besides that of Passau which was already established. He gave notice of it to the sovereign Pontiff, who approved all that he had done, with this fine eulogy: that after God the conversion of a hundred thousand pagans was due to him, and to Charles Martel, prince of the Franks, who had greatly assisted him in this enterprise.

In the year 742 he assembled, by order of Gregory III, the council of Germany, in which he caused several holy decrees to be made for the happy establishment of these new churches. He presided, in 744, at the council of Soissons, where the authority of the metropolitans, shaken in some places, was re-established. He presided still at other councils. He was powerfully supported by Carloman and Pepin, who had succeeded Charles Martel their father in 741. In the year 744 he laid the foundations of the convent of Fulda, that great monastery which was for central Germany what Monte Cassino was for Italy, Saint-Gall for southern Germany, the new Corbie for Saxony and the north of Germany.

Gewilied, bishop of Mainz, having been deposed, Pope Zachary created Boniface archbishop of Mainz, primate of all Germany, and his legate in Germania and in the Gauls (747). In this quality he anointed, at Soissons, in 752, king of the Franks, Pepin the Short, stock of our kings called Carlovingians, because of Charlemagne, eldest son of that prince, as the first line was called that of the Merovingians, because of Merovæus, son of Pharamond.

Finally, God, wishing to reward the illustrious labours of His servant by the crown of martyrdom, gave him the inspiration to return to Friesland, where the people whom he had converted several years before had plunged back into idolatry. He asked leave of the Pope, who granted it willingly; then he wrote to Fulrad, abbot of Saint-Denis, first almoner of the king, that he should beseech Pepin to assist him with his authority in this enterprise, and to succour also his disciples who were in the last indigence. At last, having ordained in his place a holy priest called Lullus, according to the power which he had received from Rome, and having begged him to take care, when he should have received the news of his death, to withdraw his body to have it buried, he departed from Mainz and embarked on the Rhine, with Eoban, bishop, three deacons and four religious. They all arrived happily in Friesland, where they baptised in a few days several thousands of persons.

One day, 5 June, the archbishop's pavilion had been set up near Dokkum, on the bank of the Burda, which separates the eastern and the western Frisians. The altar was ready and the sacred vessels disposed for the sacrifice, for a great multitude had been summoned to receive the imposition of hands. After sunrise a cloud of barbarians, armed with lances and shields, appeared in the plain and came rushing upon the camp. The servants ran to arms and prepared to defend their masters. But the man of God, at the first tumult of the attack, came out of his tent surrounded by his clerics and bearing the holy relics, which never left him: "Cease this fight, my children!" he cried; "remember that the Scripture teaches us to render good for evil. For this day is the one that I have long desired, and the hour of our deliverance has come. Be strong in the Lord, hope in Him, and He will save your souls." Then, turning toward the priests, the deacons and the lower clerics, he said to them these words: "Brothers, be firm, and fear not those who can do nothing against the soul; but rejoice in God, who is preparing for you a dwelling in the city of the angels. Do not regret the vain joys of the world, but cross courageously this short passage of death, which leads you to an eternal kingdom." Immediately a furious band of barbarians surrounded them, cut the throats of the servants of God, and rushed into the tents, where, instead of gold and silver, they found only relics, books, and the wine reserved for the holy sacrifice. Irritated at the barrenness of the pillage, they made themselves drunk, they quarrelled and killed one another. The Christians, rising in arms from all sides, exterminated what remained of these wretches.

Saint Boniface held in dying the book of the Gospels in his hands: these infidels pierced it with a stroke of the sword; but they did not cut one single letter of it: which could not be done without a miracle.

His body was first carried to Maastricht, then to Mainz, and from there it was solemnly transferred to the monastery of Fulda, as he had ordered. He has since wrought many miracles, which may be seen in his acts[2].

We do not wish to omit here a very fine apophthegm which is attributed to this holy Apostle and Martyr, at the council of Tivoli. Alluding to the bad life of some priests of his time, he said: "That formerly the priests were of gold, and used chalices of wood; but that now they were of wood, and used chalices of gold."

Saint Boniface is painted holding a book which is pierced by a sword. As this sword did not injure the sacred text, the tailors, who must have a sure and skilful stroke of the scissors, have chosen Saint Boniface for their patron.

Writings of Saint Boniface

We have of Saint Boniface: 1° Letters; 2° Sermons; 3° a Latin Grammar; 4° a great Poem. — A Copy of the Gospels is also attributed to him: this volume is written on parchment, in-12, in the cursive characters of Saxony. Letters of gold which are found on the last page and which are of a more recent date say expressly that this book is from the very hand of Saint Boniface. It is preserved in the public library of Fulda. Serrarius published, in 1605, a collection of letters of Saint Boniface; but of the hundred and fifty-two letters which this collection contains, only thirty-nine are from the Saint; the others were addressed to him by Popes and bishops, princes, etc. One sees by the epistles of Saint Boniface that he proposed to himself in all things only the glory of God. D. Martène and D. Durand have published[3] a great number of letters of the Saint which are very curious, and which had never been printed. They have given also[4] nineteen homilies of the same author. Here is what is said in the fourth, on the necessity of confession: "If we hide our sins, God will discover them publicly in spite of us. It is better to confess them to a man than to expose oneself to being covered with confusion in the sight of all the inhabitants of heaven, earth and hell." One finds, in the *Spicilegium* of d'Achéry[5], a collection of canons which Saint Boniface had made for the conduct of his clergy. There is a sermon of the same Saint on the renunciation made at baptism, in the *Thesaurus anecdotorum novissimus*, which D. Bernard Pez published at Augsburg in 1729[6].

The style of Saint Boniface is clear, grave and simple; his thoughts are just and solid. One remarks in all his writings much unction and a truly apostolic spirit. All his letters are in Latin, although, according to the most

skilful antiquaries, the Anglo-Saxon language was so like that of the greater part of the peoples of Germany that the missionaries of that country had no need of interpreters to make themselves understood.

His life was written first by Saint Willibald, one of his disciples, and afterwards by Otbon, priest of Mainz, at the prayer of the monks of Fulda. The first is found in Baronius in the ninth volume of his Annals, and both in Surius. One may read also: *Boniface, Apostle of the Germans, His Life, His Works*, by J.-Ch.-A. Seiters, Catholic parish priest of Göttingen; Mainz, 1845. — Cf. Ozanam, *Germanic Studies*.

Saint Eutropius II, Bishop of Orange (1st century)

Saint Eutropius, sprung from a noble and rich family, was born at Marseilles, under the reign of the emperor Honorius. After the death of his wife he consecrated himself without reserve to the service of God. The lustre of his virtues engaged Eustace, bishop of Marseilles, to propose to him to enter his clergy. He refused through humility, but Eustace had him carried off in spite of himself, and, without regard to his resistance, cut his hair and engaged him in the clerical state. From that time he obeyed his bishop more willingly. He worked with great ardour at the acquisition of all the virtues of a state which he had at first refused only because he judged himself unworthy of it. When he was ordained deacon, having made a severe examination of all the sins of his past life, he redoubled his austerities and his good works to obtain the pardon of them. His contrition was so sincere and so lively, and his penance so efficacious, that God deigned to make known to him, by two dreams which He sent him, that He had remitted to him all the sins committed before his conversion.

Meanwhile Justus, bishop of Orange, having died, the clergy and the people of that city unanimously elected Eutropius to succeed him. He was consecrated, and at once set out to betake himself to his church. But the city had just been ruined by the barbarian Visigoths or Burgundians, and Eutropius was so struck with the desolation in which he saw it that, despairing of ever being able to repair this disaster, he took flight without reflecting that his duty was to remain at the post to which he had just been called and to work there without troubling himself about the result of his efforts, leaving himself wholly to God for the success. God permitted him to meet a holy man, named Aper, whom some pretend to have been a disciple of Saint Augustine. Aper made him feel that his flight was contrary to the will of heaven: “You are then,” he said to him, “that Eutropius whom they had chosen on the testimony which had been rendered to the merit with which you were believed to be furnished? Because you have found a church afflicted, reduced to poverty, destitute of ministers, fallen from its privileges, tormented by soldiers and strangers, you have despised it and you have cast it off as unworthy of you. It is a snare which the demon has laid for you. Return therefore promptly and make no difficulty of taking care of a church which God has entrusted to you: believe that it will always be noble and rich enough as long as it is adorned with the merits of its children. What remains to enrich it is reserved for you; and you will not fear to die of hunger there, if you follow the counsel and example of the great master, the apostle Saint Paul, who wills that one should work with his own hands to provide for his particular necessity and for that of others.” Eutropius, ashamed of what he had done, and animated by this lively exhortation of Aper, returned without difficulty to his church of Orange, and thought no more than of rendering it all the services which it could expect from him in its needs. He acquitted himself toward his people of all the duties of a zealous, vigilant pastor full of charity. But in order not to expose himself to being reprobate in preaching to others, he never abandoned the work of his own sanctification, even when he was most applied to sanctifying them. He weakened his body by labour and abstinence in proportion as he sustained and strengthened his soul by prayer. By this means he corrected the delicacy in which he had been brought up, and he hardened himself, in spite of his temperament and complexion, against the injuries of the air, the rigours of the seasons, the weight of burdens and all bodily fatigues. He tilled the earth with much assiduity, and ceased not during all this labour to pray or to instruct. When his body, already attenuated by fasts and other mortifications, succumbed to the pain of the tillage, he knew no other means of relaxing it

than by making it pass from one labour to another: so that if he left the plough, it was to go and cut wood, uproot brambles and thorns, clear the stones or thistles from a field, or work at the vineyard, seeking everywhere to relieve the pain of the workmen by increasing his own.

He delivered several possessed persons; he stopped a fire by his prayer. He announced a famine and exhorted his diocesans to make provisions of corn to put themselves in a position to bear it. His charity appeared entire in the inexhaustible alms which he poured into the bosom of the poor. His zeal signalised itself also against heretics. He signed the letter which Saint Faustus, bishop of Riez, wrote, in 475, against Lucidus, who was propagating the error of the Predestinarians. He was connected with Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, bishop of Clermont, in Auvergne, who, in a letter which still exists (bk. vi, ep. 6), begged him to come to the aid of his indigence and aridity by the salutary unction of his discourse. He assisted at the Council of Arles, presided over by the bishop Leontius. He is found mentioned among the bishops of the Gauls in the letter of Saint Hilarus, pope, relative to the illicit election of a bishop of Die. He attained an extreme old age, and after his death was buried in his episcopal city, in a church which afterwards bore his name. Scarcely had Saint Eutropius rendered his soul to God when the people, touched by the holiness of his life, offered him their pious homage, and rendered him the honours which the Church grants only to saints. His remains were deposited in a rich tomb, above which was placed this inscription, which says in few words the veneration in which he was held:

GAUDENTIUS ET PALLADI VS FRATRI INNOCENTIS S1MO FECER.

Gaudentius and Palladius have raised this monument to the glory of their most illustrious brother.

The marble plaque which bears this inscription is supported by a genius. The people of Orange were not content with the tomb in which his relics were enclosed, they wished further to raise a church in his honour. This church was erected into an abbey, one knows not at what epoch. Mention is made of it in the *Gallia christiana*, in the year 1094, an epoch when it had for abbot Oliver, of whom only the name is known. There is spoken also of Raymond of Saint-Maurice, who was abbot of it in 1147. It was afterwards reduced to a priory, and finally united to the episcopal mensa, in 1297, by William of Spinoza, then bishop of Orange. Saint Eutropius was venerated there until the epoch when Maurice, prince of Orange, had it demolished. His relics had no better fate; the Protestants having taken Orange by assault, gave them to the flames. It is believed nevertheless that the head of the holy bishop could be withdrawn from their fury, which was carried to Tarbes, according to some authors, and, according to Ruffi, to Toulouse, where it was kept in his time in the church of Saint-Sernin. To satisfy the faith of the people, and to content the devotion which he himself had to Saint Eutropius, his immediate successor, Verus, wrote his life in an elegant and pious style. It has not come down to us entire; but the little that we have of it makes us regret the loss of the rest. It is not only at Orange that Saint Eutropius was venerated. All Provence, full of esteem for his virtues, honoured him as a Saint, and his cult was received in several important towns. Aix and Avignon honoured him in a special manner. Le Bausset and Méounes adopted him for patron, and have still a particular devotion for him. Marseilles, which had given him birth, could not forget him who was her child and became her protector in heaven. She joined her homage to that which all Provence rendered to Saint Eutropius, and implored his protection with a tender confidence. From time immemorial Saint Eutropius has been honoured as a Saint in our city.

The hospice served by the Trinitarians, where the dropsical were received to the exclusion of every other sick person, was placed under his invocation. Founded by Saint John of Matha himself, it was placed at first under the patronage of Saint Martin, as one sees in the bull which Pope Innocent IV gave at Lyons in 1246 to put it under the protection of the Holy See. It was afterwards dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity, and finally it had for patron Saint Eutropius. Already in 1477 it bore his name. When the constable of Bourbon came to lay siege to

Marseilles, the hospital of Saint-Eutropius, which might hinder the defence of the city, was razed, as was the convent of the Trinitarians. When the danger was past, it was rebuilt beside the new church which the Trinitarians had just built. On the door one saw a very ancient relief, representing sick persons at the feet of Saint Eutropius, and imploring his protection. In the church of the Trinitarians a chapel was dedicated to Saint Eutropius. The feast of the Saint was celebrated there, each year, on 27 May, with much solemnity. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day. In the evening the panegyric of the Saint was pronounced; a procession finally ended the solemnity. The hospital and the chapel of Saint-Eutropius were again destroyed during the Revolution, but the memory of Saint Eutropius has not been abolished in our city. Marseilles has not forgotten her protector, she venerates him, she prays to him still with the same devotion as formerly.

It was not at Marseilles only that the dropsical were placed under the protection of Saint Eutropius, it was the same at Aix, where there was built for them, in 1469, a hospital known under the title of Saint-Eutropius. Beside it a chapel had been raised in his honour. Drawn from Baillet, from Godescard and from the Proper of Avignon and of Marseilles, and from the *Lives of the Saints of the Church of Marseilles*, by the abbé Magnan.

The Holy Martyrs of Caunes and Our Lady of the Cros

(Beginning of the 4th century). "The memory of the holy martyrs Amand, Alexander, Lucius and Audalde is celebrated at Caunes, diocese of Carcassonne. They are believed to have been natives of this borough, which has caused them to be called the Martyrs of Caunes. According to tradition, they were put to death for the faith, under Diocletian, at the beginning of the 4th century. But nothing certain is known of the place and the precise epoch of their martyrdom.

"One reads of them in an ancient martyrology: At the monastery of Caunes, near Narbonne, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Amand, Alexander, Lucius and Audalde, who, in spreading the faith, the torch of which had been lit for them at Caunes… were subjected to cruel torments, and whose souls, worthy of immortality, detached themselves in the effort of the last combat…"In 1391, John III of Castropercio, abbot of the monastery of Caunes, as an old inscription attests, had a shrine made in which the relics of the Martyrs were placed: they still receive there to-day the pious homage of the faithful."

Such is the legend which the Proper of Carcassonne consecrates on 5 June to the Martyrs of Caunes; here now are some local notes which we owe to the kindness of M. Arnaudy, parish priest of Caunes, and of M. Grimes, canon of Evreux, apostolic preacher and native of Caunes.

Local tradition is not fully in agreement with the legend of the breviary, in this sense that the latter presents these glorious Martyrs as natives of Caunes, whereas tradition holds that they came to Caunes to preach the religion of Jesus Christ and there gathered the palm of martyrdom, during the persecution of Diocletian. It is believed that Saint Amand was bishop of Noyon and that he came to Caunes, accompanied by Alexander, his vicar general, and by two others of his priests, to announce the Gospel, and that, having been pursued by the popular hatred against the new religion and by the bloody edict of Diocletian, they found death there, like Saint Saturnina at Toulouse, and Saint Papoul in the town of that name. In all the rest, tradition is in agreement with the legend and with the martyrology.

The same tradition holds that the holy Martyrs, after their death, were buried in a field quite near the town, which still bears the name of the Field of the Holy Bodies. Their mortal remains remained there long as forgotten or unknown. But the divine Master, for whom they had shed their blood, not having permitted these precious remains to stay in oblivion and without profit for the true religion, led a ploughman to work so deeply that, the plough not being able to advance and the oxen lacking strength, they wished to see what was the obstacle which opposed the said work, and they discovered the tomb which enclosed these venerated remains. They built quite near a little oratory in their honour. One still sees at the house of M. Grimes,

marble-cutter of the place, the fragments of a bas-relief taken from this chapel, which presents the Martyrs dragged to execution by soldiers armed with pikes. This oratory having been destroyed by the Revolution to make room for an inn called Bellondrade, and to-day the Hôtel de France, all sorts of misfortunes fell upon this house, and since then, each year, on the day of the solemn procession in which these relics are carried with great pomp and in the midst of an immense concourse of strangers, as at the closing procession, there is raised before the said hotel, in memory of the place where they were discovered and of the chapel which has disappeared, a richly adorned altar of repose, before which the busts of the Martyrs in which their relics are enclosed are placed on tables facing it, and where the Response and the Prayer are sung in their honour.

Whatever may be the place of their birth, it cannot be denied that they suffered martyrdom in Caunes itself, for there is possessed, besides a great quantity of bones, linens stained with blood, small phials full of blood also, pontifical ornaments, fragments of a sacred stone, teeth, an alms-purse, a box for administering the Sacraments, etc.; precious objects worthy of admiration, even from the point of view of art.

The Benedictine religious, eager to preserve for these sacred remains the honour that was due to them, transferred them to their monastery and erected a chapel in their honour, a chapel remarkable for the beauty of its marbles and the richness of its plan, which a new ornamentation is soon to raise still further. In 1391 all these precious relics were enclosed in a fine shrine of gilded wood; in 1724 the solemn opening of this shrine was made, and the greater part of the relics was distributed into four gilded busts. This ceremony, surrounded with all the magnificence of Catholic worship, was presided over by the vicar general of the archbishop of Narbonne, in presence of the whole chapter of the abbey, of a great number of high personages, and of more than forty priests assembled. The ancient parchment authentics were visited, a new one was deposited there, and the whole was religiously sealed with the archiepiscopal seal. These blessed Martyrs are the object throughout the country of an eager cult and of an extraordinary confidence. Many Masses are asked in their honour. In all public or local calamities, in time of drought or mortality, processions with the relics of the holy Martyrs are asked for. And the best-sustained experience has proved that they are never invoked in vain.

One might multiply the facts drawn from the archives of Caunes, but one must set oneself limits, above all for the work for which these notes are destined. It is on the Sunday which follows the octave of the feast of the Blessed Sacrament that the opening of the solemnity of our Saints takes place by an exterior procession; the relics of the Saints are carried in triumph, the faithful of the neighbouring villages come to venerate them. For eight days the relics are exposed in rich pavilions, in the evening takes place the chanting of Compline, in the midst of a great concourse of people. On the Sunday a new exterior procession closes the feast. These Saints are invoked in public calamities. There is in the town of Caunes and the environs a great devotion toward these Saints.

For Our Lady of the Cros, the feast is celebrated on 8 September, the day of the Nativity. This feast lasts fifteen days. People come from very far to venerate Mary in this blessed sanctuary. Taking it as far back as one can go, Caunes, a very ancient town, has been a Celtic centre, a Druidic seat, a Roman curia, a civil and ecclesiastical canton, a justice of the peace, with court and consulate.

It had a market once a week, and, besides, a celebrated abbey in commendam of Benedictines, founded in 780, whose abbot was at the nomination of the Pope; high lordship, court of temporality, chapter with prebend, hospice, chapel of the Martyrs, oratory of White Penitents, forming with the parish church and the abbatial church four interesting sanctuaries. Caunes was surrounded with ramparts and had six gates. It has been the theatre of several bloody struggles, since there have been found often, in demolishing walls and ovens, in digging wells, arms, shields, swords, cannon-balls, etc.

It has still to-day a population of two thousand three hundred inhabitants, but only two churches: the parish church, formerly the abbatial, and the venerated sanctuary dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, called Our Lady of the Cros, of which the history or notice will be read. Caunes possesses still, at a short distance from the

town, a sanctuary of the highest interest, dedicated to the immaculate Virgin, Mother of God. This place of pilgrimage, called Our Lady of the Cros, from a word drawn from low Latin, *Crosum* or *Crusum*: hollow, low ground, depth, because it is situated at the bottom of a basin or rather deep valley, is one of the most celebrated of our regions. Its foundation, based on a revelation of which we shall speak presently, appears to go back to the 6th or 7th century at the latest. However that may be, one still sees to-day, leaning against a cliff of grey marble cut perpendicular, three arches of dry stone, called in the idiom of the country *las Capélétos*, the little Chapels, which bear the trace of a very remote antiquity. Some think that this is the first origin of this devotion. One saw there lately in each a statue. In the middle was that of the most holy Virgin, on the right that of Saint Joseph and on the left that of the beloved disciple. It appears that as the piety of the faithful grew for this devotion, the need was felt to erect a sanctuary in larger proportions. In effect this oratory, of which the vicissitudes have been numerous, bears living traces of several successive transformations; the styles middle-age, Romanesque, Renaissance and modern can be easily distinguished in it. This is not the place to give an extended description. Let us confine ourselves to saying that the church, forming a vast oblong, presents three altars in front of great richness; a superb baldachin, in which one sees the august Mother of God rising in the heavens on a throne of clouds, surrounded by the rays of the sun as on a ground of gold; then four chapels, of which two of recent construction, dedicated, one to Saint Joseph, the other to Saint Germaine, are of very fine workmanship and formed entirely of precious marbles.

But we have spoken of revelation or apparition, let us say then on what the pious local tradition rests, for want of documents which disappeared in the burning of the library of the convent. It is reported that there was in this place a family of shepherds; the shepherdess, a woman very devoted to the cult of the Blessed Virgin, having seen a fountain of the most beautiful crystal spring up, felt pressed to drink of this water; but not daring to touch it with her hands for fear of soiling it, nor to bend down so as not to drink in the fashion of her sheep, she felt a moment of perplexity; she was contemplating and praying, when a beautiful cup appeared upon the water. She understood from what hand this delicate attention came to her, she drank of this water, and, having a child attacked with intermittent fever, she gave him some of it and the child instantly recovered health. Since then there has been attributed, not without great grounds, a febrifuge virtue to the water of the Cros drawn in the bowl. This bowl or cup is of a red matter unknown till now and bearing on the back characters which no one has been able to decipher. The day of the apparition of this cup was the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and it is this day which has become its titular feast.

The gratitude of these pious shepherds not being able to express itself otherwise, they built with their own hands with common stones these three arches in which they placed the holy family, and which appears to have served as the point of departure of this celebrated devotion. A chaplain makes his residence there, celebrates the Masses there, maintains the sanctuary and gives satisfaction to the piety of the innumerable pilgrims who throng there all the year. The abbé Grimes, honorary canon of Evreux.

Saint Allyre, Fourth Bishop of Clermont (385)

Allyre or Illide, born in Auvergne of a noble family, under the reign of Constantine, was elected bishop of Clermont by the inspiration of God and at the request of the clergy and the people of this Church. The renown of his holiness having come to the ears of Clement Maximus, who reigned at Trier, as his daughter found herself tormented by an unclean spirit, this prince sent deputies to the holy bishop to invite him to come and see him. Allyre was received at court with great veneration, and, after a night passed in prayers, he put his fingers into the mouth of the young girl and drove out the demon. The emperor wished to pay for this service with heaps of gold and silver; but the holy bishop, refusing these riches, asked only, and obtained, that the Arvernian city should pay in gold the tribute which it paid in corn and wine. The holy pontiff, who was no less laden with years than filled with merits, ended his career on this journey; he went to enjoy the sight of Our Lord, about the year 385. He was brought back to his city and deposited in the church of Saint

Mary. Saint Gregory of Tours relates several miracles which were wrought at the tomb of Saint Allyre. “In the time,” he says, “when Gallus, of happy memory, governed the Church, I, Gregory, who trace these lines, being still young, suffered from a strong fever and from a pain in the groin until I had obtained from my mother that I should be carried to the tomb of Saint Allyre. I was carried there, and I recovered health.” A thread which had served to bind the relics of Saint Allyre having been in the fire was found intact long after. A count, who was blind, recovered sight at the same tomb.

Propers of Saint-Flour and of Clermont.

Saint Porchaire, Abbot (End of the 6th century)

Porchaire, abbot of the basilica of Saint Hilary of Poitiers, flourished toward the beginning of the 6th century. Neither his country nor his family is known. He behaved very worthily in this charge and acquired a great renown of virtue and holiness. Saint Gregory of Tours is witness of it, when he relates that, on the occasion of the troubles which broke out in the monastery founded at Poitiers by Saint Radegund, Porchaire was sent by the bishop of Poitiers, Merovæus, to Gondegesile, bishop of Bordeaux, and to the other bishops of the province, with the mission of rendering them more indulgent toward the dispersed religious. Saint Porchaire accomplished this mission happily.

When he was advanced in age, following the example of the saints of that time, he abdicated the government of his abbey and withdrew into a chapel dedicated to our Saviour, which bore the name of the Wood of the Lord or Sacred Wood, because a fragment of the true Cross was kept there. He passed there the rest of his days in meditation on death, in contemplation of heavenly things and in all the exercises of the cenobitic life. At last he went out of this world at the decline of the 6th century and was buried in the same place. But, in the sequel, this humble chapel having become too narrow to contain the crowd of pilgrims attracted by the frequency and the brilliance of his miracles, the body of the Saint was transferred to a basilica which has taken the name of Saint-Porchaire, and which is a parish church.

When, in the middle of the 16th century, the Protestant hordes which were devastating France made a sacrilegious honour of profaning the relics of all the churches, the mayor of Poitiers, Rogier de Migné, and the other magistrates wished, by a just foresight of the violences which the unhappy city was to suffer, to withdraw from the fury of the public enemy the venerated deposit of the illustrious church. They had the tomb of the Saint surrounded with a wall, in 1558, which remained so well hidden that it was scarcely remembered when it was discovered in 1676. The most considerable of the precious bones were placed, on 26 May, by Gilbert de Clerambaud, bishop of Poitiers, in a silver shrine, and the lesser remained in their ancient sepulchre to satisfy habitually the devotion of the faithful. But the misfortune which had been avoided once could not be averted in other trials of the Church. The revolutionaries of 1792 arrived. Disciples and imitators of the Calvinists by the impious cupidity which attacked the spoils of the altars; apostates of a new kind who did not tremble to profane, under the veil of an insensate reform, the sacred objects of their respects of the day before, they seized the silver shrine and cast to whoever would pick them up the venerable remains which it contained. In this sacrilegious disorder a rib of the Saint was secretly gathered by hands worthy to touch it: it was entrusted to the pious daughters of the Visitation, and these, faithful guardians of the treasure hidden during the storms, parted with it in part, after the return of calm, in favour of the parish church which still bears the name of Saint-Porchaire.

M. l’abbé Auber, *Lives of the Saints of the Church of Poitiers*.

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[1] Anastasius the Librarian, and the Bollandists, add that he received the crown of martyrdom at Odyssopolis, in Thrace.

[2] See his life on 8 October.

When Lambert, count of Châlon, had founded the monastery of Paray, in the year 973, he desired to enrich it with some relics. No one was more fit than Hugh, perhaps Raoul, his bishop, to satisfy this pious desire. Lambert therefore conjured him to give him the body of

Saint Grat, bishop of Châlon, to transfer it to Paray and offer it to the veneration of the new religious and of the whole country. Hugh, say the contemporaries, imprudently granted the request of so powerful a petitioner, and not being able to hope for the assent of the clergy to this concession, he permitted the count to have the holy body carried off by night by his officers. These opened the tomb, placed the precious relics in a silver shrine richly decorated, and hastened to escape by flight from the indignation of the clergy and the people. Scarcely was this translation of the relics of the holy bishop known when there burst forth at the same time both the faith of the peoples and the veneration which they had for his virtues. An innumerable crowd of the faithful of both sexes ran from Vienne, from Lyons, from Mâcon, from Autun and from the Brionnais, to honour the precious remains of the Saint, to implore his intercession, and to thank God for the miracles which He wrought by His servant. After a triumphal march the relics of Saint Grat were received at Paray with the greatest honours, and deposited in the church of the monastery, of which he became the patron with the Blessed Virgin and Saint John the Baptist.

Some authors place this translation on 13 May; the Breviary of Châlon indicates it on 5 June. It adds that, during the wars of the Calvinists, the church of Paray having been devastated, the relics of Saint Grat were profaned and cast to the wind.

[3] Aldegrin, a soldier renowned for his bravery and his prudence, hearing speak of the holiness of Odo, went to find him. By his examples as by his words, the Saint determined him to renounce the world. Both resolved together to embrace the monastic life, but only in a monastery where regular observance should be in full vigour. This monastery which they sought they found in that of Baume, in the diocese of Besançon; the abbot Berno directed it. It was there that Aldegrin made his religious profession, and, when he had made it, he obtained from the abbot permission to withdraw into a grotto of the neighbourhood, from which he returned to the monastery only on Sundays and feast days. He led also a very austere life for thirty years, eating only bread and beans, without salt, always exposed to the inclemency of the air. According to an old missal, his holy body rested at the abbey of Baume. — *Proper of Saint-Claude*.

[4] He distinguished himself in the order of Saint Francis by his skill in the direction of souls, and composed a *summa* of cases of conscience which is very highly esteemed and which is called the *Pontifical Summa*, because Pope Sixtus IV approved it. The holiness of his life and his successes in preaching engaged the same Pontiff to establish him apostolic commissary, to preach the crusade against the Turks who were then ravaging Italy. This holy religious died in the island of Sardinia. The Bollandists name him on 4 June (see that day), but it is on the 5th that his order honours his memory. — See *Proper of the Franciscans*.

[5] The church of Saint George of Como (Lombardy) celebrates on 2 May the first translation of his relics (2 May 1569) and the second on 26 April (26 April 1641). His relics are found in his episcopal city, enclosed in a marble shrine.

[6] Roton, one of his successors in the episcopate, had placed before the tomb of the Saint, in 1048, a lamp which was to burn constantly. Another withdrew his relics from the crypt of the metropolitan church of Paderborn, where they had rested for 340 years, and had them placed with honour, in 1376, before the high altar under a stone which bears this inscription:

Hic lapis, ad speciem Meinwerci sculptus, eumdem Plurima qui Christi fecit amore, tegit.

This stone, in which are sculpted the features of Meinwerc, covers him who did everything for the love of Christ.

One may see this sarcophagus in the *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. i, June, p. 502.

[7] One may see at Recanati, in the church of Saint John, a great altar of black marble: it is in the interior of this altar that the perfectly preserved body of our Saint is to be remarked. — See in the *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. i, June, page 550, Palmé edition, the reproduction of the vault of the altar.

[8] At Leiria, a fortified town of Lusitania, John I, say the Bollandists, had a church raised under the title of Our Lady of Victory, in memory of the victory which he won over the Catalans in 1286. He joined to it a monastery of Friars Preachers, and wished this church to serve as burial-place for his family. The remains of the Blessed Ferdinand, brought back from Fez, are deposited there. One may see in the Bollandists the reproduction of the bas-reliefs which ornament the chapel that contains his tomb, vol. x, June, p. 652, Palmé ed.

[9] Ozanam, *Germanic Studies* [*Etudes germaniques*].

[10] The collegiate church of Saint-Quentin (Aisne) possesses a part of the skull of Saint Boniface. We have made researches to learn how this notable relic had come into the possession of this church, without having been able to succeed.

[11] *Thesaur. anecdot.*, vol. ix.

[12] *Ibid.*

[13] Volume ix.

[14] Volume iii, part 2, col. 3.

6 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

Saint Norbert, bishop of Magdeburg, founder of the Order of Prémontré. 1134. — At Caesarea, in Palestine, the feast of Saint Philip, one of the first seven deacons. Resplendent in miracles and prodigies, he converted

Samaria to the faith of Jesus Christ, baptised the eunuch of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, and died at Caesarea; beside him were buried three of his daughters, virgins and prophetesses; the fourth died at Ephesus, filled with the Holy Spirit. About 58. — At Rome, Saint Artemius, with his wife Candida and his daughter Pauline. Touched by the preaching and the miracles of Saint Peter the Exorcist, he believed in Jesus Christ, and having been baptised with all his house by the priest Saint Marcellinus, he was, by order of the judge Serenus, scourged with leaded cords[1], then beheaded; his wife with her daughter were cast into a pit and overwhelmed with earth and stones. 304. — At Tarsus, in Cilicia, twenty blessed martyrs, who, in the time of Diocletian and Maximian, glorified God in their bodies, in the midst of torments, under the judge Simplicius. 290. — At Noyon, in the Gauls, the holy martyrs Amantius, Alexander and their companions[2]. — At Fiesole, in Tuscany, Saint Alexander, bishop and martyr[3]. 839. — At Milan, the decease of Saint Eustorgius, second of that name, bishop and confessor. 518. — At Verona, Saint John, bishop[4]. 8th century. — At Besançon, in the Gauls, Saint Claude, archbishop. 699.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Clermont, the translation of the relics of Saint Bonet, bishop of that see. Buried first at the monastery of Saint Peter of Lyons, the precious body was deposited in the church of Saint Maurice of Clermont, near the altar of the holy apostles Peter and Paul. Some time after, the head of the Saint was transferred to the metropolitan church, where it may still be seen enclosed in a very rich shrine[5]. — At Grenoble, Saint Céras, bishop and martyr, who, as reward for a great number of souls which he had gained to Jesus Christ, had the honour of giving his life for the confession of His name. — At Le Mans, Saint Bertringan (Bertichramnus), or Bertrand, of the illustrious house of the dukes of Aquitaine, who, from the archdeaconry of Paris, was raised to the episcopal chair of Maine, where he shone by great virtues and glorious miracles. He was the founder of the abbey of Saint Peter and Saint Paul of La Couture[6]. 623. — At Guer, in the diocese of Saint-Malo, Saint Gurval, second bishop of Aleth; a part of his head was formerly at Paris, in the treasury of Saint-Magloire, of the Fathers of the Oratory. 640. — At Saintes, the birth into heaven of Saint Aguebaud, archbishop of Lyons, known by his writings under the name of AGOBARD. 840. — Near Saint-Didier, in Auvergne, Saint Gilbert of Neuffonts, of the Order of Prémontré[7]. — At Udine, the Blessed Bertrand, native of Saint-Geniez, near Cahors, patriarch of Aquileia, who, after having reformed his whole diocese by his preaching and his examples, and having employed himself with incredible zeal in the relief of the poor and the re-establishment of divine worship, was assassinated by some lords of his diocese, because he upheld against them the liberties of his church. He has since wrought numerous miracles, which are so many testimonies of the injustice of his death and of the glory which he now possesses in heaven. He is invoked especially in incurable and desperate maladies[8]. 1350. — In the diocese of Autun, the Blessed Felicia of Montmorency, Visitandine, contemporary of Saint Frances de Chantal, foundress of the Order of the Visitation[9]. 1666.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Saint Norbert, archbishop of Magdeburg, mentioned in the Roman Martyrology of this day.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Alexandria, Saint Justus, fifth bishop of that city after Saint Mark the Evangelist. 134. — At Constantinople, the holy Mary, Martha and three other virgins, Euzebia and Zenais, matrons, and another Zenais, wonder-worker, honoured together as martyrs. — At Caesarea, in Palestine, the holy Cyria, Valeria and Marcia, martyrs. — At Bevagna, in Umbria, Saint Vincent, first bishop of that see, Saint Benignus, his deacon, and their companions, martyrs under Diocletian[10]. 303. — In Africa, the holy Italus, Zoticus, Camarus or Camasus, Philip, Attalus, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — Among the Greeks, Saint Gelasius, martyr. — In Abyssinia, the holy Bazalole and Euphemia, religious. 4th century. —

At Chieti, in the Abruzzo Citra, another Saint Vincent, bishop. — In Egypt, Saint Anub, solitary. About the year 460. — Among the Greeks, Saint Attalus, wonder-worker. — In England, Saint Guduaï or Goan, bishop, whose body was transported, part to Saint Peter's of Ghent, part to Yèvre-le-Châtel, near Pithiviers, in Gâtinais. 7th century. — At Constantinople, Saint Hilarion the Younger, abbot of a monastery of Dalmatians and confessor. 845. — In Scotland, Saint Colme or Colmoc, bishop. About the year 1000. — At Mouze, in the Milanese, the Blessed Gerard the Dyer, founder and director of the hospital of this town[11]. 1207. — At Novara, the Blessed Pacificus of Ceredano, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Observance. 1482.

Saint Philip, Deacon, and His Four Daughters

58. — Pope: Saint Peter. — Emperor: Nero.

Hail, apostle Philip, father of the four virgin prophetesses! By your doctrine quench my thirst, as formerly you did for the inhabitants of Samaria and for those of Asia!

Saint Joseph the Hymnographer.

Saint Philip, of whom we speak, was one of the first seven deacons and the one who, in the Acts of the Apostles, is named immediately after Saint Stephen. He is also called Evangelist by Saint Luke, not that he wrote a gospel, for the one that bears his name is supposititious and apocryphal, but because he preached in many places and with an extraordinary fervour and success the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And it is again for this reason that Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine and Tertullian give him the quality of apostle, although he is not one of the twelve whom Our Lord had chosen. After the martyrdom of Saint Stephen he went out of Jerusalem and went to Samaria to announce there the coming of the Son of God, and to work there at the conversion of the infidels. His word was supported by great miracles: he delivered several possessed persons and cured a great number of lame, paralytics and other sick. The Samaritans, seeing these prodigies, listened to him with extreme attention, and there was great joy throughout the city for the good news which he brought; several left their false religion, composed of Judaism and paganism, and embraced the true one. Simon the Magician, who had deceived them until then by his enchantments, and had caused himself to be called the great Power of God, put himself among their number and received Baptism with them. It was necessary afterwards to confirm them: Philip, who was only a deacon, could not do it, this sacrament being one of those which are reserved to the bishop. Saint Peter and Saint John, informed of the great fruits which the preaching of their deacon had borne at Samaria, betook themselves thither promptly; and, by the imposition of their hands, made the Holy Spirit descend upon these new converts.

This descent took place in a visible manner: whether flames appeared on the head of those who received this gift from heaven, or whether the tongues which they spoke afterwards gave marks of the grace which they had received; Simon had a great desire to be able to exercise the miraculous power: he came for that to find Saint Peter and Saint John, and, offering them a very considerable sum of money, begged them to give him the power which they had. But Saint Peter, who recognised in him the principle of that plague of the Church which has since been called simony, repulsed him with a terrible countenance and terrible words, and threatened him with a great chastisement of God if he did not do penance for it.

Next, Philip received an order, by the ministry of an angel, to go out of Samaria, and to go by the road which leads from Jerusalem to Gaza, to the place to which the Holy Spirit should lead him. He set out with diligence; and, as he was walking on this road, he saw in his chariot a man who was returning from Jerusalem and who was reading the prophet Isaiah. He was a eunuch, or one of the first ministers of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, and superintendent of her finances, who had come to adore God in that great city. Then the spirit which led Philip said to him: "Approach this chariot, and join this man who is in it"; he approached it, and heard that he was reading this passage of chapter 53: "He was delivered to death as a

sheep and as a lamb that cries not in the hands of him who shears it; he opened not his mouth; by his humility he was judged against every sort of justice. Who shall be able to relate his generation?" Thereupon he asked him whether he understood well what he was reading; the eunuch answered him that he was not sufficiently enlightened to understand it without someone's explaining it to him; and, recognising in him something divine, he begged him to mount with him into his chariot to discover to him the sense of it, saying to him: "Of whom does this prophet speak? of himself, or of another?" Saint Philip explained to him the mysteries of the Incarnation of the Son of God and of His mission among men, of His passion and His death, the necessity of believing in Him and of being baptised in His name in order to be saved. Grace concurred with the word of the great Evangelist, and touched so powerfully the heart of this infidel that, having perceived a fountain on the road, he said to Philip: "Here is water: what hinders me from being baptised?" — "If you believe with all your heart in Jesus Christ," answered the Saint, "nothing hinders it." So they both descended from the chariot, and Philip baptised the eunuch.

After this celebration the angel carried off Philip, and the eunuch saw him no more; but he was thereby confirmed in the belief that this man had been sent to him extraordinarily by God to put him in the way of salvation. As for our holy deacon, he found himself in Azotus, a town of the country of the Philistines, which the sojourn of the Ark of the Covenant made very celebrated; and he continued to preach Jesus Christ in all the towns of the region, until he arrived at last at Caesarea of Palestine, the place of his birth and of his dwelling. The wife whom he had, before being called to the school of Our Lord, of whom he was a disciple, had left him four daughters; he remained the rest of his life with them. He had the honour of receiving into his house Saint Paul on the journey which he made from Asia to Jerusalem. The kind of his death is not certain; it is only affirmed that it was very holy and conformable to the innocence and the purity of his life. It is put in the year 58 of Our Lord.

The Greeks affirm that this blessed disciple was bishop of the Trallians, in Asia Minor, in the province of Lydia. They relate that he wrought many miracles there, that he founded a church there, and that afterwards he went to the Lord to receive his crown. The city of Tralles, or Trallium, is situated on the banks of the Meander: it was one of the most opulent cities of Asia. What demonstrates the antiquity of the church of Tralles is the very letter which Saint Ignatius, disciple of Jesus Christ and of the Apostles, addressed to the Christians of that city.

If the city of Tralles possessed, in the course of the centuries, the relics of Saint Philip, deacon, it is because they were transported there from Caesarea of Palestine, where tradition says that he was buried beside his daughters. Another tradition reports that this illustrious disciple made a journey to Abyssinia to announce the Gospel there, and into a part of Ethiopia, where he confirmed the preaching of the eunuch of Candace. These peoples invoke him in a quite special manner.

According to this same tradition, Philip put Narcissus at the head of the Church which he founded in Arabia, which is contiguous to Ethiopia and to Abyssinia.

As for his four daughters, one cannot refuse them the prerogative of virginity and of prophecy; Saint Luke, in chapter 21 of the Acts of the Apostles, attributes both to them: for which reason Saint Jerome, writing against Jovinian, says "that they preserved in their bodies the first-fruits of virginity"; and in one of his epistles, the twenty-seventh to Eustochium, he asserts that, in his time, one still saw at Caesarea their little chambers and that of their father, and that Saint Paula, in passing by there, visited them with devotion. Some authors say that they predicted to Saint Paul, as did Agabus, the persecutions which he would endure from the Jews at Jerusalem. Their names are unknown. Thus all that remains for us to say of them is that, having died in great holiness, they were all four buried in the sepulchre of Saint Philip. As for Saint Hermione, of whom there is mention in the Menology of the Greeks, who endured martyrdom under Trajan and was buried at Ephesus, we believe that she was rather a daughter of Saint Philip, apostle, than of Saint Philip, deacon.

He may be represented baptising the eunuch of Ethiopia, or in the chariot of the Ethiopian queen, in company with his neophyte; or again in a group in which his four daughters would figure.

Cf. Acts, viii, xxi; Tillemont, etc. — *History of the Seventy-Two Disciples*, by the abbé Maistre.

Saint Claude, Archbishop of Besançon, and Patron of the Diocese of Saint-Claude

607–699. — Popes: Boniface III; Saint Sergius I. — Kings of the Franks: Clotaire II; Cuildebert III.

It is generally believed that Claude was born in the castle of Bracon, near Salins, of a Roman and illustrious family. His father was patrician of the Scoding, or mayor of the palace, that is to say governor of the country. When he was seven years old he was given excellent preceptors to teach him the human letters and to form him to the exercises of piety; his progress was rapid, for he had a lively mind, a solid judgment and an extreme docility. He read with great assiduity the books of the Old and the New Testament, the histories of the Martyrs, the lives of the holy confessors, and the sermons or homilies of the doctors of the Church, which were then much more widespread among the faithful than to-day. That did not hinder him from devoting himself to works of piety: he went every day to Mass; he passed the feasts and Sundays almost entirely in the church, where he devoutly assisted at the holy mysteries and at all the canonical hours, and heard the sermon with a marvellous attention and avidity. He fled the societies and the places which offered danger to his virtue; all his pleasure was to frequent persons of piety who, by their holy and edifying discourse, could give a solid nourishment to his soul. He had with persons of the other sex only relations of necessity or of propriety. He was modest in his bearing, circumspect in his words. His grave carriage, his pure morals, made him respected and loved by everyone.

Gollut says that Saint Claude bore arms until twenty. At that age (627) he entered the holy militia: he embraced the ecclesiastical state and asked to be received into the chapter of the cathedral church of Besançon, which lived in the greatest regularity, following the institutions and the examples of the archbishop Saint Donatus. This prelate admitted our Saint with eagerness among his canons. Claude was their model. He studied the holy Scriptures with so much assiduity that, aided by divine grace, he became very learned. He was charged to teach the sacred science to the young clerics, a function of which he acquitted himself with brilliant success.

While he enriched his mind with so many lights, he took from his body all that could carry it to sin. He had his senses so well regulated that nothing entered them which could alter his soul and give him dishonest thoughts and affections. He fasted every day, except feasts and Sundays: and this fast was so rigorous that he ate only in the evening. His vigils were frequent, and often he passed the nights without sleeping. There was nothing showy in his clothes; his restraint, his austerity, were those of an accomplished monk.

Not finding this manner of life austere enough, nevertheless, he left the chapter of Besançon after twelve years, and withdrew into the monastery of Condat (G39), then called Saint-Oyand. He was there, says his historian, besides his piety and assiduity in prayer, sober in his meals, nourishing himself only on roots; he rested only on a hard pallet; the paleness of his face and the leanness of his body served him as ornament. At the age of thirty-seven (644) he had to accept, in spite of his resistance, the charge of abbot, which had become vacant by the death of Injuriosus. Under his government there were in this monastery many Saints, whose relics were venerated later. He obtained in 650, from King Clovis II, the restitution of the goods taken from his Order, with new liberalities; he embellished and adorned the churches, repaired and increased the buildings, introduced or at least caused to be observed the Rule of Saint Benedict. There was still possessed, in the 12th century, a collection of sermons in which the pious abbot had left to his children his doctrine and his spirit.

After the death of Saint Gervase, archbishop of Besançon (685), the clergy and the people were long divided on the choice of a successor; at last, while they were praying God to put an end to their contests, a voice from heaven made itself heard and ordered them to choose Claude for bishop. They obeyed with joy this divine election. A deputation went to announce it to Claude, who was then at Salins, in his family. Consternated at this news, he refused at first this heavy burden of the episcopate; but the fear of going against the will of God so clearly manifested obliged him to accept it. All the country of Salins, as well as the relatives of Claude, saw with joy so high a place given to a Saint who was already their glory. Conducted to Besançon, he was received and consecrated there with demonstrations of the liveliest joy. It is not to be wondered at that he informed Pope John V of his election, for, although the sovereign Pontiffs did not then intervene directly in the election of each bishop, the most intimate bonds united the Church of Besançon to the Holy See.

In this dignity Claude acquitted himself perfectly of all the duties of a pastor. Far from diminishing his austerities and his assiduity in prayer, he increased them more and more. He never failed to assist at the divine offices with his canons. He heard with patience and gentleness the ecclesiastical causes and always terminated them so justly that no one could be discontented with them. His occupations did not hinder him from preaching to his clergy and his people, because having his mind full of divine truths it was not difficult for him to pour it out upon his hearers. His sermons had even so much force that they tore vice from the heart of the most hardened, that they imprinted there the love of virtue, and that they made a great change in the morals of his diocesans. In the visitation of his province he exercised at the same time the works of corporal and spiritual charity, visiting the sick, assisting the poor liberally and labouring tirelessly at the conversion of sinners and at the reformation of the disorders which he found in his parishes.

This holy bishop had kept the title and the functions of abbot of Saint-Oyand and governed his monastery with the same solicitude as before. It was even there that his tenderest affections tended. He retired there after seven years of episcopate (693), aged about eighty-six years. He remained still at the head of his abbey for several years. All the historians of Franche-Comté agree in saying that he attained an extreme old age. His holy life was crowned by a death as sweet as it was glorious before God. Some days before his decease he was seized with a slight indisposition. On the third day of his illness he assembled all his religious and spoke to them in an admirable manner of the love of God, of the contempt of earthly things and of the resignation with which he ought to bear his departure from this world. Seeing their tears flow, he gave them all the kiss of peace and made them go out of his cell, then he passed the whole night in prayers. When day had come he had himself conducted to the church, where he received the Sacraments with the liveliest faith. His humility made him fear even those honours which friendship renders to the remains of the dead. When he had re-entered his cell, he ordered his disciples to bury him without pomp and without show, and on the fifth day of his illness, at three o'clock in the afternoon, while he was leaning on the seat where he was accustomed to read and to pray, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and fell gently asleep in the Lord. It was the sixth day of June, in the year 699 and the fourth year of the reign of Childebert III. Saint Claude was then ninety-three years old. His body was embalmed, says one of his biographers, by wrapping it in precious perfumes, and it was deposited in the church of Saint-Oyand. The Egyptians took out the bowels of the dead to embalm them, in such manner as to render them incorruptible for centuries. It was not so with Saint Claude; for there appeared no incision on his body, as has been verified several times. This is what made the miracle of his incorruption through so many centuries the more admirable. If then some aromatics were employed for his burial, it was only on the outside, as had been done formerly for the sacred body of Jesus Christ, in sign of affection and piety[1]. Let us recall that the most common attributes of Saint Claude in popular art are a child seated at his feet and the whistle. The child, because he was very helpful to the drowning, and children have above all been saved through his intercession; — the whistle, because he is the patron of the cabinet-makers and small-ware makers of the Jura, whose art was born in the shadow of his sanctuary.

Cult and Relics of Saint Claude

The humble wish which Saint Claude had formed in his last hour was accomplished. He had been buried in a modest sepulchre, and for a long time his forsaken tomb was almost without glory in the eyes of men. It is only in the 12th century that God manifested to His Church all the merits of our glorious pontiff. Until then there had been rendered to him only an ordinary cult, and the most ancient manuscript Breviaries make of him only a simple commemoration. The confidence of the faithful toward our Saint was manifested above all when it was discovered that his body had remained without corruption since his death. Numerous pilgrims ran from that time to his tomb, to venerate his sacred relics and to obtain the graces which God delights to communicate to us through the intermediary of the Saints, in glorifying their virtues. The town of Saint-Claude took from that time a rapid growth.

This great servant of God manifested for several centuries such a power that he has been surnamed the miracle-worker. The body of the holy bishop had been exposed until then to the veneration of the faithful in an undecorated shrine. But in 1249, when the pilgrimages began to become more frequent, Humbert de Buenc, abbot of Saint-Oyand, wished that the two Saints whose glorious names the monastery bore should be honoured in a manner less unworthy of their merits. He had made, therefore, two shrines of silver of rich workmanship, which were placed behind the high altar of the church. That which was on the epistle side enclosed the body of Saint Oyand, and the relics of Saint Claude were deposited in the shrine which was on the gospel side. This shrine was of oak, adorned with precious stones and covered on all sides with plates of silver with divers ornaments. The monastery bore already from that time the names of Saint-Oyand and Saint-Claude. But the latter ended by being, in the sequel, the only one in use to designate the town and the monastery where God manifested, by striking miracles, the glory of His servant. The glory of the abbey increased with that of its holy protector. The most illustrious families held it an honour to send their sons there, and, in an act of the year 1271, the religious are designated under the name of noble Chapter, which seems to indicate that from that time this abbey was already destined for the nobility. A church in honour of Saint Claude had been built within the very enclosure of the monastery, in the place which bears to-day the name of the place Louis XI. His name had been given, as a presage of blessing, to a bridge built over the Bienne by the Congregation of masons called the Bridge Brothers[2]. “Saint Claude!” was the war-cry of the inhabitants of these mountains when they hurled themselves against the enemy. Captives invoked him in their prison and obtained their liberty miraculously. The shipwrecked commended themselves to him in the midst of the tempest, and God rewarded their confidence by snatching them from the fury of the waves. In 1754 there were still preserved, in the church of Saint-Claude, the iron chains which Christians, captives among the infidels, had placed there after having been delivered by the protection of the Saint. William of Sure, archbishop of Lyons in 1335, ordained that the feast of Saint Claude should be celebrated in his diocese, and that this day should be kept as a holiday. On 7 May 1440 it was decreed that this feast should be kept, in the diocese of Besançon, under the rite of a double.

Toward the end of the xiv century the religious of Saint-Claude laid, within the enclosure of the cloister, the foundations of the present cathedral of Saint Peter. It was built on the site of the most ancient church of the abbey, which was dedicated to the holy apostles Peter, Paul and Andrew, for whom the first founders of Condat had a particular veneration. In the sequel the monks chanted the night office in the church of Saint Peter, and the day office in the church of Saint Claude, which served as parish for the town. They seemed in some sort to divide the cult which they had for these two Saints, in dividing their office.

To the homages which the Church rendered to Saint Claude the people mingled sometimes superstitious ideas. At that epoch it was generally believed in sorcerers, and the mountains of the Jura passed for being infested with them. When a sick person imagined that some spell had been cast upon him, he came to implore Saint Claude to be delivered. Whatever opinion one may form on the existence and the power of sorcerers, these prayers which the people addressed to the holy wonder-worker attest at least the great

confidence which was had in his powerful protection. The pilgrimage of Saint-Claude became one of the most celebrated of Europe; people went there from the most distant provinces; hence feasts, confraternities and other institutions; it would be too long to enumerate them, as also the miracles wrought by his intercession and the illustrious personages who came to honour him.

From the end of the xv<s century the feast of Saint Claude was celebrated with great magnificence. This feast gave rise to a fair to which the neighbouring populations repaired in crowds. Already there was carried on there that trade in objects of devotion, statuettes, crucifixes, medals, rosaries, etc., which has contributed to develop in these mountains the art of sculpture, so happily cultivated at Saint-Claude. The box-tree grows in abundance in the neighbourhood of this town, and the inhabitants have sought in industry the resources which the soil refused them. Sculpture thus nourished a great number, who sold to pilgrims little works of piety. It has raised others to the reputation of distinguished artists, and it is at Saint-Claude that were formed those Rossets who kneaded ivory, and whose masterpieces are so much sought after. One sees that piety is useful for everything. It drew to the shrine of the Saint the populations, who came there to seek spiritual consolations, and it furnished to the inhabitants of these barren mountains the occasion of exercising that charming industry which subjects the root of the box-tree, with all its capricious images, to forms so varied, and which is still to-day the principal wealth of the country. It was not only a province, a kingdom which manifested its devotion toward Saint Claude; but people repaired from all points of Europe to this famous pilgrimage. The faith of the peoples had made of it one of the most celebrated sanctuaries of France, and these pious manifestations took sometimes the character of public institutions. Parishes, towns, entire provinces sent almost every year deputations to Saint-Claude. One of the most remarkable was the pilgrimage of the Picards. We do not know at what epoch it began; but it was made for a long time in a rather regular manner. “We know,” says one of our historians, “that on the day when the pious deputation of Picardy passed at Moirans, one of the stations of its itinerary, all the burghers of this town were to welcome it with honour and to feast it in an eager and cordial manner. Moirans was, it is true, the first and the only halt to make in the monastic land of Saint-Claude before reaching the holy destination; and the most reverend abbot, who was lord of Moirans, had perhaps made it a duty to his subjects to offer hospitality to strangers who brought him notable offerings on behalf of some town of Picardy, in fulfilment of a solemn vow toward monsieur Saint Claude, friend of God. It is well to recall that the troops of Picards formed part of the army of Louis XI, in the county of Burgundy, and that they might have composed the guard of the king of France, conqueror of the country, when he performed one or other of his pilgrimages to the shrine of our Saint[3].” When the Picards returned to their country they were received in triumph by their compatriots, who waited for them at the frontier, and to whom they distributed blessed objects brought back from their distant pilgrimage. The body of Saint Claude was saved, not without miracle, from the profanations of the Protestants, in the ten years’ war (1632 to 1642). To escape the misfortunes with which this war afflicted Franche-Comté, ten or twelve thousand Burgundians of every sex went to settle at Rome. This Franche-Comté community introduced into the common fatherland of all Christians the cult of Saint Claude, and built a church in his honour and under his name.

From the beginning of the 17th century a confraternity was established in his honour in the church of the monastery. Similar confraternities were established in all parts of France, and several subsist still to-day. There were some at Besançon and in many towns of Burgundy. The confraternity of Autun is one of the most ancient and most celebrated. The Vendée and Picardy, above all, instituted a great number. There were three at Paris, one in the church of the hospital of Saint James, another at Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, and the third in the church of the little Saint-Antoine. The chapels dedicated to Saint Claude were often adorned with a picture in which the blessed bishop was represented with a little child kneeling at his side. According to tradition, it was a child whom he had raised from the dead by his prayers while he was bishop, or rather it was the symbol of all those whom he has recalled to life since he has been in glory.

Nothing more common, in the account of the marvellous graces obtained at the tomb of the holy bishop, than the kissing of his blessed feet. Three times a day one of the sides of the shrine was opened to make the people kiss these venerated feet; and yet neither the humidity of the air nor the breath of the pilgrims ever caused any corruption in them. This continual prodigy, already attested in particular by the report which was made of it to Pope Nicholas V, was again attested in an authentic manner in 1690 by Cardinal d'Estrées, commendatory abbot of Saint-Claude, who had betaken himself to this abbey to satisfy an apostolic delegation. A more solemn testimony was soon to attest the perpetual miracle of the preservation of the holy relics. God wished to spare this consolation to the Church of the Jura before the revolutionary furies came to make the body of Saint Claude disappear. In 1742 the abbey of Saint-Claude was secularised by Pope Benedict XIV, and erected into a bishopric under the metropolitan see of Lyons. The first bishop of Saint-Claude, Joseph de Méallet de Fargues, having finished the church of Saint Peter, erected it into a cathedral and transferred to it all the relics of the monastery, of which the church was falling into ruins; but before that he recognised them, assisted by his Chapter and by a commission, which included several physicians and the notables of the town. The shrine of Saint Claude was opened in presence of the bishop and of all his suite, and the incorruptibility of this holy body was solemnly verified once more[4]. There was recognised a body of ordinary size, which appeared very ancient, and of which each member had preserved its natural connections and situations. It was still entire, with the exception of the little finger of the right hand, which appeared to have been torn off, and of the cartilaginous part of the nose, which was damaged. The left part of the upper lip appeared a little drawn back; but the tongue was ruddy, and all the rest of the body palpable and elastic. There was neither suture nor opening made in the body; it exhaled no aromatic odour that could make one judge that it had been embalmed. For which reason the physicians forming part of this commission declared that "the incorruptibility of this body for nearly twelve centuries being above the conception of their art, they could contemplate it only with admiration, as supernatural and miraculous."

In 1769 the prince of Crony came to venerate these holy relics. Here is what an eye-witness reports of it: "Yesterday, the fourteenth of September, the whole shrine was opened to show the body of Saint Claude to Monsieur the prince. I saw it on this occasion. It is always in the same situation, the mouth open; one sees the tongue, a little redness on the palate, still some brilliancy in the eyes, some hair and the beard; the two hands are upon the stomach without being pressed against it; all his body lying lengthwise, and the head a little raised on a cushion, always palpable, except that the flesh is not very white. It is believed that it is the breath of the persons who go to kiss the feet that occasions this colour; the face is whiter than the rest of the body[5]." The Chapter of the cathedral had made a new shrine of silver, adorned with crystals, in which the holy body was deposited in 1785. This shrine let the precious relic be seen entirely. But in the month of June 1794 the representative Lejeune, charged to organise public spirit in the East, arrived at Saint-Claude, proclaiming that "the peoples would no longer recognise any other God than that of nature, any other religion than that of the fatherland, any other cult than that of liberty." After an orgy which had been prolonged till midnight, Lejeune had the keys of the cathedral brought to him, and sent his satellites there with orders to bring him all the playthings of superstition. The body of Saint Claude was cut in pieces and carried to the seminary, where Lejeune had installed himself. On the way the bone of the forearm fell on the ground and was gathered up by an artisan named Jacquet, who preserved it piously to restore it to the Church in better days. The notable relics, which had survived for twelve centuries so many vicissitudes and revolutions, were burned on the very night of 19 June 1794[6].

Five years later (1799) a fire entirely destroyed the town of Saint-Claude. It was believed that it was a stroke of divine justice, which wished to punish by a frightful disaster a frightful profanation. "In effect," says a historian, "the fire having begun no one knows how, at full noon, the sky being serene and the air calm, the inhabitants were struck with such a blindness and so extraordinary a stupor that, in spite of the presence of help and the favourable hour, far from employing the means of extinguishing the fire, each occupied himself with dismantling his house, leaving it to be devoured by the flames, so that after a short space of time the

ground which a rich and flourishing town covered offered no more to the sight than a heap of burning rubbish and smoking ashes. The fire spared a single house: it was that of a pious man named Calais, whose wife had received the rosary of Saint Claude, which the impious had given her at the instant when they were burning the relic[7]." The cathedral of Saint Peter could not escape the violence of the fire; but, thanks to the solidity of its vaults and walls, the flames did not penetrate into the interior, and the roof alone was destroyed. When liberty had been restored to Catholic worship, this edifice was restored and there was deposited in it what remained of the relics of the Saint. Claude Lecoz, archbishop of Besançon, after having made an inquiry to establish their authenticity, ordered that they should be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. When the bishopric of Saint-Claude had been re-established by the concordat of 1817, the incumbent of this see, Mgr Antoine-Jacques de Chamon, decreed that the office of the translation of the relics of Saint Claude should be celebrated on 20 August. These precious remains are seen to-day in a small silver shrine, which is itself enclosed in another shrine of gilded wood. If the cult of the holy bishop no longer attracts as formerly an immense concourse of people to the town which bears his name, his memory is always venerated in the Church, and above all in Franche-Comté, as that of a great pontiff and of a powerful intercessor with God. Several Confraternities honour him as their special protector, and a great number of parishes recognise him as their patron. These are, in the Doubs, those of Saint-Claude, Pont-les-Moulins, Luisans, la Sommette, Épenouse, Droitfontaine, Noël-Cerneux, les Fins, Malbuisson, Vuillecin; in the Jura, those of Saint-Claude, les Nans, Onglières, Maynal, le Frasnois. The church of Esmery-Hallon (Somme) possesses, in a bust, a relic of the Saint. We have made use, to remake this life, of the *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*.

Saint Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons, Confessor

840. — Pope: Gregory IV. — King of France: Louis I, the Debonair.

Qui doctrinæ gratiam ad utilitatem aliorum accipit, majorem gratiam impetrabit si sedulo utatur.

He who has received the gift of knowledge for the usefulness of others does but increase it by making wise use of it.

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. 79 on Matthew.

Agobard, whom the people of Lyons commonly call Saint Agobo or Aguebaud, was a Frenchman. It is not known of what province he is a native. Time and revolutions, which efface so many memories, have let come to our knowledge only rare episodes of his life. It must not, however, have been obscure, the existence of such a prelate placed on the first episcopal see of the Gauls, at a time when the bishops had at court so distinguished a rank, and so great an influence on events in general. He was a proud genius, in effect, this man of broad ideas and noble heart; who, with a constancy worthy of the Apostles and the Fathers of the Church, in spite of his natural timidity, of which he makes the avowal himself, had the courage to rise against all the dogmatic errors of his time, to unmask and combat all the intrigues of the Jews, then so powerful and so pernicious to Christian society, to condemn openly all the prejudices and the popular superstitions of his epoch, to thunder against the abuses in the Church and the sacrilegious usurpations of the great, and finally to tell kings the truth. So we see Agobard in relation with his most illustrious contemporaries: the famous Ebbo, archbishop of Reims; Bernard, bishop of Vienne; Nibride and Bartholomew, successively archbishops of Narbonne; Adalard, abbot of Corbie, and Count Wala, his brother, who was a monk of the same abbey; Hélissachar, abbot of Saint-Riquier; Hilduin, abbot of Saint-Denis, who became archchaplain after Saint Adalard; Valafride Strabon, abbot of Ange; Malfred, count of Orléans, the most important personage of the court of Louis the Debonair; and many others of an epoch which was not without lustre. For, according to the expression of a biographer of our Saint, after the golden age of Charlemagne it was still the silver age; but already the iron age was foreseen, and Agobard said: "We live in very evil times, and in the midst of an ulcerated society."

His knowledge and his piety had merited for him the esteem of the archbishop of Lyons, Leidrad, who caused him to be given episcopal consecration and took him for coadjutor, or co-bishop, as they said then. Soon Leidrad resigned his charge and went to end his days peacefully in the monastery of Soissons, after having designated Agobard for his successor, in 813. His title of archbishop of Lyons, recognised by his diocesans, who already regarded him as their legitimate pastor by the fact of his canonical ordination and of the designation of Leidrad, was ratified, say Adon and Hugh of Flavigny, “with the consent of the emperor and of the general Council of the bishops of France”; which must be understood of the Council of Mainz, of which Ivo of Chartres speaks, and not that of Chalon-sur-Saône, which was only provincial. Louis the Debonair had not yet restored to the Church the liberty of elections which, for nearly four centuries, the princes had more or less reserved to themselves. That of Agobard gave rise, in the Council, to contests. It was not found conformable to the ancient canons. It was alleged that two bishops could not occupy the same see simultaneously; and finally that it did not belong to a prelate to choose a successor for himself. Cabal was not foreign to the difficulties raised against Agobard; he triumphed nevertheless, thanks no doubt to his personal merits and to the favour of the prince, naturally benevolent. The choice of Leidrad, a prelate recommendable for his services, and who had left brilliant memories at court, must also have contributed to the success of the new archbishop. For the rest, examples were not lacking in antiquity to authorise what had been done for him.

One of the first cares of the pastoral solicitude of our Saint was to try to bring back to the truth Felix, former bishop of Urgel, sent into perpetual exile at Lyons by Charlemagne, at the request of the Council of Frankfurt (794). This prelate, renewing the impieties of Nestorius, made Jesus Christ son of God by adoption, not by nature. Convicted and condemned by the Councils of Narbonne in 781; of Friuli, the same year; of Regensburg in 792; he retracted, but only by mouth, before Pope Adrian. Soon, in effect, he began again to dogmatise; but the Council assembled at Frankfurt, under the presidency of two legates, condemned him again. It was necessary even to renew this condemnation at Rome, in 799, then at Urgel and at Aix-la-Chapelle, the same year, because of his obstinacy and that of his adherents. Agobard came to find him in person; and, with as much patience as knowledge, he refuted his doctrine, demonstrated that, if there are in Jesus Christ two natures, there is none the less unity of person; that, consequently, in speaking of the Saviour one may attribute to the Divinity what is said of the humanity, and reciprocally; that Mary is therefore truly Mother of God; finally, that the union of Jesus Christ with His Church, extending to several persons, is only a purely spiritual union. Felix, driven to the end, avowed himself once more vanquished, but died obstinate in his heresy. This is what Agobard tells us in the treatise which he composed against the doctrine of that unhappy man, after his death, which took place in 818.

It was above all against the Jews that our Saint had to deploy his energy and his vigilance. To form an idea of the difficulties, of the tribulations, of the very perils which he met in this struggle, one must read the memorial which he entitles *De Insolentia Judæorum*, addressed to the emperor; his letter to the same prince, written and signed with two other bishops, in council at Lyons, probably that which he assembled in 821; his letters concerning the same affair to the abbots Adalard and Hilduin, to the archbishop of Narbonne Nibride, and to the count of Orléans Mantfred.

Proud in success, as cringing before force, the Jews were at that epoch a scourge for society, a danger for the faith of Christians. Not content with enriching themselves at the expense of public and private fortune, they insulted religion every day, blasphemed what is most holy, affected for the faithful the most imperious contempt. Thus, finding in their butchers’ animals some one of the defects which render them impure in their eyes, they put them disdainfully aside to sell them to Christians, calling them for that reason Christian beasts. They drew women to come and celebrate the sabbath with them, made their workmen work on Sunday, gave them meat to eat in Lent. Their obstinacy in selling on Sunday, and not on Saturday, the ordinary market day, hindered many of the faithful, those of the localities distant from the towns, from assisting at Mass and at the

offices of the Church. Finally, besides the ancient synagogues which were tolerated to them, they built new ones, to which they drew Christians; some ignorant persons already found that the preaching of the Jews was better than that of the priests of the Church. They went so far as to sell Christian slaves to the Moors of Spain. Saint Agobard cites on this fact witnesses taken from among the Jews themselves. At the moment when he was finishing his first memorial there arrived from Cordova at Lyons a man whom Jews of the latter city had stolen, quite a child, twenty years before, and sold to the Muslims. He had just escaped in company with another Christian of the city of Arles, carried off and sold in the same manner. “While our researches led us to discover his family,” says Agobard, “we learned that the same Jew had thus delivered other Christian children to the infidels, and that, this very year, a child has disappeared, carried off by another Jew. At present,” he adds, “we have the certainty that numerous Christians, bought by the Jews, were, on their part, victims of brutalities which modesty does not permit to describe.” Our Saint makes himself strong to produce witnesses in support of his recriminations, and to show the Jews their condemnation in the Holy Books which they have in their hands.

He found there also that of the superstitious doctrines which they have substituted for the word of God. So he missed no occasion to combat them, to remove the faithful from all commerce with them, to claim from the princes the repression of their insolence and their atrocities. So ardent a zeal against a sect numerous and influential at Lyons could not fail to draw persecutions on the holy bishop. One day the storm burst. Louis the Debonair, by excess of condescension, had yielded to the solicitations of certain officers won over by the Jews, and granted letters in their favour. One of the officers of whom we speak, a certain Evrard, of the number of those who were called *missi dominici*, a sort of inspectors charged to watch over the execution of the imperial ordinances, arrived at Lyons, bearing a letter of the emperor to the archbishop and another to the count of the town, ordering the latter to oppose the pretensions of the zealous prelate. These letters are so little in accord with the piety of Louis that Agobard declares to him himself that, in spite of the seal and the signature, he refused to believe them authentic. The attitude of the bishop excites the fury of the Jews, already encouraged by the tyrannical proceedings of Evrard toward the populations which they exploited. The latter says loudly that the emperor has withdrawn his esteem from Agobard. In the meantime there arrive two other officers bearing titles and documents to which one cannot refuse credence. Great joy among the Jews! Frightened by their threats, Christians abandon the town, others hide, some are arrested, all are in consternation. The Jews, one hears the officers say, are not as odious to the prince as is pretended; several are honoured with his friendship; there are some who are worth more than Christians….

At the height of the tempest the archbishop was at the abbey of Nantua, occupied in settling a contest between the monks. Evrard profits by it to put himself openly at the head of the Jews, who regard him as their master, *magister eorum*, according to the expression of Agobard. In vain does the prelate have it represented to him, by priests whom he sends to him, that he has done nothing against the authority of the prince; the *missi dominici* will hear nothing, and the envoys of the prelate judge it prudent not to show themselves any more.

Such are the facts of which our Saint complains to the emperor himself, then to the archbishop Nibride, his friend. An excellent occasion presented itself one day to plead in the presence of the prince the cause of the Church. An assembly of prelates and lords was convoked at court: but, by an effect of his excessive timidity, speech failed the holy Archbishop. He did not even hear what the emperor said to him, except the authorisation which he gave him to withdraw. It is he himself who tells it with his ordinary modesty. He regains therefore his residence, disconcerted, confused. Reflecting on the means of repairing this check and of entrusting the interests of religion to firm defenders, he draws up a new memorial which he addresses to the principal personages of the court; these were Adalard, Count Wala, his brother, and the abbot of Saint-Riquier. He asks that the emperor re-establish in force the edicts of his predecessors; that the slaves of the Jews be free to ask for baptism, engaging to pay their masters the price of their ransom, as canonical law

wills in this circumstance, the Church forbidding that any of her children be the slave of a Jew. Agobard makes new instances also with the prince through the intermediary of Hilduin, abbot of Saint-Denis, successor of the abbot of Corbie in the functions of archchaplain. Count Wala, who had embraced the religious life under the guidance of Adalard, his brother, had just been put at the head of this latter monastery. Agobard wrote to him also on the subject of this affair, knowing that, in the cloister, he continued to exercise with the emperor a useful influence. In spite of all these solicitations, we do not see that the feeble monarch ever revoked the measures taken in favour of the Jews, nor restored to their slaves the liberty of receiving baptism without the consent of their masters. The vigilant pastor had still to ward off another danger which threatened the faith of the peoples. The discussions, which had set the East on fire on the subject of the cult of images, already divided minds in France. The idea generally spread then was that God had given the empire to the French nation in reward for its fidelity in honouring the images of the Saints, and people were persuaded that universal supremacy would return to the Greeks on the day when they should return, on this point, to the doctrine and practice of the Church. So some from political prejudice, others for want of rightly understanding the terms of the second council of Nicaea, rejected that council. This is what Agobard did, believing that it ordered the adoration of images. The treatise which he composed on this question seems to refuse to images every sort of cult, whereas in reality it refuses them only that of *latria* or adoration. Cave censures this book with the utmost severity; but other more enlightened writers, such as Masson, Baluze, Raynaud, Mabillon, Le Cointe, give it a favourable interpretation. Relying, in effect, on the doctrine of the Fathers, on that of Saint Augustine in particular, Agobard condemns only the exaggerations of his contemporaries. One must not be surprised, nevertheless, that on a religious question in which patriotism was mingled, the holy Archbishop, carried away by his attachment to his faith and to his country, let escape some inexact and slightly exaggerated expressions.

He put the same ardour into defending the truth against popular prejudices. He wrote against the opinion which attributed to sorcerers the formation of hail and storms, against the superstitious practices and pagan sacrifices still in use to ward off the epidemic maladies of that time. These maladies had strange characters. One saw persons seized suddenly with epileptic convulsions which made them be believed possessed by the demon. Others had the limbs as if devoured by an interior fire, covered with tumours and ulcers. Bartholomew, who had replaced Nibride, before the year 818, on the archiepiscopal see of Narbonne, asked our Saint what he thought of these extraordinary facts. Agobard answers him that he sees there only phenomena resulting from natural causes, of which God alone disposes at His will, by the ministry of the Angels, to try the just and punish the wicked.

He rose up above all with force against duels and the judicial proofs called judgments of God, as contrary to the spirit of union and peace which ought to animate Christians. The law still in force in all Burgundy, of which Lyons formed part, was alleged. “This law,” he answered, “comes neither from Moses nor from the Gospel, but from an impious king, enemy of Jesus Christ, the Arian Gundobad”; and he recalls the words of Saint Avitus, of Vienne, to that prince: “Why,” said Gundobad, “between States, between nations, even between private persons, when the causes are remitted to the judgment of God by the lot of arms, is victory on the side of justice?” — “If States or peoples,” answered Avitus, “remitted themselves truly to the judgment of God, they ought to remember this word of the Psalmist: Scatter, Lord, the nations that seek war; they would not forget this other word: Vengeance is mine; I take it upon me to give to each what he deserves. Has the justice from on high need of lances and swords to settle differences? Often we see the party which upholds or claims the right succumb in combats, and the party of injustice triumph by violence or by cunning.” Saint Agobard concludes by supplicating the most debonair emperor, in the name of religion and humanity, to abolish these detestable customs, against which he addressed to the same prince a second memorial.

Consulted by his colleagues in the episcopate as the light of his century, our Saint had at times to refute the objections or the errors of some. It is thus that he corrected erroneous opinions and prejudices against him in Frédégise, bishop of Orléans. His letter to this prelate will remain a model of the urbanity and courtesy which should always be kept in every discussion.

Agobard brought the same zeal to the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline. In the month of August 822, Louis the Debonair had convoked at Attigny a great assembly of the prelates and the nobility. Two venerable men shone in the midst of this august company by the lustre of rank, virtues and knowledge: the one is Adalard, the other Hélissachar, of whom we have already spoken. They propose both to work at the reform of the Church. Agobard welcomes this proposal with enthusiasm, pleads in favour of the Church, and carries all minds to concert together to work at raising up the ruins of the new Jerusalem. Taking occasion then of this great question, he protests against the laymen who hold or usurp the temporalities of the Church. “In vain is the reason of State alleged,” he said, “and the necessities of the time; God, for whom the future is present, had well foreseen these necessities when He inspired His Church to establish these rules for all times. What Charles Martel, Pepin and Charlemagne believed they ought to do against these laws binds in no wise their successor. A violation of the canons is an attempt against God Himself.” He insists that the emperor remedy this sacrilegious abuse, that the Assembly open an inquiry against the usurpers. Hélissachar and Adalard applaud the orator; at their request an assembly is appointed at Compiègne, where this important affair between the nobility and the clergy is to be settled. The zeal of Agobard had displeased too many people not to raise against him a new tempest: it was terrible, above all in Provence and in Septimania (Lower Languedoc), to the point that he had to write once more his apology. In all his works, in all his discourses, our Saint professes for sacred antiquity a veritable cult. Whether it be a question of the morals of the clergy, of the rules of the liturgy or of the chant, on which he has two treatises, one on psalmody, the other on the correction of the Antiphonary, all his efforts have for aim to bring back to the sound traditions of the past. Young heads among the Romans, *neoclerici romani*, affected disdain for the canons of the Church of France or the ordinances of our bishops, as long as they had not controlled them. Agobard recalls to them the example of their predecessors “who showed themselves,” he says, “less difficult, and professed the highest esteem for the councils and synods of our nation.” He held much to the preservation of local usages, unless they were in opposition to the faith, and could not bear the mania of introducing into the public prayer new compositions, such as motets or songs in the vulgar tongue which he calls *psalmos plebeios*.

He loved to converse on these matters with his clergy, particularly with his cantors. These had been established by Leidrad, his predecessor, and from their school several masters had already come. It is to them chiefly that his memorial on the correction of the Antiphonary is addressed. In several places of this book the text of the Scriptures had been altered, in others the words appeared to him puerile or little conformable to faith and piety. His criticism on this point may seem exaggerated; so account has not been taken after him of some of his corrections, as Baluze remarks.

When the example of Rome was cited to him, he answered by the saying of Saint Gregory: “It is not on account of the place in which a thing is found that one ought to love it; but one ought to love the place on account of the good things that are found there.” He recalled the example of the same Pope, who had been obliged to impose, at Rome itself, certain reforms under pain of anathema.

What will always be read with fruit are the passages in which he expounds the doctrine of the Fathers on the interior and exterior dispositions with which one ought to perform the sacred chants. He does not wish musical studies to absorb every moment, to the detriment of more important studies. One saw, in effect, cantors who, from their childhood to an advanced age, had not opened a book proper to form them to piety and to the knowledge of our dogmas and of the holy Scriptures; and these people, full of a foolish vanity, dared to introduce into the Church inept compositions, of a profane character, and often even tainted with heresy. He rises up equally, with Saint Jerome, against those who, taking the holy place for a theatre, come

there to make parade of their voice and of their person. “The ancients,” he says, “who lacked neither the fecundity nourished by the Holy Books nor the talent for performance, liked better to repeat the same pieces than to fatigue the cantors and overload their mind with superfluous novelties.”

Agobard was justly proud of his church of Lyons in this respect: he did not permit its chants or its usages to be criticised. For having dared to do so, Amalaire drew upon himself two replies in terms rather unsparing. This disciple of Alcuin, cleric of the church of Metz, chorepiscopus of that of Lyons, had composed, being at Rome, in 831, a work in four books on the divine Offices, according to the instructions of the ministers of the church of Saint Peter. However severe the holy Archbishop was against this work, his criticism bears only on locutions, or secondary ideas which may be taken in good part.

These questions did not make Saint Agobard lose sight of the great idea which was the dream of his whole life, unity in the empire as in the Church. The most powerful means of extending and maintaining religious unity was, in his eyes, political unity. Does he speak to the clergy or to the faithful, it is unity that he preaches; does he address the princes of the councils, it is unity that he claims. He regards the diversity of laws as contrary to the perfect unanimity which ought to unite the faithful, as the members of one body. He would have wished to see in the whole empire a uniform legislation. If it pleased the emperor, our master, he said, to establish the law of the Franks among the Burgundians, these would become more illustrious, and this country would be delivered from many miseries. Agobard had the ordinary fate of men of genius, he had the grief of seeing himself misunderstood and reduced to groaning uselessly over the evils of his country. It is not seen, in effect, that the feeble emperor took more account of his advice on the subject of the laws of Gundobad than on the subject of the pretensions and the excesses of the Jews.

The worthy prelate deplored above all the partition of the empire. From the year 817, in the general assembly of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louis the Debonair had divided his States among his three sons, Lothaire, Pepin and Louis, and associated the first with the throne. In 821 he had this constitution confirmed and sworn to by all the great assembled at Nijmegen, and he gave to Lothaire the kingdom of Italy, vacant by the death of King Bernard. In the year 823 Lothaire, accompanied by Wala become a monk, came to Rome, by order of his father and on the invitation of the Pope, to be crowned king and proclaimed august emperor, at Saint Peter’s, on Easter day. Agobard, with the sovereign Pontiff, had recognised this new order of things, and, like all the other prelates, he had sworn to be its faithful observer and defender. That was enough to lead him later to embrace the party of Lothaire against his father, when he saw the latter proceed to several successive reshufflings of the States of his sons, in spite of his first and solemn engagements, yielding in that to the caprice of a woman. This woman was Judith of Bavaria, whom he had married in second marriage, after the death of the empress Irmengard. She had given him, in 829, a son who reigned afterwards under the name of Charles the Bald, and she could not bear that this child should be without an appanage. A new partition of the empire, in which the States of Lothaire and of his brothers found themselves dismembered, came to put the crown on the general discontent. For a long time the most scandalous rumours had circulated about Judith and Bernard, count of Septimania and of Barcelona, and they were blamed for the disorder which reigned at court and in public affairs. Agobard makes himself the echo of these murmurs in the apology of the princes which he published after the deposition of their father. The latter, after having abandoned and resumed authority, came to no longer have the name of Lothaire written beside his own, at the head of the imperial acts, and war broke out anew between Louis and his sons. In 833 Agobard writes to the old monarch to warn him of the dangers which threaten his soul in particular. He reproaches him with thus changing, arbitrarily and without consulting God or His representatives, what God seemed to have inspired in him after the most instant prayers. “We deplore,” he adds, “the evils which have come this year on this occasion, and we greatly fear that God is angry with you. For we cannot conceal from you that people murmur much at these diverse and contrary oaths, and blame them openly.” The example of Pope Gregory IV kept Agobard in his fidelity to Lothaire. This young prince, seeing war break out between his father and his brothers, brought with him

the sovereign Pontiff into Germany, that he might try to work at a reconciliation. At the same time Agobard wrote to Louis the Debonair to exhort him to receive the Pope as he ought and to yield to his advice. The intentions of the sovereign Pontiff were distorted; the French prelates, faithful to the emperor, forgot even the respect due to the papacy, and entertained the prejudices of their master. Gregory IV reproved them for it with just severity, and reproached them even with having violated their oaths after the example of Louis. The episode of the Field of Lies is known. The Pope, ill received and seeing the uselessness of his steps, returned to the camp of the princes. The following night the old emperor, abandoned by all his partisans, delivered himself to the mercy of his children. By the advice of the Pope and of everyone, he is declared deposed and conducted into a monastery by Lothaire. At the request of the latter, the bishops, among whom is Agobard, assembled at Compiègne under the presidency of Ebbo, archbishop of Reims, decide that the ex-emperor shall be subjected to public penance. It was imposed on him, with great pomp, in the church of Our Lady of Soissons, after they had torn from him, by dint of entreaties, the avowal of the faults of his life. This was to go back on a past already expiated in the assembly of Attigny. Each of the prelates who took part in this act of excessive rigour drew up and handed to Lothaire a summary account of what passed on that occasion; and from these particular accounts a sort of official record was composed. We have the account of Agobard and the collective account which he signed with the others. One sees, by these documents, that the bishops did not intend to depose the emperor, as has been said, but solely to exhort him to repair the faults of his life by accepting the practices of public penance. The unhappy Louis was more incapable than guilty. He was pitied; and soon a reaction in his favour took place. The brothers of Lothaire, indignant, rose to deliver their father; he resumed the insignia of the imperial dignity. Lothaire hastened to return to Italy, beat the generals of his father who attacked him, took and burnt Chalon. The armies were going to meet again in Maine. The wise and generous Wala intervened, as he had already done, to stop the shedding of blood, and, more fortunate this time, he reconciled the father with his sons. Agobard, during this war, had fled into Italy with Saint Bernard, bishop of Vienne, and the greater part of the other partisans of Lothaire. The assembly of Thionville, met in the month of February 835, condemned the act of Compiègne, and deposed the bishops who had taken part in it. Ebbo alone appeared and was not treated with more consideration than he had had for the emperor; so the Pope refused to sanction a deposition irregularly pronounced. In another assembly, held the following summer at Stremiac, in the environs of Lyons, the question of the vacant sees of Lyons and Vienne was treated anew, but without concluding anything: Agobard and Bernard still refused to appear.

At last the emperors, by common accord, recalled the two prelates to their dioceses. The holy archbishop of Lyons re-entered his cathedral on the first Sunday of Lent. Before remounting his throne he received publicly the absolution of the ecclesiastical censures, thus repairing the fault which he had committed, the only one that was ever to be reproached to him, a purely political fault, into which considerations of the highest order and the purest intentions drew him.

Restored to the good graces of Louis the Debonair, Agobard accompanied him during the winter of 840 to Poitiers, where the insurrectionary movements of the peoples of Aquitaine and the frequent invasions of the Normans demanded his presence. Soon the old emperor learned that Louis, king of Bavaria, indignant at a new partition of the empire, had taken arms on the banks of the Rhine. He set out, after having charged Agobard with a very difficult mission of pacification and reorganisation in Aquitaine. The holy prelate, on the following 6th of June, being at Saintes, crowned by a death precious before God twenty-seven years of episcopate, and a life wholly spent in the service of God and of his country.

The Church of Lyons, as we have said, has decreed to him the cult of the saints. When Feller says that Saint Agobard is honoured above all in Saintonge, one is permitted to believe that he was ill informed. Be that as it may, his name deserves not to be forgotten in a region which he sanctified by the last moments and the sacrifice of his life.

Writings of Saint Agobard

As bishop and as political man, Agobard played an important part; as theologian and canonist, his writings alone would suffice to immortalise his memory. The discovery of them was made in 1606 by Papire Masson, who published the first edition. Baluze published the second in 1666. It is that which the Abbé Migne reproduced at the head of tome civ of his *Cours complet de Patrologie*.

We have of Saint Agobard:

Three writings of theology, namely: a refutation of the Nestorian heresy, renewed at Lyons by Felix of Urgel; a treatise on the cult of images, one of the lively preoccupations of the Gallican Church in that time; a series of questions without sequence in answer to attacks directed against one of his works.

Four writings to combat various abuses and superstitions, namely: a letter to Louis the Debonair against the Burgundian law authorising the duel in justice; an instruction against the judicial proofs called judgments of God; the refutation of an absurd belief about hail and tempests; an answer to the archbishop of Narbonne, who had consulted him on very singular pathological cases.

Five writings on the pernicious influence of Judaism at Lyons, namely: two letters to high personages of the imperial court; two letters to the emperor himself; a letter to Nébridius of Narbonne. There are there curious proofs of the surprising power which the Jews enjoyed in the bosom of Christian society.

Three writings of discipline, namely: a treatise on the use of ecclesiastical goods; another on the dignity and the rights of the priesthood; a last, which is a letter containing advice to his clerics and to his monks on the manner of exercising the sacred ministry.

Three writings on the liturgy: a first entitled *On Divine Psalmody*; a second, more extensive, almost on the same subject, entitled *On the Correction of the Antiphonary*; a last, which is directed against Amalaire, the author of the book of the Ecclesiastical Offices. Five writings which relate to politics: a letter to a count of the palace on the sad situation of the commonwealth; a first letter to Louis the Debonair, to recall to him the fidelity due to constitutional engagements; a second letter to the same, to represent to him the deference due by the powers of the age to the authority of the sovereign Pontiff; a manifesto to the peoples of the empire on the deposition of Louis the Debonair; an account of the public penance imposed on that prince.

Finally, three writings of diverse nature: the first is a discourse or sermon preached by the archbishop to his people; the second is the preface of a moral and ascetical opuscule; the last is that little poem which he composed on the occasion of the translation of the relics of Saint Cyprian.

The Abbé Th. Grasilier, honorary canon, chancellor of the diocese of La Rochelle and Saintes. — Cf. Chevallard: *La vie et les écrits de saint Agobard*; Gallandi gives a place to Saint Agobard in his *Bibliotheca Patrum* (Venice, 1765–81). Cave, an Anglican doctor, in his *Literary History of Ecclesiastical Authors*; Dupin, in his *Universal Library of Ecclesiastical Authors*, give an outline of his writings. Each editor has added a short notice on his life. Feller devoted an article to him in his *Biographie universelle*. The chronicles of the ninth century, all those who have written the general history of the Church (Rohrbacher, *Histoire universelle de l'Église*, t. xi, p. 429 ff.), or the particular history of the church of France (*Gallia christiana*), have made mention of the illustrious archbishop.

Saint Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg, Founder of the Order of Prémontré[1]

1080–1134. — Popes: Gregory VII; Innocent II. — Emperors of Germany: Henry IV; Lothaire II.

Ordo Præmonstratensis seminarium episcoporum.

The Order of Prémontré has furnished to the Church a great number of her bishops. Boniface VIII.

Saint Norbert was born in the borough of Santen, in the duchy of Cleves, two leagues from Cologne, under the pontificate of Saint Gregory VII, and the reign of Philip I, king of France. His father was named Heribert,

and his mother Hadwige, both considerable for their nobility. His father, count of Genep, was a relative of the emperor, and his mother was sprung from the house of Lorraine. The latter, during her pregnancy, heard a voice from heaven which said to her: “Take courage, Hadwige; thou bearest in thy womb an excellent servant of Jesus Christ, and a most illustrious archbishop of His Church, who shall be great before God and before men.” However, he did not at first give much hope that he would be a Saint: for, seeing himself in opulence, he abandoned himself entirely to the pleasures and vanities of the world. Subdeacon and canon of the church of Santen, he refused to receive the diaconate and the priesthood, in order to be able to live in pleasures. He went to the court of the archbishop of Cologne, then left it for that of the emperor Henry IV.

Norbert passed there all his youth. At the age of thirty-three, he was going one day on horseback, followed by a single servant, to a village called Freten, in Westphalia. He was crossing a beautiful meadow. The sky was covered all at once with clouds, and there came such a horrible tempest, accompanied with lightning and thunder, that his servant, frightened and as if moved by a divine impulse, cried out: “Lord, where are you going? Turn back, lord, turn back; the hand of God is surely against you!” Then he heard another voice which cried to him from on high: “Norbert, Norbert, why dost thou persecute me? I destined thee to edify my Church, and thou scandalisest the faithful!” At the same time the thunderbolt, falling at his feet, threw him to the ground, where he remained in a swoon the space of an hour; but having come to himself and passing in review all the years of his life, in the bitterness of his heart, he said, sighing: “Lord, what wilt thou have me do?” And having heard another voice from heaven which answered him: “Leave evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it,” Norbert resolved to abandon the court and to retire to his house at Santen. During this stay he often saw Conon, a personage of great merit and abbot of the monastery of Seigberg, three leagues from Cologne; and he learned from him the first rudiments of the religious life: so that he began to accustom himself to receive with a good heart all that befell him of vexatious and contrary to his inclinations, to wear, under his silken garments, a very rough hair-shirt, and to practise other similar mortifications.

At last, the fulness of the time of grace having arrived for Saint Norbert, he wished absolutely to break with the world. For this purpose he went to find the archbishop of Cologne, and supplicated him most humbly to admit him to the number of the clerics who were preparing to receive Holy Orders. Having obtained this favour, he left his secular garments, which had always been very fine, clothed himself in a poor cassock made of lambskins, and took a cord for girdle: in this habit he was ordained deacon and priest the same day; which was nevertheless granted him only with great difficulty, because the holy Canons are contrary to it. Then he retired to the monastery of Seigberg, to learn the ceremonies there and dispose himself for his first sacrifice: which he did for forty days with incredible fervour. Having said his first Mass in the church of Santen, of which he was canon, he employed himself in preaching with so much zeal and inveighed so strongly against vices, even those of the ecclesiastics his confrères, whose life was disorderly, that several, touched by his words, were converted, and took the resolution of leading a better life in future. However, this apostolic liberty not pleasing everybody, there was found a cleric so impudent that he spat in his face in full assembly: some others who, being less insolent, were not less malicious, denounced him to Conon, bishop of Palestrina and legate of the Pope in Germany, as an innovator, a hypocrite, who under the outward show of austerity hid evil designs. The Saint, knowing that his reputation was necessary to him to preach the word of God, justified himself of all these calumnies in a Council held at Fritzlar in 1118.

To render himself more worthy of the ministry to which God called him, he resigned all his benefices, which were considerable, into the hands of his archbishop; then he sold his patrimony and all his furniture to give the money to the poor, and reserved to himself only the ornaments necessary to say Mass, ten marks of silver and a mule; yet he was not long without selling his mount and without distributing to the needy the little that remained to him. Thus stripped of everything, he went barefoot as far as the abbey of Saint-Gilles, in the diocese of Nîmes, in Languedoc, where Pope Gelasius II, flying the persecution of the emperor Henry, had retired under the protection of the king of France. Norbert, having prostrated himself at the feet of His

Holiness, asked him first for absolution of the fault he had made in receiving, against the holy Canons, the diaconate and the priesthood on the same day; then, having rendered him an account of the disorders of his past life, he supplicated him to permit him, for his penance, besides the fasts and the other austerities which it should please him to order him, to go and preach everywhere the holy Gospel. The Pope consented willingly, though he would have greatly wished to retain so worthy a personage near his person.

Saint Norbert, furnished with this apostolic power, began to preach in France the terrible morality of penance; but, however eloquent he was, to persuade what he said, his example was still more powerful and more efficacious than his word; for he walked barefoot in the depth of winter and in the midst of the snow. He had for clothing only a rough hair-shirt in the form of a tunic, and a penitent's mantle. He observed perpetually the Lenten life, according to the rigour of the first centuries of the Church, and added to it that he ate almost no fish and drank wine only very rarely. He fasted every day and ate only in the evening, except on Sunday. In short, he was another Saint John the Baptist by his austerity and by the fervour of his preachings.

He had brought from Germany with him two lay companions who did not abandon him; but passing through Orléans, he found a subdeacon who begged him to receive him among the number of his disciples. With this help he betook himself to Valenciennes, where he preached with so much vigour and grace that all the inhabitants supplicated him not to leave them, and to continue among them the functions of his mission. He would not acquiesce in their request, because his intention was to go promptly and carry the word of God into the diocese of Cologne; but Our Lord stayed him some time in this place by the sickness and death of his three companions (1119). Meanwhile Burchard, bishop of Cambrai, having come there, Saint Norbert wished to speak to him, because they had been together at the emperor's court, and knew each other familiarly. When this prelate saw him barefoot, ill clad, and in a state so different from that in which he had seen him a few years before, he embraced him with much tenderness and said to him with tears in his eyes: "O Norbert, Norbert, who would ever have believed this of you? who would ever have had the thought of it?" One of the bishop's almoners, who had introduced Saint Norbert, being surprised at this reception, asked the reason of it of his master. He told him that he ought not to be astonished at it; that he whom he saw in so poor an equipment had been one of the most elegant and gayest courtiers of the emperor; that he had formerly refused great advancements in the ecclesiastical state, and even the bishopric of Cambrai, to which he himself had risen only on his refusal, and that it was not necessity, but a generous contempt of the world which had thus stripped him. This answer touched this good almoner so strongly that, leaving from that time all the advantages he could hope for in the world, he joined Saint Norbert and made himself his disciple. He was called Hugh, and he became so perfect under his guidance that he merited to be his successor in the general government of the Order of Premonstratensians, of which we are going to speak.

Let us relate first a heroic action of generosity and of confidence in God which our blessed canon did before beginning his travels. A large spider having fallen by misfortune into his chalice already consecrated, while he was saying Mass, he swallowed it courageously. After Mass he knelt at the foot of the altar, to await what would happen from it; for at that epoch it was believed that the venom of this animal was dangerous to man. But God made him cast out this spider through the nose, by sneezing. His faith grew afterwards marvellously: as it was said that Saint Bernard surpassed all those of his time in charity, and that Milo, bishop of Thérouanne, surpassed them in humility, so it was said of Saint Norbert that he surpassed everyone by the strength and excellence of his faith.

Having gone out of Valenciennes, he set himself to traverse the towns, boroughs and villages, to preach on all sides penance, confession, reconciliation with enemies and restitution; his word, joined to the admirable example of his life, produced everywhere such great effects that one saw an infinite number of sinners converted, of enemies reconciled, and of usurers restore the goods of others. His reputation flying on all sides, he was continually surrounded by a crowd of people, who either followed him or came to meet him;

and they had so much respect for all he said that the most obstinate dared refuse him nothing. The few who did so felt at once the hand of God which weighed heavily on them and punished them severely for their obstinacy. Witness a Flemish lord, who had not wished to be reconciled with one of his neighbours: he fell, a short time after, according to the prediction of the man of God, into the hands of his enemies; one cites also the lord of Cauroi, near the abbey of Gibleu, in Brabant: he had mounted on horseback to escape and not to be constrained by the Saint to embrace his enemy; he could never make a step and was obliged to dismount, to ask pardon of the blessed Preacher and to be perfectly reconciled with him whom he hated to death.

Meanwhile Pope Gelasius having died in the abbey of Cluny, Guy, a Frenchman by birth and archbishop of Vienne, who was elected in his place, under the name of Callixtus II, assembled a council at Reims, on the 20th of October 1119, to remedy the evils with which the Church was then afflicted. There were present four hundred and twenty-four prelates, both bishops and abbots, and the Pope presided there himself, in the presence of King Louis VI, called the Fat. Saint Norbert betook himself there also with Hugh, his companion, to ask of the Pope the continuation of the permission which Gelasius had granted him, to preach everywhere the evangelical truths. He was very well received there by all the Fathers, and there was no one who did not admire his austerity of life, his detachment from all the things of earth, his apostolic zeal and the marvellous force with which he preached the maxims of the Christian religion. He easily obtained from the Pope what he asked; but the bishop of Laon, considering within himself what a great happiness it would be for his diocese to possess so rich a treasure, supplicated the sovereign Pontiff to give him to him to reform the abbey of Saint-Martin of Laon, which belonged to regular canons. The Pope, who approved the zeal of the holy bishop, ordered Saint Norbert to follow him. He excused himself from it as best he could, knowing well the difficulty of the enterprise; but, not wishing to fail in obedience, he consented at last to take care of this abbey, provided that the canons would receive the laws of evangelical austerity and poverty which he would propose to them. This condition exempted him from labouring there much time: for he found in their minds no disposition to embrace the reform which he wished to give them, nor to change their manner of life which had become wholly secular. He did not quit the bishop of Laon, however, for that reason; but he remained with him the rest of the winter; and, as he received from his charity a thousand corporal assistances, by which this good prelate tried to restore his body, ruined by vigils, fasting, cold, heat, disciplines and the austerities of penance; so he filled him, in recompense, with spiritual riches, by the words of life and of grace which came from his mouth, and which carried light and unction into the soul of those who had the happiness of listening to him.

The more the holy bishop enjoyed the conversation of Saint Norbert, the more the fear of losing him and the desire of having him always in his diocese increased in his heart. To retain him, he proposed to him to build a new monastery in some neighbouring solitude, where he might receive disciples and establish a new Order conformable to the austere and penitent life of which he gave the example. The Saint having consented to it, the bishop led him first to a place called Foigny, where nothing was wanting for the convenience of a religious house; but the Saint, having betaken himself to prayer, learned, by revelation, that this place was not destined for him, but for the religious of Cîteaux, who have established themselves there since. Then the bishop led him to another place named Thenaille, which seemed also very favourable; but Norbert, having again betaken himself to prayer, learned that this was not either the place which divine Providence had prepared for him. At last he conducted him to a spot of the forest of Coucy, called Vois, and made him see a little valley named Prémontré, where there was a chapel of Saint John the Baptist, which the religious of Saint-Vincent of Laon, to whom it belonged, had abandoned. The Saint had no sooner perceived this desert than he cried out: “This is the place which the Lord has chosen for us.” And, having entered the chapel, he supplicated the bishop to find it good that he should pass the night there in prayer. It was during this night that he saw a great number of persons clothed in white who went in procession around this place with crosses and lights, and that the holy Virgin, having appeared to him, showed him the spot where he was to found the head of his Order, and the form of habit which he was to give to his religious.

The next day the bishop, who had retired to his house of Anisy, having returned, our Saint declared to him what he had seen and begged him to give him this place of Prémontré for his dwelling and that of a great company of holy religious who would be called there to the service of God. The bishop had an extreme joy at this request, and, having arranged for it with the abbot and the chapter of Saint-Vincent, he gave in property to Saint Norbert and to those who were to join him this celebrated desert with three neighbouring valleys for their subsistence: which was confirmed by the letters patent of King Louis the Fat.[1]

A few days after, on the 25th of January, when the Church celebrates the feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul, in the year 1120, this excellent prelate took from Saint Norbert and from Hugh, his companion, the habits of penance which they wore, and clothed them with a religious habit. It was a white habit, such as that which the holy Virgin had shown to the Saint when she appeared to him. Thus began the holy Order of Prémontré, which has since so marvellously extended itself throughout Europe, and which has given so many Saints, Blessed, Prelates, Doctors and most perfect Virgins to the Church. Saint Norbert had at first only one companion; but, having gone to preach at Cambrai, at Nivelles, at Laon and in other towns, he made, in Lent, such happy conquests that he returned, at Easter, with thirteen disciples. He returned afterwards to Nivelles, where he delivered a girl of twelve years, possessed by a very cruel and very obstinate demon; and, having passed by Cologne, he brought from it two holy bodies to enrich his new abbey, namely: that of one of the companions of Saint Ursula, and that of Saint Gereon, one of the illustrious martyrs of the Theban legion, whom he found still entire and clothed in his military garments. The troop of his children increased also in his journeys; and, on his return, he saw himself Father of forty religious destined for the choir, and of several lay brothers, whom he needed for the exterior service. Some time after, he had them all put in prayer to learn from heaven what Rule they should embrace and what kind of life they should follow; their prayer, accompanied with fasts and tears, was soon heard: for Saint Augustine appeared to him, holding a golden Rule in his hand, and, having declared to him that he was the celebrated bishop of Hippo, he told him that the will of God was that he should follow his Rule and add to it only some constitutions for the conservation of regular discipline, assuring him, moreover, that if his brothers were faithful in observing it, they would appear without fear at the terrible judgment of God. Thus Saint Norbert gave to his children, whom he made regular canons, the Rule of the great Saint Augustine, and they all made profession of it on Christmas day of the year 1122. He served them himself as a living rule and a model of all religious virtues; and his example was so powerful that nothing seemed to them difficult in conforming to the life and practices of so excellent a master. There were above all three things which he recommended to them most often: the first was purity of heart and exterior cleanliness in what concerned the divine offices and the service of the altars; the second, the expiation of their faults and their negligences in chapter; and the third, hospitality and the care of the poor. He said also that a religious house could not become disordered when the superiors were united among themselves and with their community.

This admirable Father of a Congregation was not content with assembling men to celebrate continually the praises of God: he established also, in the same place of Prémontré, a holy community of maidens and widows who were the good odour of Jesus Christ in the whole Church. Then he had a new monastery built at Floresse, by the liberalities of Godfrey, count of Namur, and of Ermensende, his wife; it was there that, celebrating Mass, he made a drop of the blood of Jesus Christ flow on the paten, with the sensible appearance of blood, which he took with much devotion and a great abundance of tears. Meanwhile his church of Prémontré, having been built in nine months, in a miraculous manner, was solemnly dedicated, on the 28th of April of the year 1122, by the bishops of Laon and of Soissons. It was an illustrious trophy of the victories which he and his children had won over the demon, who had opposed with all his power the completion of this church, and had employed a thousand prestiges to turn aside and discourage the workmen. Soon after, another Godfrey, count of Cappemberg, and Otto, his brother, embraced the Institute of the Saint; and as they had great lordships near the Rhine, they gave him lands and revenues to found three new monasteries, which were in a short time filled with a great number of holy canons. Theobald, count of Champagne, wished to

imitate the fervour of Godfrey; but Norbert declared to him that the will of God was that he should serve Him in marriage; and yet he aggregated him to his Order, giving him a little white scapular to wear under his clothes, and prescribing to him a Rule to live holily and in a religious manner in the midst of the world. He has since done the same grace to an infinity of secular persons, who have composed the Third Order of Prémontré.

We shall not stop to relate here his other foundations: it is enough to say, in general, that his congregation was soon like that vine which, according to the Royal Prophet, covers the mountains and the cedars with its shade, and, extending its branches from one sea to the other, fills, so to speak, the whole surface of the earth. It flourished above all by the signal victory which this great servant of God won in Antwerp over a pernicious heresiarch, who threatened nothing less than to ruin the faith in all the Low Countries. This was a certain Tankelin, a simple layman, who, having neither authority nor mission, nevertheless undertook the function of prelates, and meddled with dogmatising the people. His principal errors were that the order of bishops and priests was only a vain fiction, and that the adorable sacrament of our altars was useless for salvation. He was followed by three thousand persons so greatly infatuated with his sanctity that people esteemed themselves happy to approach him and to drink the water in which he had washed his hands. Drunkenness, good cheer and the impurity which he permitted made him disciples of all the voluptuaries of his time; and he had so furiously deceived them that they could, without shame and without contradiction, corrupt women in the sight of their husbands, and girls in the presence of their mothers.

As the city of Antwerp was then only a parish of the diocese of Cambrai, the bishop Burchard, who occupied this see, thought himself obliged to oppose these infamies; he thought that there was no one more capable of arresting their course than Saint Norbert, who was in his desert of Prémontré. He commanded the canons of Antwerp, who possessed then the collegiate church of Saint Michael, to call him to their help, and to pray him to come and combat with them this new monster. They executed this order faithfully; the Saint, having received their deputation, went out at once from his solitude like a generous captain to go and attack this impious man, who had the boldness to make war on the Spouse of Jesus Christ. He was received in Antwerp with an extraordinary joy and applause, and began at once, with some of his disciples whom he had brought with him, to preach with so much vigour and light against the impostures of the heresiarch that he made manifest the falsity of them, undeceived many of those who had let themselves be seduced by his false reasonings, brought them back into the bosom of the Church, and obliged himself to flee and to seek a safer retreat in another country; he did not find it: divine justice, willing to make him bear the penalty of his crimes, permitted that he should be killed like a public pest, in passing the river Scheldt. The canons of Antwerp were so grateful to Saint Norbert for this signal victory that they gave him their own church of Saint Michael to establish there a community of his canons, and withdrew into the church of Our Lady, which is now the cathedral. For the rest, a thing extremely remarkable in this glorious expedition of Saint Norbert, those who were converted avowed that, having received for ten and fifteen years consecrated hosts, and having put them, through contempt and infidelity, in holes of walls and in dirty and damp places, they had remained there without corruption; and, in effect, they brought them back sound and entire into the hands of the Saint and into those of his children, whom he left in the church of Saint Michael, to finish bringing back the strayed to the road of salvation.

Thus our holy abbot returned to Prémontré, victorious over heresy, and with this consolation of having avenged the honour and re-established the frequentation of the holy Sacrament of the altar. He then laboured to have his Order and his Constitutions approved and confirmed by the authority of the Holy See: which was necessary for its propagation in various dioceses. Peter of Leo and Gregory of Saint-Angelo, cardinals and legates *a latere* throughout the whole kingdom of France, granted him this favour by a bull given at Noyon in the year 1125. But as it was fitting to have it from the Pope himself, he betook himself to Rome, where Honorius II had succeeded Callixtus. The Pope received him there with much benevolence, and, after having

informed himself personally of the great utility of this institute, he gave it his apostolic confirmation and received it under the protection of the Holy See, as appears by his bull, dated the 26th of February 1126.

It was in this city that this blessed patriarch learned, by revelation, that he would be elected archbishop of Magdeburg; he had great grief at it: his humility made him believe that he was incapable of such a charge. On returning he passed through Würzburg, in Germany, where he was asked to say the high Mass on Easter day, in the presence of Lothaire, king of the Romans, and of all his court. After the celebration of the divine mysteries he gave sight to a blind woman by breathing into her eyes; and by this miracle he touched so powerfully three brothers, young nobles of the first families of the town, that they threw themselves at his feet, made him the offer of all their goods, and consecrated themselves to God in his Order. Such was the origin of the monastery of Prémontré, near Würzburg, which was called Haute-Celle. Fearing to be named to the vacant bishopric of this city, the Saint went out of it as soon as possible to betake himself to his abbey. But he could not avoid the election which Providence had prepared for him from all eternity.

As he had told Theobald, count of Champagne, that God willed him in the state of marriage, he had also declared to him that God had joined him in His eternal ideas with Matilda, daughter of Angilbert, a very illustrious margrave in Germany, and niece of the bishop of Regensburg, a virtuous princess and worthy of so holy a spouse. Theobald, having submitted to this order, begged the Saint to accompany him on the journey which he was obliged to make to Speyer, an imperial city, for the accomplishment of this marriage, and even told him that he could not go there without him. The Saint, who loved him singularly for the great qualities with which God had embellished his soul, would not refuse him this good office. He went therefore to Speyer, where the king had come, and edified anew the whole court by the examples of his piety and by the words of life which came continually from his mouth. It happened at the same time that Roger, archbishop of Magdeburg, died, and that the clergy and the people sent deputies to Lothaire, to supplicate him to name an archbishop for them. The great reputation of the Saint caused this prince to cast his eyes at once upon him, and to name him archbishop of this see, by the advice of Cardinal Gerard, apostolic legate, who afterwards was Pope under the name of Lucius II. The difficulty was to make him consent to this nomination, to which he opposed himself with all his strength. But as the legate used his authority to oblige him to it, it was necessary that he should let himself be consecrated and should accept at last this charge, however heavy it appeared to him. He was led as in triumph to Magdeburg, and he made his entry there amid the general applause of the whole town; but with so much humility on his part, being barefoot and mounted on an ass, that the porter of the church wished to hinder him from entering, believing that it was some poor man who had mingled in the crowd.

This new dignity made him change nothing of his manners; he gave up nothing of his former austerities; he was always the same for his fasts and his vigils, for his table and his bed. He applied himself with an apostolic vigour to banish from his clergy and his people an infinity of disorders which had slipped in among them. Above all, he insisted courageously on the celibacy of ecclesiastics, many of whom violated the holy law. He employed gentleness at first to bring the debauched back to their duty; but when he saw that this conduct was useless for many, and that they took him for a timid man, he made use of all his authority to reduce them. He did not respect the nobility of their condition, he did not fear their credit in the country, where he was only a stranger, and even mocked at their threats: he put some in prison, interdicted others, and took from these the benefices of which they abused. This firmness having put an impudicious archdeacon in despair, rage carried him to this excess, to suscitate an assassin to kill the blessed prelate, feigning that he wished to confess to him. This plot was not hidden from the servant of God; he was warned of it interiorly, and, seeing the assassin approach, he had him arrested and searched by his officers, who found on him the dagger with which he was to do the deed. His confession was very different from that which he had come to make: for he was constrained to avow his evil design and to discover the first author of so sacrilegious an attempt. Another wicked cleric shot an arrow at the Saint, thinking to kill him; but he wounded another.

Popular seditions were excited against him: once, in his very church, a scoundrel discharged on his shoulder a sword-stroke which would doubtless have felled him if God, his protector, had not rendered it useless by making the sword rebound as if it had struck on an anvil. To all these violences Norbert opposed only his patience and his charity; but they were at last victorious over malice, and, at the end of three years of furious tempests, he enjoyed a very profound tranquillity.

The lords of his diocese had made many usurpations on ecclesiastical goods: the Saint could not suffer them either, because they took from the Church the revenues necessary to maintain the officers and to feed the poor, and because they rendered these usurpers themselves guilty of eternal damnation. He laboured therefore with an intrepid courage to remedy it. Those interested raised against him many snares to make him perish; but God withdrew him from them miraculously: they attacked him by open force, but the same hand, to which nothing can resist, delivered him from all their persecutions. He was blamed for pursuing the most considerable of his diocesans by lawsuits, to augment his revenues, and he was accused of avarice; but the use which he made of his goods justified him sufficiently of this calumny: for he had nothing which he did not employ in the maintenance of the parishes, of the monasteries, and which was not dispensed according to the rules of a perfect charity. His vigour and his patience disarmed his persecutors still more, and he had the consolation of seeing at last his Church flourishing by the possession of the goods which belonged to her legitimately, and by the re-establishment of ecclesiastical discipline.

The labours of the episcopate did not make him forget the needs of his Order: he took care to have an abbot general elected in his place, to govern the house of Prémontré, and to watch over all the other houses of the same Institute. It was on the blessed Hugh, his first disciple, that this lot happily fell. He brought some of his children to Magdeburg, and he put them in possession of the collegiate church of Our Lady, whose secular canons, by their disorder, justly deserved to be driven out; he sent others into various provinces of Germany to labour there at the conversion of the infidels and the reformation of the morals of Christians. They did so with so much success that great and beautiful lordships were given them on all sides, in reward, where monasteries of religious men and women were built: thus the Order of Prémontré became very powerful in the lands of the empire; there were even places where the abbots were sovereign princes.

All the great lords there were in Germany honoured the holy archbishop as their father. Lothaire had above all so great an affection for him that he made him his chancellor and his principal confidant, and that he had difficulty in living without him. The Saint did not, however, let himself be engaged at court, but made use of this benevolence of the prince to procure the good of his Order, of his diocese and of the whole Church. Pope Innocent II, against whom Cardinal Peter of Leo had made a schism, setting himself up as pope under the name of Anacletus II, having taken refuge in France, the ordinary asylum of persecuted sovereign Pontiffs, assembled a Council at Reims, to repress the audacious sacrilege of this antipope. Saint Norbert was there with the other prelates, and upheld with an admirable vigour the cause of this legitimate successor of Saint Peter. He procured there also some graces for his metropolitan Church and for the whole Order of Prémontré, which was the object of his liveliest solicitude. Having returned to Magdeburg, he showed himself there more than ever the father of the poor, of widows, of orphans and of all the unfortunate, by the great alms and the corporal and spiritual assistances with which he prevented them. But King Lothaire having formed the design of going to Rome, both to have Pope Innocent received there and to have himself crowned emperor there, Norbert was obliged to accompany him. This journey succeeded marvellously well; the antipope was driven from Rome; the legitimate pastor was set on his pontifical throne in the church of Saint John Lateran; Lothaire received the golden crown from his hand and was proclaimed emperor, and the Saint, in recompense for so many services which he had rendered to the Church, besides the Pallium which he had already received, was named primate of all Germany.

But God was preparing for him a far more august reward in heaven. He was not yet old: for he was hardly more than fifty-two years, and it was only twenty years since he had renounced the vanities of the world to

give himself to the service of Jesus Christ; but he had walked during this time with such great strides in the road of virtue that it could be said of him that he had filled the course of several centuries. Scarcely was he returned to Magdeburg when a violent sickness having seized him, he rendered, at the end of four months, his blessed spirit into the hands of his Creator. It was on the 6th of June of the year 1134, which was the eighth of his episcopate. There were at once striking testimonies of the glory of his soul. One of his religious, being in prayer, saw him changed in an instant into a lily flower, of an admirable whiteness, which the angels carried up into heaven. Another perceived him descending from heaven with an olive branch in his hand: he asked him whence he came and whither he went; the Saint answered him that he came from paradise, and that he was going to Prémontré to transplant there this heavenly branch, as a mark of the peace that was to reign there. A third, Hugh, abbot general of his Order, saw him in a magnificent palace all penetrated with the rays of the sun, and, having asked him what his soul had become at the hour of his death, the Saint answered him that he had been told: “Come, my dear sister, rest yourself”.

Saint Norbert is represented with the holy Virgin who appears to him and presents to him the white garment which his Order is to wear. Because of this the demon styled Saint Norbert a white dog. He is represented also with a chalice and a ciborium, on account of his respect for the holy Eucharist, of which we have related a trait.

Cult and Relics. — Abbey of Prémontré

His holy body, after having been carried for nine months without corruption through all the churches of Magdeburg, was deposited in that of his Order, dedicated to the holy Virgin, as he himself had ordained: but the town of Magdeburg having fallen under the domination of the Lutherans, the emperor Ferdinand II had it transported, in the year 1627, to Prague, in Bohemia, where it is exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

Dom Zeidler, abbot of the Order of Prémontré, of Prague, of the canonical Chapter of Strahov and prelate of Bohemia, was so good as to send us a copy of the life of Saint Norbert, in German. We have extracted from it what follows, touching the relics of this Saint: “From the day when, with the town and the church of Saint Mary of Magdeburg, the relics of Saint Norbert fell into the hands of the Protestants (1598), from that day the dignitaries of his Order ceased not to make efforts to withdraw from the city of the heretics the bones of their holy founder. Gaspard de Questenberg, abbot of the Premonstratensian convent of Strahov, at Prague, had this honour. By permission of the emperor Ferdinand II he solemnly transferred the holy relics in 1627. Deposited then in the very middle of the church of the convent of Strahov, in a chapel built expressly, the site of which is still seen, they remained there until 1811. It was then necessary, to embellish the church, to make disappear the chapel of Saint Norbert, which occupied the centre of it. Since that epoch one sees above the tabernacle of the high altar a beautiful sarcophagus adorned with bas-reliefs. Within is the coffin which contains the precious bones. A jubilee feast has been instituted and is celebrated every fifty years, in memory of the translation of the relics of Saint Norbert. Four times already has the town seen this great feast: in 1677, 1727, 1777 and 1827.”

There remain in Germany only eight convents of the Order of Prémontré, of which two in Austria, two in Hungary and one in Moravia. The abbey of Strahov or Mount Sion, at Prague, still possesses the relics of Saint Norbert. Five abbeys of Prémontré have been re-established in Belgium. Saint Norbert was canonised by Pope Innocent III; Gregory XIII ordered the feast on the 6th of June in all the churches of his Order, and attached great indulgences to it in the year 1582. Paul V made these indulgences plenary in the year 1616. Since then this feast has been put in the Roman Breviary, and from semi-double has been made double.

At the moment when Saint Norbert was obliged to accept the episcopal charge, he had wished that his religious should proceed by a free election to the choice of an abbot; he himself had not borne this title. Hugh of Fosses, the first and dearest of his disciples, united all the suffrages. He did not show himself unworthy to replace Norbert. It is under his long administration, which lasted thirty-two years, that the Order received its

determined form.

Multiplied and considerable donations rapidly increased the resources of Prémontré. They were necessary to supply for this great number of religious men and women who inhabited this place once desert (there were counted at Prémontré, in 1131, nearly five hundred brothers and a thousand religious women), to sustain the expenses of the new establishments, and to continue the charitable works begun by Norbert. The numerous charters which were given by the bishops of Laon and by the Popes, at the solicitation of the first abbot of Prémontré, can give an idea of the goods which the generosity of the faithful brought him every day, and the mention of the lands which are designated in them may serve for the history of many localities. It was not, however, without reserve that the abbot Hugh accepted these donations: we shall give an example of it. Méchaine of Montmorency, widow of Guy, lord of Guise, had given to Prémontré, for the remedy of her soul, of that of her husband and of her relatives, the freehold she possessed at Germaine, a village of the canton of Vermand; but, as her children were of tender age, the abbot Hugh thought it prudent not to hasten to take possession of it. When Bouchard of Guise, the eldest, had been armed knight, and when Godfrey, the second, had arrived at the rank of squire, their mother led them to Prémontré with several witnesses; and the act of donation of Germaine was freely and fully ratified by them, as is constant by the charter given, in 1135, by the bishop of Noyon. A short time after, Méchaine herself took the veil in the abbey of Fontenelle of which we are going to speak. Almost every year one or several swarms of fervent religious went to found new dwellings, which peopled rapidly, and which became in their turn mothers of other abbeys. During the administration of the abbot Hugh the foundations and affiliations became so numerous that before his death one saw at the general Chapters which were held each year at Prémontré more than a hundred abbots, each of whom governed a principal monastery and the more or less numerous priories which depended on it. The necessity of these Chapters was evident to maintain in unity of spirit and in a uniform conduct this multitude of religious spread through all the countries of Europe. It is as the result of their deliberations that the statutes of the Order were definitively drawn up and perfected. To meet the expenses which these assemblies required, Enguerrand II of Coucy, son of Thomas of Marle, gave to Prémontré, in 1138, considerable dues and tithes at Vervins, at Coucy-la-Ville and other places. It was not always at Prémontré that the general Chapters were held; many took place at Saint-Martin of Laon, others at Saint-Quentin, etc.

It is in one of these general Chapters, about 1141, that it was ruled that the monasteries of the religious women should be placed at a certain distance from the abbeys of the men. Those which were at Prémontré itself were placed at Fontenelle, a hamlet now dependent on Wissignicourt, near Anisy, in a house which Bartholomew, bishop of Laon, gave: “Not wishing,” says the generous prelate, “that these maidens should go out of my diocese, and principally in consideration of my spiritual affection for the lady Agnes, wife of Andrew of Baudimont (countess of Braine), who has consecrated herself to the service of the Lord in the society of the said sisters, I have built at my expense a monastery in my neighbourhood, near the farm of Fontenelle, which I had formerly given to Norbert, man of God.” Analogous measures were taken in the other abbeys. There were counted, at the end of the second century of the Order, nearly five hundred monasteries of religious women; but the greater part of these houses had not a long existence, at least in our countries. As they had no foundations of their own; as they remained in dependence on the abbeys of men, which were charged to provide for their needs; they were little by little suppressed in France. They subsisted in the last century only in some places of Belgium and Hungary.

The Order of Prémontré continued to prosper after the abbot Hugh of Fosses. A thousand abbeys of Regular Canons, and three hundred provostships or less important houses, without counting the parishes and particular services which depended on them, regarded Prémontré as their centre, and were divided into thirty circaries or provinces. In the sixteenth century Protestantism destroyed a great number of them in England, in Sweden and in Germany. The greater part had been preserved until the end of the last century, and some still subsist in Belgium and Hungary. The Premonstratensians sustained themselves long in their primitive

fervour. The historians of the Order have left us memoirs on many illustrious personages, to whom they give the name of Blessed or even of Saints, and to whom they attribute miracles; nevertheless Saint Norbert appears to have been alone honoured with a public and general cult in the Church. Several of these servants of God belong to our countries. We have already spoken of Hugh of Fosses, first abbot. We shall mention also the pious Bicuvère of Clastres, Yves de la Chaîne, nineteenth abbot general of Prémontré, John of Bocquigny, so called from the place of the Thiérache where he received birth. After having taken the religious habit at Prémontré he was sent to Paris, to follow the lessons of the celebrated Alexander of Hales, and he obtained very brilliant successes in the University of Paris. A Summa of Theology which he composed, as well as other works, prove the extent of his knowledge. He was abbot of Clairfontaine in the diocese of Laon when, in 1247, he was called by unanimous votes to govern the whole Order. Already the need of Reform was felt; he undertook it with courage, and he procured it with all his strength during the twenty-two years that his administration lasted. He laboured to maintain and develop the hospice which Saint Norbert had established at Prémontré. But what did him most honour is the establishment of the college of the Premonstratensians, which he founded solidly at Paris, so that the religious of his Order might follow the courses of the University. He also had it decreed by the general Chapters that no novice should be received unless he had made sufficient progress in grammar and could express himself suitably in Latin. It is said that, feeling his end approach, he had himself carried before the altar of the holy Virgin, and that, after having remained there long in prayer, he expired there, in 1269. The more or less rapid enumeration which we could make of the fourteen houses of Premonstratensians which were founded in the present diocese of Soissons and Laon would give us the natural occasion of recalling the memory of several other personages who honoured the country by the holiness of their life; but the length of this notice does not permit us. Diverse mitigations, admitted successively in the houses of the Order, made Prémontré decline from its first renown. It was about a hundred and twenty years after the foundation that these relaxations began to be introduced, in regard to the long fasts and the perpetual abstinence from flesh meat. The sovereign Pontiffs themselves judged it prudent to authorise this change, maintaining however the practice of certain austerities. In the seventeenth century generous men laboured to recall the primitive austerity. Such was the object of the reform established by Father de Léruels in his abbey of Pont-à-Mousson, approved by Paul V in 1617, and admitted afterwards by a certain number of other houses, which formed a distinct branch of the Institute. In the diocese of Laon the abbeys of Cuissy and of Bucilly embraced this reform.

The Premonstratensians of the common Observance did not fail to make praiseworthy efforts to raise its regularity. With a view to strengthening the studies which suited quite specially religious frequently called to the pastoral ministry, the last abbots general had formed plans, the development of which the revolution of the last century has prevented; more, it struck even in its ruin the whole body. (See in the Supplement, at the end of this volume, the details which we give on the restoration of the Premonstratensians in France.) Sixty abbots governed Prémontré immediately from Saint Norbert to the last superior general, who survived its suppression and the dispersion of its members. M. Lécuy, this last abbot, died canon of Paris on the 24th of October 1834. The admirable situation of Prémontré in a deep valley, surrounded with trees of high timber, the memories and the imposing remains of this celebrated abbey, will long attract all the friends of ancient monuments. Monseigneur de Garsignies, present bishop of Soissons and Laon, has shrunk from no sacrifice to save a monument which has done so much honour to his diocese. Seconded by the concurrence of a multitude of generous friends, he has bought back the remains of the ancient abbey, and has brought them out of the rubble; he has even attempted to re-establish the Order, extinct in France, of the Regular Canons of Prémontré; and, in the meantime, he has placed in the part of the buildings still subsisting an asylum for orphans of both sexes. One can no longer at least complain, as the Abbé Lécuy did, that there is no trace of divine worship in a place consecrated by the piety of so many centuries. Who would not make vows that these beginnings may be crowned with a still more complete success? M. Lequeux, canon of Paris, former superior of the grand seminary of Soissons and vicar general, wrote the lines which precede in 1859. Some

time after, death came suddenly to strike the bishop who had undertaken so many great works and almost all disappeared with him. Mgr Christophe, his successor, frightened by the debts of the diocese, had a part of the acquisitions of Mgr de Garsignies sold. Prémontré was bought by the department at a price lower or at most equal, if I am not mistaken, to the purchase price. The sums employed to restore what remained of the ancient abbey were lost, and a monument which, in the thought of Mgr de Garsignies, was to be again consecrated to meditation and prayer has today become a madhouse.

At the moment of the great revolution the monks of the abbey of Prémontré had to abandon their house, which was declared national property.

The Convention, which wished to develop the impulse of national industry, had thought for a moment of assigning the principal abbeys to the establishment of great factories, and on the 31st of October 1792 the Administration of national domains begged the Department to draw up a list of built properties which should appear to it suitable to be erected into manufactories. If this list was drawn up, we have found no trace of it. We know only that, from then on, the abbey of Prémontré appeared eminently suitable to be assigned to such a destination. The lands and meadows which depended on it before the Revolution had been sold in detail, and of this great domain there remained only the forest and the immense and splendid abbatial buildings. A report which Real presented to the Convention on the 20th of November 1794, in the name of the united Committees of public safety and of finance, informs us that on two occasions these buildings had been adjudged in the heat of the auctions to two insolvent purchasers: the first time to a joiner workman named Dominique and at the price of five hundred and nineteen thousand livres, the second time and on a reckless bid to a clog-maker of the name of Maurice Prudhomme, who made himself purchaser for three hundred and ten thousand francs. In his inability to furnish even the first instalment, the latter had not awaited proceedings and had notified his withdrawal to the District of Chauny.

They then wished to sell in detail, in the hope of attracting more solvent amateurs. A member of the Department proposed to divide the abbey into as many lots as it could present habitations and convenient lodgings; but they had to renounce this project, which the very construction of the convent, its situation in a village of only fifty to sixty-two inhabitants and its isolation in the midst of the woods rendered unrealisable. The municipality of Prémontré and the District of Chauny, consulted by the General Council, were unanimously of opinion that the most advantageous course for the Nation was to sell, even at the price of the valuation, these buildings to an industrial company, if one presented itself which offered to establish there a factory whose works would give life to a country perishing of misery and consumption since the dispersion of the monks. But the offers did not come. The Commission of public relief attached to the Committee of public safety had for a moment the idea of converting Prémontré into a hospital, as Foigny had been for more than a year. On the 25th of July 1794 it gave orders that there should be established there a house of convalescence for three thousand wounded or sick men whom the hospitals of the army of the North would send there. Immense changes were to be made there with the greatest promptitude. The seals were therefore immediately raised. They prepared for the work; but this project was not realised. A glassmaker — he was named Cagnon — well known for the perfection of his products, which pharmacy and chemistry then preferred to the best glass of the English manufacture, presented, in the meantime, a tender of purchase; if he obtained Prémontré at the price of the valuation to be made, and without competition, he promised to establish there a glassworks, a factory of potash and saltpetre. The Department adopted, on the 13th of July 1794, the principle of sale in a block, and this sale it ordered by an order of the 2nd of August following. Consulted on the advantages of the proposal of the glassmaker Cagnon, the Department, the District of Chauny, the Commissions of national revenues, of agriculture, of arts, of public relief attached to the Convention, received favourably the idea of the projected establishment.

“The Commission of public relief has observed above all,” said to the Convention the reporter Real, “that the glass manufactory would offer precious resources for the service of the military hospitals, which had a

pressing need of pharmacy glass. Determined by motives of public interest, your Committees of public safety and of finance have thought that the Convention ought to facilitate an establishment which will one day be of some weight in the balance of commerce and which, from the present, will procure us objects necessary to our armies, objects which we should be obliged to draw in part from abroad. The same motives have engaged your Committees to impose on the purchaser the obligation of maintaining the proposed establishment during a determined time. Finally, the adjudicatary who presents himself asks neither help nor advance. It is on the footing of a rigorous valuation that he will pay for the immovables which shall be alienated to him." The Convention ordered therefore, on the 30th Brumaire, Year III (20 November 1794), that three experts, to be named, one by the Commission of national revenues, the second by the Directory of the Aisne, and the third by the District of Chauny, should proceed immediately, and in the presence of the expert of citizen Cagnon, to the exact and rigorous valuation of the buildings, courts, gardens, enclosures, lands, meadows, ponds, mills, and other dependencies remaining to be sold of the abbey of Prémontré; they would address their official report to the Convention, which would decree the alienation, if there were occasion. Such were the conditions imposed on the adjudicatary: he would pay his purchase price in the terms and in the manner prescribed for the alienation of national domains, and he would be held to realise the proposed establishment within a year, counting from the decree of adjudication, and to maintain it at least the space of ten years; failing by him to fulfil these conditions, he would be evicted from the buildings and other properties adjudged to him, and could not reclaim the first payment which he should have made.

On the 3rd Nivôse, Year III (24 December 1794), a decree of concession put the sieur Cagnon in possession of Prémontré without auction and on the simple valuation of the experts. He paid for this important domain only two hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-seven livres, and engaged to begin within the year the works necessary for the transformation of the abbey into a workshop of glassmaking, of the fabrication of saltpetre and of potash. Instead of executing his engagements, Cagnon then set himself to the work of demolition. He stripped the buildings of their ironwork, the roofs of their lead, the courts of their railings. He realised in this way a hundred and fifty thousand livres which he paid into the national treasury as first payment, and from the sale of some parcels of wood he made himself enough money to pay for the whole domain, the acquisition of which cost him nothing and which he preserved almost entire. Freed from his pecuniary debt, he believed himself freed from his debt of engagement of honour. But he was denounced to the Commission of the representatives of the people charged with the report on the alienations of the property of the State. This Committee ordered the departmental Administration to inquire whether Cagnon had raised a factory at Prémontré, whether he had alienated all or part of his acquisition, whether he had carried off the iron and the lead and deteriorated the house; the Committee wished to know also whether, in case the Nation should come back on this alienation, one could arrive at an easy resale of Prémontré. The Department charged the municipal administration of the canton of Anizy to open an inquiry and to transmit to it serious information. It was soon learned that Cagnon was demolishing a part of the buildings and announced the intention of throwing down the superb staircase of the abbatial house; the degradations which were imputed to him, as well as the removal of the windows, doors, woodwork and ironwork, were only too real. Already the church was no more than a heap of ruins. In short, he had satisfied none of the conditions of the sale and had established neither factory nor workshops; moreover, he had already sold notable parts of the forest to people who continued his work of barbarism.

The departmental Administration had prohibition notified to the retrocessionary to continue the demolitions. Commissioners betook themselves to Prémontré to ascertain the state of the places and to take information on all the acts of vandalism already committed. The Convention annulled the sale; but Cagnon was powerful and fortunate enough to get himself maintained in possession, and he opened at last workshops for the casting of glass.

The abbey was bought later by Messrs. Deviolaine, of Soissons, who established there a manufactory of mirror-glass. This manufactory making competition with the great works of Saint-Gobain, the proprietors offered to Messrs. Deviolaine an enormous sum to become purchasers of Prémontré; their offer was accepted and Prémontré was put on sale, bought by Mgr de Garsignies and became what we have said. We borrow from the dictionary of religious Orders published by M. Migne the account of a visit made to Prémontré at the moment when this establishment was put on sale… I visited Prémontré, which is enclosed in the parish of Brancourt, but which is at present a civil commune, having its mayor and its municipality. The workmen who worked at the glass factory had established their dwelling there, and several have built very decent, almost elegant, houses in the gorge of the valley which has the remains of the abbey at its extremity. These new habitations have taken almost nothing from the solitary aspect which Prémontré had preserved until its last day. It is surprising that one of the most powerful abbeys in the world should have kept all the majestic horror of its desert state during seven centuries. The forest of Coucy envelops it in a valley of ten minutes' walk, and hides it almost, as in the time of Saint Norbert, from the sight of the world. The beeches of this dark and thick forest are planted at a few metres from the walls of the abbey, whose vast enclosure is all preserved. After having skirted the great garden of the abbatial house, one sees opposite the body of the monastery, whose majestic façade, though lowered on the two sides by the purchaser, would make illusion and lead one to believe that all still subsists; but there is no more than this façade, the immense cloister, the dormitory, the so surprising and famous staircase, which led from the dormitory to the choir, and the regular places are destroyed. One sees still entire the Chapter, etc., of what is not demolished. The walls of the church are almost at their height in certain parts, and let one see what was the extent of this monument, the most important, the most sacred of Prémontré, and make one understand also that it was far from being in proportion with the richness and elegance of the other parts of the abbey. The canons had understood it better than anyone, and although this church was, as it appeared to me, of a rather recent date, they were going to build another if the Revolution had not come to drive them from their dwelling. The plan of the projected church was fixed, and in the public library of Laon one sees in relief and on a great scale both the interior and the exterior of this church, which would have been absolutely what the church of Sainte-Geneviève at Paris is. The contractors of the glassworks had constructed within the enclosure of Prémontré a fire-pump, workshops, etc., which are still seen there and which, in the state of abandonment of this factory, make a singular contrast with the other buildings of the abbey, which has still its stables, its infirmary and vast and numerous constructions serving for the use of the religious and for the working of their lands. The part of the façade which still remains would be already sufficient to lodge a community; but this part is nothing beside the extent of the procure, built on the right in the court, and which is all preserved and which itself is little in comparison with the abbatial house built at the other extremity of the court, and which is like an immense palace, having a majestic entrance with this surprising unsupported staircase which is found in almost all the houses of the Premonstratensians, and having also kept almost all its luxury and the cleanliness of its apartments, so numerous that they alone would serve a great community.

One sees also at the extremity of the garden of this abbatial house the remains of the little church of Saint John, which served formerly as parish church for those whom the canons had under their jurisdiction.

The cult of Saint John was established in this place, and the vast portal which one sees at the other extremity of the abbey is still called the Saint John gate.

The cult of Saint Norbert is still in honour among the workmen who inhabit these deserts. The statue of the founder is preserved with one of them, and, before the revolution of July, which has annihilated the spirit and the habits of religion in so many countries, they carried this statuette solemnly on the day of his feast to the church of Brancourt. Today they confine themselves to carrying a bouquet to the neighbour who possesses it and to firing some boxes on the return of his feast, which is the ii July in the Order of Prémontré.

We have several lives of this holy archbishop. Surius gives an ancient one, which the Rev. Father Dom John Chrysostom Vande-Sterre, abbot of Saint Michael of Antwerp, has given us more correct, with learned notes. The Rev. Father John Le Paige, syndic of the same Order, has given us another in the second book of the library of Prémontré; and there are two others, one in verse, the other in prose, composed by the Rev. Father Peter of Waghenare, of the same Institute.

Saint Gurval, Second Bishop of Aleth

Saint Gurval was from Great Britain. Scarcely out of childhood, he gave himself to study, and learned with letters the rules of the ecclesiastical life. His ardour for mortification led him from his youth to tame his body by fasts and vigils; he applied himself to prayer, and gave great alms. His custom was to assemble every day the young clerics of his age, and to address exhortations to them, which gave birth in many of them to the desire of a more perfect life. Not content with leading others to the practice of virtue, he wished to confirm his discourses by his actions, and to make Jesus Christ his heir. He employed therefore all his goods, which were considerable, in the construction of a monastery. When this work was finished he embraced the monastic profession, under the guidance of the famous Brendan, master of several saints, and became afterwards abbot of the monastery of which he was the founder.

Saint Malo, retired into Saintonge, touched with compassion for his people, and thinking of giving himself a successor, warned the brothers that as soon as he should be dead they should take care to send for Saint Gurval, as distinguished by his miracles as estimable for his virtues, to give him the government of the Church of Aleth. Gurval had known by revelation that he would be raised to the dignity of bishop of that town. After the death of Saint Malo his disciples betook themselves into Great Britain, and begged Gurval to be pleased to be their bishop. The venerable abbot, overcome by their entreaties, crossed the sea with them, was consecrated bishop of Aleth, with the consent of the neighbouring bishops and of the metropolitan, and governed this Church for a year and some months, or about two years. Although he was not long bishop of Aleth, he did not fail to do much good in his diocese by the application which he put into knowing his flock and providing for all its needs. His holiness, as much as his high rank, made him admired by everyone; and as long as he remained in his see he was the consolation of his people, who would have greatly wished to have him always for bishop.

The holy prelate did not think he ought to answer to wishes so legitimate, and, after the time which we have indicated, he had put in his place his archdeacon Coalfinit. In order to be able to occupy himself with God alone with more liberty and to prepare for death, he retired to a monastery of his diocese, which was at Guer,[1] where he was followed by several priests, who willingly abandoned all their goods for the love of God. Gurval, importuned by the concourse of the peoples which the reputation of his holiness attracted to Guer, took twelve of these priests, and, withdrawing himself from the knowledge of his diocesans, retired into a cave, where he ended his life and rested in peace, full of days and of merits.

Lobineau, *Saints de Bretagne*. — Taken from the Ancient Breviary of Saint-Malo, in which are found three lessons, which contain an abridgment of his Life. These lessons were reproduced by the Proper of the same Church of 1768 and by the Bollandists. One finds in the manuscript History of the bishops of Saint-Malo, by Father Le Large, an article on Saint Gurval.

Supplement — 6th Day of June: Saint Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg, Founder of the Order of Prémontré

In the information on the Order of Prémontré which figures after the life of Saint Norbert, no mention is made of its restoration in France. To fill this gap we give here an account which we owe to the kindness of a religious of that Order.[1]

Restoration of the Primitive Observance of the Order of Prémontré

To restore the Primitive Observance of the Order of Prémontré the Lord chose a Trappist religious rather little known until then.

The Rev. Father Edmond Boulbon, of whom we wish to speak, a native of Bordeaux, but settled at Paris where his parents lived, and afterwards a pupil of the little seminary of Saint-Riquier, in the diocese of Amiens, had in fact taken the habit of Saint Bernard in 1835, at the abbey of Le Gard, whose community was transferred to Sept-Fons, in the neighbourhood of Moulins, in the course of the year 1845. The young religious passed to the abbey of Griquebec as secretary, and at the express request of the Very Reverend Father abbot of this monastery, who had need of a capable man to bring the convent out of the extreme distress into which unforeseen misfortunes had plunged it, he had to travel through France to solicit the voluntary gifts of the faithful in favour of his community.

Father Edmond knew in 1835 no other religious order than that of La Trappe, and he always much regretted, as he said to his superiors, that this order, so venerable and so holy, did not add to its austerity and to the singing of the divine office all the apostolic works.

The first time he went out of the cloister he was keenly afflicted at the little gravity and piety which reigned in many churches during the celebration of the holy mysteries. He resolved from then to do all that depended on him to found, near a town, a community of his Order which should have for aim, with the permission of the Holy See, to occupy itself with all the clerical works and to give to the liturgy the perfection which it comports. He communicated his project to his superiors, who believed they saw in his long-matured desires the call of Heaven and acceded to his wishes, when, by a remarkable coincidence, M. l'abbé Truffaut, then vicar of this town, came to the abbey of Briquebec. For ten years this priest had been making vows to see the Order of Prémontré flourish again in France. He therefore asked the Very Reverend Father abbot to be so good as to destine to this restoration Father Edmond. The young son of Saint Bernard knew Saint Norbert scarcely but by name. He was absolutely ignorant of the mission accomplished by this great patriarch of the canons regular. By the counsel of his abbot, who made him remark the excellence and the immense advantage which might result from this restoration, he procured the history of the life of Saint Norbert and the constitutions of his Order. In proportion as he advanced in the study he made of them, he was struck at once both by the traits of similitude which he discovered between the institute of Cîteaux and that of Prémontré, though with a different aim, and by all the works which the family of Saint Norbert could embrace, and with which he had so ardently desired to occupy himself during twenty years of his Trappist life.[2] From that moment he resolved to betake himself to Rome to ask the Vicar of Jesus Christ whether he would do well to consecrate himself to the Restoration of the Order of Prémontré according to the primitive Observance and to give to the liturgy all the perfection which it comports. The Sovereign Pontiff, our angelic Pius IX, in his audience of the 4th of December 1856, answered him that he could do no better than devote himself to this restoration, adding that he would regard it as a consolation of his Pontificate to see the Order of Prémontré live again in all its native fervour. He even urged him to prefer this work to the foundation of a monastery of La Trappe. The Holy Father blessed the book of the Constitutions. He blessed moreover the religious and all those who should help him in his work, permitting him to receive novices and admit them to religious profession, with the consent of the bishop of the place where he should establish himself. Returned to France, Father Edmond had no other thought than to seat his foundation in the place which Heaven should be pleased to choose for it. It was in Provence that God led him. The venerable archbishop of Aix, Mgr Chalandon, of sweet and holy memory, that apostolic man whose unctuous teachings have charmed and edified the clergy of almost all our dioceses, received him with the greatest kindness and offered him to settle on the territory of Tarascon, in the abandoned monastery of Saint-Michel de Frigolet, ancient priory of Augustinian religious, to which was adjacent the ancient sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Remedy. Thus was accomplished the wish of the son of Saint Norbert, that of beginning the restoration of his Order. Informed of

all the successes of the nascent foundation, and disappointed in his hopes of seeing the Premonstratensian canons of Belgium accept his conditions, Mgr de Garsignies even came one day to Paris where Father Edmond was, and proposed to him, on acceptable conditions, to charge himself with Prémontré, promising to transfer elsewhere the orphanage of young girls. The venerable prior of Saint-Michel-de-Tarascon agreed to take Prémontré in hand, but a little later, in order not to be burdened with debts. In this lapse of time, the bishop of Soissons died and the government of Napoleon III pushed the departmental administration of the Aisne to buy Prémontré to prevent any religious order from acquiring it. To-day this solitude, which formerly counted more than a thousand religious within its holy enclosure, has seen what remained of its basilica brutally overthrown, and finds itself transformed into an asylum for the insane of the one and the other sex. The Work, or restoration of the primitive Observance, which dates properly speaking from 1856, has developed in a prodigious manner at Saint-Michel-de-Tarascon. The masonry works first raised up the narrow sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Remedy, incapable of receiving the crowd of pilgrims. The restoration of the cloister, that of the ruins of the monastery, that of the old Romanesque church of Saint-Michel, followed one another without interruption. The construction of the hostelry for resident priests, that of the dwelling of the lady religious charged with caring for the church linen, that of the hospice for poor workmen without work, that also of the buildings of the choir-school of children brought up gratuitously by the monastery in all the principles of the abnegation of the Gospel, were executed as the most urgent. Finally all these works were crowned by the building of a vast and beautiful church known under the title of the Immaculate Conception, which pilgrims and men of taste never see without admiration. It was consecrated on the 6th of October 1866 by the venerable archbishop of Aix, Mgr Chalandon, surrounded by eighteen prelates and in the midst of a concourse of more than twenty thousand souls. These works were done with the sole resources of Providence, which never fails to second the views of those who trust in it.

As to the spiritual edifice, it has advanced equally with the material edifice. God has not ceased to send new recruits: all have not remained; but those who have persevered have become, it seems, more tried and more solid. To-day this primitive Observance counts a personnel of about eighty religious.

To the first blessings which he had granted to the nascent community, Pius IX has added the most precious favours. By a rescript dated the 28th of August 1868, he deigned to raise the monastery of Our Lady–Saint Michael to the rank of principal house (*Domus princeps*) for the Congregation of the primitive Observance, erected there canonically a noviciate for the same Congregation and conferred on its superior the title and functions of titular Prior, title and functions devolved on the Very Rev. Father Edmond on the 17th of November of the same year.

On learning from the very mouth of Mgr the archbishop of Aix the prosperity which heaven granted to this holy house, on hearing the account of all that was done there for the glory of God and the good of souls, the successor of Peter did not hesitate to put the crown on his largesses. He erected, on the 16th of June 1869, into an abbey the priory of the Immaculate Conception– Saint Michael, and granted it the privileges and honours conferred by the sovereign Pontiffs, his predecessors, on the other abbeys of the Order of Prémontré. The choice of the community fell quite naturally on the restorer of the primitive Observance. It was on the 17th of November, two days after the coronation of Our Lady of Good Remedy, that the Prelate, elected by his sons and his brethren in religion, received the abbatial blessing from the hands of Mgr Guiibert, bishop of Gap, and in presence of three abbots of La Trappe, happy to testify to him all their sympathies.

It will be easily conceived that the elevation of the Most Reverend Father Edmond to the first dignity of the Primitive Observance has given a new lustre to the monastery which has chosen him for head. The concourse of the faithful has become only the greater under the vaults of the sanctuary where his Paternity bears the crosier and the mitre. At his inspiration Christian virgins have been seen to solicit the honour of leading, in the full nineteenth century and on the soil of France, the life which was formerly led there, in the midst of penances and prayer, by a Quiburgis of Clairefontaine, an Adelaide of Gis, a Poncia of Saint-Gervais, a

Matilda of Montmorency, and the family of the Norbertine Sisters of the Primitive Observance to be reborn, established since 1871 in an ancient Benedictine abbey, at Bonlieu, in the Drôme, under the direction of the reverend Mother Marie-de-la-Croix, a subject distinguished by piety, by origin and by talent. She was the first to take solemnly the habit of the canonesses of Prémontré from the hands of Mgr Conde y Corrat, bishop of Zamora, in Spain, and member of the family of Saint Norbert.

The Most Reverend Father Dom Edmond, solicited by Mgr the bishop of Rodez, has sent into this diocese a colony of his religious which counts no fewer than fifteen subjects, charged with directing the parish of Couques, of which he has been instituted Provost, and also with restoring the basilica and the pilgrimage of Saint Foy, virgin and martyr, whose precious relics have just been discovered by one of the Fathers who compose the colony.

Many other bishops of France have asked the venerable Abbot for the consolation of seeing the Primitive Observance established in their dioceses. The government itself, through the organ of the minister of foreign affairs, has offered him at Jerusalem the sanctuary of Saint Anne, and it seems that the moment approaches when the sons of Saint Norbert will resume the road to Palestine and again establish themselves in the Holy City. However, Cardinal Franchi, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, having asked for more religious than the Most Reverend abbot can at present present, this foundation remains in suspense until His Eminence has said his last word.

Before the testimonies of sympathy which it receives and in presence of the multiplied requests which are made to it, the Primitive Observance of Prémontré can say in its turn: *Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci. Rogate dominum messis ut mittat operarios suos.* The evil times will cease, it is to be hoped; an hour will come when this Primitive Observance, taking a larger development, will be able to accomplish still better its apostolic motto: *Ad omne opus bonum parati.*

These details were communicated to the Editor of the *Petits Bollandistes* by the Rev. Father Marie-Augustin.

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[3] The term “leaded cords” explains sufficiently the nature of this instrument of torture. It consisted of a handful of cords armed at their ends with leaden tassels, and the neck and back of the sufferer were struck with it. Prudentius speaks of it thus, *Peristeph.*, hymn 10:

Tundatur terguin crebris ictibus, Plumbsque cervix verberata extuberet. Pulsatus ergo martyr illa grandine….

It was a torment approved by the Roman laws, but only for persons of vile condition. *Omnis ordo curialis ab ictibus plumbatarum habeantur immunes*; let the whole order of the Curiales be exempt from leaded cords (*Theodosian Code*, law 80). Constantine the Great and his sons exempted also debtors from them. The laws forbade beating the condemned until death ensued; but when it was a question of the Christians, only the rigours and not the indulgences of the law were remembered. Were they noble, that did not hinder them from being treated as slaves were treated, and even with more rigour; for, as has just been seen, they were not made to perish under the blows, and the number of the Christians who succumbed in this manner is so great that they cannot be counted. Lead was still in use in several other torments: there was the molten lead poured into the mouth, and the weights of lead attached to the feet while the sufferer was hung by the arms, which broke the joints of his body. — Baronius.

[4] The Bollandists add Lucius, Andrew, Donatus, Peregrina. — There is no lack of authors who confound the martyrs of Noyon with those of Caunes, mentioned yesterday in the martyrology of France, because of the resemblance of some of the names. The Bollandists hesitate to distinguish them: it was seen above in the notice which we have devoted to the martyrs of Caunes that M. the abbé Grimes, author of *The Spirit of the Saints*, and a native of Caunes itself, decides the question by relying on the tradition of his country: it must be said that monuments are so lacking that the safest course is to hold to tradition. We invite those whom this question might interest to read the dissertation of the Bollandists, vol. i of June, pp. 618, 619 and 620, Palmé ed.

[5] This prelate distinguished himself chiefly during his episcopate by his courageous defence of the rights and liberties of the Church. When the goods of his church were taken from him by violence, he took refuge, it is said, at Pavia, with Atharis, king of the Lombards, by whom he was received with much honour. The latter had justice done to the holy prelate and re-established him in all his privileges. His adversaries, irritated, plotted against his life and cast him into a torrent. There is at Fiesole a church dedicated under his invocation.

[6] His relics are found in the basilica of Saint Stephen of Verona, in the crypt of Saint Alaur, also bishop of that city.

[7] Cf. Breviary of Clermont and *Saints of Auvergne*, by J. Branche.

[8] There was seen, not long ago, near the abbatial church, to-day parochial, of La Couture, a fountain which bore the name of the holy bishop, and where the faithful came to draw water to use in their maladies. — Cf. Dom Piolin, *Hist. of the Church of Le Mans*, vol. i. — See on 30 June, which is his proper day, although his feast is kept at Le Mans on 3 July.

[9] See on the following day.

[10] After his assassination the faithful of Udine received his body with a profound grief and a great veneration, and buried it in the principal church where it was found without corruption a year after. From that time began the cult of the Blessed Bertrand, which was not however authorised in the forms until the 18th century. Benedict XIV approved this cult in 1756 and Clement XIII granted to the clergy of Udine the faculty of celebrating his feast under the title of Blessed.

[11] Marie-Felicia des Ursins was born at Rome on 11 November 1600. She had for father Virginio des Ursins, grandson of Cosimo de' Medici, and for mother Fulvia Peretti of Montalto, niece of Pope Sixtus V. She was cousin and god-daughter of Marie de' Medici, who attracted her to France and made her marry Henry, duke of Montmorency. She entered the Visitation on 7 May 1641, and received the veil on 30 September 1657, from the hands of a vicar general of Autun; on 6 October 1658 the bishop of Autun received her solemn vows.

[12] The relics of Saint Vincent were honoured until 1360 in the church dedicated under his title at Bevagna; but they disappeared under the ruins of this church, which the Lombards overthrew in that same year.

[13] It is his native town. His relics are found in the metropolitan church which has taken his name. The Bollandists (vol. ii, June) reproduce the monument which was raised in his honour in this church.

[14] See Boll., *Illustrationes Claudianæ*, 6 June.

[15] The congregation of the Bridge Brothers was formed in 1177 at Bonpas, on the Durance, near Avignon, and it is pretended that the village of Avignon-sur-Saint-Claude owes its origin to a colony of these brother masons, who came into the Jura to build two bridges over the Bienne.

[16] *Annuaire du Jura*, by M. D. Monnier, 1844, p. 102.

[17] All the reports and minutes relating to this visit are found in the *Dissertation on the Abbey of Saint-Claude*, by Christin.

[18] Duvernoy, *Regesta of the Archbishops of Besançon*, MS.

[19] *Historical Notice on the Town of Saint-Claude*, by M. Crestin, mayor of Saint-Claude. — Note communicated by M. Girod, vicar general.

[20] *Lives of the Saints*, by Godescard, 6 June, Besançon ed., 1835, augmented by H. D…

[21] One may see in the Bollandists (tome I of June) a long series of engravings, representing all that is interesting to know concerning the monasteries of this Order.

[22] *In nomine*, etc. Bartholomæus, Dei patientia Laudunensis ecclesiæ minister indignus. Sancta rectores ecclesiæ quanto ceteris dignitate et honore videntur præeminere, tanto lucidius ac firmius quæ statuunt et disponunt debent definire. Notum igitur fieri volumus tam præsentibus quam futuris, quod anno dominicæ incarnationis MCXX, virum spectabilis religionis, Norbertum nomine, per episcopatum nostrum transire contigerit, cujus agnoscentes sanctitatem, honestatem, doctrinam atque facundiam, multis cum precibus coegerimus ut apud nos hiemaret. Quem quanto amplius loquentem audivimus, et familiarem nobis astrinximus, tanto magis boni odoris ejus fragrantia refecti sumus. Deinde jam fere transacta hieme, cum vir ille sanctus a nobis vellet recedere, a personis nostræ ecclesiæ et a quampluribus episcopatus nostri nobilibus rogati sumus, quamvis et hæc satis desideraremus, ut eum in nostra diœcesi alicubi ad serviendum Deo collocaremus. Quod vix tandem, divina gratia cooperante, ab ipso impetravimus. Nostrarum perlustrantes terminos possessionum ad locum valde desertum, qui Præmonstratus dicitur, tunc temporis inhabitabilem venimus. Quem vir Dei considerans: « Locum, inquit, video secundum cor meum a Domino mihi ante tempora omnia præparatum ». Hoc igitur audientes, gavisi sumus gaudio, et ipsum ibidem cum paucis Christi pauperibus, loco illi terminis impositis, sicut in primo ipsorum privilegio continetur, ad commanendum ordinavimus. Volebat autem sæpefatus vir cum fratribus suis ut de laboribus manuum suarum viverent, quod nos impossibile considerantes, dedimus ei tres terræ carrucatas, unam ad Anisi, aliam in Capriniaco monte, tertiam ad Vircini, etc. Datum anno incarnationis dominicæ MCXLIII.

[23] The name of this place was originally Ar-Guern, a Breton word which signifies the alder-grove. People have since grown accustomed to say Guer (Morbihan).

[1] The principal house is situated between Avignon and Tarascon, at a short distance from the station of Graveson. We urge our readers, whom an occasion might bring into this country, to turn a little out of their road and visit this abbey and its abbatial church. They will see there ceremonies and hear there chants which can give a true idea of the splendour of worship.

[2] As soon as Mgr de Garsignies, bishop of Soissons, proprietor of the ancient abbey of Prémontré, cradle of the Order, had learned that, on the invitation of his own abbot, Father Edmond was going to work at the restoration of the Primitive Observance of this Institute, he urged him to come and lay the first foundations of it at Prémontré itself. The illustrious Prelate had him conducted there himself, and came afterwards on the 6th of June 1856, the feast day of Saint Norbert, to give him the white livery with which Mary first clothed the noble page of the court of Germany. A great obstacle opposed itself at the outset to the realisation of Monseigneur's desire; His Lordship had established at Prémontré an orphanage of young girls; he did not believe he could transfer it elsewhere immediately.

Father Edmond, for his part, saw inconveniences in placing a noviciate of religious beside an orphanage of that nature. There is no one who does not judge his delicacy perfect in this regard. He therefore withdrew, and applied himself no longer but to studying the will of God by going to consult the common Father of the faithful.

7 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Constantinople, the birth into heaven of Saint Paul, bishop of that city, who, after having been several times driven out by the Arians in hatred of the Catholic faith, and re-established by Pope Saint Julius, was at last exiled by the emperor Constantius, an Arian, to Cucuse, a little town of Cappadocia, where the same Arians had him strangled, which opened to him the entry of the kingdom of heaven. His body was carried to Constantinople with great honour, under the empire of Theodosius. About 350. — In Egypt, Saint Lycarion, martyr, who, after having been torn with blows, scourged with burning rods of iron, and tormented in several other very cruel ways, accomplished at last his martyrdom, struck by the sword. Epoch uncertain. — At Cordova, the holy martyrs Pierre, priest, Vallabonse, deacon, Sabinien, Wistremond, Havence and Jérémie, monks.[1] 851. — In England, Saint Robert,[2] abbot, of the Order of Cîteaux. 1159.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Le Puy, in Velay, Saint Marcellin,[3] third bishop of that see and confessor, whose memory is there in great veneration for the signal miracles which he works every day in favour of afflicted persons of all sorts. Epoch uncertain. — At Vannes, in Brittany, Saint Mériadec, bishop, who, having despised the advantages which an illustrious birth could make him hope for, and having made himself a humble religious, merited by his virtues to be raised to the episcopal see of that city, where his miracles and his holiness rendered him still more brilliant than he had been in the cloister. 7th century. — At Maestricht, Saint Candide, bishop, who, having come to this town to honour the relics of Saint Gervase, after having exercised there for some time the episcopal functions, reposed there in peace. 4th century. — In the diocese of Amiens, Saint Vulpuy, former parish priest and patron of Rue, who, having retired into the solitude of Renière-Ecluse, to do penance there, lived and died there in an admirable holiness. His body, having long reposed in the monastery of Forest-Montiers, was at last transported to that of Saint-Sauve, at Montreuil-sur-Mer; a bone of his jaw was given to his church of Rue. About 630. — At Vigaut, in the Cevennes, Saint Paul, Saint Fortunat, Saint Macaire, Saint Primose and Saint Achaze, martyrs in Africa. Epoch uncertain. — At Sens, Saint Godoald or Godescalc, bishop and confessor, who, after a very short pontificate, was buried in the chapel of Saint-Remi, at Saint-Pierre le Vif. Epoch uncertain. — At Moulins, the feast of Saint Gilbert, named yesterday. 1152. — Again at Sens, the feast of Saint Aldric or Audri, archbishop of that city. 836. — Again at Sens, the feast of Saint Agrice, metropolitan of that city.[4] 487. — At Saint-Flour, Saint Théodechilde, virgin.[5] 6th century. — At Avignon, Saint Vrirne or Véredème, bishop of that city. 720. — In the valley of Larboust, Saint Aventin, hermit.[6] 8th century. — Among the Bernardine ladies of Le Tart, Saint Joan of Pourlans, abbess of Le Tart.[7] 1651. — In France and in Belgium, the venerable Anne of Saint Bartholomew, one of the foundresses of the Carmel of France and of Belgium.[8] 1626. — At Besançon, Saint Claude, bishop and confessor, of the illustrious family of the princes of Salins, whose death as well as life was glorified by miracles.[9] Saint Claude is patron of Prisse, of Clux and of Créot. A celebrated confraternity has long been established in his honour in the church of Our Lady of Autun. About 693.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of Vallombrosa. — Saint Romain, abbot, named on the 22nd of May.[10] *Martyrology*

of the Cistercians. — At Neuf-Moutiers, in England, Saint Robert, of the Order of Cîteaux, founder and first abbot of that monastery, a personage of angelic purity, illustrious for numerous miracles, whose soul was seen mounting to heaven in the form of a globe of fire by Saint Goderic, Cistercian anchorite, his confessor. 1159.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Saluées, in Piedmont, the birth into heaven of the Blessed Stephen Baudelle, confessor, of our Order, who shone by the holiness of his life, by his doctrine, by his preaching and by his miracles.

Martyrology of the Hieronymites. — Saint Stanislaus, bishop and martyr, whose feast is marked on the 7th of May, and is celebrated today in our Order.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Jerusalem, Saint John, seventh bishop of that city. 116. — At Alexandria in Egypt, Saint Potamienne the Younger, virgin and martyr. Reign of Maximian. — At Heruried, in Germany, Saint Déocare or Cher-à-Dieu, abbot. 2nd century. — At Tongres, Saint Valentine, bishop. 4th century. — At Hromor, in Ireland, Saint Colman, Colmoc or Colme, bishop of that city; it is believed that he was also bishop of Lindisfarne. 599. — Among the Greeks, Saint Antilime, priest, and Saint Stephen, both martyrs; also Saint Sébastienne, wonder-worker. Epoch uncertain. — Again among the Greeks, the Saints Tarase and John, martyrs. Epoch uncertain. — At Lentz, Saint Gothescalc, prince of the western Vandals, and his companions, martyrs.[11] 1066. — At Asti, in Italy, the Blessed Landulphe, bishop.[12] 1134. — At Cassia, in Umbria, the Blessed Peace, of the Order of Friars Minor. 1270. — In Spain, Saint Anne Garcias, Discalced Carmelite, directress and foundress of convents.[13] 1625. — In England, Saint Thomas Maifield, priest of the English seminary of Douai, and martyr. 17th century. — In Africa, the Saints Victure, Evase, Private, Janvière, Donate, Spisine, Quirille, martyrs. Epoch uncertain. — At Caesarea, in Cappadocia, Saint Lucien, martyr, mentioned, as well as the preceding, in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. Epoch uncertain.

Saint Paul, Patriarch of Constantinople, Martyr

350. — Pope: Saint Julius I. — Emperor: Constantius II.

Vir justus exilium non timet, sed exilium ibi esse putat, ubi virtuti non sit locus.

The just man does not fear exile, and he calls a land of exile only that where there is no place for virtue. Cicero, Orat. 38, *Pro Milone*.

If the apostle Saint Paul could glory with justice in having been scourged three times for the confession of the name of Jesus Christ, the Paul of whom we speak here may also glory in having suffered calumny, persecutions and exile for the defence of the divinity and of the consubstantiality of the same Jesus Christ with His Father. He was born at Thessalonica, an ancient city of Macedonia, and passed his youth with honour and in an irreproachable manner; for the Arians, in spite of all their efforts, could never convict him of any disorder that might tarnish his reputation, as they wished. He entered the clergy of Constantinople and was ordained priest by the bishop of that city, Alexander, who designated him, dying, for his successor (340). There was the less difficulty in deciding on this election because Paul was very skilful in the art of handling speech, and because to great zeal he joined a profound knowledge, which made him the terror of the Arians. These heretics, by dint of calumnies, had once already caused him to be exiled. Macedonius, who aspired to the see of Constantinople, saw in Paul a competitor who must be supplanted. He attacked him by false accusations, decrying his morals, which had always been so pure; but his lies having had no success, he was obliged to desist from his criminal enterprise: he even made a semblance of repentance appear, and played his part as hypocrite so well that a short time after Paul raised him to the priesthood. However, Eusebius, one of the principal chiefs of the Arians, who, against the disposition of the Canons, had been transferred from the see of Berytus to that of Nicomedia, resolved to have himself raised again to that of Constantinople. He renewed against Paul the accusations of Macedonius, had him deposed in a council composed of Arian bishops or courtiers of the emperor Constantius, favourer of Arianism, and obtained to be placed on the see of the new Rome in 340.

Paul, seeing himself useless to his flock, because of the credit of the Arians, whom the emperor Constantius protected, retired into the West, where Constans reigned. He was received with great marks of respect both by the prince and by Saint Maximin of Trèves. Having sojourned some time in this city, he betook himself to Rome, where he found Saint Athanasius. There he assisted at the council which Pope Julius held in 341. The

Fathers of this council assembled in the church where Viton was accustomed to instruct the people and of which, consequently, he was the priest.[1]

In the synod of which we have just spoken it was decided that Saint Athanasius, Saint Paul and Marcellus of Ancyra should be re-established in their respective sees. Pope Julius, by virtue of the authority which he had in the Church, sent them back with a circular letter addressed to the Eastern bishops,[2] which has been preserved to us by Saint Athanasius.[3] Julius disapproved the conduct of the Arians, above all in that they had dared to judge the bishops of the principal sees which the Apostles had governed, without having written to him beforehand, as was ordinarily practised;[4] and he ordered the re-establishment of the three prelates.

Saint Paul, having returned to Constantinople, could not recover his see until after the death of Eusebius, which happened in 342. As much as his re-establishment was agreeable to the Catholics, so much did it displease the Arians. Wherefore the latter, who had at their head Theognis of Nicaea and Theodore of Heraclea, chose Macedonius for themselves as bishop. This step was followed by a violent sedition. The whole town ran to arms, and several persons lost their lives in it.

Constantius, who was then at Antioch, fell into a fury when he learned this news. He ordered Hermogène, general of his troops, who was going into Thrace, to pass by Constantinople and drive the holy bishop out of it. Hermogène found the town in a strange confusion, and the efforts which he made to execute the commission with which he was charged resulted only in increasing the trouble and in making him lose his life. This outrage, done to the emperor in the person of one of his officers, engaged him to come himself to Constantinople, although it was the middle of winter; but he let himself be moved by the prayers of the senate, which solicited the pardon of the people; nevertheless he avenged himself on Paul by banishing him, although he refused to confirm the election of Macedonius, because he had had a hand in the sedition. It is not known precisely the place where the Saint was exiled; it appears that he retired again to Trèves. We find him again at Constantinople, where, in 344, he had come with letters of recommendation from the emperor of the West. Constantius consented to his re-establishment only because he feared to draw upon himself the arms of his brother.

The situation of Paul was no more tranquil than before; and the Arians, always in credit, continued to raise a thousand crosses against him. He expected some help from the council which was held at Sardica in 347; but things did not for that reason change their face. The Eusebians, having assembled at Philippopolis, pronounced a sentence of excommunication against Saint Paul and Saint Athanasius, Pope Julius and several other bishops who, like so many columns, upheld the Catholic faith. The ill treatments which the orthodox suffered increased still more after the death of Constans, which happened in 350.

Constantius, having no longer anything to fear from his brother, declared himself more openly than ever in favour of the heretics. Animated by their discourses, he sent from Antioch, where he then was, an order to Philip, prefect of the praetorium, to drive Paul from the Church and from the city of Constantinople, and to put Macedonius in his place. The prefect was sold to the party of the Arians; but he dared not use violence, for fear lest the people, full of affection for their pastor, should revolt; he had Paul told therefore secretly to come and find him at one of the baths of the town where he awaited him. This was the place he chose to show him the order of the prince. The Saint submitted without the least resistance, in spite of the irregularity of his condemnation. Meanwhile the people, who suspected some evil design, had gathered at the door of the bath; Philip, to avoid a sedition, made the prelate pass by a door which was on the opposite side, and sent him under a good guard to the palace, which was not far off.

Paul was conducted to Thessalonica, without, however, any place being fixed for his exile. Thus he had at first liberty to dwell where he wished: but his enemies soon accused themselves of too much indulgence; they had him loaded with irons and sent him to Singare, in Mesopotamia; thence he was transported to Emèse, in Syria, then to Cucuse,[5] a little town situated in the deserts of Mount Taurus, on the confines of

Cappadocia and Armenia, where the air was very unhealthy: there he was shut up in a black dungeon and left in total abandonment. His enemies went so far as to forbid that any food should be given him.

Six days after, irritated that he still lived, they had the barbarity to strangle him; but, to hide their crime, they published that he had died of sickness. His martyrdom happened in 350 or 351.[6]

For the rest, Philip could not escape the blows of divine vengeance: the same year he was stripped of his dignities as well as of his goods. Become the plaything of all who had known him, he seemed to desire, like Cain, that a homicidal hand should come and deliver him from his remorse; but he had to expiate his crime in the languors of a long exile, far from his country and forgotten by his friends of former times. Divine justice extended even to his son Simplicius, who was, eight years after, condemned to a perpetual exile. Saint Paul living no more, the Arians remained masters of the Church of Constantinople, and they kept it until 379, an epoch at which Saint Gregory of Nazianzus was elected bishop of that city.

The body of the Saint was carried from Cucuse to Ancyra, in Galatia, where it was surrounded with great veneration. Theodosius had it transferred to Constantinople (7 June 381). As it was the day after the close of the council which was held in this capital under his reign, all the Fathers of the illustrious assembly assisted at this solemn translation. The precious remains were deposited in the church which had been built by Macedonius and which, from that time, was no longer known but under the name of Saint-Paul. Thus this famous basilica, of which the enemy of our Saint had made the citadel of the Arian heresy, became, by the effect of the secret designs of Providence, the imperishable trophy of the Martyr of orthodoxy. The relics of the holy bishop of Constantinople were carried to Venice in 1226, and they are venerated there in the church of Saint Lawrence, which belonged to a monastery of Benedictine nuns.[7]

He may be represented having at his neck a cord or band, to recall that he was strangled with his pallium in a chapel where he was celebrating the holy mysteries.

We have drawn this Life from Godescard, Brussels edition, 1854, and have completed it from the *Acta Sanctorum*, t. ii of June. — All the Latin martyrologies make honourable mention of Saint Paul the Patriarch, as also the menology of the Greeks, on the 6th of September. His Life has been written by Metaphrastes, who gathered it from ancient monuments, by Lipomanus and by Surius. Saint Anastasius, his contemporary, Socrates, Sozomen and Theodoret describe rather particularly all his actions. Several authors speak yet very honourably of him, according to the report of Baronius, as also the latter, both in his *Ecclesiastical Annals* and in his *Annotations on the Roman Martyrology*.

Saint Vulphy, Patron of Rue, in the Diocese of Amiens

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

Secunda post naufragium tabula pœnitentia est.

After shipwreck, penance is the plank of safety. St. Jerome, bk. i on Isaias.

Saint Vulphy was born at Rue, in Ponthieu, of parents of middling condition, toward the end of the sixth century. His education was altogether holy, and his morals answering to the care of his parents and of his masters, he soon made appear so much wisdom and piety that he was judged worthy of the clerical state and of the minor orders. But he did not persevere in his design and married an accomplished young person; he had by her three daughters whom he brought up in the fear of God, in contempt of the world and of all its vanities, in an exact observance of the commandments of God and of the Church, and of the evangelical precepts.

His house was so well regulated that it appeared rather a temple or a paradise than a profane or secular house. He was himself a model of chastity, of sobriety, of modesty, of humility, of gentleness, of charity toward the poor, of patience in adversities and of devotion toward God. At last the whole town of Rue was so edified by

his conduct and his virtue that it asked for him as pastor. Saint Riquier then exercised the apostolic functions in Ponthieu, and it was to him that the Christians of Rue addressed themselves. He examined their petition carefully; and, having recognised that Vulphy had in marriage all the priestly virtues, he decided him to quit that state in order to labour for the salvation of souls in the pastoral functions. The Saint obtained the consent of his wife; and binding himself by vow to a perpetual continence, which has always been attached to the sacred orders, he was ordained priest and began to rule the church which divine Providence had entrusted to him.

He did so with a marvellous success, and surpassed even the hopes of the people of Rue. But, O weakness of our nature! O inconstancy of our heart! O misery of our mortal condition! Vulphy, forgetting the holiness of his ministry, had carnal commerce with his wife, whom he ought no longer to regard but as his sister. This fall became known: it surprised, it scandalised everyone. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave Vulphy long in this shameful state. He opened his eyes, he recognised his fault, he conceived a true regret of it: knowing that the Canons forbade the sacrilegious priest to approach the holy altars any more, he condemned himself to this chastisement before his superiors imposed it on him. He quitted therefore his cure; and, after having provided for the subsistence of his wife and his daughters, he undertook as a penance the journey to the Holy Land, with no other company than that of his guardian angel, and with no other provision than a great confidence in the care of divine Providence. He watered all his road with his tears, and he made fewer steps than he sent sobs and groans toward heaven. When he had arrived in Palestine he visited the Holy Places with a marvellous humility and compunction. He was not content to wash with his tears the spots which Our Lord has stained with His blood; he wished that it should cost him blood also by the rigour of the scourges with which he chastised his body; at last his fervour was so great that God, to testify to him that He had pardoned his crime, gave him the grace of miracles, of which he made use for the cure of several maladies.

He would greatly have wished to pass the rest of his days at the foot of Calvary; but the Holy Ghost, who had led him into Palestine, inspired him to return to France to do penance in the same place where he had sinned, and to edify by his austerity and his heroic virtues those whom he had scandalised by his bad example. He came back therefore to Ponthieu, and, having addressed himself to Saint Riquier, his former director, he begged him to permit him to live in solitude in a desert depending on his abbey of Centule, which has since been called Regnière-Ecluse. Having obtained this permission, he built a cell in this desert: he shut himself up in it to pass the rest of his days in tears, in the contemplation of the mysteries of our religion and in the praises of the sovereign Author of all things. His austerities were so prodigious that it is surprising a human body could bear them. His fasts and his vigils were continual, and one could almost say that he did not eat, that he did not drink and that he did not sleep.

He afflicted himself above all by a great thirst; however ardent it was, he could relieve it only by going to seek water at a fountain half a league distant from his cell; but all those steps were counted, and God made it appear that He held them agreeable, for the path by which he went to this fountain, although no one passed there, remained very long without any grass or thistle growing on it, and without even the grains which fell on it germinating and taking root. Thus one saw in Saint Vulphy the truth of what Saint Paul says: “That all things work together unto good to those who are called to holiness by the will of God”; Saint Augustine excepts not even sins, because the predestined draw from them matter of humility, of penance, of shame at themselves and of greater fervour.

Meanwhile the demon did not leave our Saint in peace; he made, on the contrary, all his efforts to inspire him with a disgust of solitude and to make him abandon this austere life which he had embraced. He excited in his mind a thousand dangerous images to alter the purity of his soul and tear from him either a consent, or a connivance, or a cowardice in repelling these attacks and getting rid of these thoughts. He put before his eyes, now the pleasures of which he could enjoy in the world, now the need that his daughters had of his

presence and of his help, now the difficulty of persevering long in so great a rigour, now the little hope he ought to have of the pardon of his fault; in a word, his combats were so violent and so importunate that he had need of great courage to repel them and to come out of them victorious; but the Saint, armed with the sign of the cross, with assiduous prayer and with a holy cruelty against himself, dissipated all this war, and became so formidable to his adversary that the latter dared no more attack him. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Rue, who had formerly been his children, came in crowds to visit him to have part in his instructions; they were the more efficacious because he drew them by prayer from the source of all lights, from the spirit of wisdom which God gives to all who ask Him. They obtained also often from his charity the cure of their maladies, consolation in their evils and a thousand other good offices which this great servant of God could not refuse them. The English also wished to have part in the effects of his benevolence, and there were some who crossed the sea and came into France, to have the happiness of conversing with him and of profiting by the abundance of his blessings. At last, after having been long purified in the furnace of divine love, he found himself beautiful enough and brilliant enough to be placed in the abode of the pleasures of the Spouse, that is to say in heaven, whither his soul was transported on the 7th of June, a year or two before Saint Riquier, about 643. He is patron of Ponthieu and especially of the church of Rue.

Cult and Relics of Saint Vulphy

His body was buried in the place which he had so long bathed with his tears and sanctified by his penance. He worked many miracles there; but afterwards, that of Saint Riquier having been transported from Forest-Montiers to the church of the abbey of Centule, which since bore his name, this same body of Saint Vulphy was transferred to Forest-Montiers, and remained there until the end of the ninth century: it was then carried to Montreuil-sur-Mer, to save it from the hands of the Barbarians who had thrown themselves into France. It was still, before ’93, in this town, in the abbey of Saint-Sauve, which Father Giry calls a sanctuary, on account of the great number of holy bodies which reposed there; but, in the year 1635, on the 20th of April, it was taken out of its ancient shrine and placed in a new one, covered with plates of silver very well wrought, and there was found an old silver label on which were these words: *Hic continetur corpus sancti Vulphagii confessoris*; that is to say, here is enclosed the body of Saint Vulphy. On the 28th of September 1635 there was taken from the shrine of the Saint: his lower jaw for the church of Rue,[1] and two fragments of tibia for the cathedral. The shrine of the church of Saint-Sauve passed through the revolutionary crucible: the parish church possesses no more than some vertebrae of the Saint. One of his relics is still preserved today at Le Crotoy.

The church of Saint-Vulphy, which dated in part from the twelfth century, was demolished in 1826 and replaced by a more vast construction, without any monumental character. Happily that chapel of the Holy Ghost, mutilated by time and the Revolution, has been respected. M. the dean Degove and his predecessor, M. Godefroy, have displayed all their zeal to raise this delightful monument from its ruins, with the help of aid furnished by the town, the general council and the government. The works of consolidation and repair began in 1840 and have continued since, under the enlightened direction of M. Dusevel, inspector of historical monuments. The treasury, the windows, the pyramidal canopies, the sculptures of the vault have been restored; a new altar, executed by MM. Duthoit, was consecrated in 1854; some new statues, due to the same artists (the Virgin, Saint Vulfran, Saint Vulphy), have taken place beside the empty niches which claim so many others. This whole ensemble of works does the greatest honour to those who took part in it, and notably to MM. Vast, Ramée, Verdier, Cheussey, Herbault and A. and L. Duthoit.

We have extracted this life from a very ancient manuscript, religiously preserved in the parish church of Rue; the Bollandists, tome ii of June, served us to complete it; the Abbé Corblet, hagiographer of Amiens, furnished us also some information on the cult and the relics of the Saint.

Here is the abridged history of the crucifix of Rue. Saint Helena, mother of the great Constantine, first Christian emperor, had excavations made, by order of her son, in different places of Jerusalem, about the year 327. Having learned, by the tradition of the country, that the house of Nicodemus, an ancient and secret disciple of Jesus Christ, had formerly been built near the gate Golgotha, she had a dig made there, in which were found three images of Our Lord Jesus Christ crucified. The place of this discovery and the skill of the chisel of the workman, who had carved them perfectly alike, made the Christians who accompanied this pious queen, and those who dwelt in the ruins of Jerusalem, believe that heaven had destined these three images to serve as mute preachers of the great mystery of our Redemption. They were all three preserved in the house of a Christian named Gregory, a Syrian by nation, until the time when the Christians of the West found the road open to go freely into the Holy Land. Among so many pilgrims who visited the Holy Places of Jerusalem, a citizen of the town of Lucca, in Tuscany, named Stephen, made this journey at the time when the French were taking the cross with the other Catholic princes, under the reign of Philip I (1060–1108), at the solicitation of Pope Urban II. This devout pilgrim took his lodging in the house of Gregory, guardian of these three images, and contracted with his host a friendship so sincere and so close that the latter made him the narrative of this history. Stephen begged him with insistence and for the love of God to give him one of these three images, in order to enrich his country with this precious treasure. Gregory would not part with a portion of his treasure until he had consulted the other Christians of the country: these decided unanimously, and as if by a divine inspiration, that these three images should be exposed on the sea in three different boats, without sails, without rudder and without pilot, in order to recognise the will of God. This resolution was no sooner taken and executed than the three barques sailed of themselves into the open sea and took their course toward the West: the first landed happily near the town of Lucca; the second passed on the coasts of Normandy, to a borough called Dives, and known under the name of Saint-Sauveur de Dives, where it was surrounded with a great veneration until the fury and impiety of the Calvinists reduced it to ashes; but its first memory has always been preserved there. The third image came and stranded on the strand of the town of Rue, where it was perceived by a private person who happened by chance to be in that quarter on a first Sunday of the month of August, in the year of grace 1101. He re-entered the town announcing this news with all its circumstances. The inhabitants went out with the clergy to see this adorable sign of the Redemption. This sacred image was honourably deposited in the parish church now known under the title of Saint-Vulphy, in which a magnificent chapel was built under the most august name of the Holy Ghost, to serve as a depository for this precious image. As soon as this marvel had spread in the country, the mayors, the aldermen and the burgesses of Abbeville, jealous that the town of Rue should possess this treasure, presented their petition to the parliament of Paris, representing to it that this so venerable image would be much more revered in their town, which, in its quality of capital of Ponthieu, was much larger and more populous than the little town of Rue. Their petition was heard, and the burgesses of Abbeville came in good order and force in hand to carry off this image; which they did with great noise and amid joyful concerts, while the burgesses of Rue, desolated to see themselves deprived of so inestimable a treasure, their consolation and the honour of their town, struck heaven with clamours which resounded in all the surroundings, imploring the Holy of Holies in this deplorable fatality. The Abbevillois, triumphant in their conquest, were returning with joy; but they were scarcely out of the town when the four horses which drew the cart remained immovable, without all the strength and industry of men being able to make them advance a step. It was soon recognised that the finger of God was working this miracle. The horses were unharnessed, except one, which turned round at once, and which, without anyone meddling, led this image promptly back to the foot of the parish church, and it was put back in the place from which it had been taken. This fact was recognised and attested by John Bertrandi, cardinal, legate in France, in his bull of 1323, deposited in the “literal treasury” of the said church, and this miraculous history is cut in mosaic and in relief on the frontispiece of the chapel, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*.

The pilgrims were attracted from all parts by the multitude of miracles which God worked in this holy chapel. There have been seen even to come some from foreign kingdoms, among others Isabella of Portugal, who made her pilgrimage in the month of July 1440. The sovereign Pontiffs, namely Alexander and Urban III, Clement and Nicholas V, Innocent XII, have favoured this holy place with an infinity of privileges amply described in a bull of the same Pope Innocent VII, dated the 15th of February 1485. And our most Christian kings, who yielded to no one in piety and in devotion, have not omitted this pilgrimage in their necessities and their personal maladies. It is to the protection of God and in favour of our miraculous image that the town has been several times preserved from its destruction. There is no help nor grace that the Lord does not grant to those who implore Him at the feet of this crucifix. His goodness manifests itself in favour of all those who, by devotion and with piety, visit this holy place. The paralytics receive there their cure, the afflicted their consolation, the feeble of mind recover their good sense, barren women have obtained there their fecundity. There is no sort of maladies of which the persons may be attacked who, with faith and piety, come to offer to God their hearts and their prayers at the feet of this holy image, and who do not find occasion to bless the Lord for having procured them motives of consolation, both spiritual and corporal. These prodigies appear on all creatures, even on the most impetuous elements. All the seaports preserve faithful testimonies of them.

The magnificent chapel of the Holy Ghost contains no more than remains of the miraculous wooden crucifix of which you now know the history. The calf of the legs and some pieces torn from the hands of the revolutionaries in ’93 are in a great gilt shrine above a new altar, very beautiful and very rich. The right hand, long exposed behind the altar to the veneration of the faithful, was placed, in the presence of the whole town, in a more suitable reliquary on the 11th of June 1859. The pilgrimage has, I believe, never been interrupted since it became possible to replace the remains of the Crucifix in the chapel, even when divine service was not possible. Today that the chapel is on the way to good restoration and that the interior has already received its principal ornaments, the number of pilgrims increases each year. It is above all on the Sunday and Monday of Pentecost that the crowd is immense.

Information received from M. the dean-curé of Rue. — 1863.

Saint Mériadec, Bishop of Vannes

7th century.

Mériadec (*Mereadocus*) was born at the beginning of the seventh century; he came of the royal race of Conan-Mériadec, the first who bore the crown of Brittany. From childhood he had a gravity of conduct and bearing which made one foresee what his holiness would one day be. His heart was animated by a great charity toward his neighbour, and the evils of others caused him more grief than his own.

Saint Hingueten, otherwise called Guenganton, bishop of Vannes, aggregated him to his clergy in spite of his resistance. The priestly character added still more to his humility, to his love of poverty and to the austerity of his life. As he enjoyed great revenues, either patrimonial or beneficial, he distributed the latter to indigent clerics, and the former to the poor. The renown which his holiness drew on him made him afraid; he feared the attraction of vain glory; wherefore he renounced at once his goods and the world, and retired into a solitude near Pontivy. It was there that he sacrificed to God every day, by austerities, the living victim of his body. Very poorly clad, he wore constantly a hair-shirt applied to his flesh; he had a second hair-shirt for all bed. He interrupted his continual fast only to take a little bread, water and vegetables. His contemplation and his prayer did not cease. He had the gift of miracles, and he gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb. After the death of Hinguelen, Mériadec was elected with one voice by the people and clergy to succeed him. But an obstacle was found in his humility. He had to be led by force to Vannes, where, yielding to the tears of the population, he let himself at last be consecrated. The episcopal dignity changed nothing in his habits of austerity and penance. The fire of his charity only became more ardent, and

he was the nursing father of the poor, of orphans and of all the afflicted. He was none the less attentive to fulfil all the duties of his charge. But too soon exhausted by continual labour, he went out of this world fortified with the bread of life, pronouncing these words: “Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” He was buried in the cathedral, and many miracles were wrought at his tomb.

There are several places in Brittany dedicated to Saint Mériadec, among others the chapel of the château of Pontivy, and an ancient chapel called Traoun-Mériadec, that is to say the Valley of Mériadec, in the parish of Plougasnou, in the former diocese of Tréguier, in the place where is now the chapel of Saint-Jean du Doigt. Another chapel of the same Saint is found in the parish of Stival, near Pontivy. This chapel is a place of pilgrimage rather frequented. The head of the holy bishop is preserved there, and there is shown a bell of yellow copper, very ancient, of conical form, which is said to have belonged to Saint Mériadec; it is rung over the head of those who are afflicted with deafness. Finally there is yet a third chapel dedicated in his honour, and almost as frequented as that of Stival, in the parish of Plumergat.

Proper of Vannes.

Saint Aldrig, or Audri, Archbishop of Sens

836.

In the year 775 of the Incarnation of Our Lord, under the reign of Charlemagne, the blessed Aldric owed his birth to palatine princes on the territory of the Gâtinais. From his tenderest infancy he gave one to suppose what a celebrated athlete he would become later. He macerated his body by frequent fasts and weakened his limbs by a premature abstinence, thus setting off by his piety the lustre of his condition.

His parents wished to have him instructed in the liberal arts: he made great progress in them, applying himself above all to make a rich provision of spiritual science. He found no greater pleasure than that of conversing with the cenobites, and of sharing their austerities, their nightly vigils and all their holy practices; finally, in order that his exterior might answer more to his interior, he resolved to take the monastic habit. His parents then presented him to the monastery of Saint Mary, where he received the insignia of profession under the abbot Alcuin. At his death, Singuife, his successor, struck by the virtues and the knowledge of the young adolescent, devoted all his care to perfecting his religious education. Soon Aldric became the model of the whole community.

His reputation reached the ears of Jérémie, then archbishop of Sens. He summoned him to him, and seeing that renown exaggerated nothing of his virtues, he promoted him to the diaconate, and two years after, to the priesthood. Aldric showed a zeal ever increasing for the works of God. The report of his holiness drew the attention of King Louis the Debonair, who made use of his eloquence to thunder against the unbelievers who were then combating the Christian faith. Aldric succeeded in it perfectly, and the king, to testify to him his gratitude, named him commandant of his palace. There, making himself the advocate of wards, the defender of widows, the counsellor of the unfortunate, he acquired the favour of everyone. Envy wished to dethrone him; he was calumniated and persecuted, but his invincible patience triumphed over his implacable enemies: could he be crushed by their arms, he who was furnished with heavenly protection?

In the meantime Adalbert succeeded Singuife; but he died in the fourth year of his administration. Aldric was then elected by a unanimous voice to succeed him. In his pious humility he refused at first, but, overcome by the reiterated entreaties of the brothers, he consented at last with affability to their request. When he had taken in hand the reins of government, this so eminent abbot saw his good reputation grow from day to day, and, although he led a solitary and hidden life, the light could not remain long under the bushel: the occasion soon presented itself for it to shine with a more lively brightness.

Jérémie had just died; the archiepiscopal throne of Sens was vacant. The choice of the assembly charged to elect him a successor fell on the abbot of Saint Mary's. The Saint, learning that the repose of his contemplative life was going to be troubled by the administration of episcopal affairs, pretended that he was incapable of bearing so heavy a charge, and unworthy of the honour of so eminent a function; but he had to yield to the importunate entreaties of the clergy and the people, and he was enthroned amid the applause of the multitude. One understands without difficulty the zeal which Aldric put into the accomplishment of his new duties as pastor; thus the population, which venerated the memory of Jérémie, was soon consoled for the loss of this illustrious prelate, thinking of the inestimable treasure which it had received in exchange. Profoundly humble, God had granted him the gift of winning others to humility. One day when he was passing before a personage of high rank, he perceived in his exterior evident signs of insolence. In effect, his gait was proud, his gesture haughty, his head high, his air wicked, his look fierce, his talk threatening. Having made him approach, he hastened to ask him who he was: "The governor of the town," answered the other with pomp. And the prelate: "If thou art the governor of others, why dost thou not think of governing thyself? Being ashes and dust, why dost thou abandon thyself to thoughts of an immoderate pride?" Mingling gentleness with the reproach, and pouring out, like the Samaritan, the wine and oil on the wounds of the half-dead man, the holy prelate so touched by charity the heart of the sick man that the latter, following the inspiration of divine grace, asked to become a monk; which was granted him.

Meanwhile Aldric bent under the weight of years. After having obtained from God by his prayers a successor worthy of him, he renounced the cares of the archiepiscopal charge, and shut himself up once more in the solitude of the cloister. It was there that he died in the sixty-first year of his age (836), after having predicted to his disciples the day of his decease. He had chosen for the place of his burial the convent of Ferrières, where he was buried with pomp near the chapel of Saint Andrew, in a stone tomb which he had had built for himself in his lifetime. It is there that the Lord worked a great number of marvels and miracles, to show, no less after the death of the Saint than during his life, the eminence of the virtues of His servant. His relics were burnt in 1569 by the Huguenots; there remained only some fragments, which were preserved before the Revolution in the abbey of Ferrières. The feast of Saint Aldric is marked on the 10th of October; but the Church of Sens celebrates it on the 6th of June, the day of this holy prelate's consecration.

A religious of Ferrières wrote his life at the beginning of the eleventh century; Mabillon published it with remarks, and Papebroch gave it again with notes in the *Acta Sanctorum*, at the 6th of June.

We have of Saint Aldric: Letter to Frothaire, bishop of Toul, in Duchesne, Mabillon and Labbe. This piece, signed by twenty-six prelates, is without date; it is addressed to all the bishops of the empire of Lothaire, which proves that it is of the year 833, the epoch of the deposition of Louis the Debonair. A manuscript is also attributed to him, entitled: *De excommunicatione culparum.* Taken from the *Annales hagiologiques de la France*, by M. Ch. Barthélemy, t. ix, Versailles 1868, and from the *France pontificale*, by M. H. Fisquet.

Saint Gilbert, First Abbot of Neuffonts or Neuffont-Aînés, in Auvergne

1152.

Gilbert, of a noble family of Auvergne, took the cross to go, with Louis the Young, to fight in the East against the enemies of the Christian name. He set out furnished with the blessing of the bishop of Clermont, confiding to the care of his holy and chaste spouse Pétronille their only daughter, named Poncia. He ordered most insistently that, during his absence, there should be given each day to the poor the food that he would consume if he were present. Arrived in Palestine with his companions in arms, he showed as much Christian modesty as bravery. On the field of battle he was a soldier of invincible courage; in the tent he was a religious. He was as much loved by his friends as feared by his enemies.

The disasters which the Christians experienced caused him a lively grief, which, by altering his health, obliged him to return to France. Returned to his family, he concerted with his wife to lead both of them in future a life still holier and purer. They believed that voluntary poverty was the richest treasure of this world. Wherefore they sold a part of their goods to relieve the poor and employed the rest in the foundation of two monasteries of the Order of Prémontré, one for women, the other for men. Poncia approved this resolution of her parents. The monastery of girls situated at Aubeterre was directed first by Pétronille, afterwards by Poncia, equal to her mother in holiness. As for Gilbert, he retired into the solitude of Neulfonts,[1] and he showed himself as valiant a monk as he had been a brave soldier. There, his renown of great holiness having attracted many men, he laid the foundations of the monastery which he had long meditated building. He had at first had the idea of choosing another site, more healthy than Neulfonts; but a warning from heaven brought him back to this place. When the construction of the buildings was almost finished he betook himself to the church of Lieu-Dieu, in the diocese of Sens, to take the habit of Prémontré there. He brought back to Neulfonts canons of this church. These forced him to be their abbot. It was in the exercise of this function that, exhausted by fasts, vigils and prayers, he flew away to the Lord. His body was first deposited in the cemetery of the poor of the hospice, then transferred into the church of the monastery, which has since taken his name, and where devotion attracted a great concourse of people, on account of the miracles which were wrought at his tomb. There was a portion of his relics in the college of the Premonstratensians at Paris.

Proper of Moulins and of Clermont.

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[2] They were victims of the bloody persecution which the king of the Saracens, Abdérame, excited against the Christians at Cordova, which was the seat of his kingdom in Spain; Saint Eulogius, an eye-witness, has given us a historical account of their martyrdom.

[3] Saint Robert was born at York. After having exercised for some time the pastoral ministry in a parish of his diocese, he listened to an interior voice which solicited him and retired among the Benedictines of Our Lady of York. Later the celebrated abbey of Fountains, where the rule was observed in all its primitive rigour, owed its foundation to him. Saint Bernard himself affiliated this monastery to the Order of Cîteaux. Saint Robert became afterwards abbot of a monastery which Ranulphe of Merley, baron of Morpeth, had built on his lands. The life of Saint Robert was altogether angelic: he passed his Lents with a little bread and water and consecrated entire days and a great part of his nights to conversations with God. He died on the 7th of June 1159. He had been bound in friendship with Saint Bernard and had during his life wrought several miracles.

[4] Marcellin was very faithful, from his tenderest infancy, in observing the divine commandments, and he shone thus with the lustre of all the virtues, in particular of an unspotted chastity. When he arrived at the dignity of bishop, the diocese of Velay was still in great part engaged in the errors of paganism; he completed the conquest of this region to Jesus Christ. It formed no longer but a single family, of which he was the father and the model, and the church of Velay shone under his government with a great lustre of piety and holiness. At last the holy pastor, laden with all the gifts of grace, illustrious by his miracles and full of days, went away into the dwellings of the eternal kingdom.

Saint Marcellin was first buried in the ancient episcopal city, now named Saint-Paulien; but, under the reign of Charles the Bald, Norbert, bishop of Le Puy, transferred his relics to Monistrol, near the Loire. In 1309 Bernard, bishop of the same see, founded a college of thirteen canons to sing without ceasing the praises of God in the presence of the holy relics. — Proper of Le Puy.

[5] Agrice is one of the metropolitans whom, for want of a bishop, Sidonius Apollinaris, bishop of Clermont, invited, about 472, to the election of Saint Simplice, bishop of Bourges. A letter of the learned prelate teaches us that Agrice of Sens was one of the most illustrious ecclesiastics of his century. After having governed his church for thirty-two years, he fell asleep in the Lord on the 13th of June 437, and was buried beside his predecessors, at Saint-Gervais, whence he was taken and put at Saint-Pierre le Vif, in 876. His memory was formerly celebrated at Sens on the 13th of June. See that day.

[6] Daughter of Clovis and of Clotilde. This virgin had a great devotion to Saint Peter, the prince of the Apostles. She raised in his honour a monastery at Mauriac (Cantal), and enriched considerably the church of Saint-Pierre of Sens which her mother had had built. She died an octogenarian. Auvergne, and principally the town of Mauriac, has always held her in great veneration. — Proper of Saint-Flour.

[7] See the 13th of June.

[8] Joan of Courcelles of Pourlans was born at the château of Pourlans on the 2nd of April 1691. She embraced the religious life among the ladies of Le Tart, an abbey of Bernardines founded in 1131, and was chosen, while still young, abbess of this monastery. As this house was distant from the town, exposed to pillage, to the insults of soldiers and almost ruined by the wars, Joan of Courcelles obtained that it should be transferred to Dijon, which was executed on the 24th of May 1623.

She introduced at once the reform into this abbey, and was aided in this pious enterprise by Sebastian Zamet, bishop of Langres. Although she was abbess in perpetual title, she resigned this dignity, in order that it might henceforth be elective and triennial. Pope Urban VIII and King Louis XIII approved this reform, which was sustained with edification until the suppression of the monasteries.

After having been honoured several times with the suffrages of her sisters, Joan of Pourlans died in the odour of sanctity on the 16th of May 1651. Her body was transferred, in 1708, into the new church of the abbey, and the following inscription was placed on her tomb:

"Here lies a noble lady, Lady Joan of Courcelles of Pourlans, who came into the world for the salvation of many, and for the edification of all those who knew her, the 2nd of April 1591."

[9] See her life in the volume consecrated to the Venerables.

[10] See the preceding day.

[11] See that day.

[12] Adam of Bremen says, speaking of him, that he was the most powerful of all the princes who had sovereignty among the Slavs; but he surpassed his predecessors in prudence and in courage; he surpassed them still more, after his conversion, in piety and in zeal for the glory of God. He filled his States with a great number of churches, and caused to come there missionaries who carried the torch of the faith among the greater part of the idolatrous peoples who were subject to his domination, such as the Wagires, the Obotrides, the Polabinges, the Linoges, the Warnabes, the Chissines and the Circipanes, who inhabited the northern coast of Germany from the Elbe to Mecklenburg; he founded also monasteries at Aldinbourg, at Lübeck, at Magdeburg, etc. He honoured as his father the archbishop of Hamburg, and often he went to make his devotions in the metropolitan church of that city.

[13] Bones of the Saint are preserved at Saint-Paul of Abbeville.

[14] This Saint was born in Spain, half a league from the town of Ubalde, in 1549. We have from her her autobiography, Instructions for the religious women of her Order, and Canticles in honour of the holy Cross. She died at the age of seventy-seven years, full of days and of virtues.

[15] This is that Viton who, with Vincent and Osius, had been legate of Saint Sylvester at the council of Nicaea.

[16] *Et quoniam propter sedis dignitatem omnium cura ad ipsum spectabat, suam cuique Ecclesiam restituit.* Sozom., l. iii, c. 8. *Cum Julio Romanæ urbis episcopo causam suam exposuissent, ille, quæ est Romanæ Ecclesiæ prærogativa, liberioribus litteris eos communitos in Orientem remisit, singulis suam restituens.* Socrate, l. ii, c. 15.

[17] Ap. S. Athanase, *Apol. contra Arianos*, p. 141.

[18] *An ignoratis hanc esse consuetudinem, ut primum nobis scribatur, et hinc quod justum est decernatur? Quæ accepimus a beato Petro Apostolo, ea vobis significo; non scripturus tamen, quod nota apud omnes ea existimem, nisi quæ gesta sunt nos conturbassent.* Julius ap. Athanas., p. 153.

[19] Today Cocan. This town became famous by the exile of Saint John Chrysostom, one of the most celebrated successors of our Saint.

[20] Saint Athanasius learned all the circumstances which we have just reported from an Arian officer, named Philagrius, who was on the spot when Saint Paul consummated his sacrifice.

[21] See Father Baert, p. 24. This made various ill-informed persons believe, long afterwards, that the body of the apostle Saint Paul reposed in this place. The Greeks sent to France, about the year 1266, the head of Saint Paul, martyr, which they wished to pass off for that of Saint Paul the apostle. The signal present was offered to the queen of France: surprised, she wrote of it to Pope Clement IV, who answered that the body of the Apostle of the Gentiles had never reposed anywhere but at Rome.

[22] Rue is a town situated in Ponthieu, near the sea, between Abbeville and Montreuil, celebrated for a miraculous crucifix and for a sanctuary where numerous pilgrims come to honour the Holy Ghost. This town was founded by the first count of Ponthieu, who founded also Waben and Abbeville. He dedicated these three towns to the Holy Trinity: Waben, to God the Father; Abbeville, to the Son; Rue, to the Holy Ghost, who has not ceased to be there particularly honoured.

[1] *Locus novem Fontium*, on the river Andelot, one league from Saint-Pourçain.

8 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Aix, in Provence, the decease of Saint Maximin, first bishop of that city, who is said to have been a disciple of Our Lord.[1] 1st century. — The same day, Saint Calliope, martyr, who, after having had her breasts cut off and her flesh burnt in several places for the faith of Jesus Christ, was rolled afterwards on potsherds, then beheaded, and thus merited the palm of martyrdom. Reign of Decius. — At York, in England, Saint William, archbishop and confessor, who, among other miracles wrought at his tomb, raised three dead persons, and was put in the number of the Saints by Nicholas III.[2] 1154. — At Soissons, in the Gauls, the birth into heaven of Saint Médard, bishop of Noyon, whose life and precious death are recommendable by glorious miracles. 545. — At Rouen, Saint Gildard or Godard, bishop, brother of the same Saint Médard; born both on the same day, consecrated bishops on the same day, they went out also of

this life on the same day and flew to heaven together.[3] 545. — At Sens, Saint Héracle, bishop.[4] About 515. — At Metz, Saint Chlodulfe or Chloud. 696. — In the March of Ancona, Saint Séverin, bishop of Septempéda.[5] About 550. — In Sardinia, Saint Sallustien, confessor. 4th century. — At Camerino, Saint Victorin, confessor. 6th century.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Mainz, Saint Disibode or Disen (*Disibondus*), Irish bishop, who, having quitted the episcopate, whose dangers he apprehended, made himself a humble religious in the suburb of this city, where his holiness having brought him many disciples, he died in peace, illustrious by his virtues and by his miracles. About 700. — In the diocese of Troyes, Saint Syre, sister of Saint Fiacre. A part of her head was formerly preserved at Paris, in the church of Saint-Méry. About 640. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Marius or Mary, disciple of Saint Austremoine, first bishop of Clermont, who, after having gained a rather large number of souls to Jesus Christ by the virtue of his preachings, retired into a cave, where he lived with an admirable holiness; at last he died laden with merits and was buried by Saint Austremoine. His body was transferred to the abbey of Mauriac.[6] 1st century. — At Rodez, Saint Trojécie, virgin and recluse. — At Bourges, Saint Eustadiole, widow, first abbess of Moyen-Moutiers, who was buried at the priory of Saint-Paul, which she had founded. 7th century. — At Moutiers-Saint-Chaffre, in Velay, Saint Savinien of Chaumillac, third abbot of that place. About 770. — At Ajaccio, on the second Sunday of the month of June, the solemnity of Saint Euphraise, patron of that diocese, mentioned on the 15th of May in the Roman martyrology. — At Dijon, the translation of the relics of Saint Médard, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In Auvergne, the Saints Mamet or Mammert and Antonin or Antoinet, deacons and disciples, like Saint Manus, of Saint Austremoine. — In the same province, the Saints Victor, martyr, and Médard of Aller, whose relics reposed formerly in the ancient parish of Saint-Aond, in Velay.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldules. — At Absari, in Dalmatia, Saint Gaudence, confessor, disciple of our Father Saint Romuald, who, after having passed several years in the monastic life, was raised to the episcopal see of this city, displayed there an admirable priestly zeal, abdicated the episcopate to resume the practice of the monastic vows in the monastery of Port-Neuf, near Ancona, and received, laden with virtues and merits, the crown of justice which awaited him in heaven, on the 31st of May.

Martyrology of the Servites. — At Siena, in Tuscany, the Blessed Francis Patrizzi, confessor, of the Order of the Servites, who fell asleep in the Lord on the 1st of May.[7] 1328.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Quiers, in Piedmont, Saint Génésie, virgin and martyr, patroness of this town, which invokes her against the inclemencies of the air. — In Egypt, the Saints Maroien and Joconde, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Caesarea, in Palestine, Saint Criste or Euriste, martyr. — In Bulgaria, the holy martyrs Marc and Jules. — In Egypt, the holy martyrs Ptolémée, Philippe, Jean and Acre. Reign of Diocletian. — At Nicomedia, the Saints Vitique, Nestor, Cher, Lampite, Marcine, Acaïque, martyrs; and Saint Eustole, bishop, also a martyr. — At Gironne, in Catalonia, the Saints Germain, Paulin, Juste and Scice, martyrs, during the persecution of Diocletian. — In Egypt, Saint Attirés, abbot. 5th century. — At Fano, in Italy, Saint Fortunat, bishop of that city. About the year 620. — At Nivelle, in Belgium, the Blessed Ilte, wife of Pepin of Landen; she took the veil in the convent of the Benedictine nuns which her daughter Gertrude had founded: it is around this monastery that the present town of Nivelles was formed. 652. — At Constantinople, Saint Naucrate or Naucrace, abbot of the monastery of Saint John of Stude, in that city. After having governed his numerous community for nearly twenty-two years, he died, leaving his charge to Saint Nicholas, surnamed the Studite. 848. — At Todi, in Umbria, the Blessed John Raynuce, Benedictine monk,

whose body was found again in 1568, on the indication of a possessed person. Year 1330.

Saint Médard,[8] Bishop of Noyon, and Saint Gildard,[9] Archbishop of Rouen, Brothers

645. — Pope: Vigilius. — King of France: Childebert.

Sanguinis fraternitas similitudinem tantum corporis refert, Christi autem fraternitas unanimitatem cordis animæque demonstrat.

The fraternity of blood produces only a bodily resemblance, but the fraternity of Jesus Christ produces union of sentiments in the heart and in the soul. Saint Augustine.

Since divine Providence has joined so closely these two brothers, born and baptised together, ordained priests and consecrated bishops together, and dead on the same day to go and enjoy together the immortal crown due to their merits, it is not reasonable to separate them. They were born in Picardy, in the village of Salency, a league from Noyon, at a time when the Franks, conquerors of a part of the Gauls, were still idolaters; it was toward the beginning of the reign of Childeric, father of Clovis. Their father, Nectard, a Frank by origin, was one of the principal lords who surrounded the king; and their mother, who was named Protagie, that is to say, according to the Greek etymology, first saint, was Gallo-Roman and of birth also very illustrious. Nectard, though an idolater, had all the moral virtues capable of making an honest man. Protagie was a Christian, and had even resolved to remain a virgin and never to have any other spouse than Jesus Christ; but God, who wished to make her the mother of two great Saints, made known to her by an Angel that He was content with her good will and that she ought to marry Nectard, according to the desire and the engagement of her parents. This marriage had for first effect the conversion of Nectard; he could not resist the powerful reasons of Protagie: she made him renounce the worship of idols to adore the sovereign God, creator of all things. The likeness of their faith was followed by a perfect likeness in manners, and superstition having been banished from their house, there were seen to reign in it piety, devotion, mercy toward the poor, continence, frugality, modesty and all the other Christian virtues.

According to Saint Ouen and several other authors, Médard and Gildard were twins. The tables of the Church of Rouen add that their baptism was not deferred, as was often done at that time; but that immediately after their birth they were regenerated in Jesus Christ. Their childhood was altogether holy, and their acts report admirable examples of it, which ought not to be passed over in silence. What shone most in this young Saint was his great compassion toward the poor and the unfortunate. He subjected himself to rigorous fasts, in order to distribute to them the bread which he ought to have eaten, and deprived himself of all the sweets with which he was gratified to make largess of them to them. He stripped himself to clothe them; and one day when a cloak of great price had been made for him, to appear with honour among the young people of his rank, having met a blind man who had nothing to cover himself, he made him a present of it: which caused more admiration than pain to his pious mother, who, happy to see in him such excellent qualities, strove to develop them in his young heart. Another day his father, being returned from the country with many horses, charged him to lead them into the meadow and to keep them there some time, because all his people were occupied in various ministries. As he acquitted himself of this humble employment, he perceived a man who, having lost his horse by some accident, was carrying on his head, with much pain, the saddle, the bridle, the stirrups and the girths. He asked him why he burdened himself so much, since even without a load he had much trouble in walking. The passer-by answered him that his horse had just died, and that it was a great misfortune for him, because he had not wherewithal to procure another. Then the heart of the Saint was touched with compassion, and, considering that his father had several horses, and that it was easy for him to have others still, he took one of the horses confided to his keeping and gave it to him. God made him know at once that this action was agreeable to Him; for a heavy rain having come on, an eagle came above the head of

Médard and sheltered him under its wings: which was seen, not only by a servant who went to seek him for dinner, but also by his father, his mother and all the persons of the house, who ran up to admire this marvel. Nectard's squire complained that one of his horses was lacking; but as soon as Médard had declared his action, the number of the horses was filled: it was found that none was lacking any more, without anyone being able to say how it had been done. After so brilliant a miracle Nectard and Protagie gave their son entire liberty to give alms, not doubting that, made by so good a hand, they would draw the blessing of heaven on their person and on their family.

Médard appeased also a great dispute which had arisen among peasants about the bounds of their inheritances; for, having betaken himself to the spot, he put his foot on a pebble which was in the earth, assuring them that this was the true boundary; to convince them of it entirely, he impressed the footprint of his foot on this pebble, as easily as if it had been soft wax.

During his whole childhood our Saint led a pious, mortified, charitable life. Although he passed few years in the place of his birth, he left there edifying memories which time has not effaced. Soon he quitted Salency and betook himself to the literary schools of Vermand and of Tournai. His father often dwelt in this latter city, which Childeric, king of the Franks, had chosen for his residence.

Under masters recommendable for their knowledge and their piety, Médard advanced rapidly in the knowledge of profane letters, and above all in that of the divine Scriptures. He made still more marvellous progress in the practice of the Christian virtues. Avoiding the frequentation of the great and the diversions of the court, he put all his happiness in studying, in praying, in visiting and relieving the poor. To the gift of miracles which he already possessed, God deigned to add the gift of prophecy: it was then that he predicted to Eleuthère, his fellow-pupil and his friend, the future elevation of this holy young man to the see of Tournai.

As for Saint Gildard, the tables of the church of Rouen bear witness that, even in childhood, he was extremely assiduous at church, and that he found there all his delights; that, having the gravity of an old man, he fled all the games and diversions which are the amusement of that first age; that after his duties toward God he made it a capital duty to obey in all things his parents, and that he yielded in nothing to his brother in charity toward the poor, fasting also to feed them and stripping himself to clothe them.

Our two Saints, offering in their life all the marks of the ecclesiastical vocation, were tonsured in a church dedicated under the name of Saint Stephen, where the scissors which had served to cut their hair were long preserved. It is believed that this church was at the gates of Soissons, and that it is the very one which, having been greatly enlarged by the kings Clotaire and Sigebert, took the name of Saint-Médard. What we can know of their studies is that they were put under the guidance of the bishops of Tournai and of Vermand, who took care to teach them the sacred doctrine, that they might become capable of teaching the Christian people, of labouring at the conversion of infidels and of confounding heretics. The docility of their mind, the beauty of their memory and the solidity of their judgment made them acquire in a short time what others would have acquired only in many years, and made them judged worthy, at an age not far advanced, to be promoted to the Orders of the Church.

They received even the priesthood from the hands of Sophrone, bishop of Vermand. It was in this Order that the precious concert of all the virtues with which their soul was endowed appeared admirably. Their fasts were frequent and their prayer continual; they passed whole nights in the meditation of our mysteries, and they found in it so many delights that they left it only with a holy impatience to resume it. Modest and humble, they paid much honour to their superiors; but they would not receive any from their equals or their inferiors, whom they treated as their brothers. Their gentleness and their affability made them loved by everyone, and on all sides people spoke only of these two brothers, who, like two beautiful suns, enlightened the churches of Picardy. The archbishopric of Rouen having become vacant toward the end of the fifth

century by the death of Crescence, one of its most worthy prelates, the clergy and the people elected Saint Gildard in his place. This holy Priest learned this election only with sorrow; but as it was evident that it had been made by the inspiration of God, and without any human favour, he was obliged to submit to it. Having arrived at Rouen, where there were still many idolaters, he laboured with an indefatigable zeal to win them to Jesus Christ, and he had the consolation of seeing the synagogue of Satan diminish from day to day, and his flock take at every moment a new increase by the conversion of these infidels: the gentleness, the courtesy and the paternal tenderness with which he visited them and spoke to them contributed extremely to this happy result. But what helped most were the continual prayers which he addressed to God for this people entrusted to him, and the continual celebration of the Sacrifice of our altars. He assisted the poor, he ransomed captives, he visited and succoured the sick whose names he always had imprinted in his memory; he consoled the afflicted, and, to say all in a word, with the Acts of his life, which are found in the archives of Rouen, he provided in all things for the utility of everybody.

There are above all three events which have rendered him celebrated in ecclesiastical history. He cooperated, with Saint Rémi, Saint Médard his brother, and Saint Waast, in the entire conversion and in the baptism of Clovis, our first Christian king, as is related in the ancient Lessons of the church which bears his name at Rouen. He assisted, in the year 511, at the first council of Orléans, one of the most celebrated of France; he subscribed there in these terms: *Gildaredus, episcopus ecclesiæ Rothomagensis*

metropolis, subscripsi — Gildard, bishop of the metropolitan church of Rouen, I have subscribed. Finally, he consecrated Saint Lô for bishop of Coutances. He was only a child of twelve years and had not even the first tonsure; but Possesseur, bishop of that see, having died, God made known, by manifest signs, that He had chosen him for pastor of His flock. The Angel who had revealed this choice to two priests of holy life of the same Church revealed it also to King Childebert, who gave his consent. However Saint Gildard, to whom, as metropolitan, it belonged to confirm the election of the clergy and to give the imposition of hands, found great difficulties in it. He had before his eyes the prohibition which Saint Paul makes against raising too soon to ecclesiastical dignities; he knew also the Canons of the Church which did not permit to consecrate priest and bishop before the age of thirty years. It was said to him that God could dispense from these laws, and that the declaration which the Angel had made of His divine will was a sufficient dispensation from them; but he knew that one must not believe every spirit, and that the best means of recognising the truth of a revelation was to doubt it at first and to hold it suspect. He came therefore to find the king to explain his embarrassment to him, and to tell him that it was a thing so unheard of to make a bishop at twelve years that he dared not draw on himself the reproach of having given so dangerous an example. But the king having assured him of the vision he had had on the subject, he had recourse to prayer, and then God made him know that, being above all laws, He had privileged strokes, and that, as He wished to give this child the prudence and maturity of an old man, He wished also that he should be, by an extraordinary choice, the bishop of the town of Coutances. Thus our Saint embraced him as his confrère, and consecrated him by the imposition of hands, which, in giving him the Holy Ghost, gave him at the same time episcopal wisdom and vigour.

A few years after, this blessed Archbishop, consumed with labours and penances, fell into a mortal sickness which made him know that the hour of his departure and of his reward was approaching; he prepared himself for it by the reception of the Sacraments and by a renewal of fervour, and rendered his spirit at last to God amid a great light and under the form of a dove, as a lesson of his office says. His body was buried in his cathedral, which bears his name, and afterwards it was transported to Soissons and deposited in the abbey of Saint-Médard, as we shall soon say. The day of his death is marked on the 8th of June and about the year 545. Let us return now to Saint Médard: this holy Priest, until the time of his promotion to the episcopate, assisted his father, his bishop and our kings with his wise counsels, and edified marvellously the whole Vermandois by the holiness of his life and by the force of his discourses and exhortations. His charity toward the poor was not confined to distributing to them bread, clothing, all the things necessary to life; in his zeal

for their salvation he tore a great number of them from ignorance, from sin, from criminal habits. To accomplish a task so often difficult and rough, he shrank from no peril, from no sacrifice. However, our Saint did not forget to visit often his dear Salenciens. It was, it is said, in one of these apostolic journeys in the environs of Noyon that he endowed them with the beautiful and touching institution known under the name of the feast of the Rosière. If no positive document comes to support this opinion, it finds a rather powerful argument in its favour in the ancient and constant tradition of the country.[1]

Saint Médard wrought also great miracles, which gave him so high a reputation that he was regarded himself as a prodigy of grace and as one of the holiest personages of his century. God took his defence and protection in all things. A thief having entered his vineyard in the evening, and having done great damage there, could not find the way out during the whole night, nor rid himself of his booty; he was found, the next morning, his theft in his hands, and in a marvellous fright on account of the strange night which he had passed. They wished to punish him as a robber; but the Saint pardoned him and even gave him, by grace, what he had wished to carry off against justice. Another, having stolen his beehives, was so pursued by the bees that he was constrained to throw himself at his feet and ask pardon of him to be delivered from them: which he obtained without difficulty. A third, who had led away a bull from his herd, was obliged to bring it back, because the little bell which hung at the neck of this animal, in whatever place he put it, rang continually of itself, and bore witness to his larceny. The army of King Clotaire I having made great ravages in the Vermandois, the carts on which the soldiers had loaded their booty remained immovable and could never advance until they had made restitution and the holy Priest had given them his blessing. He delivered also a certain Tosion from a very cruel demon which tormented him, by making only the sign of the cross over him. His labours, his virtues and his miracles had rendered his name celebrated, even in distant countries; but his mission was not fulfilled, and it was not yet permitted him to prepare himself in retirement for the journey of eternity: he had to fight the battles of the Lord until his last breath. Called to govern the church of Vermand,[2] become a widow of its pastor by the death of Alomer, he tried to withdraw himself from this honour, alleging his advanced age and the diminution of his strength. All his resistances failed before the united efforts of the king, the clergy, the people and the holy pontiff Rémi: the will of God was manifest; he had to resign himself to receive the episcopal unction. He was consecrated bishop of Vermand by Saint Rémi, who was then at the end of his glorious career.

Scarcely raised to the episcopal chair, he made appear more than ever his charity toward the poor, his care for the conversion of sinners, his compassion for all the wretched, and his true devotion toward God. But as, a little before his election, all the country around the Oise and the Somme had been miserably pillaged and devastated by the Huns, the Vandals and other barbarians, and as his episcopal city was continually exposed to similar insults, he took the resolution of transferring his see and of bringing most of his people to Noyon, a considerable fortress, where he would have less cause to fear the incursions of enemies. God blessed this design admirably, and Noyon became a great city and one of the fine bishoprics of France, to which the county-peerage was attached.

Some years after, Saint Eleuthère, to whom Saint Médard had predicted, when he was a schoolboy with him, that he would be bishop, left the bishopric of Tournai vacant by his death; all the Catholics of that city asked instantly for our Saint as prelate. This proposal appeared to him inadmissible, it being permitted to no one, according to the Canons, to possess two bishoprics together. But the king, the bishops of the province, Saint Rémi himself, the metropolitan, and finally the blessed Pope Hormisdas, then seated on the chair of Saint Peter, considering the needs of the diocese of Tournai, which was still plunged, partly in idolatry and partly in the infamous vices which the mixture of the barbarians had drawn there, judged it necessary to grant him this excellent pastor. He united therefore these two dioceses together, but without taking away from Noyon or from Tournai the quality of episcopal city, and he devoted himself to labour in both for the salvation of souls and for the ruin of the power of the demon who exercised his tyranny there. He had above all incredible

evils to suffer in Tournai; he was loaded there with insults and covered with opprobrium; he saw himself often threatened with death, and condemned by furious men to the last torments; but as he was unshaken in the midst of these tempests, and suffered all these ill treatments with a constancy which could never be altered, he tamed at last the hardness of the infidels and libertines, and, in a short time, he made so many conversions and regenerated so many idolaters in the sacred fonts of Baptism that the whole diocese changed face, and the light of Christianity was seen to shine there with great lustre. Fortunatus remarks, in his life, that he did there spiritually all that Our Lord promises in the Gospel to apostolic preachers: he drove out demons in the name of Jesus Christ, because he banished them from the soul of those who were converted and received the faith; he spoke new tongues, because he announced to infidels truths unknown to them, of which they had never heard speak; he exterminated serpents, because he armed Christians against all the temptations of the great dragon and of the infernal serpent; he drank poison without being hurt by it, because, receiving the confession of all sinners, he filled himself, so to speak, with the venom of their crime, without the purity of his soul being altered by it; he healed the sick finally by imposing hands on them, because, having found almost all his diocesans spiritually sick through the violence of their evil habits and passions, he brought them back to health by imprinting on them the hatred of vice and the love of virtue.

Returned to the diocese of Noyon, Saint Médard consecrated the rest of his strength to this portion so dear of his flock. One of the most remarkable events of his episcopate was the arrival at Noyon of Saint Radegund, who was withdrawing, with the assent of the king, from the honours of the court, and came to ask of the holy bishop the veil which was to consecrate her to the religious life. Saint Médard made at first some difficulties, in fear that Clotaire, repenting later of the liberty left to the virtuous princess, should cast back upon religion a separation which it would have rendered irrevocable. But the holy eloquence of Radegund, the inspiration which shone in her entreaties, triumphed at last over this laudable prudence. The prelate imposed hands on the young queen, and added one glory more to all those of his illustrious episcopate. The traditions of the Middle Ages have preserved the memory of this fact in the mural paintings of the ancient collegiate church of Poitiers, where Saint Médard figures on the vault of the sanctuary among the bishops whose esteem and friendship Radegund had enjoyed.

In the meantime a grave sickness, joined to a great old age, gave him pledges as it were assured of his approaching deliverance. King Clotaire, having learned it, came to find the holy prelate to receive his blessing. This prince, repentant of the cruelty which he had exercised toward Chramne and the family of this rebellious son, confessed his crime publicly. His avowal, his regrets, the penance to which he submitted, merited him absolution of it. Then he asked him where he wished to be buried; Médard said that it ought to be in his cathedral, according to the custom of the other bishops; but the king insisted strongly that his body should be transported to Soissons, where he would make a magnificent basilica to serve him as tomb: the Saint was obliged to yield. A short time after, he breathed forth his altogether pure soul; some of those who were present saw it mount to heaven; there appeared also, for two hours, heavenly lights beside his body, which made it sufficiently seen that he had gone out of the darkness of this mortal life to enter into the light of immortal life.

The very next day, the bishops who were at Noyon having celebrated the Mass of the dead in presence of the holy body, there was seen to arrive a numerous crowd, both of the people and of the nobility, to assist at his obsequies. They all asked that so precious a treasure should not be torn from them to be transported into another diocese; but the king remained firm in his resolution, and himself loaded this precious burden on his royal shoulders; the bishops and the first men of the court helped him in this office of piety; and, relieving each other thus, they passed the river Aisne at Attichy and came as far as the borough of Crouy, two hundred paces from Soissons, the place where the king had resolved to build his new church.

When they were in this place the coffin became entirely immovable, without its being possible to raise it on one side or the other, until the king had made gift of half of this borough from his domain, which was of the

royal mense, for the maintenance of those who should celebrate the divine offices there. But as after this donation the coffin let itself be raised on one side and remained so heavy on the other that it was impossible to move it, he made the entire gift, and had letters patent dispatched at once, sealed with his seal; then the holy body let itself be easily transported where they wished. Before the tomb was entirely closed two beautiful doves were seen to descend from heaven, and a third, whiter than snow, to come out of his mouth: manifest sign that the Angels had come to meet his soul, and that it had gone out of his body with an angelic innocence and purity. So many marvels moved the king still more to press the construction of the basilica. He prepared therefore all the materials for it; but, having died soon after in his château of Compiègne, he left this care to his son Sigebert, who acquitted himself of it very worthily. The kings who followed him, such as Clotaire, father of Dagobert, Louis the Debonair and Charles the Bald, rendered this church still more magnificent. There was added also a monastery which was given to the religious of Saint Benedict, and which has been so illustrious that Saint Gregory, pope, having subjected it immediately to the Holy See, and having endowed it with other great privileges, made it head of all the monasteries of France. There were seen there as many as four hundred religious who sang there day and night, one after the other, the praises of God, as did those religious of the East who were called the Acemetae. A great number of boroughs, fiefs, priories and provostships depended on it, and the abbot had even formerly the power of coining money.

Saint Médard died about the year 545, on the 8th of June. Father Giry is obliged to put back his death beyond 560, because, according to him, Saint Médard gave to Clotaire the absolution of the crime which he had committed in causing his natural son Chramne to be burnt, for revolt, facts referring to the year 560. Saint Médard is ordinarily represented with an eagle which spreads its wings above his head and shelters him from the rain. This recalls the fact which was read at the beginning of his life. He is represented also with a horse at his side.

Abbey of Saint-Médard. — Cult and Relics

“The celebrated abbey of Saint-Médard,” says M. Lequeux, former vicar general of Soissons, in his *Antiquités religieuses du diocèse de Soissons et Laon*, “was founded in 547, by Clotaire I, king of Soissons. If this prince was very vicious, he appreciated virtue: he proved his esteem for the holy bishop Médard by going to visit him at Noyon in his last illness; and, as soon as he knew of his death (545), he wished that he should be transported to the palace which he had near Soissons, beyond the Aisne, on the territory of Crouy. It is there that, a few years after, he laid the foundations of a great monastery, to which he called Benedictine monks whom he drew from Glanfeuil. (It was at Glanfeuil, in Anjou, that Saint Maur, sent into France by Saint Benedict himself, in 543, had formed the first establishment where was followed the Rule adopted since by the greater part of the monasteries.) After the death of Clotaire, Sigebert, king of Austrasia, to whom Crouy belonged, as being beyond the Aisne, continued the work of his father and finished the church. To this first epoch is referred the crypt or subterranean church which is still seen at Saint-Médard, and which is one of the most curious monuments of the region.

“The abbey was loaded with goods by the kings of the first and second race; there were counted afterwards as many as two hundred and twenty fiefs which depended on it; the bishops of Soissons, and even those of other dioceses, entrusted to it a great number of altars or parishes; it received from several popes all the privileges to which the most importance was then attached, above all that of exemption from episcopal jurisdiction: it arrived soon at such a point of splendour that four hundred monks, sharing among themselves the night and the day, and succeeding each other without interruption, accomplished there a perpetual psalmody, at the same time that they held public schools for the teaching of the divine and human sciences.

“One is obliged to choose among the most remarkable features of the history of this celebrated place. Hilduin, who was abbot of it about 826, and who had at once much credit at the court of the kings of France and at that of Rome, obtained from Pope Eugenius II a considerable portion of the relics of the illustrious

martyr Saint Sebastian and of Saint Gregory the Great,[3] and of other saints very celebrated in the whole Church. The devotion of the great and of the people was so revived by this precious acquisition that the abbot could easily rebuild, on a more vast plan, the principal church of the monastery: the consecration of it took place in 841, with the greatest pomp; King Charles the Bald was not content with assisting at it, surrounded by seventy-two archbishops and bishops, and by almost all the great of his kingdom; but, aided by the most distinguished lords, he transported himself the body of Saint Médard from the lower crypt into the new basilica. Among the abbots who governed the monastery in the following centuries, one must remark above all Saint Arnould, who was raised afterwards to the see of Soissons, about 1080, and Saint Géraud.

"The church of the monastery having been destroyed by a disaster of which the cause is unknown, it was rebuilt at the beginning of the twelfth century; and the consecration which was made, on the 15th of October 1131, by Pope Innocent II in person, surpassed by its solemnity what had been done in preceding ages. The Pope having granted plenary indulgences to those who should visit it on the anniversary day, the concourse of those who wished to profit by the pardons of Saint Médard was so great that, all not being able to enter the church, certain limits were fixed, with the permission of the Pope, within which the pilgrims might acquit themselves of the prescribed practices and gain the indulgence. For the rest, this privilege appears to have been specially attached to a sort of jubilee which was celebrated every fifty years, and which gave occasion to processions and solemn ceremonies, called the pardons of Saint Médard.

"Besides the principal church, the monastery contained within its enclosure six other churches: the most remarkable was that of Saint Sophia, where Hilduin had placed canons or ecclesiastics living in community, charging them to administer the Sacraments to the pilgrims and guests, in order to leave more liberty to the monks. The other churches were probably exterior chapels for the people who depended on the monastery, or interior oratories serving for some exercises of the community.

"There are counted as many as ten councils which were held at Saint-Médard; the first took place in the year 744, and the fifth in the year 862. Several kings and several queens were crowned there. There passed there also scenes which had a deplorable gravity: it is at Saint-Médard that Louis the Debonair was shut up, after he had been deposed contrary to all rules and subjected to public penance; but he soon succeeded in re-entering on the exercise of the rights of sovereignty.

"To the times of prosperity there succeeded, for the abbey of Saint-Médard, days of tribulation and anguish. Several times devastated by the Normans in the course of the ninth century, despoiled of a part of its goods, during this century and the following, by powerful lords, it had triumphed over these trials. The civil wars of the fifteenth century were then more fatal to it: nevertheless it succeeded still in raising itself again, and, in the middle of the sixteenth century, it seemed to have resumed its lustre.

"These days of a last magnificence were soon followed by desolation. What the abbey suffered, in 1567, from the Calvinists surpassed all the calamities of preceding ages: the heretics committed horrible devastations there. We borrow here the account of the author of the *Histoire de Soissons*, almost contemporary. We like his naive style. 'From Sunday the 28th of September, while the soldiers were occupied in the pillage of the town, some gentlemen went out noiselessly and came to this abbey to carry off what there was most precious. They found the shrines of Saint Sebastian, Saint Gregory and Saint Médard, with three silver crosses embellished with gold and precious stones, and candlesticks of the same metal; they carried off the shrines and threw the bones into the privies. God did not permit that these holy relics should be buried under the waters: the tailor of the religious collected them, with the help of a widow who carried them to the princess of Bourbon, abbess of Our Lady of Soissons; afterwards a vine-dresser of Crouy found in a vine a bag of white damask in which were the bones of Saint Gregory. (Later these relics were restored to the abbey; one may see in Dormay the precautions which were taken to recognise them.) On the following Tuesday, when the booty began to fail in the town, the soldiers went out of it and attacked first the monastery of Saint-Médard. You would have believed that they were so many demons carried away with fury against

the holiest things. Some demolished the altars, or threw to the ground the columns and balusters; others employed themselves in breaking the images of the church, of the cloister and of the chapter, in overthrowing the organs or in moving the tombs: one heard only confused voices, blows of hammer and axe and a frightful din of stones, wood, iron and other metals which fell on the pavement. Some were seen to go up to the belfry to break the bells, which were of an extraordinary size. The cleverest found the place where the rest of the shrines and ornaments had been hidden, and they made a great fire in which they threw all the relics they found. Thus there was lost in one hour a great number of holy bodies which had been kept for centuries. After having discharged their hatred on the objects which they could destroy with less labour, they fell upon the gallery which was above the portal, the roofs of the church, the dormitories, the refectory and the other buildings, which were of an ancient sculpture, and the most part of a marvellous beauty.'

"A part of the ruins which are still seen at Saint-Médard relate to the time of this catastrophe. The abbey was thenceforth reduced to a very mediocre state. The church, shaken by so many blows, fell in 1621, and they were obliged to have recourse to the munificence of Louis XIII to raise it again. Saint-Médard entered, in 1637, into the congregation of Saint-Maur, and this union was profitable to it. Nevertheless, the ancient monastery had no more than twelve or thirteen religious when the Revolution came to close this venerable asylum."

To complete this notice on the abbey of Saint-Médard, M. Henri Conguet, dean of the Chapter of Soissons, wrote to us on the 15th of August 1866:

"Of the constructions which existed at the moment of the French Revolution there remain: — 1° the rather modern building of the abbatial house; — 2° a vast crypt very remarkable and perfectly preserved; it dates perhaps from the reign of Clotaire I or at least from that of his son Sigebert. In the compartment at the end one finds the tomb of the charitable abbot Dupont, covered with a funeral stone; — 3° a dungeon called the prison of Louis the Debonair; but its construction shows the ogival epoch, and the inscription is not of the ninth century. The duchess of Berry visited this prison in 1821. — 4° The tower where Abelard was shut up after his condemnation, pronounced in a council held at Saint-Médard, in 1122. — On this tower there has recently been built a chapel of Our Lady of La Salette, which forms its crowning. The whole abbey was sold in 1793 to various private persons, and its enclosure divided into several lots. In the year 1840 a devoted priest, M. the Abbé Dupont, then curé of Saint-Germain-Villeneuve, after having made for some time of his presbytery a school of deaf-mutes, had the happy thought of buying from the Geslin family the principal portion of the buildings of Saint-Médard. He obtained it for a sum of 40,000 francs. His personal patrimony was only 10,000 francs; he gave it as a first instalment to the sellers and trusted in Providence to help him to pay the rest. From then on he transported his pupils into the ancient abbey of Saint-Médard and set to work all the activity with which he was endowed to gather help in the whole diocese and thus to complete the admirable foundation which the Lord had inspired in him. So many cares, labours and steps soon wore out the strength of this new Abbé de l'Épée; he died of his toil in 1843, being only forty-three years old. Stretched on his bed of pain, he had Mgr de Simony prayed to come and listen to the expression of his last wishes; the pious bishop yielded to the desires of the dying man and accepted without hesitation his succession, that is to say, his dear deaf-mutes, and the house of Saint-Médard with all its charges. — The debts were 80,000 francs. Mgr de Simony sold immediately some rentes which he had on the State, and was thus able to satisfy the most pressing creditors. Then, by means of collections, lotteries, and also with his own revenues, the pious bishop succeeded in freeing the establishment entirely; he bequeathed it, dying, to his successors. — Today the institute of the deaf-mutes and blind of Saint-Médard holds the first rank, after that of Paris, among all the establishments of this kind. It is directed, for the girls, by the Sisters of Wisdom, and, for the boys, by the Brothers of Saint Gabriel. The house contains about two hundred children. Scholarships are founded there by the general council of the Aisne and by the neighbouring departments."

The cult of Saint Médard spread rapidly; the faithful betook themselves from all sides to the tomb of the Saint, whom they invoked as associated with the glory of the elect. Already, in the year 563, a public cult was rendered to him. The solemn celebration of his feast was fixed on the 8th of June, anniversary day of his death. Churches rose in his honour, not only in the dioceses of Noyon, of Tournai and of Soissons, but on all points of France. He was invoked even in England, until the moment when that country had the misfortune to separate itself from the true Church. Saint Géri, who was almost his contemporary, dedicated to him the monastery which he built on the Mount of Oxen, at Cambrai. He always carried relics of this pontiff on his person. They are found later in a great number of churches. Jodoigne, in Brabant, possessed a jaw of the Saint; Douai, Tournai and the abbey of Liessies had likewise some particles of his bones, as also the towns of Cologne, of Trèves, of Prague, of Noyon and of Dijon. There are counted in the diocese of Cambrai six parishes which recognise Saint Médard for their patron. At Paris, in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, a church is dedicated to him. It was originally only a chapel in which the religious of Sainte-Geneviève had placed relics of this holy bishop after the invasion of the Normans.

The relics of the Blessed have also undergone sad vicissitudes. Transported to divers places, they escaped the fury of the Normans and of the Hungarians only to fall into the power of impious sectaries who delivered them to the flames. By a benevolent favour of Providence pious hands were able to gather up the ashes of them and deposited them with respect in the church of Saint-Médard. Happily also, considerable portions had been detached from them at various epochs and distributed to a great number of churches. The cathedral of Noyon has the happiness of possessing some. In the year 1852 Mgr Joseph-Armand Gignoux, bishop of Beauvais, Noyon and Senlis, solemnly recognised them and enclosed them in a magnificent shrine due to the liberality of a pious Noyonnais, M. Michaux-Hannonet. This shrine of gilt copper is found in the chapel of Saint-Médard. — The parish church of Sainte-Vertu (Yonne), in the diocese of Sens, possesses likewise, since the 11th of October 1874, some relics of the holy bishop of Noyon. Cf. *Annales du diocèse de Soissons*, by the Abbé Pécheur; *Vie des Saints du diocèse de Beauvais*, by the Abbé Sabatier; *Vies des Saints*, by the Abbé Destombes; *Acta Sanctorum*, at the 8th of June; *Vie des Saints de l'Église de Poitiers*, by the Abbé Auber.

Saint Syre, Virgin, Benedictine Religious in the Monastery of Jouarre

640. — Pope: Severinus. — King of France: Clovis II.

Tutius est claustrum quam castrum.

Cloisters offer more security than camps.

Hugh of Saint-Victor.

Saint Syre, of the royal house of Scotland, was daughter of Eugene IV and sister of Saint Fiacre. She nourished herself on Christian piety at the same time as on her mother's milk. Resolved never to have any other spouse than Jesus Christ, she had conceived for Him an ardent love, so much so that she passed whole hours kneeling on the ground, in the ravishment of her soul and in the adoration of the heavenly Spouse.

Her father took great care to have her brought up in virtue and Christian piety. To this end he chose, to instruct her, a prelate who, to knowledge, joined prudence, wisdom and piety. This was Saint Conon, bishop of Lodore. She was asked in marriage by a great number of illustrious suitors; but, the better to resist their pursuits, she asked and obtained of heaven the grace of becoming blind. Then, warned secretly from on high that she would recover her sight in France, and besides eager to follow her brother in the ways of Christian perfection, she formed the design of going to find him in his solitude, and, with the aid of her good angel, she succeeded in executing her project. She passed therefore into France with some companions, and the pious solitary received with joy his sister and her attendants, exhorted them powerfully to the practice of the virtues and above all to the keeping of holy virginity. To preserve them from dangers and have them instructed in the

religious ways, he sent them to Saint Fare, sister of the bishop of Meaux, who was abbess of Brige, otherwise Jouarre. It was under her guidance that she formed herself to the monastic life.

Saint Fiacre having also had revelation that his sister would recover her sight by the merits of Saint Savinian, martyr of Troyes, drew her afterwards from this monastery and sent her to Troyes, to the discovery of the tomb, then unknown, in consequence of the tumult and calamities of the barbarian invasions, of the martyr who was to save her. She had the happiness of discovering it, by an inspiration from on high; she prostrated herself there in prayer and poured out there all her soul; she would not rise until she had recovered the sight which she had so often asked of God with abundant tears. Her prayer was not long in being heard. To testify her lively gratitude to heaven and to the holy martyr, and to render it in some sort perpetual and living, she formed the resolution of fixing her dwelling in this place. She had a cell and a chapel built there, where she passed days and nights in prayers, penances and all sorts of good works, in company with some of the virgins who had come from Scotland with her.

It was from this place that she came from time to time to Châlons and that she retired among the pious virgins of the community of Saint Pome. How she satiated them with the heavenly doctrine with which she was filled! She inflamed hearts with the fire of divine love by those beautiful words which she repeated so often and which deserve to be written in letters of gold: “Ah! how vile, contemptible, foul the earth appears to me when I look at heaven! Vanity of vanities, all is but vanity, except to serve God and to love Him alone.”

The report of her holiness soon spread and cast a lively lustre over the whole surrounding country. They came therefore to beg her to leave her dear cell to go to a monastery of girls, greatly fallen from its ancient regularity, to make fervour revive there. She had much pain in going there, esteeming herself too miserable a creature to work such a marvel, to reform religious, she who was not one and who knew nothing of the ways of spirituality. Seeing however that the glory of God and the salvation of souls were concerned, she went there, laboured carefully and succeeded at last beyond her expectation and that of everyone. After having put this monastery again in order, she returned to bury herself in her little cell, at the tomb of her benefactor, where she finished her life in the exercise of perfect and solid virtues. The Lord, wishing to reward her for her labours and her piety, withdrew her from this world on the 8th of June of the year 640. She was buried in the chapel which she had had built over the tomb of Saint Savinian, and her body deposited in a stone coffin, which was still seen in her chapel in the seventeenth century. God illustrated her tomb by a great number of miracles which were wrought there.

Long after her death, under the episcopate of John of Aubinac and John of Auxey, bishops of Troyes, her remains were deposited in a shrine of brass, adorned with silver chasings and several little images. In the year 1300, Henry de Noa, dean of Troyes, established a rich foundation to have the feast of Saint Syre celebrated in the church of Troyes, with an office of nine lessons. A part of her relics was transferred to Troyes; the other remained at the very place of her death, where a little church was built, frequented by a crowd of pilgrims.

On the 27th of March 1794 the shrine of Saint Syre was cast into the flames; but God preserved the bones of His servant. Her relics were recognised in 1826 and in 1835. The parishes of Saint-Martin-ès-Vignes, of Itilly-Sainte-Syre, of Le Chêne and of Juilly-le-Châtel possess fragments of them. *Les Beautés de l’Histoire de la Champagne*, by the Abbé Boitel; *La Vie d’une Sainte pour chaque jour de l’année*, by the Abbé Chapia; Ancient Proper of Troyes.

Saint Chlodulfe or Chloud, Bishop of Metz

Chloud (*Chleorlulfus, Flondulphus*), who must not be confounded with Saint Cloud (*Clodoaldus*) grandson of Saint Clotilde, was son of the blessed Arnoult, bishop of Metz, and of Dode. Formed to holiness from his

childhood by the examples which he had under his eyes in his father's house, he was instructed in letters and the sciences by the best masters, and made rapid progress. He filled for a long time the first charges of the palace of the kings of Austrasia, and acquired such a renown of probity and virtue that, after the death of Godon, second successor of Saint Arnoult, he was, in spite of his resistance, put in his place by the clergy and the people. Clothed with the episcopal character, he who had lived until then in the world, he arrived promptly at the summit of perfection.

His pastoral solicitude was extreme. He visited often his whole vast diocese. His faith was admirable, his doctrine remarkable, his charity ardent; he had for the poor the bowels of a father.

He had the life of his father, Saint Arnoult, written, in order to go over often the actions of him whose see he occupied. Here is a trait which shows what his humility was: Saint Arnoult having given to the poor not only all that remained to him of goods, but also all the revenues of the Church, went to find his sons and begged them to come to his aid as well as to that of the poor. The youngest, Ansegise, who was the stock of the second dynasty of the kings of France, answered: "I will willingly strip myself of everything to follow the example that my father gives me." Chloud, on the contrary, refused and furnished his father only a very small help. The author of the life of Saint Arnoult wished to omit this fact; but Chloud required that it should be related. He governed forty years the church of Metz, and died at the age of ninety-one years, in the year 696. His body was deposited in the paternal tomb; but, on the 11th of December 959, it was transferred to the Benedictine monastery of Lay, in the territory of Nancy, where it remained until the suppression of the monastic Orders by the National Convention. Piously withdrawn from profanation, it is today preserved in the parish church of the same place, where it is the object of a quite particular veneration. He is sometimes seen figuring in a group, in company with his father Saint Arnoult and his mother, Saint Dode.

Proper of Metz.

Saint Eustadiole, Foundress of the Monastery of Moyen-Moutiers, at Bourges

7th century.

Eustadiole was of a senatorial family: she was brought up and lived in piety from her childhood, and, under the secular habit, she led the life of a religious. To obey her parents she married and had a son named Tetradius. Having lost her husband, she refused a second marriage, to which her age and her great riches seemed to call her. She devoted herself entirely to the service of God and employed her goods in succouring the poor, in building or adorning churches. It was first Moyen-Moutiers, always dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, which she founded and endowed in the town of Bourges, under King Dagobert. She assembled there many young girls, whom her example had determined to renounce the world. She passed seventy years in an admirable abstinence. Her tears flowed night and day, at the same time as her prayers. She made herself all to all: none of the duties of piety and charity was strange to her; she appeased discords, she washed the feet of pilgrims, she was the consoler and the mother of the poor, of widows and of orphans.

She shone by the grace of cures and the gift of miracles. After a long drought she obtained from God, by her prayers, an abundant rain. More than once the water with which she had washed her hands or her face restored sight to the blind and health to the infirm. She rendered her soul to God on the 8th of June. The bishop Roch (697– 737), all the clergy, all the people followed her funeral; she was buried in the church of Saint-Paul, which she had herself built outside the walls of the town. A priest, named Leopold, recovered sight at her tomb. Many other miracles were wrought there also.

Proper of Bourges.

Saint Trojécie, Virgin and Recluse at Rodez

Saint Trojécie was born at Poitiers: she consecrated herself to Jesus Christ from her childhood, and distinguished herself by the purity of her angelic life and by the rough austerities of a voluntary penance. Impelled by a divine inspiration, she devoted herself to the visit of the churches of Aquitaine, and employed a part of her life in these pious pilgrimages. All the places of her passage gathered the perfume of her virtues and the examples of her penance.

After having thus visited the most celebrated churches of the province of Aquitaine, she arrived in the city of the Ruteni. God had marked there the term of her career. Exhausted by her long austerities and weakened by her great age, feeling her strength fail, she dragged herself, by a last effort, as far as the church of Saint Stephen, and there fell asleep peacefully in the eternal sleep. This church, become later the priory of Saint-Étienne du Mazel, was situated on the crossroads near the Prefecture, which still bears the name of Saint-Étienne: the ancient edifice serves there as a hall for the butchery, and is still called the Mazel.

Toward the decline of the day the Saint was found prostrate on the stone on which she had breathed forth her soul and her last prayer.

Under this stone her tomb was dug, which was glorified by brilliant miracles: during her life the Blessed had already wrought several: so she was soon honoured with a particular cult.

The misfortunes of the times made the tomb of this illustrious Saint forgotten later; but heaven itself reserved to itself to repair this forgetfulness and to crown with glory a virgin so humble and so pure.

In the year 1698, Philip of Lusignan, bishop of Rodez, making his visit to the church of Saint-Étienne, had knowledge, by one knows not what sudden inspiration, of the place where the body of the Saint lay. The stone was raised, the earth was dug, and the relics of Saint Trojécie were found in the very place which the prelate had indicated: the head of the virgin was enclosed in an ancient shrine of ivory.

The bishop ordered the translation of these precious remains into the cathedral church. The ceremony took place amid an immense concourse of people, with the assistance of all the clergy and the display of the most solemn pomp. Miracles were wrought on this occasion: the relics were carried to the cathedral church and placed in a chapel which was dedicated to her and which is still under her invocation.

Les Saints du Rouergue, by the Abbé L. Servière.

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[1] The body of Saint Maximin was transported from the town of Aix to that which bears his name in the same diocese, and was kept there in the church of the Dominicans. In 1283, Charles II, king of Sicily and count of Provence, had given to the metropolitan church of Saint-Sauveur of Aix the jaw of Saint Maximin and a portion of the skull of this Saint. In 1792 a priest of Aix was able to withdraw these relics from the fury of the Revolutionaries, and, before dying, he confided them to a Carthusian religious. On the 13th of May 1820, Mgr de Bausset-Roquefort made the juridical recognition of them and transferred them solemnly into his metropolitan church of Aix.

The feast of Saint Maximin, patron of the diocese, is celebrated under the double rite of the first class with Octave on the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension. That of his translation is fixed on the fifth Sunday after Pentecost, under the double major rite. — Cf. *Gall. christ.*, and Proper of Aix.

[2] His body, buried first in the cathedral of York, was afterwards raised from the earth and placed in a rich shrine which was exposed in the nave. King Edward I assisted at this ceremony, during which several miracles were wrought. This shrine was pillaged at the time of the so-called reform; but the relics which it contained were placed in a box which was buried in the nave under a marble stone. Drake, who has described the antiquities of York, discovered this box in 1732, and put it back in the place where he had found it.

[3] More than one modern hagiographer treats as a fable this striking resemblance between the suffering, the life and the death of Saint Médard and of Saint Godard; for ourselves, we respect the sentiment of the Roman martyrology, until further information.

[4] Born in 487, friend and contemporary of Saint Rémi, bishop of Reims, he assisted, in 496, at the baptism of Clovis, and founded, about 505, the monastery of Saint-Jean the Evangelist where he had his burial. His body was later transferred into the cathedral of Sens, and his tomb soon became celebrated by numerous miracles. The Church of Sens keeps his feast on the 9th of July.

[5] The town of Septempéda, which chose him as patron, has also taken his name, and is called San-Severino.

[6] Saint Mary, priest, was of Auvergne. History teaches us nothing very positive on his birth. We know only that Saint Austremoine, one of the seven illustrious missionaries who came to spread the Gospel in the Gauls, and of whom he was the disciple, sent him to preach in the direction of Mauriac and of Salers. Having arrived near Mont-Jornac, he fixed there his ordinary dwelling, and built

himself there a very poor habitation. There, filled with the apostolic spirit, he was seen to lead the hardest life, to condemn himself to the most rigorous fasts, to exercise the most austere mortifications, preaching by day and night, devoting himself to prayer, employing at once example and instruction, force and gentleness, to lead those idolaters to the knowledge and the love of Jesus Christ. His zeal and his labours were blessed: the Lord authorised them by miracles; Saint Mary succeeded in making the Christian religion embraced in this part of Auvergne, and one saw flourish there all the virtues of which the infant Church had given the spectacle to the earth. The Saint died in peace, exhausted by his labours, on the 8th of June, toward the end of the first century. His relics, transferred into the church of Saint Peter, of Mauriac, are in great veneration there and attract the faithful. — Cf. Branche, *Saints d'Auvergne*.

[7] The Blessed Francis Patrizzi, born in the thirteenth century, at Siena, of parents distinguished by their piety and their nobility, was a saint from his first infancy. Having heard in his youth a sermon of the Blessed Ambrose Sansedoni, celebrated Dominican preacher, he thought of retiring to a hermitage; but he was diverted from this project, that he might not abandon his mother, who was a widow and blind. When he had lost her, he embraced the institute of the Servites and became one of its principal ornaments. He did an immense good by his preachings, his counsels and his rare skill in reconciling enemies, ending differences, appeasing popular movements and bringing back to virtue men plunged in vice, exposing himself even to death to prevent the offence of God. Rich in good works, he passed from earth to heaven in 1328. Benedict XIV approved his cult on the 11th of September 1743. The feast of this Blessed is fixed on the 8th of June.

[8] Commonly called Saint Slard.

[9] Called Godard in Normandy.

[10] It is attributed to Saint Médard that he instituted the feast of the Rosière. This good bishop had imagined to give every year to the one of the girls of his land of Salency who enjoyed the greatest reputation for virtue a sum of twenty-five livres and a crown or hat of roses. It is said that he gave himself this glorious prize to one of his sisters, whom the public voice had named to be Rosière. There was seen above the altar of the chapel of Saint-Médard, situated at one of the extremities of the village of Salency, a picture in which this holy prelate is represented in pontifical vestments, and placing a crown of roses on the head of his sister, who is coiffed in her own hair and kneeling.

This reward became for the girls of Salency a powerful motive of good conduct. Saint Médard, struck with this advantage, perpetuated the establishment of it. He detached from the

domains of his land eleven to twelve arpents, of which he assigned the revenues to the payment of the twenty-five livres and of the accessory expenses of the ceremony of the Rosière.

By the title of the foundation it is necessary not only that the Rosière have an irreproachable conduct, but that her father, her mother, her brothers, her sisters and other relatives, going back as far as the fourth generation, be themselves irreprehensible; the slightest stain, the least suspicion, the smallest cloud in the family would be a title of exclusion.

The lord of Salency has always been in possession of the right of choosing the Rosière among three girls natives of the village of Salency, who are presented to him a month in advance. When he has named her, he is obliged to have her announced at the parish *prône*, in order that the other girls, her rivals, may have time to examine this choice and to contradict it if it were not conformable to the most rigorous justice. This examination is made with the most severe impartiality, and it is only after this trial that the choice of the lord is confirmed.

On the 8th of June, day of the feast of Saint Médard, or else on the Sunday nearest to this day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Rosière, dressed in white, her hair curled and powdered, her hair floating in curls on her shoulders, accompanied by her family and by twelve girls also dressed in white, with a broad blue ribbon as baldric, betakes herself to the château of Salency to the sound of various instruments. The lord or his deputy and his bailiff, preceded by the same instruments, and followed by a numerous cortège, lead her to the parish, where she hears Vespers on a prie-dieu placed in the middle of the choir. Vespers finished, the clergy goes out in procession with the people to go to the chapel of Saint-Médard. It is there that the curé or the officiant blesses the crown or hat of roses which is on the altar. This hat is surrounded with a blue ribbon and furnished in front with a silver ring. After the blessing and a discourse suited to the subject, the celebrant places the crown on the head of the Rosière, who is kneeling, and hands her at the same time the twenty-five livres, in the presence of the lord and the officers of his justice. The Rosière thus crowned is led back to the parish, where the *Te Deum* and an antiphon to Saint Médard are sung.

This touching ceremony, interrupted during the revolution, was re-established in 1812, and since that epoch it is renewed each year; but time has brought some modifications to it. The Rosière receives at present a sum of three hundred francs, of which the municipal council furnishes half. One sees in the chapel of Saint-Médard, situated at the entrance of the village and in the very place where the Saint was born, a picture which contains the names of the Rosières; one or two of these names have been effaced, because those who bore them rendered themselves unworthy of the honourable title they had received. One could not believe how much this establishment has excited at Salency the emulation of good conduct and wisdom. Although the inhabitants of this village are about five hundred in number, it is affirmed that there is not a single example of crime committed by a native of the place, not even of a gross vice, still less of a weakness on the part of the sex.

This note is extracted from a letter inserted in the *Année littéraire*, year 1766, no. 19. — Godescard, edition of Lefort, of Lille.

[11] Vermand, which is today only a chief town of canton of the department of the Aisne, has never been able to recover its ancient importance. It possesses at present about 1280 inhabitants.

[12] At present at Rome the relics of Saint Gregory the Great are honoured in the church of Saint Peter, and those of Saint Sebastian in the church of that name; which proves that the entire bodies were not given to Hilduin.

9 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, on the Caelian Mount, the triumph of the holy martyrs Prime and Félicien, put to death under the emperors Diocletian and Maximian. These glorious martyrs, after having led a long life in the service of the Lord, and suffered, sometimes together, sometimes separately, the most cruel torments, arrived at last at the happy term of their combats, having had their heads cut off by order of Promotus, governor of Nomentum. About 286. — At Agen, in Gaul, the passion of Saint Vincent,[1] deacon and martyr. About 273. — At Antioch, Saint Pelagia, virgin and martyr, to whom Saint Ambrose and Saint John Chrysostom give great praises. 304. — At Syracuse, Saint Maximian, bishop, of whom Saint Gregory the Great often makes mention. 594. — At Andria, in Apulia, Saint Richard or Ricard, first bishop of that city, illustrious by his miracles. End of the 12th century. — In Scotland, Saint Colomb or Colomkille, priest and confessor. 597. — At Edessa, in Syria, Saint Julian, monk, whose beautiful actions Saint Ephrem, deacon, has written.[2] About 370.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saint-Denis, in France, the memory of the opening of the shrines of Saint Denis, first bishop of Paris, and of his blessed companions, Rustique, deacon, and Eleuthère, subdeacon, which was done on the 9th of January 1053 under Pope Saint Leo IX and King Henry I. There was found on that of Saint Denis this inscription: “Here reposes the body of the most happy Denis, bishop.” Deposited in the abbatial church of Saint-Denis, these precious relics were nearly profaned by the revolutionaries of 1793; but, withdrawn from their fury by the prior of the abbey, Dom Charles-François Verneuil, who deposited them in a safe place, they happily passed through the evil days of the Revolution, until, enclosed in three superb shrines, they were transferred, on the 26th of May 1819, with all possible pomp, into the church to which they belonged and which had formerly been erected in their honour. — At Le Mans, the decease of Saint Liboire, bishop, whose body, which was being carried to Paderborn, in Westphalia, in order that the presence of such precious relics might strengthen in the faith the Saxons newly converted, reposed during a whole day in the church of Notre-Dame of Paris, after Erchenrade II, who was bishop of it, had gone to receive it beyond the Petit-Pont.[3] 825. — At Séez and at Bayeux, the feast of Saint Evremond, whose decease is mentioned on the 10th of this same month.[4] — At Bourges, Saint Eustadiole.[5] — At Rodez and at Poitiers, Saint Trojécie, virgin.[6] — At Vabres, in Rouergue, Saint George, bishop of Lodève, monk of Conques, and later of Vabres.[7] 884. — In the territory of Moulins, Father Joseph Imbert. A former Jesuit, born at Marseilles in 1719, a priest attached to a church of Moulins, he remained in that city after the establishment of the constitutional schism, and laboured with zeal to maintain the Catholics in the purity of their faith. When the legitimate bishops had been expelled from France, the Pope named him apostolic vicar for Moulins and the territory which depended on it. But the persecution threw him into the prisons of that city, and, at the beginning of 1794, he was sent off, with many other priests, to Rochefort. He died there of a contagious fever on the 9th of June of the same year, at the age of seventy-five years. 1794.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldules. — At Pisa, in Tuscany, the Blessed Gherardesca, of the counts of Gherardesca, who, having been engaged in the bonds of marriage, exercised, by the example of her penitent life, such an influence on her husband that he took the monastic habit of the Camaldules, while she herself entered among the Oblates of the same Order, a manner of life in which she received from God numerous graces and admirable favours; and finally, by a precious death, flew away to the delights of paradise.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Pruse, in Bithynia, Saint Alexander, bishop and martyr. 3rd century. — In the island of Chios, three holy virgins whose names are not given, likewise martyrs. — At Alexandria, Saint Maxime, priest and martyr, honoured among the Greeks. — At Nicaea, in Bithynia, the Saints Diomède, Amance, Mucien, Alexandre, Janvier, martyrs, mentioned by the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — Among the Greeks, the Saints Oreste, Diomède, Rhodon, Ananie and Codrat, martyrs. — In Persia, the holy virgins and martyrs Thècle, Marianne, Marthe, Marie, Enneim. 4th century. — At Rome, Saint Fauste, martyr. Under Julian the Apostate. — At Treviso, in Italy, the Saints Florent and Vindémial, African bishops, who died or were transported to that city. About 500. — In Scotland, Saint Baithenée, abbot, successor of Saint Colomb, feasted the same day. 601. — At Bergamo, in Lombardy, the holy spouses Loup and Adléide. About the 8th century. — Among the Greeks, Saint Cyr, different from the bishop of Smyrna of the same name. The latter appears to have been prefect of the Praetorium, about 444. — At Bobbio, in Italy, Saint Cumien, bishop of Scotland, who came to die in the monastery founded in that place by Saint Colomban. 8th century. — At Sillano, in Umbria, the Blessed Joie or Giolo, solitary. The Bollandists relate that on the day of his death the bells rang of themselves, as if to celebrate in their manner the entry into heaven of the great servant of God: numerous miracles also came to attest his holiness. His tomb having been opened in 1660, a very sweet odour was exhaled from it, which only increased the cult that was rendered to him before. About the year 1315. — At Florence, the Blessed Silvestre, lay brother of the Order of the Camaldules. He had a sister, a religious in the monastery of Saint Margaret, near Florence, to whom he predicted that they would die both on the same day. The fact came to confirm this prediction. The relics of the brother and of the sister are preserved in the confession of the altar of Saint John the Baptist, in the church of the Camaldules of Florence. 1348. — In Brazil, the decease of the venerable Joseph Anchieta, of the Society of Jesus. 1597. — At Valladolid, in Old Castile, the venerable Marine d'Escobar, virgin. She had for father Diego d'Escobar, professor at the university of Valladolid, and for mother Margaret of Monserrat. After having lived on earth like an angel, without having had the misfortune to commit a single grave sin, and having amassed an ample provision of merits, Marine flew away to heaven on the 9th of June. 1633. — In Wales, the pious John Goodman, priest of the English college of Douai, martyr of the religious persecution in England under the successors of Elizabeth. 1647.

Saint Prime and Saint Félicien, Brothers, Martyrs

286. — Pope: Saint Caius. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Per persecutionem sanctæ martyrum germinant palmæ.

Persecution makes the holy palms of the martyrs germinate. Cassiodorus, on Psalm xciii.

Saint Prime and Saint Félicien, his brother, were Romans, of a family distinguished among the people by its great wealth: they were born and had been brought up in the superstitions of idolatry; but God having opened their eyes by His grace, they recognised all its falsehoods and detested all its extravagances. It was by the care of Pope Felix I that they had the happiness of being converted; their faith was strengthened during several persecutions, and they escaped the cruelty of the emperors only to assist, by their charities, a greater number of the faithful. One cannot say with what zeal and intrepidity they encouraged the holy confessors and the Martyrs whom they accompanied even to the scaffolds. They had goods only for the poor, and they passed day and night with the confessors of Jesus Christ in the dungeons; they sustained some, revived the faith of others and did good to all. It seemed that persecution respected these two heroes, since, in spite of so public and so marked a declaration of their faith, they were left full liberty to assist and console the faithful in the midst of the capital of paganism, and under the eyes of the most mortal enemies of the Christian name.

But at last the Lord willed to reward so heroic a charity, and to crown their labours with the glory of martyrdom. About the year 286, Maximian Hercules having been associated with the emperor Diocletian, war was begun to be declared on all Christians. It was resolved to exterminate them, and, in several provinces of the empire, all was filled with blood and carnage. As the two emperors were at Rome, this capital became the greatest theatre of the heroism of the Martyrs. For more than thirty years the two brothers had been braving, so to speak, the barbarity of the tyrants, and making Christian charity triumph in the very bosom of idolatry, when the priests of the idols, seeing their power diminish every day through the progress which the faith of Jesus Christ was making, published everywhere that the gods, irritated, would give oracles no more until these two Christians, Prime and Félicien, should have been punished or constrained to offer them sacrifices. These sinister threats, on the part of the gods, soon reached the ears of the emperors, and raised the whole city and the whole court against the two brothers. They were first arrested, and brought loaded with irons to the emperors, who, looking at them with an angry eye: “Is it you, wretches,” they said to them, “who dare shamelessly to make profession of a religion proscribed throughout the whole empire, and that in great contempt of our gods? Expect the most frightful torments, or go this very instant to expiate your obstinacy by a sacrifice.”

Saint Prime, aged about ninety years, answered humbly to the emperors that there was no other God than the God of the Christians, and no other true religion than the Christian religion; that they were resolved to give their blood and their life to preserve their faith.

However respectful, however sensible this answer was, it irritated the emperors. The two brothers were cast into prison; but scarcely had they been shut up in the dungeons when an angel came to console them and deliver them from their chains. Then pouring out thanksgivings: “Blessed be Thou, Father of mercies, and God of all consolation,” they said, “who hast deigned to console Thy servants and break their fetters, as Thou didst formerly in favour of Saint Peter: since Thou hast granted us the same grace as to that Apostle, deign to give us the same constancy in torments.”

The princes, warned of what had happened, failed not to attribute it to sorcery. The two brothers were led before the emperors who, having employed uselessly both promises and threats to make them renounce their faith, had them cruelly struck with whips, and torn in shreds with pincers. The torment was frightful, and the pain horrible; but Jesus Christ, for whose glory they suffered, softened this torment, and healed their wounds miraculously. The emperors would not have the shame of being vanquished by the constancy of these two signal old men; and knowing to what point Promotus, governor of Nomentum (a little town about five leagues from Rome), hated the Christians, and what his cruelty was, they ordered that they should be sent to him with an express order either to pervert them or to torment them to the utmost. Never was order better executed. On the refusal which the saints made to sacrifice to the gods, Promotus commanded them to be struck with whips armed with lead; and under this hail of blows they were heard to sing the praises of God and to redouble their prayers. “Succour us, O God, our only hope!” they cried; “deliver us, for Thy glory, from the state to which we are reduced; let the interest of Thy name unite with Thy goodness, and pardon us our sins: make Thy power shine forth in Thy most faithful servants, that Thy enemies may not ask us where is the God of the Christians?”

Promotus, seeing the courage, and the joy even with which they defended their faith and their religion, and finding them insensible to torments and to threats, believed that they strengthened each other by their presence, and that they appeared invincible only because they were united; he had them therefore separated, in the hope of coming more easily to the end of them. He attacked first Félicien, and speaking to him in a tone full of gentleness: “It is astonishing,” he said to him, “that a man of your age should persist in wishing to end his days in torments; you may have a happy old age: go and sacrifice to the gods, I answer to you for the friendship of the emperors and for your fortune.” — “It is much more astonishing,” replies Saint Félicien, “that a man of your character should take chimeras for gods; the mere plurality of gods is contrary to reason.

However young you are, you have only a handful of days to live; procure yourself a blessed eternity by renouncing your superstitions; there is salvation only in the Christian religion: if you wish to be happy, make yourself a Christian. Jesus Christ will have regard to my age: He has always preserved me until now in the confession of the faith. I have passed eighty years; it is thirty since God enlightened me, and I resolved to live only for Jesus Christ: I hope He will deliver me from your hands."

An answer so generous only irritated the governor. He had the Saint cruelly scourged with leaded cords; and seeing that this did not suffice, he had him nailed to a post, and his feet and hands pierced with great nails. But the holy Martyr, burning with the love of his Lord, sang with joy, his eyes lifted toward heaven: "I have hoped in God, and I will not fear what man shall do."

The executioners tormented him anew, and, by the command of the tyrant, they left him thus three days nailed, without giving him to drink or eat, that he might surrender through famine. But Félicien did not remain without heavenly consolation: on the contrary, by means of the refreshment which the angels gave him, he recovered so great a vigour that he employed all that time in praying and praising Our Lord. Then he was again scourged and led back to prison, where no one spoke to him.

The next day Promotus had Prime brought before him, and spoke to him gently to seduce him, saying that Félicien, his brother, had at last opened his eyes to the light; that he had wisely recognised that the Christian religion was but a tissue of extravagances, which was sustained only by a diabolical art; and that, having sacrificed to Jupiter and to Hercules, he had been loaded with the benefits of the emperors.

Saint Prime, to whom an angel had taught what had passed with regard to Saint Félicien, answered him: "Although thou art child of the devil, father of lies, thou hast said the truth, for Félicien my brother has obeyed the emperor of heaven, and not him of earth: I know the torments he has suffered, the angel of God has revealed them to me. He is now in prison, enjoying divine favours as if he were in paradise; and I greatly desire that thou separate not in the matter of torments those whom God has united by His love." At these words Promotus, furious, cries out: "Thou shalt sacrifice to Jupiter this very instant, or thou shalt suffer more than any mortal has ever suffered." — "I sacrifice only to the true God," answers the Saint, "and not to thy Jupiter, whom your fables represent as the most infamous and the most wicked of men. As for thy torments, let us see which of us two will tire, either thou in tormenting me, or I in suffering." This defiance irritated the governor; he commanded the executioners to break the Saint with blows of the stick, then that he should be applied to the torture and his sides burnt with burning torches.

In the midst of these frightful torments the Saint was heard to pronounce these words: "Thou hast proved us, O my God, as silver is proved by fire: Thy enemies flatter themselves to take my life from me, but it is to their confusion, and I will publish Thy wonders. Be eternally blessed, my Saviour Jesus Christ, that by Thy omnipotence, in the midst of the most frightful torments, I feel no pain." And as the judge imputed this gladness and this constancy to enchantments, the Saint said to him: "Attribute not, O Promotus, to the magic art the mercy which Jesus Christ uses toward His servants for the glory of His name." The judge then had Prime taken off the rack, and, to prevent him from singing the praises of God, he commanded that molten lead should be poured into his mouth in the presence of Félicien, so that, being terrified by the torments which his brother endured, and fearing to be martyred in the same manner, he might yield to his will. The Saint swallowed the molten lead without receiving any harm, no more than if it had been a little fresh water: and, after having drunk it, seeing Félicien beside him, he said to the judge: "Recognise, by the miracle of which thou hast just been witness, the omnipotence of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and avow thy weakness. The presence of Félicien my brother confounds the imposture of which thou hadst made use to shake my faith: will not so many united testimonies of the excellence and truth of our religion be capable of opening thine eyes, and of bringing thee back from thy pagan superstitions?"

The tyrant, seeing that torments were so many pleasures to them, and fire a refreshment, and that the more he afflicted them the stronger and gayer he found them, listened no more but to his rage against the two Christian heroes. He ordered therefore that they should be exposed to wild beasts. Two furious lions were let loose against them, which by their roarings made the whole city of Nomentum tremble and the multitude which had run to this spectacle from the surrounding places: it was not doubted, on seeing them, that the holy Martyrs would be devoured that very instant; but people were greatly surprised when they saw them approach the holy Martyrs, lie down at their feet like two lambs, fawning on them, licking them and recognising in them the virtue of God. Two bears, still more furious, were then let loose against them; but, forgetting their natural ferocity, they recognised also in them, like the lions, the Lord of all creatures.

Then the Saints said in a loud voice to the president: “Recognise the greatness of God, which these animals seem to recognise. Is it not a shameful thing that, being created in His image and having received from Him the light of reason, thou hast less than these beasts the sense of His divinity?” The people, struck by so brilliant a miracle, cried out: “There is no true God but the God of the Christians.” Promotus was frightened at these clamours; nevertheless he remained obstinate in his malice, and, despairing ever to vanquish these generous soldiers of Jesus Christ, he had their heads cut off and commanded that they should be thrown on the refuse-ground to be eaten by dogs; but neither dogs, nor beasts, nor birds dared approach them. At last the Christians stole them away, and buried them in a sand-pit near the arches of Nomentum. Several miracles were wrought at their tomb, and there was built there afterwards in their honour a basilica, where God has made appear the great credit which they have with Him. In the course of time Pope Theodore I, who was elected in 641, had these holy relics transported to Rome, about the year 645, and had them deposited in the church of Saint Stephen, first martyr, on the Caelian Mount, which is called today Saint-Étienne le Rond. He made fine presents to this church, and one sees there still two very ancient images, made in mosaic, which represent these two Martyrs. The day of their martyrdom was the 9th of June, on which the Church solemnises their feast. Mention is made of the saints Prime and Félicien in the Roman martyrologies, in that of Saint Jerome, in those of Bede, of Ado and of Usuard, in Surius in the third tome of the Life of the Saints, and in the sacramentary of Saint Gregory.

Année chrétienne ou Vies des Saints, by Father Croiset; *Vies des Saints*, by M. the Abbé Daras; Godescard; Tillemont, t. iv, p. 571.

Saint Pélagie,[1] Virgin and Martyr

30. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Castitas est speculum virginum.

Chastity is the mirror of Virgins.

St. Aug., serm. ix ad fratr.

Saint Pélagie, who merited to be so highly praised by Saint John Chrysostom in two most pious and most eloquent discourses, was a young virgin of Antioch, aged only about fifteen years. She belonged to one of the noblest and richest families of this city, which was also the native place of this great doctor. As God had endowed her with an extraordinary wisdom and an incomparable beauty, there was no young lord in the country who did not esteem himself happy to be able to marry her. But the more she had received from heaven rare qualities, which made her lovable to everyone, the more she despised the pleasures and vanities of the world, and suffered her soul to be possessed only by the love of God alone. She had consecrated her virginity to Jesus Christ, and resolved never to have any other spouse than Him. She did not put her honour in being richly clothed, nor in setting off her beauty by the brilliancy of pearls, diamonds and the other vain ornaments for which the girls of the world have so much passion; but all her care was to adorn herself with virtues, in order to please the divine Master whom she had chosen as the only object of her ardours. Her most

ordinary occupation was prayer; and, as she lived at a time when Christians had not the liberty of assembling to assist at the holy mysteries, she kept herself retired in the house of her parents, which she sanctified by her tears, by her penances and by the sighs which she sent continually toward heaven. It happened however that some enemies of our holy religion discovered her to the magistrate, and declared to him at the same time that there was not, in all the province, a person more remarkable by nobility, beauty and the other qualities which recommend a young girl. On this report the magistrate conceived a violent passion for her, and, finding in the Christianity of which Pélagie was accused a pretext to carry her off, he sent for that purpose a troop of soldiers.

“See,” says Saint John Chrysostom, “see this delicate virgin who knew only her modest chamber; suddenly soldiers invade it, soldiers are at her door; they call her to the tribunal. No father near her, no mother at her side; neither nurse, nor servant, nor woman of the neighbourhood; not a friend; she was alone in the midst of executioners. That she could go out and answer these soldiers, these executioners, open her mouth, make her voice heard; that she had the strength to look at them, to keep a countenance, to breathe, what a prodigy, what admirable courage! This virtue did not belong to human nature; there was there a surplus which came from God.

“However, the virgin was not of herself inactive; all that depended on her to do, she did; she showed zeal, prudence, generosity, resolution, eagerness, impatience even. But the success to which these excellent dispositions led was the effect of the help of God and of grace from on high; so that we ought to admire her and all together declare her Blessed; blessed, because God was her companion in arms; to admire her, because she herself did not lack courage. For who would not be struck with admiration on learning that, in less than an instant, she conceived, resolved, accomplished a design full of terror and dread? Neither the horror of the present, nor the rapidity of the moments, nor her abandonment in the midst of snares, nor this circumstance that she is quite alone at home when they seize her, nothing, no, nothing troubled this Blessed one; one would have said that they were friends, persons of acquaintance who were paying her a visit, so much does she preserve liberty in all her actions; this tranquillity is understood. In effect, she was not alone, Jesus was with her, Jesus, her counsel: He was there beside her; it was He who spoke to her heart; it was He who strengthened her soul; it was He who drove away fear. And this protection was altogether just; the virgin martyr had beforehand shown herself worthy of such help.

“The demon knew how to invent means to spread his oracles in crowds on every side; he gave himself out as announcing the future in advance; and he did not foresee, he forgot to prophesy all the extent of the confusion and the ridicule which he would incur on that day. Who could understand any subject of derision more burlesque than what happened to the demon on this occasion? He had the virgin taken in his nets, and he loses his prey; he held the girl, he could not keep her; one would have said that it was a shadow, not a virgin that he had seized. It is that she united to the simplicity of the dove the prudence of the serpent; the simple dove let herself be taken, but the serpent, full of prudence, escaped; though she saw herself taken, she did not despair of victory; she let neither her heart nor her thought be surprised, though her person was captive; she imagined an expedient, a wise combination, to baffle the inconsiderate mind of the soldiers, and to strike them, so to speak, with stupidity.

“The girl therefore made a show of having changed her mind; and, in order that her air might be trusted, in spite of the tempest that growled over her, in spite of the shipwreck that surrounded her with such great perils, she showed a calm and gay face. The soldiers, dupes of this ruse, deceived by the serenity of the girl, began to show her some regard. She had asked them to withdraw, for all the time that would be necessary for her to put on the costume of a new bride; the soldiers left her free to go away. Not only did they wish to be agreeable to her, but they also promised themselves the compliments of the judge, to whom they would have brought a girl adorned and decked. She, mistress of what she desired, hastened to put on what is true beauty, that is to say strength of soul, the rich and firm hope of the resurrection; and straightway she mounted

running upon the roof of her house, and from there threw herself down. Her body, brighter than lightning, in falling, struck the eyes of the demon with a terrible brilliance. For the lightning which precipitates itself from heaven causes us less terror than the phalanxes of the demon felt when they saw fall this body of the virgin martyr, more redoubtable than thunders. She accomplished resolutely this bold action which the demon formerly feared not to propose to the Lord Himself: If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down.

“Who could consider the faith, the greatness of soul of this girl without being stupefied? Thus a girl, a virgin, has vanquished thee by her energy, by her courage, O demon! The challenge which thou once proposedst to the Lord, a girl, His servant, has turned against thyself, and, running on the ridge of the roof, from there she sprang; the judge called her; it is thou who didst suggest all that; she did not obey thee, she did not accept a combat full of ruses; she knew well the malice of thy thoughts; it is thy habit to call virgins before the judges, as if to have them beaten with rods, and soon, without effort, to precipitate into the abysms, far more sadly captive, those who have not feared the struggle. If thou hast no ulterior thought, when thou callest a girl to combat, in the stadium, measure thyself with her; when she throws herself from the top of a roof, sustain her in her fall; dare then to face her; do not recoil before struggles of this kind. Give what scope thou wilt to thy ardour. Thou hast the earth for field of battle; push now vigorously the swords, to give death; prepare, to kill men, the hard instruments of murder; make ready to break the girl who falls. All thy artifices, however crooked, however deep they be, have been found without any power; the virgin has vanquished them; and, what is more remarkable, she did not claim from God what is written: Command Thy angels, Lord, that I strike not my body against the stone; but what she asked of Him was to prescribe to her soul, immediately after her fall, to quit her body.

“As a hind fallen into the hands of hunters and which saves itself, arrives at the summit of an inaccessible mountain, and there, out of their reach, sheltered from their darts, stops, and, fearing nothing, looks at those who were pursuing her; so did our virgin; she had fallen into the hands of the hunters who were tracking her; her chamber was like a net in which she had been taken, she saves herself, not on the summit of a mountain; but she climbs the peaks of heaven itself, and, from those heights, she no longer dreaded their approach; and seeing them afterwards return empty-handed, she enjoyed the confusion of the infidels.

“Pélagie thus withdrew her body from the attacks of the impudicious; she stripped her soul which mounted naked to heaven, abandoning to the enemies her sacred flesh; confounded, reduced to impotence, they knew not what to do with these remains. Behold the glorious works of our God, when it pleases Him to draw His servants from their anguish, to lead them to serenity, and to confound the enemies, apparently triumphant, and to take from them all the resources of thought.

“O girl, woman by thy sex, but of a courage worthy of honour! O virgin, who deservest to be celebrated by a double title, both because thou formest part of the troop of virgins, and because thou hast been inscribed in the number of martyrs! O girl, chaste to the point of not permitting the libertine looks of a judge to enjoy thy aspect! She despised life; on our side, let us despise delights. Let us imitate her modesty, her continence, and raise trophies of our victories over pleasures; let us repress the fury of our disordered, unbridled desires; let us animate ourselves to piety, let us strengthen ourselves in fervour; let us replace, when it is necessary, humility by audacity; finally, on this earth, let us mortify our members, so that the Lord, taking possession of our humbled body, may exalt it, render it worthy of the communication of His own body and of His divine form.”

Tillemont teaches us that the peoples ran in crowds to honour this holy virgin and Martyr, and that the place of her burial was rather far from Antioch. Her feast was celebrated solemnly in that city on the eve of the translation of Saint Ignatius. It is marked on the 9th of June in the Menaia of the Greeks and in the Roman martyrology.

Saint John Chrysostom, *Homilies on Saint Pelagia*. 11 volumes in-8°, printing-house of the Célestins, at Bar-le-Duc. — Cf. Baillet; Tillemont.

Saint Colomb or Colomkille, Abbot in Ireland and Apostle of the Picts

He was of the illustrious house of Neil, and was born in 521, at Cartan, in the county of Tyrconnel. He studied Holy Scripture under the holy bishop Finian, and having been made priest in 546, he opened himself a school where he formed several disciples.

He founded the great monastery of Dair-Mogh or of the Field-of-Oaks, called today Durrogh; he was also the founder of some less considerable monasteries, such as those of Doire or Derry, in Ulster, and of Surd, in the province of Leinster. At the same time he composed, for the use of his religious, a Rule which was principally drawn from that of the ancient monks of the East. His name of Colomkille means in Irish Founder of cells. His zeal in reproving public vices having made him incur the indignation of King Dermot or Dermitius, he left Ireland and passed into the northern part of Britain, known today under the name of Scotland. He took with him twelve of his disciples. Bede places his arrival in the year 565 of Jesus Christ, the ninth of the reign of Bridius, the most powerful king of the Picts. It is said of the Saint that he converted the Picts to Christianity by his preachings, his virtues and his miracles: but this must be understood only of the northern Picts, as well as of those who inhabited the highlands, and who were separated from the others by Mount Grampus. In effect, we learn from Bede that the southern Picts had received the Gospel long before, and that they were indebted for it to the preachings of Saint Ninyas, first bishop of Whil-Herue, in the county of Galloway.

The Picts, having embraced the faith, gave to Saint Colomb the little isle of Hy or of Jona, which is twelve miles from the mainland, and which from his name was afterwards called Y Colm-Kille. He built there a great monastery which, during several centuries, was the principal seminary of the northern Britons. The kings of Scotland had their burial there for a long time. There were buried there also the bodies of an almost innumerable multitude of Saints. This monastery gave birth to several others which Saint Colomb founded in Scotland. It was there that were formed the celebrated bishops Aïdan, Finian and Colman, who converted to the faith the Northumbrian English. Afterwards the monastery of Hy embraced the Rule of Saint Benedict.

The manner of life which Saint Colomb followed was very austere; he lay on the bare ground and had only a stone for pillow. His fasts were rigorous and continual. Piety however made him neither gloomy nor melancholy. An amiable gaiety appeared always painted on his face, and announced to all who saw him that his soul enjoyed an unalterable calm, and that pure joy which the presence of the Holy Ghost produces. His fervour was so great that in all his actions he appeared to be more than a man. As far as lay in him, he let no moment escape without consecrating it to something which had the glory of God for object, such as praying, reading, writing or preaching. His gentleness and his charity, which belied themselves on no occasion, won him the hearts of all with whom he conversed. His virtues, enhanced still more by the gift of prophecy and by that of miracles, drew him a universal veneration. He had such an authority that kings themselves did nothing without consulting him. Aïdan or Edhan, who, in 570, succeeded on the throne Kinatel, his relative, wished to receive from his hand the royal ornaments.

Four years before his death the Saint had a vision which made him shed many tears. He wept because angels had taught him that God, touched by the prayers of the churches of Britain and of Scotland, would prolong his life still four years. Feeling his last hour approach, he said one Sunday to Diermit, his disciple: “This day is called the Sabbath, that is to say the day of rest; it will be truly such with regard to me, since it will put an end to my labours.” He found himself the first in the church at midnight, which was the time when Matins were said. Having knelt before the altar, he received the holy Viaticum; then, after having given his blessing to his brothers, he fell asleep tranquilly in the Lord, in 597. He was aged seventy-seven years. He was buried in the isle of Hy. His body was afterwards transported to Down, in Ulster, and deposited in a vault with those

of Saint Patrick and Saint Bridget. Saint Colomb was formerly honoured among the principal patrons of Ireland and of Scotland. Taken from Bede, *Hist.*, bk. iii, ch. 4, and from the Life of the Saint, written by Cummenée, abbot of Hy, in 557.

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[1] He preached long the faith in the Gauls. The pagans having arrested him, led him to the governor of Agen, who had him stretched on pointed stakes fixed in the ground; he was afterwards torn with great blows of the whip and beheaded. His acts and the miracles wrought at his tomb are reported by Saint Gregory of Tours (*Glory of the Confessors*, ch. 105; *History of the Franks*, bk. vii, ch. 35). This great Saint was formerly in such renown among Catholics that Cardinal Baronius remarks that at the council of Chalon-sur-Saône, under King Clovis II, the Fathers of the council recommended this king to his prayers.

[2] "He loved," says Saint Ephrem, "the Lord God with all his heart and with all his soul, and it may be said that he excelled in all the virtues. We were of the same Congregation, and my cell was near his. I said to him one day: Who then effaces from your books the name of God and that of Jesus Christ, for everywhere I see these names effaced? The Blessed One answered me: The sinful woman watered with her tears the feet of the Saviour and wiped them with her hair; and I, in reading, when I find written the name of my God, I water it with my tears, that I also may receive the remission of my sins."

[3] See his Life on the 23rd of July.

[4] See this day.

[5] See the 8th of June.

[6] See the preceding day.

[7] See his notice on the 19th of February, vol. ii, p. 595.

[8] Saint Ambrose pretends that Saint Pélagie was sister of the Saints Bérénice and Prosdoce, and daughter of Saint Domnine, whose Life we shall give on the 4th of October.

10 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

In Scotland, Saint Margaret, queen, renowned for her charity toward the poor and for her voluntary poverty. 1093. — At Rome, on the Salarian Way, the torment of Saint Gétule, a very illustrious and very learned person, and his companions Céréal, Amance and Primitif: arrested by order of the emperor Hadrian by the consular Licinius, they were first beaten with rods, then cast into prison, and finally delivered to the flames; but, having received no hurt from them, they had their heads broken with blows of a stick, and thus consummated their martyrdom. Symphorosa, wife of Saint Gétule, took away their bodies and had them buried very honourably in a sand-pit of her country house. 126. — At Rome again, on the Aurelian Way, the feast of the holy martyrs Basiude, Tripode, Mandate, and of twenty others, who suffered under the emperor Aurelian, by the orders of Plato, prefect of the city. 3rd century. — At Nicomedia, Saint Zacharias, martyr. — At Prusa, in Bithynia, Saint Timothy, bishop and martyr, under Julian the Apostate.[1] About 362. — In Spain, the holy martyrs Crispule and Kestitut. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Arèse, Rogat and fifteen others. — At Cologne, Saint Maurin, abbot and martyr. — At Petra, in Arabia, Saint Astère, bishop, who suffered much from the Arians for the Catholic faith, and, having been exiled to Africa by the emperor Constantius, died a glorious confessor.[2] 4th century. — At Auxerre, Saint Censure,[3] bishop. About 500.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Chartres, Saint Aignan or Agnan, fifth bishop of that see. — At Celles, in Berry, Saint Séverin, monk. He received Saint Ysis in his little hermitage, where was a community of which he was the superior, and which afterwards became the monastery of Percy. About 540. — At Paris, Saint Landry, bishop of that city, who is said to be founder of the Hôtel-Dieu. It was to him that Marculf addressed his formulas. His body was at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. 656. — At Mainz, Saint Bardon, first abbot of Fulda and then archbishop of that city. 1051. — In the diocese of Séez, Saint Evremond, abbot of Fontenay, whom God has rendered glorious by many miracles. His body was carried to Creil-sur-Oise, in the Beauvaisis, where he is recognised as

patron. It was burnt by the Calvinists. About 720. — In the dioceses of Cambrai and of Arras, the venerable Hildebrand, nephew of the count of Flanders, Arnoul, who distinguished himself still more by his piety than by his birth. He governed simultaneously the two monasteries of Saint-Vaast of Arras and of Saint-Bertin. The year of his death is not known. — At Binche, in Hainaut, Saint Amalberge, widow, mother of Saint Pharaïlde,[4] of Saint Reneilde and of Saint Goule or Gudule.[5] About 680. — In the diocese of Autun, the Blessed Aurélien, archdeacon of that city and abbot of the monasteries of Aisnay, of Saint-Eugend and of Nantua, and founder of the monastery of Sayssieu, in the Bugey. His merit raised him to the see of Lyons, in 875. Some hagiographers give him the title of Saint. His feast was formerly celebrated in the church of Saint-Nizier. 895. — In the ancient province of Anjou, Sister Anne of Beauvais, Ursuline religious.[6] 1620. — In Champagne, the venerable Felix Vialart de Herse, eighty-sixth bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne. His virtues, his secret alms to the bashful poor, his public alms to the hospitals, to an incredible multitude of needy persons, his heroic patience in his infirmities, his frightful mortifications, the bloody instruments of which chance made public, his fervent prayers, his tender love for God, his holy dispositions toward death, have rendered his memory very dear to the Champenois. He died at the age of sixty-seven years, and was buried at the bottom of the sanctuary of the cathedral of Châlons under a tomb of marquetried white marble, on which is engraved his epitaph, which is an abridgment of the principal facts of his life. This beautiful tomb is now admired behind the high altar. Several instantaneous cures are attributed to this saintly personage, before and after his death. 1680. — At Saint-Macaire-en-Mauges (Maine-et-Loire), the martyrdom of Louis-Jacques Lacroix, curé of that parish, condemned to death, as a refractory or non-juring priest, by the revolutionary tribunal of Angers. 1793.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — At Buda, the feast of the Blessed John Dominic, archbishop of Ragusa and cardinal of the holy Roman Church, who laboured much for the abolition of the schism and shone in the Church of God by the holiness of his morals.[7] 1419.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Among the Greeks, Saint Benjamin, martyr. Under the first pagan emperors. — At Boseth, in Numidia, the Saints Mammaire, priest, Félix and Victorien, deacons, Albin, Domate and eleven others, martyrs. 254. — Near Antioch, the Blessed Théophane, recluse, and Saint Pansemne, penitent, who, from a public sinner, became dear to God by the intermediary of his servant. — Among the Greeks, Saint Apollon, bishop in the East, and Saint Alexis, bishop of Bithynia. — In Cappadocia, Saint Canide, recluse. About 460. — In England, Saint Yves, bishop in Persia, and three of his companions who were buried in that country. 7th century. — At Rochester, in England, Saint Emar or Ithamar, bishop. 656. — At Palermo, in Sicily, Saint Olive, virgin and martyr. About the 9th century. — In Poland, Saint Bogomile or Théophile, who left the archiepiscopal see of Gnesne to become a Camaldulian and solitary. 1182. — At Bologna, the Blessed Diane d'Andalo, foundress of the monastery of Saint Agnes of that city. This blessed woman was remarkable for her high wisdom and her sweet eloquence. Her rare beauty and her virtues made her lovable and gracious in the eyes of all. She was so applied to the divine service, to prayer and to orison that often, at her mere sight, the sisters began to melt into tears. In her profound humility she loved to wear the vilest garments; in a word, she adorned the monastery which she had founded by her words and examples, by her counsels and her virtues.[8] 1236. — At Bologna again, the blessed virgins Cécile and Aimée, of the Order of Saint Dominic. 1236. — At Treviso, a city of the kingdom of Italy, the Blessed Henry of Bolzano, celebrated in the country by his numerous miracles.[9] 1315. — At Rome, the Blessed Bonaventure, of the Order of the Hermits of Saint Augustine, and cardinal-priest of the title of Saint Cecilia. He was in relation with the poet Petrarch; he wrote sermons and several works. 1388.

Saint Landry, Bishop of Paris[10]

656. — Pope: Saint Eugenius I. — King of France: Clovis II.

Quidquid tribuitur pauperi non est donum, sed mutuum, quia quod datur multiplicato sine dubio fructu recipitur.

The alms that one gives to the poor is not a gift, but a loan, for what we give is rendered to us a hundredfold.

S. Greg. Mag., Epist. 20 ad Joann. procont.

Among the prelates of our France who flourished most toward the end of the reign of Clovis II, Saint Landry, bishop of Paris, was one of the most distinguished for his virtuous actions. He was French by nation: nothing is said of his birth. From his early youth he gave himself so entirely to virtue that he could serve all as a rare example of perfection. Our Lord, who had chosen him to serve as a light to many, raised him to the episcopal see of Paris, by the election which the clergy made of him, in the year of Our Lord 650, in the time of Clovis II, king of France, son of Dagobert and of Nantilde. The merit of his most holy life rendered him more illustrious than the antiquity or the nobility of his race, since history has remarked the one and not the other. He conducted himself worthily in his charge, employing himself assiduously in preaching, and in the practice of heroic and virtuous actions. He had a particular care to relieve the poor, to feed pilgrims, to marry poor girls, to assist the sick and to employ himself in all sorts of works of charity, with so much fervour and affection that, for his pious and great liberalities, he was called prodigal by worldly people. During a horrible famine which, in 651, desolated his diocese, he sold or pledged not only all his furniture, but also the sacred vessels of the church, to give bread to those who lacked it, and he took pleasure in distributing it to them himself.

But if he had tenderness and charity for the poor, he had it particularly for the sick, who, being in the impotence of succouring themselves, ask to be assisted with more care and liberality than the others. He was not content to visit them in their houses, and to send them the remedies and the food which were necessary to them, and to raise up charitable persons to render them the good offices of which they had need; he wished to extend his mercy into the following years and centuries.

Before him, Paris possessed, for the relief of the sick, only the Matriculx, asylums supported by the life-alms of the rich. Landry, according to a tradition generally received in the diocese of Paris,[1] did, the first, for this capital, what the constitution of the emperors had done for the Roman empire: he founded, beside his episcopal palace, with fixed and assured revenues, an establishment long called the hospital of Saint Christopher, and on which the Middle Ages bestowed the beautiful name of Hôtel-Dieu. This house was built on the very site of that of Erchinoald, mayor of the palace. His pleasure, after the indispensable functions of his charge, was to betake himself to this hospital, to render there to these members of Jesus Christ the corporal and spiritual assistances which his prudence suggested to him: he is imitated every day, not only by a holy community of religious who is charged with this great number of sick, but also by many countesses, marchionesses, duchesses and other ladies who make it their glory to serve Jesus Christ in His poor, and to present to them with their own hands the dishes and the remedies which the charity of these holy girls has prepared for them.

It was also during the episcopate of Saint Landry that the celebrated abbey of Saint-Denis, in France, which King Dagobert had caused to be built, was filled with a great number of holy religious of the Order of Saint Benedict, to sing there day and night the praises of God, and to honour there continually the glorious martyrs Saint Denis, Saint Rusticus and Saint Eleutherius, whose relics had been deposited there. Our holy prelate received with joy this blessed colony into his diocese; and, in order that the religious might live more tranquilly in a greater separation and a greater forgetfulness of the world under the obedience and the correction of their abbot, he exempted them from his jurisdiction and from that of his successors. This privilege was confirmed in a council held at Clipy, which is now the borough called Saint-Ouen, where there was a royal house, of which much is spoken in the History of France.

Our holy bishop flew away to heaven on the 10th of June 656. It is after his death that God reserved to Himself to glorify His illustrious servant. Numerous miracles, due to his invocation and to the touch of his shroud and of one of his teeth, came to attest his holiness: let it suffice us to relate some of them.

Several infirm persons, attacked with incurable maladies, and abandoned by the physicians, were miraculously cured by them; as a man named Raoul, native of Gonesse, who had become a leper; a soldier named Odon, native of Villejuif, paralytic; a woman called Aveline, tormented with a fever and a dropsy; another man also of Bagnolet, of the name of Stephen; a priest called Hervé, dwelling at the hospital of the lepers, situated near Montmartre; and the nephew of the bishop of Paris, Maurice de Soliac, a very learned prelate and well versed in medicine, called John, all three afflicted with quinsy. This John de Soliac having been carried to the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, the shroud of Saint Landry with his tooth were applied to him, and he touched them with respect, then returned with a great confidence of receiving relief from them. He was no sooner arrived at the episcopal house than his quinsy dissipated. He was cured in the presence of the bishop Maurice his uncle, who, knowing well that it was an honourable thing to manifest the works which God does by the intermediary of His Saints, himself published this miracle to the people, in his preachings, and declared all the success of it to Pope Alexander III, who was then in this city of Paris. It happened one day that fire having taken to a certain house, in the place where the great Châtelet of Paris now is, called then the Porte Royale, it kindled with such violence, by the force of the wind, which was very great, that it threatened the city with a general conflagration. However, seeing that whatever remedy one could apply, it did not cease to grow, and that already several houses were ablaze and consumed, recourse was had to the shroud of Saint Landry, which was kept in the church of Saint-Germain: it was promptly brought by the dean of that church, named Hervé. This precious relic having been fastened to the end of a pole, and opposed to the most violent flames, straightway the fire began to withdraw and to diminish, and was extinguished little by little, without doing greater damage. As one of the parishioners of the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois violated the sanctity of the place, playing at dice with some others, swearing and holding feasts there during the night, Saint Landry appeared to him and spoke to him in these terms: "Do you not know that Our Lord has said: My house is the house of prayer: why then have you been so rash as to profane this holy place?" and he scourged him so roughly that the marks remained long imprinted on his skin. Which teaches us with what respect we ought to be in the church, since God and His Saints punish so rigorously the irreverences which are committed there.

A soldier having wounded his knee with a thorn which had run into it, felt very great pains from it; so that, for want of having carefully dressed it, a dangerous abscess had formed there: nevertheless, having had himself carried to the tomb of Saint Landry, he was cured by his intercession, by applying the Saint's shroud to his sore.

The inexhaustible charity of our Saint has inspired artists: they represent him having at his sides a great wicker basket, from which he draws loaves which he distributes to the poor, or holding a book on which is an open knife.[2]

Cult and Relics

The holy body was buried in the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. In 1171, Maurice de Sully raised his body from the earth and enclosed it in a shrine of gilded wood. But on the 16th of September 1408, Pierre d'Orgemont, bishop of Paris, drew these sacred bones from this first shrine, which was only of wood, and put them in a silver shrine, which one still saw before '93, raised on a column, behind the high altar of this collegiate church of Saint-Germain. He separated from it nevertheless two small bones, the one of the neck and the other of the finger, which were given to the parish church of Saint-Landry, in the Cité: it is believed that there was there primitively a chapel serving as oratory to the Saint.

This shrine was pillaged by the revolutionaries, and the holy relics have disappeared, as well as those of the church of Saint-Landry, which was destroyed in 1828.

We have drawn this Life from the Breviary of Paris and from that of Saint-Denis. Ribadeneira and the *Gallia christiana* have served us to fill some gaps.

Saint Margaret, Queen of Scotland

1093. — Pope: Urban II. — King of France: Philip I.

Ea erat plena operibus bonis et eleemosynis quæ faciebat.

She amassed a rich treasure of alms and good works. Acts, ix, 30.

Edmund II, king of England, having been assassinated in 1017 by the count Edric, Canute, king of Denmark, who by virtue of an agreement was already master of the country of the Mercians and of the northern provinces, did not fail to profit by this circumstance: he succeeded in having himself recognised king of all England by the bishops and by the principal men of the nation; and he had himself also declared guardian of the two sons of Edmund, until they should be of age to succeed their father in the kingdom of the West Saxons. Desiring to rid himself of the young princes, who were named Edward and Edmund, he sent them secretly to the king of Sweden, with order to take their lives; but his cruel ambition was ill served, and the Swedish monarch refused to dip his hands in innocent blood. This conduct did him all the more honour in that he had everything to fear from the power of Canute, who, by a signal perfidy, had just joined Norway to Denmark. He sent the two princes to the king of Hungary, who received them with kindness and took charge of having them brought up in a manner conformable to their birth.

Edmund, the elder of the princes, died without posterity. Edward, his brother, married Agatha, sister of the queen of Hungary, or, according to others, niece of the emperor Conrad. She was a virtuous princess and endowed with all the fine qualities of mind and heart. She became mother of Edgar, surnamed Etheling, of Christina, who became a religious, and of Margaret, whose life we write.

Canute died in 1036. He had for successor Harold I (1036–1039); Hardicanute or Hardeknut (1039– 1041); Edward the Confessor (1041–1066). The latter, when he saw himself firm on the throne, had Edward, surnamed Etheling or Overseas, invited to pass from Hungary into England with his three children; and he received them at London, in 1054, with all possible marks of honour and affection. Edward Overseas died in that city three years after, and was buried in the church of Saint Paul. His son Edgar ought naturally to have succeeded Saint Edward the Confessor; but as he was still very young, and as besides he was born in a foreign country, occasion was taken from that to exclude him from the crown, and count Harold was placed on the throne in 1066. The latter pretended that Edward had designated him for his successor. William, duke of Normandy, put forward a similar pretension. In consequence, he crossed the sea, conquered England, and killed Harold in the famous battle which was fought near Hastings, on the 14th of October 1066. Several English declared themselves in vain for Edgar. This prince, being too weak to sustain his rights with arms in hand, was forced, with all the nobility, to receive the conqueror at London. Some time after, he fled secretly to withdraw himself from the tyranny of William. The vessel on which he embarked with his sister was assailed by a violent tempest which cast it back upon the coast of Scotland. Malcolm III, king of that country, received them both, and gave them a welcome all the more favourable in that he had himself, in a nearly similar circumstance, found refuge and support at the court of Edward the Confessor. Touched by the unhappy lot of Edgar and of Margaret, he procured for them all the succour that depended on him. Far from giving them up into the hands of William, who claimed them, he took arms in their favour and obtained that Edgar should be treated as a friend by the Norman king.

Meanwhile Margaret gave to Scotland the spectacle of all the virtues. She had learned, from her earliest years, to despise the deceitful lustre of worldly pomps and to regard pleasures as a poison all the more dangerous in that it flatters while giving death. It was much less by her rare beauty than by a happy assemblage of all the qualities of mind and heart that she drew to herself the admiration of the whole court; and the honours which were rendered her did no injury to her humility. All her ambition was to make herself agreeable to the King of kings. She found satisfaction only in the charms of divine love; and this love she entertained and nourished by the exercise of prayer and of meditation, to which it often happened that she consecrated entire days. Considering Jesus Christ in the person of the poor, she seized all the occasions which presented themselves to serve them, to console them and to provide for their different needs.

Malcolm, touched by so many virtues, conceived for Margaret the highest esteem; he thought he ought even to propose to her to unite himself to her by the bonds of marriage, and he was at the summit of his wishes when the princess had given her consent. Margaret was married and crowned queen of Scotland in 1070. She was in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

Although Malcolm had manners little polished, he had however nothing in his character that savoured of pride or of oddity, and one remarked in him no evil inclination. Margaret, by a conduct full of respect and condescension, soon made herself mistress of his heart; and she made use of the ascendancy which she had over him to make religion and justice flourish, to procure the happiness of the peoples and to inspire her husband with those sentiments which have made of him one of the most virtuous kings of Scotland. She softened his character, cultivated his mind, polished his manners and inflamed him with love for the practice of the evangelical maxims. The king was so charmed with the wisdom and piety of his wife that not only did he leave to her the administration of his domestic affairs, but he conducted himself also by her advice in the government of the State.

Margaret, in the midst of the tumult of affairs, knew how to preserve the recollection of the soul and to guard herself against the dangers of dissipation. An extreme exactness in doing all her actions in view of God, the continual exercise of prayer, the constant practice of self-denial, were the principal means which she employed to maintain herself in a disposition so perfect. The extent of her genius did not yield to the eminence of her virtues. One admired in Scotland, and even in foreign countries, her prudence which provided for everything, her application to public and private affairs, her ardour in seizing all the occasions of making the peoples happy, finally her wisdom and her dexterity in the accomplishment of the duties attached to the exercise of royal authority.

God blessed the marriage of Margaret and of Malcolm; and there were born of it several children, who did not degenerate from those from whom they had received life. The queen became mother of six princes, namely: Edward, Edmund, Edgar, Ethelred, Alexander, David; and of two princesses, who received, the one the name of Mathilde, and the other that of Mary.[1] The first married Henry I, king of England; the second was married to Eustace, count of Boulogne. Edgar, Alexander and David succeeded one another to the crown of Scotland, and all reigned with a great reputation for valour, wisdom and piety. David distinguished himself still above his two brothers, and it has been said of him with justice that he was the finest ornament of the Scottish throne.

Margaret was the principal instrument which God made use of to form these princes to virtue. She took care to guard them betimes against the reefs on which those who are born in the courts of kings go but too often to be wrecked. At the same time that she made them feel the emptiness and nothingness of human things, she depicted virtue to them with all its charms, and inspired them with horror of sin, with the love of God and the fear of His judgments. The preceptors and governors whom she placed beside them were men full of religion; she removed from their persons all those who had not a recognised piety. Experience and the nature of the human heart had taught her that children almost never rid themselves of the impressions which they have received from the conduct of their masters and of all those with whom they have had to live in their earliest

years. She had an account rendered her of the progress which the young princes made, and often charged herself with the care of teaching them what the profession of Christianity required of them.

When the princesses her daughters were of an age to profit by her examples, she associated them in her spiritual exercises and in all her good works. She was not content to inspire them with the love of the different virtues; she prayed also with fervour to ask of God the preservation of their innocence and their advancement in piety. She made them relish her instructions by the gentleness and charity with which she knew how to season them. Vicious persons dared not approach her, any more than the princes their brothers; they dared not even appear at the court, where virtue alone could serve as recommendation and where the want of piety was a title of exclusion from all places.

Margaret regarded the kingdom of Scotland as a great family of which she was the mother; she therefore thought herself obliged to make serve to render it happy, both the rank in which Providence had placed her, and the authority which the king had put into her hands: but knowing that the happiness of the peoples is inseparable from the practice of religion, she applied herself above all to reform the abuses and to banish the ignorance in which the greater part of the Scots were with respect to their principal duties: thus her first care was to establish everywhere holy ministers and zealous preachers.

She supported the ecclesiastics and the magistrates by her authority, so that they might arrest more efficaciously the course of disorders: by that she came to the end of preventing the profanation of Sundays and feasts, as well as the violation of the fast of Lent. It was a great joy to her to see religion resume its rights, and the peoples hasten emulously to render to God what they owed Him in the days and times specially consecrated to His service. She banished with equal success simony, usury, incestuous marriages, superstition and several other scandals. She showed no more grace to those who did not communicate even at Easter, under pretext that they feared to receive the Eucharist unworthily. It was represented to them, by her orders, that such a disposition came from a ground of cowardice and impenitence; that sinners ought to labour to purify themselves of their crimes by the tears of a sincere repentance, and that the spirit of the Church was that one should participate in the body and blood of Jesus Christ. These instructions produced the effect which the pious queen expected from them.

Having formed the laudable project of polishing and civilising the Scottish nation, she granted her protection to those who excelled in the arts and sciences. The love of letters, after having softened the ferocity of manners, enlightened minds, rendered them more sociable and more fit for the practice of the moral virtues. She founded various establishments which Malcolm approved and of which he assured the stability by laws full of wisdom.

Among all the virtues which shone in her person, charity toward the poor occupied one of the first places. Her revenues could not suffice for the multitude of her alms; she often gave a part of what was destined for her own needs. Every time that she appeared in public, one saw her surrounded by a crowd of widows, orphans and unfortunates of every kind, who ran to her as to their common mother. Never did she send away those who implored her succour without having consoled and assisted them. On re-entering her palace, she found it still filled with poor, whose feet she washed and whom she served with her own hands. Her custom was not to sit down to table until after having given to eat to nine little orphans and twenty-four poor adults. Often, above all in Advent and in Lent, the king and the queen had as many as three hundred of the latter come, to whom they distributed, on bended knee, dishes like those which had been prepared for their own table. Malcolm served the men, and Margaret the persons of her sex. The queen also visited very frequently the hospitals, where the sick could not weary of admiring her humility and her extreme tenderness for them. By her alms she also freed insolvent debtors and raised up ruined families. Her charity extended beyond Scotland: she ransomed captives everywhere, but above all the English. She also had a preference for those who had fallen into the hands of hard and intractable masters. Poor strangers found an asylum in the hospitals which she had founded to receive them. Malcolm concurred with Margaret in all these good works. “He

learns from her," says Thierri, her confessor, "to pass the night often in exercises of piety. It is something astonishing to see the fervour of this prince during prayer: he possesses the spirit of compunction and the gift of tears to a degree far superior to the state of a man who lives in the world. The queen," says another author, "excited him to works of justice and of mercy and to the practice of the other virtues; in which she succeeded marvellously by an effect of the grace of God. The king showed himself always ready to second her pious dispositions. Seeing that Jesus Christ dwelt in the heart of Margaret, he never failed to follow her counsels."

As the Saint slept little, and as she deprived herself of all those amusements which people of the world are accustomed to permit themselves, there remained to her each day much time for her exercises of piety. In Lent and in Advent, she rose at midnight and went to the church to assist at Matins. Returned to her chamber, she washed there the feet of six poor persons who awaited her; after which she gave them alms largely: she then rested an hour or two. On waking, she returned to her chapel, where she heard four or five low Masses, independently of that which was sung in the choir. Besides this, she had hours fixed for praying in her closet, and she did it with so much fervour and compunction that she was often found bathed in tears. "She kept," says Thierri, "the most rigorous sobriety in her meals, eating only so much as was needful in order not to die, and shunning everything that could flatter sensuality. She seemed rather to taste than to eat what was presented to her. In a word, her works were more astonishing than her miracles: for the gift of working them was also communicated to her. She possessed the spirit of compunction in an eminent degree. When she spoke to me of the ineffable sweetnesses of eternal life, her words were accompanied by a marvellous grace. Her fervour was so great on these occasions that she could not arrest the abundant tears which flowed from her eyes; she had such a tenderness of devotion that, in seeing her, I felt myself penetrated with a lively compunction. No one kept more exactly than she silence in the church; no one showed a mind more attentive to prayer." Often she pressed her confessor to warn her of all that there might be reprehensible in her words and in her actions; it seemed to her that he spared her too much in this respect. It was her profound humility which made her desire the reprimands which others are accustomed to bear so impatiently.

Every year she made two Lents, each of forty days, the one before Christmas, and the other before Easter; and she then practised extraordinary austerities. Each day she recited the little offices of the Trinity, of the Passion and of the Blessed Virgin, without counting that of the dead.

Penetrated with admiration before so much virtue, so much ascetic perfection, her confessor and biographer says that he has no need to inquire whether Margaret wrought miracles, since her whole life was a prodigy. He believes he ought to cite only one fact, and the example is so well chosen that, in omitting to reproduce it, we should commit a culpable negligence. Let us therefore give the word to the monk of Durham:

"The queen had a book of gospels adorned with precious stones, and in which not only were the images of the four evangelists admirably painted, but moreover each capital letter stood out from a ground of gold. Accustomed to read in this book, she was strongly attached to it. A servant, charged with carrying this precious volume, not having taken care to wrap it well in his cloak, let it fall, one day when he was crossing a river by a ford: far from suspecting this loss, the servant continued his road, and it was only at the moment when he wished to give the book to the queen that he perceived the misfortune which had happened. Useless searches were made for a long time. At last the Gospel was perceived in the very bottom of the river, its pages ceaselessly open and agitated by the violence of the current. Each one was persuaded that the book was henceforth without price, that it had not preserved a single leaf intact. Nevertheless, it was drawn out of the water in a state so perfect that one might have believed that it had never lain there. Not a tear, not a stain; the pages were as white as before, and the gold of the capital letters had not undergone the least alteration. The queen, at the sight of this miracle, rendering to Jesus Christ actions of thanks, loved her book of Gospels only the more."

Malcolm having, by fortunate wars, pacified his States, applied himself to make letters and the arts flourish there. He reformed his household, carried sumptuary laws, and abolished various abuses which had been

introduced among the people. He caused the cathedral of Durham to be built, and to the four bishoprics which there were in Scotland, he added those of Murray and of Cathness. In concert with the queen, he founded at Dumfermlin the monastery of the Trinity.

But William Rufus, who had mounted the throne of England in 1087, having taken the castle of Alnwick, in Northumberland, which belonged to the king of Scotland, the latter, after having vainly demanded its restitution, resolved to have recourse to war. Margaret conjured him not to put himself at the head of his army. For the first time Malcolm did not follow her advice, which he attributed to an excess of goodness. The queen was ill during this war. Here is the relation of what passed in her last illness, according to the monk Thierri:

“Margaret,” says this author, “knew by an interior light the moment of her death long before it arrived. Having asked to speak to me in private, she made a general review of her life; torrents of tears flowed from her eyes at each word that she said; and her compunction was so lively that I could not hinder myself from weeping too. From time to time sighs and sobs so suffocated us both that it was impossible for us both to utter any word. She ended by saying to me what follows: ‘Farewell, for I shall soon disappear from off the earth. You will not delay to follow me. I have two graces to ask of you: the one is that you remember my poor soul in your prayers and your sacrifices, as long as God leaves you life; the other is that you assist my children, and that you teach them to fear and to love God. Promise me to grant me what I ask of you in the presence of the Lord, who is the only witness of our conversation.’

“Four days before her death, she appeared sad and pensive, and said to those who surrounded her: ‘There has perhaps happened today to Scotland a misfortune such as she has not experienced the like of for a long time.’ On the last day, her sufferings being a little diminished, she had herself conducted into her oratory, where she received the holy Viaticum. When she had returned to her apartment, a redoubling of fever and of pain obliged her to put herself to bed again, and she ordered her chaplains to commend her soul to God. At the same time she sent for a cross which was in great veneration in Scotland; she kissed it devoutly and with it formed several times upon her body the sacred sign of salvation; then, pressing it between her hands, and fixing her eyes upon it, she recited the psalm *Miserere* and several other prayers.

“In the meantime, Edgar, her son, arrived from the army. She asked him how King Malcolm and Edward his son were. Edgar, fearing to increase her illness by telling her that Malcolm and Edward had been dead four days, answered her that they were well. ‘I know how it is,’ she replied. Then lifting her eyes to heaven, she made the following prayer: ‘Almighty God, I thank you for having sent me so great an affliction in the last moments of my life; I hope that with your mercy it will serve to purify me from my sins.’ An instant after, feeling that she was about to expire, she redoubled her fervour, and repeated several times these words: ‘Lord Jesus, who by your death have given life to the world, deliver me from all evil.’ At last her soul was freed from the bonds of the body on the 16th of November 1093, in the forty-seventh year of her age. The monk Thierri, who could contemplate the holy queen asleep in the sleep of beatitude, speaks to us of it thus: “‘There was in her death so much tranquillity, so much peace, that one could not doubt that her soul was admitted into the abode of eternal tranquillity, of eternal peace. Prodigious thing! her face, on which death had put its habitual pallor, received, after death itself, so pure and so perfect a tint of rose and white that one would not have said that the queen had died, but that she slept.’”

She is represented visiting and tending the poor and the sick; washing the feet of the poor and of pilgrims in a hall of her palace; praying near a representation of purgatory from which a soul issues, apparently that of her husband Malcolm or of her son Edward, whose tragic end we have related.

She is the patroness of Scotland.

Cult and Relics

The Saint was transported, as she had desired, into the church of the Trinity, which she had founded at Dumfermlin, fifteen miles from Edinburgh. There, in conformity with the wish which she had expressed of it, she was buried against the altar, in front of the cross which she had planted in that place. Thus her body reposed there where so many times she mortified it by watchings, genuflections, prayers and tears. At the time of the pretended reformation, the Catholics secretly removed her relics as well as those of her husband; the principal part of them was transferred into Spain, under the reign of Philip II, who had a chapel built in the palace of the Escurial to receive them. They are still kept there, and one reads on the shrine this inscription: *Saint Malcolm, king, and Saint Margaret, queen*.

The head of the Saint was sent to Scotland, to Queen Mary Stuart; but this princess, having been obliged to flee to England, a Benedictine took the relic, which he carried to Antwerp, in 1597. He afterwards gave it to the Scottish Jesuits of Douai, in whose church it was preserved until the destruction of the religious communities of France. She was canonised in 1251 by Innocent IV. In 1693, Innocent XII fixed her feast on the 10th of June.

Taken from her two Lives, written the one by Thierri, monk of Durham, her confessor, and the other by Saint Aclratl. See also the histories of Scotland and of England, and *Vidée d'une dame parfaite*, in the *Life of Saint Margaret, queen of Scotland*, 1661, in-8°.

Saint Maurin, Martyr at Cologne

In the year of Our Lord 906, the oratory of the Saints Pantaleon, Cosmas and Damian, then situated outside the walls of Cologne, had fallen into ruin. While the foundations of a new church, larger than the first, were being dug, the tomb of Saint Maurin, martyr, was found. It was announced to the archbishop Volcmar, who came himself to inspect the stone which closed the sepulchre, and read there the following inscription: *Here repose the bones of Maurin, abbot, of happy memory, who suffered martyrdom within the enclosure of the church, on the 10th of June.* After the stone had been turned aside, a little wooden coffer, bound with iron, was perceived, which indicated in a precise manner the epoch of the Martyr's torment. Volcmar, after having prayed, opened the coffin and discovered the holy relics. One saw on the whole body, and in particular on the arms, the marks of iron and the traces of a violent death. A very sweet odour, which exhaled from the body, struck all the assistants with a delicious sensation and with the sentiment of a pious joy. A religious, who for two years had lost the use of sight and of hearing, pierced the crowd and advanced with great confidence to the tomb of the Martyr; she laid her hand on it, and at once recovered both senses. Several other miracles further illustrated the tomb of the Martyr. Volcmar himself, as the paschal solemnity drew near, was attacked by a disease of the eyes, so that he feared that Cologne would pass this great feast without being able to enjoy the pontifical office, when the idea came to him to have recourse to the relics of Saint Maurin; he therefore sent someone of his clergy to bring them into his chamber. A tooth of the Martyr was delivered to him, he applied it to his eyes, and at once he experienced the effect of the heavenly remedy. Wherefore on Easter day, having taken the word at the Mass, in presence of all his people, he announced the miracle to them; then he ordered that the day of the passion of Saint Maurin should be celebrated among the feasts of the year. In 1820, at which epoch the monastery of Saint-Pantaleon had ceased to exist, and the church itself had been taken from Catholic worship, the relics of Saint Maurin, with the others, were transferred to the church, today parochial, of Saint Mary, where they are still in great veneration.

Proper of Cologne.

Saint Évremond, Abbot of Fontenay and of Montmerrey

About 720.

Evremond left betimes the city of Bayeux, where he was born, to go and live at court. The qualities of his mind, the generosity of his sentiments and the firmness of his character won him the good graces of Clovis II, who loaded him with honours. His fidelity in the king's service did not make him forget his duties toward God. Soon even the assiduous reading of the holy books made him understand the nothingness of the goods and dignities of this world, and he resolved to pass the rest of his days in solitude. Having communicated his design to his virtuous wife, she withdrew into a monastery, while he went himself to seek a retreat in the forest of Ecouves. To imitate the poverty of the Saviour, he consecrated his riches to the foundation of several churches, and monasteries both of men and of women, in this solitude. Among these establishments was the convent of Fontenay-le-Louvet, about three leagues from Séez, of which he was named abbot. Evremond governed his religious with great wisdom, and led them to holiness, less by his discourses even than by the imposing authority of his examples. Saint Annobert, bishop of Séez, having learned the good that Saint Evremond did, ordained him priest and confided to him the pastoral charge. He established him afterwards abbot of the monastery of Montmerrey,[1] founded by the Saint and situated at a small distance from the forest of Ecouves, and only three leagues from Fontenay-le-Louvet. But, whatever affection he had for this place, he did not fix his abode there, for at the end of some time he returned to Fontenay-le-Louvet. It was in this asylum, witness of his piety, of his mortifications, and of his zeal to procure the glory of God, that he ended, about the year 720, a holy life crowned by the gift of miracles.

His body was buried with great honours in the church of Fontenay-le-Louvet, by Saint Loyer, successor of Annobert. Miracles illustrated his funeral, and he was not long in being honoured with a public cult. When the Normans came to destroy the monasteries built by the Saint, his religious transported his precious relics to the abbey of Saint-Evroult,[2] hidden in the midst of the forest of Ouche, where they remained until the 10th century. From there, they were transferred to the monastery of Saint-Pierre of Orléans, and later given in part to Bernard, count of Senlis. He deposited them, with much respect and faith, in the stronghold of Creil, persuaded that this precious deposit would be a safeguard for the town against its enemies. These holy relics reposed there, for more than six hundred years, in a celebrated collegiate church[3] raised in their honour. In 1562, the Calvinists destroyed the part of the Saint's relics preserved at Orléans. In the same way, on the 7th of November 1567, after having seized the town of Creil, they broke the shrine which contained them, delivered them to the flames, and threw the ashes into the river Oise; but the Canons of Saint-Evremond were able to save from destruction the head and the arms of their glorious patron. Toward the end of the 16th century, one of the Saint's arms was given to the church of Saint-Rieul of Senlis; the other arm and the head continued to be honoured at Creil until the Revolution. At that epoch, the relics were hidden; but it has not been possible since to discover the place where they had been deposited. The parish church of Creil therefore possesses today only a small portion of the Saint's relics, found again, some years ago, at Senlis. The church of Saint-Rieul of Senlis having been destroyed in 1791, the Saint's arm was carried to the cathedral church of that city. Mgr Gignoux, bishop of Beauvais, recognised this relic in 1855. The dioceses of Bayeux and of Séez are the only ones which are today authorised, by the Sacred Congregation, to say the office of this holy Confessor.

His memory has not ceased to be dear to the faithful of the diocese of Beauvais, and to the parishes of La Barre de Semilly and of Saint-Ebremond-de-Bonfossé, in the diocese of Coutances. They invoke him and often obtain by his intercession the benefits which they ask of the Lord. Saint Evremond is represented as an abbot, having a chasuble in the antique fashion. Extracted from the *Lives of the Saints of the Diocese of Séez*, by M. the abbé Blin, curé of Durcet.

Saint Bardon, Archbishop of Mainz

1051.

Born at Wetteraw, toward the end of the 10th century, he was brought up in the celebrated abbey of Fulda. By a sort of presentiment of his future elevation, he studied with ardour, in his youth, the works of Saint Gregory the Great, and when his companions asked him the motive of this predilection for the writings of the holy Pope: “You will see,” he answered them laughing, “that one day I shall be a bishop.” The emperor Conrad, who was fond of him, and who had named him successively abbot of Kaiserswerth and of Hersfeld, designated him, in 1031, for the bishopric of Mainz. Bardon continued, in his new dignity, the simple and austere life which he had led in the cloister. He never ate meat, drank scarcely a few drops of wine, fasted frequently and practised many other austerities, which, joined to his habitual labours, so impaired his health that Pope Leo IX, who visited him, passing through Mainz, urged him strongly to follow a less rigorous regimen, in order to preserve himself longer for his Church. His charity for the poor knew no bounds; his palace was continually filled with indigent persons who came to solicit succour, and when he went out, he was always escorted by a crowd of unfortunates who loaded him with blessings.

Having known by revelation the day of his death, he announced it publicly, on the day of Pentecost, at Paderborn, in presence of the emperor Henry III. He died in effect on the 11th of June 1051. *Acta Sanctorum.* — Cf. Godescard, etc.

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[1] His relics were long kept at Constantinople, in a church which bore his name.

[2] He had at first been engaged in the party of the Arians, but at the council of Sardica (347) he ranged himself on the side of the orthodox and contributed to unmask the intrigues and the knaveries of the heretics. His zeal for the faith caused him afterwards to be exiled into Upper Libya. Recalled under Julian the Apostate, he assisted, in 362, at the council of Alexandria, and was charged by his colleagues to carry to the clergy of Antioch the synodal letter which the council addressed to that Church, then desolated by schism and heresy. It is believed that he died a short time after. Saint Anastase (*Letter to the Solitaries*) makes the eulogy of his faith and virtues.

[3] The Blessed Censure mounted the see of Auxerre about twenty years after the death of Saint Germain. Sidonius Apollinaris relates that he walked in the footsteps of his predecessors, and that he shone by piety and by all sorts of virtues. In his diocese a great number of Goths took refuge, whom he received with benevolent charity. He transmitted to posterity the Life of Saint Germain of Auxerre, written by the priest Constantin, on the advice of Saint Patiens of Lyons. He died, laden with merits, at the age of seventy years, on the 10th of June, at the beginning of the 6th century. His body reposes to this day in the basilica of Saint-Germain. A large bone of the Saint is at the Carmel of Amiens.

[4] We have given the Life of Saint Pharaïlde, patroness of Ghent, under the 4th of January, vol. v, p. 131.

[5] We give the Life of Saint Amalberge on the 10th of July. See that day.

[6] We give her Notice in the volume consecrated to the Venerables.

[7] The Blessed John Dominic came into the world about the middle of the fourteenth century. His parents dwelt at Florence; they were poor in the goods of fortune, but rich in virtues. The visits which he made in his youth to the Dominicans of Sainte-Marie la Neuve inspired in him the desire of consecrating his life in that house to the service of God. At first difficulty was made about admitting him there, then at last they yielded to the word of a brother who predicted that this young man would be a great light in the Church of God. John Dominic in effect became a learned theologian and a skilful preacher. His works were numerous and brilliant. He brought back, in Tuscany and in Rome, a great number of sinners to God, founded several convents, re-established discipline in those where it had relaxed, preached the crusade against Bajazet, won to piety Antoninus, later archbishop of Florence, and laboured at the extinction of the schism of the East. After having refused the archbishopric of Ragusa which Gregory XII offered him, he accepted the title of cardinal, which he resigned at the council of Constance, to the great edification of all the bishops present. After having laboured in vain to bring the Hussites back into the bosom of the Church, he died at Buda, on the 10th of June 1419. He was aged sixty years. Pope Gregory XVI approved his cult on the 7th of April 1832.

[8] The religious of Saint Agnes regarded her henceforth as their patroness and protectress. Seventeen years after, they transported her body into the church of their new convent, built within the enclosure of the city, and placed it near the high altar dedicated to Saint Agnes, with the following inscription: “Here reposes the Blessed Diane d’Andalo, who made the vows of religion in the hands of the Blessed Dominic, built the monastery of Saint Agnes, and, after having lived there most holily for thirteen years, passed to the Lord in 1238.”

The church of Saint Agnes was profaned in 1795 and destroyed in 1819. The relics of the Blessed Diane were then dispersed, but her cult had to undergo no interruption, so dear was it to the faith and the piety of the faithful. The Preaching Friars of Bologna recovered some years ago the altar-piece of the altar of Saint Agnes, in which Fontana, a distinguished painter of the Bolognese school, has represented Diane making profession in the hands of Saint Dominic. A rich Bolognese proprietor, having become possessor of the casket which enclosed her bones, had it transported to the ancient church of the convent of Ronzano. The cause of the Blessed Diane, introduced long ago at Rome, has been taken up again lately with much zeal and activity.

[9] The Italians call the servant of God Saint Rigo, which is a diminutive of Arrigo, which has the same signification as Henry.

[10] Some critics have dared to deny that Saint Landry was ever bishop of Paris. But the ancient catalogues and the tradition of this Church are proofs which all the subtleties of criticism cannot weaken (*Gallia christiana*).

[11] This tradition is admitted by the Bollandists.

[12] Some authors think that it is Saint Landry whose statue is seen at the portal of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, at Paris. This statue, which dates from the 14th or 15th century, would have been found in the excavations of the church of Saint-Landry, in 1829.

[13] Mande or Mathilde, daughter of Saint Margaret and first wife of Henry I, king of England, imitated so faithfully the humility, the charity and the other virtues of her from whom she had received life, that she merited a place among the Saints who are honoured on the 30th of April. She caused to be built at London two great hospitals: that of Christ Church and that of Saint Giles. She was buried at Westminster, near Saint Edward the Confessor. (See Hovéden, Matthew of Westminster and Matthew Paris, under the year 1118.) Saint Margaret left several children who survived her. Edgar, one of them, reigned nine years in peace. He was feared by the wicked and respected by all good people. Alexander I, his brother, succeeded him. He pacified by his courage the troubles which arose at the beginning of his reign. He built and endowed various churches and several monasteries, one among others in the Isle of Emona, in honour of Saint Colm. The church of Saint Andrew felt principally the effects of his liberality. He died after having reigned seventeen years.

David I, another son of Saint Margaret, occupied the throne of Scotland twenty-one years. He equalled the most pious of his predecessors by his charity toward the poor, and surpassed them all in wisdom and prudence. His love for Justice carried him to punish in the most rigorous manner the magistrates who had been guilty of prevarication. He founded and endowed the bishoprics of Ross, of Brechin, of Dunkelden and of Dumblain, as well as fourteen abbeys, of which six were of the Order of Cîteaux. Death having taken from him his virtuous wife Sibylla, niece of William the Conqueror, he passed twenty years in the state of widowhood. He bore with an admirable patience the loss of his son, who made all his hopes, and whose death excited the regrets of the whole kingdom. He invited on this occasion the principal lords to supper with him, and consoled them in these terms: "It would be a folly and an impiety to revolt in anything against the will of God, which is always holy, just and full of wisdom. The good being condemned to die like other men, we ought to console ourselves, since nothing evil can happen to those who serve the Lord, whether during life or after death." He recommended to them afterwards his grandsons, and above all Malcolm, who was the elder. He died at Carlisle in great sentiments of piety, on the 29th of May 1153. One reads his name, with those of the Saints, in several calendars of Scotland. David had for successor Malcolm IV, his grandson, who is also regarded as a saint. This prince loved peace singularly, and he avoided war with all possible care. He founded churches and monasteries, and made himself recommendable by his purity, his gentleness and his humility. The detail of his virtues will be found in William of Newbridge, one of the most exact historians of England, bk. i, ch. 25; bk. ii, ch. 18, as also in Fordun, pp. 683–700, ed. of Hearne.

[14] One still finds there the church built by Saint Evremond in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and which is, for several centuries, the centre of a celebrated pilgrimage in honour of the Mother of God; the ruins of the ancient church of Saint Martin of Vertou, raised also by the Saint, but pulled down in 1SCÎ; the ancient cemetery of the monks, and the traces of the well which they had dug.

[15] This abbey was built in 560, in the forest of Ouche, seven leagues from Séez, by Saint Evroult, who must not be confounded with Saint Evrou, first abbot of Saint-Lucien. It was rebuilt toward the middle of the 11th century. In 162S it united itself to the Congregation of Saint-Maur.

[16] The collegiate church dedicated to Saint Evremond is still standing in part; but it no longer serves for worship. It is a private property depending on the factory of Creil, which stores its raw materials under its arches.

11 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The birth into heaven of Saint Barnabas, apostle, native of the island of Cyprus, who was ordained apostle of the Gentiles with Saint Paul by the disciples, and traversed several countries with him in exercising the ministry of the preaching of the Gospel, with which he had been charged. At last, having gone to Cyprus, he ennobled his apostolate by a glorious martyrdom. His body, by the warning which he himself gave in a revelation, was found, in the time of the emperor Zeno, with a copy of the gospel of Saint Matthew, written by the hand of Saint Barnabas. About 61. — At Aquileia, the martyrdom of the holy brothers Felix and Fortunatus, who, in the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian, were stretched on the rack, burnt on the sides with ardent torches, which went out at once, by a divine power, and sprinkled with boiling oil on the belly. As they remained firm in the confession of Jesus Christ, they had their heads cut off. 296. — At Bologna, Saint Parise, confessor, monk of the Order of the Camaldolese.[1] 1267. — At Rome, the translation of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, whose holy body, which had formerly been brought from Constantinople to

Rome, and which was long preserved at Santa Maria in the Campus Martius, was transferred with great solemnity into a chapel[2] which Pope Gregory XIII had caused to be decorated most magnificently in the church of Saint Peter, and placed the next day under the altar by the same Pontiff, with all becoming honour. 1580.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Lisieux, translation of the relics of Saint Ursinus, bishop, patron of that city. Several believe that he is the apostle of Bourges, and that these relics were obtained by Hugh of Eu, bishop of Lisieux, in the 11th century; others think that they were given, in 1475, by Jean Cœur, archbishop of Bourges. On the occasion of the feast of Saint Ursinus, which took precedence at Lisieux over the feast of Saint Barnabas, the Chapter of the cathedral exercised on this day, by two of its members, the temporal jurisdiction throughout the episcopal town. — At Trier, Saint Spinule or Spin, monk of Moyenmoutier, abbot of the ancient monastery of Bégon-Celle, today Saint-Blaise, and disciple of Saint Ilidulphe, bishop.[3] 7th century. — At Fère-en-Tardenois, the translation of the arm of Saint Macra, which was brought there from the town of Fismes, where this Saint endured martyrdom. Her triumph is marked in the Roman martyrology on the 6th of January. — At Riom, in Auvergne, Saint Amable, priest and patron of that city. He showed, from his youth, inclinations so virtuous that he was judged worthy of the priesthood. He had administered for many years the church of Riom as pastor, when the bishop of Auvergne, who was then, as is believed, Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, caused him to come to the episcopal city and made him precentor of his cathedral. His tomb became celebrated by a great number of miracles.[4] 475. — At Verdey, near Sézanne, diocese of Troyes, Saint Blitaire or Blier, confessor, whose body, which had been buried at Broies, was, long after, transferred to Saint-Julien of Sézanne. 8th century. — At Troyes, the Blessed Manassès I, forty-fourth bishop of that city. 993. — At Thourout, in Flanders, the Blessed Achas, child. On days of great feasts, he was accustomed to assemble around him the children of the neighbourhood: to those among them who were petulant and proud, he depicted the pains of hell; to those who had behaved well, he promised the glory of heaven. He took pleasure in teaching them the Lord’s Prayer and the Angelic Salutation. When his father committed a fault, he reproved him with much respect and said to him with tears in his eyes: “My well-beloved father, does not the priest tell us in the church that those who conduct themselves thus will never obtain the kingdom of heaven?” On the approach of death, he asked to receive the holy Eucharist, and, as it was thought that it must be refused him, on account of his age, he lifted toward heaven his dying hands and cried out: “You know, divine Jesus, how much I desire to receive you; I have asked you, and I hope not to be deprived of your presence.” Having finished these words, he expired. He was seven years old. 1220. — At the Hôpital, near Beaulieu, in the diocese of Cahors, Saint Flore, of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. She was born at Maurs, in Auvergne, of a noble family, and made profession at the age of fourteen years. Her virtues and her profound humility rendered her the model of her companions. She was favoured with extraordinary favours, and above all with raptures, when she received holy communion; she also wrought miracles during her life and after her death. Thirteen years after, her body was raised from the earth and exposed to the veneration of the faithful, by order of the bishop of Cahors. 1347. — At La Cambre, near Brussels, the venerable Alizé or Adelaide of Scarembec, virgin, religious of the Order of Cîteaux. When she had attained in her monastery to an eminent degree of virtue, God willed to prove the love of her heart for Him: she saw herself unexpectedly covered with a hideous leprosy which forced her to separate from her companions and which deprived her of the enjoyments which she tasted in the divine service and in the daily exercises of the cloister. But she found her sufferings agreeable and delightful, and drew from holy communion abundant consolations. She lived an entire year in the most atrocious pains, and, having had revelation of the day of her death, she prepared for it by the reception of the Sacraments, and rendered her soul to her Creator in a perfect calm. 1250. — In the dioceses of Tournai and of Cambrai, the Blessed Hugues, abbot of the monastery of Marchiennes. 1158. — At Marigny, in the diocese of Nevers, the venerable M. Gagnard, curé of that parish. Devoted to persecution, as non-juring, he died of languor in an infamous dungeon, at Nevers, at the age of sixty-eight years. 1794.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Aquileia, the Saints Emerite, Herete or Acrete, Victorian and Victor, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — Among the Greeks, Saint Theopemptus and his four companions, martyrs. — At Rome, on the Salarian Way, Saint Basilla, martyr. 304. — At Rome again, on the Nomentan Way, the Saints Crispole and Restitut, martyrs. Under Diocletian. — In Abyssinia, the Saints Batatzon, Palémon, Garuma, abbots. The first remained celebrated for his excessive mortifications, the second for his harsh penance, the third for his numerous miracles. — At Tavira, in the province of Algarve (Portugal), the Blessed Pierre Rodriguez, commander, Mendo Valle, Damiens Vaz, Alvar Garcia, Etienne Vasquez, Valère de Ora, knights of the Order of Saint James, and Garcia Bodriguez, merchant, all martyrs, taken prisoners and put to death by the Saracens. At the time of the invasion of the Moors in Portugal, these generous heroes devoted themselves for their country. But they all fell at the same time into the hands of their cruel enemies and paid with their blood for their generosity. Their bodies are buried in a common tomb; they are honoured as martyrs, and they have more than once already given proof of the protection with which they surround, even from heaven, the town of Tavira. 1242. — At Todi, in Italy, the Blessed John surnamed Tientialbene, lay brother of the Order of Saint Francis. 1255. — In the same place, the Blessed John of Avellino, lay brother of the same Order. 1313. — In Provence, Saint Roseline, virgin, prioress of the Order of the Charterhouse nuns. 1329.

Saint Barnabas, Apostle

About 61. — Pope: Saint Peter. — Emperor: Nero.

The Apostle will be glorified before God, not because he was an Apostle, but because he fulfilled well his apostolic mission.

S. Joan. Chrys., hom. xxxiv, sup. Matth.

Saint Barnabas is not of the twelve Apostles whom Our Lord chose before his death, and whom he made the twelve foundations of his Church; but he does not fail to merit the name of Apostle, since he was called by the Holy Ghost, with Saint Paul, to carry on every side the light of the Gospel. He was a Hebrew and of the tribe of Levi, which has always been recognised as the only priestly tribe. His parents having withdrawn into the island of Cyprus, where they had great possessions, he was born there about the time of the birth of Our Lord, and was called José or Joseph. After having been brought up in the faithful observance of the law of Moses, which still subsisted at that time, he went to Jerusalem to study there the holy Scriptures and the mysteries of that law, under Gamaliel and other learned masters. Saint Stephen and Saint Paul, who at that time was called Saul, frequented this school also; our Saint contracted a close friendship with them. The corruption of his age, which was extreme, was not capable of corrupting him, and although he was still very young, he tamed his body by long fasts, and passed whole days and nights in prayer in the temple; he fled with very great care bad company, and all his joy was to converse with pious persons who delighted to speak of God and of the truths which He has taught us in the holy books.

This signal piety disposed him to receive the lights of the Gospel. When Our Lord came to Jerusalem to preach there his altogether heavenly doctrine, our Saint had the happiness of hearing him; and seeing, at the same time, the great miracles which he wrought to confirm his mission, he recognised him for the Messiah, put himself in his following, and esteemed himself extremely happy to be of the number of his disciples. He procured also the same honour for John, surnamed Mark, his cousin, and for the mother of this young man named Mary, who was his aunt.

Saint Barnabas profited admirably in the school of the Son of God; and having been designated by him for one of his seventy-two principal disciples, he gave a signal testimony of his detachment from all the things of the earth. For, having become master, after the death of his parents, of the great possessions which they held

in the island of Cyprus, he sold them all and distributed the money to the poor, reserving nothing but a house which he had at the gates of Jerusalem, the sale of which he put off to another time, perhaps because it was a levite's possession, of which he could not dispose without having the consent of the high priest. After the resurrection of the Son of God, he saw him, like the other disciples, in the splendour of his glory; and, having assisted at his ascension into heaven, he received also, in the company of his confrères, on the day of Pentecost, the grace and the fulness of the Holy Ghost. It was then that, closing his eyes to all human considerations, he sold the house which he had in the suburb of Jerusalem, and brought the money to the feet of the Apostles. It was perhaps at this time that his name of Joseph was changed into that of Barnabas, which signifies, according to Saint Luke, Son of consolation, and, according to Saint Jerome, son of prophet; he was thus named, says Saint John Chrysostom, on account of the admirable talent which he had for consoling the afflicted.

Scarcely had he been filled with the Holy Ghost than he applied himself with the Apostles and the other disciples to enlighten the Jews, and to make them know that Jesus Christ was the Messiah. And, as Saint Paul, one of the most learned and most zealous of the synagogue, was his friend, he laboured especially with Saint Stephen to win him, making use for this of the passages of the law and of the Prophets which they had studied together, and demonstrating to him that they had been accomplished in the Saviour. He could not effect the conversion of this great man, reserved for an extraordinary stroke of grace; but he prepared him for it, and gave him on Christianity lights which were to serve him later. When, having left Damascus, where the Jews wished to put him to death, Saint Paul had come to Jerusalem, it was Saint Barnabas who presented him to the Apostles, assuring them that his conversion was genuine. His recommendation was so powerful that the chief of the Apostles received Saul into his house and kept him several days with him. Meanwhile some disciples, named Lucius of Cyrene, Manahen and Simon, surnamed the Black, came to Antioch and, not content with preaching to the Jews, imparted also to the Greeks the precious seed of the Gospel. Several listened to their word as the word of God, and there was formed in that city a new Church full of piety and fervour, in imitation of that which was in Jerusalem. The Apostles, informed of so happy a success, sent Saint Barnabas to Antioch to put the last hand to this work. He came there with much joy; and when he recognised the progress which the Gospel had made there, he felt an extraordinary satisfaction, and exhorted, with an incredible zeal, these new faithful to persevere constantly in their good resolutions; he increased their number, so that this Church, growing much, he had need of a coadjutor to assist him; Saint Paul being then at Tarsus, Barnabas went to find him there and invited him to share his labours at Antioch. Saint Paul, full of an ardent zeal, followed him there: they passed there together a year, during which God gave great blessings to their apostolic zeal. It was at this time and in this city that the faithful began to bear the name of Christians, in order to show to all the world that they blushed not to acknowledge Jesus Christ for chief and master.

To judge by the praises which the sacred writer gives him, Barnabas must have been the model as well as the preacher of the new doctrine which he announced. He had the two virtues by excellence of it, gentleness and humility. *Learn of me,* said Jesus Christ, *that I am meek and humble of heart.* Such were the two great characters of the new law, the spirit of sacrifice and of love: the spirit of sacrifice, which was to conquer egoism; love, which was to beat down the pride of the great and of the philosophers, children of pagan civilisation, who threatened to destroy society. Saint Barnabas, says the Scripture, was a man full of faith, that is to say that he submitted his reason to the truths which the Church teaches, that he accomplished with zeal the laws of the evangelical morality, and that he awaited, with a firm hope, with a conviction which flooded him with joy, the crown which the God-Man has promised to those who sacrifice their own will and their feeble intelligence to the accomplishment of his law. Moreover, he was good by excellence, that is to say that he shunned disputes, which engender heresies and schisms, that he loved to succour the poor, and that he received with charity the sinner who came to ask pardon of God for his faults. With that, he had taken a large share of that miraculous effusion of grace, of strength, of evangelical doctrine, with which the soul of the disciples of the cenacle had been filled. Superior to the desires of the flesh, to vain seductions, to the

threats of the world, which can kill only the body, he had but one fear, that of displeasing God, because he had but one hope, that of participating in the crown and in the happiness of the elect.

But perhaps all these virtues were not yet enough to make an apostle, to make the light of a new doctrine shine before the eyes of the Jews, whose doctors were beginning to misunderstand the true sense of the prophecies. There were needed besides those brilliant miracles which tear from the unbeliever this touching word: “The finger of God is here, as also His word, as also His revelation.” Prepared to gather the merits of the apostolate, a courageous soldier who asked only for arms to go and combat error and die, he obtained from God that power of works, marvellous for the multitude, less astonishing perhaps to the Christian than the humility of the wonder-worker who struggles against the pride that it can beget. He exercised it a long time at Antioch; but the time was drawing near when he was to face many other perils, and to give his life a thousand times, for the name of the Lord Jesus.

The famine foretold by the prophet Agabus was spreading its ravages everywhere in the East. Palestine especially was afflicted by it, and the Christians of that country, abandoned perhaps to all the horrors of the scourge, in consequence of the hatred of the Jews and the pagans, were near dying of hunger. Then, in the name of that religion which had persuaded him to distribute his fortune generously to the poor, Barnabas collected, among his children of Antioch, a considerable sum, to assist the Christians of Judea. Saint Paul and Saint Barnabas were charged to go and deliver it themselves to the pastors of that Church, and to carry to the faithful of Jerusalem the kiss of peace of their brethren of Syria, who were coming so charitably to their succour. Our Apostles therefore made this journey; on returning they brought with them John, surnamed Mark, of whom we have already spoken.

A short time after, the Holy Ghost ordered some disciples, preachers of the Gospel at Antioch, whom we have named above, all endowed with the gift of prophecy, and who invoked God in fasting and prayer, to separate Paul and Barnabas for the work to which He had destined them. To separate means here to set apart to exercise divine functions, to tear from every other occupation. Following this order, the Church first implored the heavenly blessings, then Saint Barnabas and Saint Paul received the imposition of hands. It is probable that they were already bishops: by this ceremony, they were made Apostles of the Gentiles. Thus Saint Barnabas was sent with Saint Paul to the nations with full power to preach the faith, to ordain priests, to consecrate bishops, to establish churches and to give laws. Accompanied by the young Mark, they went first to Seleucia of Syria, a town situated on the seashore; then they sailed for the island of Cyprus, which was the country of Saint Barnabas, where they preached principally at Salamis and at Paphos, the most celebrated of all the towns of the island; then they passed to Perga, a town of Pamphylia, where John, surnamed Mark, who had always followed them, left them to return to Jerusalem, not having the courage to pursue the ministry of preaching which he had begun with so much zeal. From there, continuing their road, they came to Antioch of Pisidia and to Iconium of Lycaonia, where they were minded to stone them, and where they converted Saint Thecla; they went also to Lystra, where the idolaters took Barnabas for Jupiter and Paul for Mercury, and to Derbe, a town of the same province; but, having been driven out, they returned on their steps as far as Perga, whence they went down to Attalia, and betook themselves at last to Antioch of Syria, where they remained rather a long time. Barnabas went afterwards with Saint Paul to Jerusalem, to be present at the first Council which the Apostles celebrated there on the subject of Circumcision and of the other legal ceremonies, that is to say to examine whether they ought to be observed in the Church. After the Council, Paul and Barnabas were sent back to Antioch by the Apostles, with Jude and Silas, two other disciples, to carry there the decree which had just been made, namely: “That the faithful should in no wise be obliged to keep the observances and the ceremonies of the law of Moses, but only to abstain from fornication and from eating strangled animals and blood.” It was then that Saint Paul proposed to Saint Barnabas to make the visitation of the Churches which they had founded in Asia. Barnabas consented, but on condition that John Mark, his cousin, who desired to repair his desertion, should accompany them. Saint Paul was of a different

opinion, and thought that they ought no longer to associate with them a man who had been so cowardly. Not being able to agree on this point, the two Apostles separated, without any alteration of the tenderness which they had for one another: the Holy Ghost permitted it, in order that, preaching each on his own side, they might announce the Gospel in more countries. As to John Mark, he became an indefatigable preacher, and merited the praises of Saint Paul, who even begged him to come and join him to share his apostolic labours.

After this separation of Saint Paul and of Saint Barnabas, nothing more is said of the latter in the Acts of the Apostles; thus it is from tradition and from the ancient ecclesiastical authors that we must draw the rest of his actions. Our holy Apostle, after having left Saint Paul, visited the Churches of Cyprus, strengthened them in the faith, provided them with good priests and holy bishops, taught them the ceremonies established by the Apostles, and increased them notably by the conversion of a great number of idolaters; afterwards, he came into Italy, where, having preached in Liguria, he founded the Church of Milan, and was its first bishop. This Church honours him in this quality, and puts among its most illustrious prerogatives that of having had this faithful disciple for its author and its Apostle, as may be seen in the second volume of the *Sacred Italy* [*L'Italie sacrée*] of Ferdinand Ughellus.

It is said that he was seven years in forming this flock of Jesus Christ. He did not however remain always at Milan during this time; as his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls had no bounds, he preached the Gospel also in the towns and provinces round about. The towns, among others those of Bergamo and of Brescia, glory in having received the faith by his preaching; and one still sees, at Brescia, an altar where it is believed that he offered the unbloody sacrifice of the Eucharist. After these seven years, he ordained Saint Anathalon bishop of Milan in his place; and, taking the sea again, he returned to Cyprus to see there once more the faithful whom he had acquired there for Jesus Christ. He traversed that island several times, and there was hardly a borough or village, in all its extent, where he did not carry the name of the Son of God. At last he stopped at Salamis, which was its capital. As he knew that the Jews were those who resisted the Gospel most, he found himself every week at their synagogues to show them, by the very Scriptures which they read, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour promised in the law and predicted by the Prophets. Several yielded to the force of his demonstrations, which were sustained by the innocence of his life, by the holiness of his actions and by the lustre of his miracles; but the others, who closed the ears of the heart to the light of faith, being above all animated and embittered by some seditious men come from Syria, plotted together to put him to death. This conspiracy was not unknown to him, and it would have been easy for him to avoid it; but he desired nothing so much as to endure death for his master and to go and enjoy his presence. He therefore assembled his disciples, imparted to them the hope which he had of being soon a martyr of Jesus Christ, celebrated Mass in their presence, and communicated the faithful who assisted at it. Then, having told Mark secretly that that very day would be the last of his life, and that he was going to sign with his blood what he had so long preached by word of mouth; feeling himself strengthened by the presence of the Saviour, whom he had just received, he entered generously into the synagogue to preach there as usual. But scarcely had he opened his mouth to speak of Jesus Christ than the Jews, foaming with rage, threw themselves on him, dragged him out of the town and stoned him as a blasphemer. They wished afterwards to burn his body, for fear lest it should receive the honour which the Christians rendered to the relics of the Martyrs; but the fire lost its activity with regard to it and could not burn it. Thus Mark, according to the order which he had received from the Saint, took care to bury him quite near Salamis. His martyrdom happened, according to the testimony of the Roman Breviary, about the 7th year of Nero, which is the sixty-first of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Saint Barnabas is often represented with stones in a fold of his robe, because he passes for having been stoned. The axe or the lance is also given him for attribute, as instrument of his martyrdom. Father Cahier, in his *Characteristics*, says that he is sometimes represented, but wrongly, clothed in the dalmatic.

Relics. — Epistle of Saint Barnabas

This holy body was buried only at five stadia from the town, and the place where it was bore the name of place of Health, on account of the great miracles and the frequent cures obtained by the invocation of the holy Apostle; it remained there nevertheless long unknown, on account of the violent persecutions which arose in the following centuries, and was discovered only under the empire of Zeno, about the year 488. The history of this invention is described at great length in Surius; Pierre Gnafée, called the Fuller, a most pernicious heretic, having unjustly seized the patriarchal see of Antioch, summoned the archbishop of Salamis, as one of his suffragans, to come and acknowledge him. This prelate, named Anthème, who was a man of holy life and very orthodox, had much pain to resolve on it, all the more as he did not feel himself learned enough, nor subtle enough to enter into discussion with the heretic. In this great perplexity, he had recourse to prayer; and God, who hears the tears and groans of His servants, sent him Saint Barnabas; the holy Apostle told him to fear nothing; that he would himself be his support and his protector; and, as a mark of the interest which he wished to take in his defence, he added that he had only to betake himself to five stadia from the town, on the west side, to a place called the place of Health, and that, by having a search made under an oak, he would find there his body entire, and on his breast the gospel of Saint Matthew, which he had written with his own hand. In effect, the holy prelate having betaken himself to that place, found there these two inestimable treasures; which caused that, in the synod to which he was summoned, his see of Salamis, which was metropolitan of the whole island of Cyprus, was judged free and independent of that of Antioch, and that he had no obligation to render deference to Peter the Fuller. The emperor Zeno, being informed of so happy a discovery, wished absolutely to have at Constantinople this book of the gospel which had been found; and, in gratitude, he caused to be built a magnificent church in honour of Saint Barnabas, in the very place where his body had reposed so long. This sacred spoil was afterwards transported there, in the time of Charlemagne. Relics of Saint Barnabas were transferred to Toulouse, into the church of Saint-Saturnin, where his head is still shown for the consolation and relief of the faithful.

At present, the city of Toulouse still possesses this precious relic; here is the copy of the record of authenticity:

Official Record Concerning the Head of Saint Barnabas

“Today, 21 June 1807, at half past four in the afternoon, we, Clément de Barbazan, vicar general, have verified a sealed case, having for inscription: *Relic of Saint Barnabas, apostle of the Gentiles,* in which we have found the almost entire head of the holy Apostle, wrapped in two faded crimson-red taffetas; moreover, a packet of silk stuff of the same colour, bearing for label: *Relic of Saint Barnabas,* and containing some small portions of the skull and several very well preserved teeth of the same Saint; moreover, two authentics, on which we have affixed our *ne varietur.*” (Crépel, vicar of Saint-Sernin.) There are also relics of the holy Apostle at Milan, and at Mont-Saint-Quentin. There is an epistle which bears the name of Saint Barnabas; but it has never been received as canonical scripture: which makes it easy to judge that it is not by our Apostle, and that it has been supposed under his name. Saint Jerome, nevertheless, says that it was much esteemed in his time. One may see on this Baronius, in the first volume of his *Annals.*

Notice on the Order of the Barnabites

The Order of the Clerks Regular called Barnabites, from a church of Saint Barnabas which is at Milan, and of which they took possession in 1545, was founded, in 1537, by three Milanese gentlemen. Popes Clement VIII and Paul III approved and confirmed it, the one in 1532, and the other in 1535. This Order, the principal end of which is to form good preachers to instruct the people in the missions, was singularly esteemed by Saint Charles Borromeo. It has produced several great men. (See Hélyot, *Hist. des Ord. relig.*, vol. iv, p. 111, and above all Father Mansi, of the Order of the Servites. *Not. in Raynaldi Contin. Annal. Baronii, ad ann.* 1533, p. 298, vol. xiii *Contin., seu* vol. xxxii *totius operis.*) Cf. *History of the Lives of the Saints,* after Godescard, Croiset, etc., by the abbés Juste and Caillau; Tillemont; *Acta Sanctorum*; *History of the*

Seventy-two Disciples, by the abbé Maistre.

Saint Macra, Virgin and Martyr

3rd or 4th century.

Oh! how glorious it is to die for the truth, which, even when it does not convert him who listens to it, does not fail to crown him who preaches it. Saint Bonaventure.

The martyrdom of this admirable virgin is marked in the Ecclesiastical Tables on the 6th of January; but as that day is filled by the feast of the Kings, to which all the other solemnities must yield, and as, besides, the memory of the translation of the arm of this Saint is celebrated today at Fère-en-Tardenois (Aisne), we have judged it fitting to defer her eulogy until here. She was of the diocese of Reims; and, having received a holy education, she had kept her body and her mind chaste in the observance of the precepts and counsels of the Gospel. Rictiovare, that great persecutor of the Church, who had orders from the emperors Diocletian and Maximian to extinguish it entirely in the Gauls, came at that time into Picardy and Champagne to execute this impious command. He learned that Macra was not content with being a Christian, but that she did all that she could, by her remonstrances and her exhortations, to turn all the world from the worship of the gods, and to make Jesus Christ adored, and that in effect she had already won many persons who were resolved, even at the expense of their lives, never to appear in the temples to offer sacrifices there. He had her arrested, and, having had her appear before his tribunal, he employed in turn gentleness and threats to bring her to obey the decrees of the emperors. On the one side, he represented to her her youth, her beauty, the long life she could hope for, the pleasures she might enjoy, and the great goods with which she would be loaded, if she remained faithful to her duty; and on the other, he threatened her, in case of disobedience, with the most cruel and most painful torments.

But the Saint, eager to suffer something for the love of her God, answered in a firm and constant voice to Rictiovare: “That he would not shake her by his promises, because she made no more account of all the riches of the earth than of a heap of mud and dung; nor by his threats, because she wished nothing with more ardour than to be in some manner like her crucified Saviour.” The tyrant, on this answer, had her put to the torture. While she was being tormented, he asked her what she was called. “I am called Christian,” she answered, “I adore the true God, and I detest the idols which are only images of the demons.” — “Quit this error,” replied Rictiovare, “and sacrifice to the gods; otherwise thou shalt be overwhelmed with torments.” — “Know,” she said, “cruel tyrant and child of the devil, that thy torments, no more than thy threats, will not tear from my heart the faith and the love of my divine Master; Jesus Christ is all to me: He is my treasure, my life, my happiness, my capitol, my temple, my altar, and nothing will ever be capable of separating me from Him.” The judge, after other discourses always useless, asked the bystanders their opinion on this young girl, and with what torments her disobedience ought to be punished? They answered “that she must be burnt alive.” After this sentence, she was led to Fismes, a borough on the river Vesle, on the borders of Champagne and the Soissonnais; there, she was stripped and cruelly bound by the executioners; far from losing courage, she set about publishing more than ever the praises of her God, thanking Him for His favours and asking of Him the grace to finish her combats happily.

Rictiovare, irritated at this constancy, commanded the executioners to cut and tear off her breasts: which was executed with an inhumanity more than barbarous. Then he had her cast into prison, forbidding to give her any remedy or any nourishment. But, in the middle of the night, the dungeon trembled and a great light appeared there, which put the gaoler and the soldiers to flight: the prisoners who were with her might very easily have saved themselves, but the Saint exhorted them to remain to have part in the grace which heaven presented to them. A very venerable old man, who, by the brightness of his face and the majesty of his white hair, marked something heavenly, presented himself then to her and told her that he brought her a marvellous ointment which would make her breasts grow again and would heal her of all her wounds. The Virgin

answered him that she thanked him and that she would not, by the restoration of her breasts, lose the crown which her Spouse had prepared for her. The old man, who was an angel, smiled and said to her: “Is it that, for that reason, you will not suffer yourself to be healed?” — “I have never,” she said, “used corporal remedy, my Lord Jesus Christ knows it well; nevertheless, if He wills to heal me, that I may appear before Him with health of body and soul, let His will be done!” And, in saying this, she prostrated herself on the ground, and, watering it with her tears, she made this prayer: “My Lord and my God, who hast created all the world out of nothing, and from whom the most secret things cannot be hid, thou knowest that neither ointment nor any other medicament has ever touched my body; that if thou wilt heal me, I pray thee to do it by thy word alone, which is all-powerful and can restore what is destroyed with the same facility with which it created what was not.” Our Lord heard the prayers of His servant, and she rose in a health so perfect that there was not even a mark of the wounds that had been made on her.

Rictiovare, informed of what had passed in the night, had her come back the next day before his tribunal, and, seeing her in a state so different from that in which she was the day before, asked her who had healed her: “It is,” she answered, “my Lord Jesus Christ whom thou wilt not acknowledge, and who is nevertheless a most powerful God, who holds in His hands life and death, health and sickness.” — “Thou art mad,” said that judge to her; “but at last thou must renounce these reveries and obey our divine emperors.” — “I obey God,” replied the Saint, “and acknowledge no authority to the prejudice of His; but far from this being a folly, it is on the contrary the only wisdom which gives salvation to the soul.” This discourse irritating Rictiovare anew, he had broken potsherds, very pointed, spread out on the place with burning coals, and commanded the ministers of his fury to roll the Saint on this bed of flames and of pain. She was rolled there a very long time, but God softened her torments. She asked at last of her Spouse to go and enjoy His divine embraces. Her prayer was heard, and her spirit, detaching itself from her body, flew happily into heaven, on the 6th of January, toward the end of the 3rd or at the beginning of the 4th century. Ancient German and Champenois representations give her a book which bears her two breasts cut off or torn away. She is also represented either with shears or with pincers.

Cult and Relics

Saint Macra was martyred in a place named Lice, Lite or Litta, near the gate of Paris, at the very spot where the river Ardre falls into the Vesle. A cross, called the cross of Saint Macra, has been raised there, on the road which leads from Fismes to Bazoches. It is at this village that was the tribunal of the Roman prefect, as well as the prison where Saint Macra was shut up. Her body was secretly buried near the very place of her martyrdom, and remained thus several years in the earth, until, having been discovered, it was deposited, with much honour, in a little church dedicated under the name of Saint Martin, at Fismes. Afterwards, as miracles were continually wrought by her intercession, a rich and pious man, named Dangulfe, caused to be built, in the same place, a beautiful church in her honour, where he had her relics transported. This translation took place on the thirtieth day of May. It was, according to Flodoard, in the time of Charlemagne, king of France and emperor. In this church two councils were held, the one in 881 and the other in 833. The Barbarians, having rushed upon France, did their utmost to burn it, and, having found there great heaps of sheaves of wheat which had been carried there to save them, they set fire to them, thinking thereby to consume the church; but by an evident miracle of the Providence of heaven, the sheaves burnt without the walls or the roof feeling the violence of that conflagration. M. Henri Congnet, dean of the Chapter of Soissons, wrote to us on the 15th of July 1866: “In the ancient rite of Reims, a first feast was celebrated on the 7th of January, with solemn octave; — a second feast on the 2nd of March, anniversary day of the discovery and of the first translation of her relics in the town of Fismes; — a third feast on the 3rd of August, anniversary of the second translation of her relics in 1389. — At Fère-en-Tardenois another feast, on the Sunday nearest to the 10th of June. — Since the return to the Roman Breviary, in 1852, the feast of Saint Macra remains fixed on the 2nd of March, in the Proper of Reims and in the Proper of Soissons.”

Saint Macra: Conclusion of the Entry

"On the 10th of June 1643, Léonor d'Estampes, archbishop of Reims, opened the shrine and found in it the same bones as those which were set down in the preceding record: the entire head, five or six large bones, with some others smaller; he took from it, for the church of Fère-en-Tardenois, the radius, which is one of the bones of the forearm; — a bone of the femur, for the church of Longueval (Aisne), and a part of the shoulder-blade, for the church of Bourgueil in Anjou (Indre-et-Loire)."On the 2nd of March 1759, new recognition of the relics of Saint Macra at Fismes by a vicar general of the archbishopric of Reims, *episcopo Cydonensi*; — then on the 7th of January 1845, by Mgr Thomas Gousset.

"At the French Revolution, the shrine of solid silver was sent to the mint. The bones were broken with iron bars. A lady, named Barbey de Chambrecy, saved several bones from profanation, and gave them back to M. Proche, curé of Fismes. — The present shrine, of gilded wood, and of a beautiful shape, is ninety centimetres in length; the roof is surmounted by a little bell-turret with a dome. It contains the head of Saint Macra, three long bones of forty-two centimetres and some small bones. — The pilgrimage is still rather frequented, and takes place twice a year. — Beautiful stained-glass windows have recently been placed in the parish church of Fismes, representing the principal circumstances of the Saint's martyrdom." Saint Macra is recognised as patroness of Fère-en-Tardenois. The pilgrimage there is very celebrated also, as well as at Fismes, and great relief is often received from it, principally for cancers and the other ills which come to the breasts.

Acta Sanctorum; Tillemont; local notes.

The Blessed Hugues, Abbot of the Monastery of Marchiennes

1158. — Pope: Adrian IV. — King of France: Louis VII, the Young.

Ille vere et bene præpositus suæ domui, qui familiam suam bene gubernat verbo et exemplo.

That man is a true and good superior who governs his community well by word and by example. *Glossa decret.*

This venerable personage was born in the city of Tournai, of rich and religious parents. From his earliest years, he announced a docile character and a happy nature. When he was of an age to study, his parents sent him to Reims, whose schools then enjoyed a great reputation. He received there the lessons of the celebrated Robert, who succeeded Saint Bernard in the charge of abbot of Clairvaux. The young man made rapid progress under such a master, and returned to his family at the age of about twenty years, with all his virtue. Hugues, during this first part of his life, had lost his father. This circumstance added yet new dangers to those which he met, when he saw himself master of his wishes and possessor of a considerable fortune; accordingly the attempts of seduction were frequent and terrible. Once above all, he came near yielding to the fatal bent which drags so many unfortunate young men to their ruin. But his lively and generous faith, and the love which he had always had for chastity, made him overcome the temptation which the demon had skilfully prepared. God Himself permitted that the malice of the tempter should serve for the greatest spiritual good of the young Hugues, who, from that moment, felt born and developing in his heart a lively attraction for the religious life. He betook himself secretly to the abbot of the monastery of Saint-Martin of Tournai, conversed with him of his intentions and his desires, asked his counsels and prepared himself to enter that fervent community. His mother, who watched all the steps of her son, had suspected that he was nourishing some important project in his mind. Her attentive eye had divined the thoughts which agitated him, and her great piety was in conflict with the sentiments of maternal love. One evening when they were together at their meal, there was brought to Hugues a book in which was found the letter that announced to him his admission. The sending of this book awoke the mother's anxieties, and the next day, at the first break of dawn, she betook herself to the church of Saint-Martin, near the abbey. What was not her surprise to see there her son Hugues, accompanied by one of his cousins, called Richard, and both disposing themselves to

enter the monastery to embrace the religious life.

The report of the young man's retreat was not long in spreading through the whole city of Tournai. His parents and his friends were irritated at it; ill-disposed persons gave it to be understood that he had been carried off by the religious themselves, and this calumny sufficed to excite the fury of several mutineers. They betook themselves to the monastery of Saint-Martin, broke in the doors, and prepared to carry off Hugues, a child of the city, whom the religious had enticed away. They wished to persuade the young novice to escape; but he, full of confidence in God, and strong in the testimony of his conscience, replied without fear: "I am of age, and I shall know how to answer for myself. No one will be able to ravish from God the victim who has immolated himself to Him, and who is now fastened to the cross." Having pronounced these words, he advanced and presented himself to his parents who were also in the crowd. Hugues was already clothed in the religious habit, and the sight of him made so great an impression on all the spectators that the most animated among them, yielding to the ascendancy of his words, withdrew, admiring the power of grace which renders man capable of such sacrifices. Like an olive-tree planted in the field of the Lord, and which receives each day the fertilising rains and dews, Hugues soon bore the precious fruits of the virtues. But these virtues were to have their trial, and God was not long in sending it to His servant. Beforehand, He permitted a sweet vision to come and strengthen his soul, and prepare it for the attacks which it was to sustain. One night then, Hugues saw himself transported in spirit into a spacious and magnificent hall, where were assembled a great number of young men of his age. All took their places at a banquet which the King of heaven presented to them: all also nourished themselves on the sacred flesh of Jesus Christ; but when they were satiated with this divine food, the King of heaven commanded to lead all the guests to martyrdom. This martyrdom, for the virtuous Hugues, was to be above all in his heart, and he was not long in feeling the first strokes of it. Suddenly, he was as though filled with an extreme disgust for all the duties of his new profession. The exercises, which had been for him a source of consolations, became insupportable to him. Prayer had no more charms in his eyes, the silence and solitude of the monastery entertained thoughts of sadness in his soul. In the midst of the continual perplexities of his mind and heart, Hugues lifted suppliant hands toward heaven, and asked victory over the numerous enemies who attacked him on all sides. In spite of the aridities and dryness of the soul, he ceased not to pray and to conjure the Lord to cast on him a look of compassion.

This long and painful temptation ended at last, and God, always liberal toward generous hearts who know how to bear with courage and resignation the trials which He sends them, rewarded admirably His worthy servant. From that moment, the heart of Hugues was as though inundated with consolations and spiritual delights which failed him no more to the last moment of his life. So when his mother, one day, asked him, with tears in her eyes, how, after having been brought up so delicately, he could submit to so many austerities, privations and sufferings, he answered at once that he found more joy and happiness in the midst of these mortifications than in the bosom of all the delights of the world. These words, in which breathed an ardent love for Jesus Christ crucified, made so lively an impression on the pious lady that they determined her to quit the world to consecrate herself to God. Hugues had the consolation of seeing her distribute her goods to the poor, then he led her himself into a monastery of holy women, near the town of Noyon.

Temptation had strengthened and inured the soul of the Blessed Hugues; the grace of the priesthood had imprinted on all his faculties as it were a new energy, which displayed itself in all circumstances. More than once, he had to bear the attacks of the wicked and the calumnies of men enemies of all good. His retreat from the world had wounded too many ambitions and petty hateful passions, for them not to seek to make the fervent religious expiate his generous renunciation of the world and of all its false sweetnesses. "Who could relate," says an old author, "how many times his honour was torn, and with what insults he was loaded? But all the winds of backbitings and villainies, blown by the mouth of those who do evil and hate the light, have not been able to extinguish this torch, nor this fair star sparkling in the firmament of holiness." In the midst of these persecutions and contradictions, a heart-rending piece of news is brought to the Blessed Hugues. It

tells him that his brother has just fallen under the blows of an assassin. The man of God, recollecting himself at once before the Lord, drives back to the bottom of his soul the sentiments which agitate him; he makes to God the sacrifice of this beloved brother, as he had made that of his mother, whom death had also just taken from him some time before.

Meanwhile the virtue of the humble religious took ever new increase. His superior, who had an entire confidence in him, charged him for the moment with the direction of a monastery of Noyon; then recalled him to himself to hand over to him the conduct of the community of Saint-Martin, with the title of prior. The worthy old man hoped that Hugues could supply what the infirmities of age no longer permitted him to accomplish by himself, and that his prudence, his wisdom and his firmness would maintain monastic discipline in all its fervour among his religious. Heaven had disposed otherwise. A few years after, Pope Eugene II, who held a council at Reims in the year 1148, confided to Ingram, abbot of Marchiennes, a very important charge in the church of Soissons. Obliged to seek a new abbot, the religious of that monastery fixed their choice on the Blessed Hugues, whose reputation of virtue and holiness was well known to them. The refusals which they met with on his part and on the part of the old abbot of Saint-Martin did not rebuff them. Saint Bernard himself, who was assisting at the council of Reims, as well as Saint Gossuin of Anchin, pleaded in their favour with the sovereign Pontiff, who ordered Hugues to accept the charge which was confided to him.

The new elect was forty-six years old when he received the abbatial blessing in the church of Marchiennes. The dignity to which he was raised only increased still more the lustre of his virtues. His humility, alarmed at the testimonies of veneration which his religious rendered him, often led him to say to them: “Give me not the names of abbot nor of lord, but call me servant and wretch, and wish me not a long life, but a good and holy one.” Nothing more touching than the account due to an anonymous and contemporary biographer, who has left us some details on this period of the life of the Blessed Hugues. “His principal occupation,” says he, “was prayer, in which he had more confidence than in the efforts and the industries of his zeal. He applied himself also to console the afflicted and the unfortunate, to re-establish peace wherever it was troubled, to put back on the road of salvation those who had had the misfortune to stray from it. Many had recourse to him to obtain the pardon of their sins, which they confessed to him with an altogether filial confidence. Father of the poor and of the indigent, he was ceaselessly surrounded by numerous troops who followed him, and for whom he procured the things necessary to life.” So many virtues and fine qualities had filled the religious of Marchiennes with respect and love for their venerable abbot. All emulously laboured to imitate his gentle gravity, his amiable frankness, his modesty, his piety and his spirit of recollection and of prayer. The abbots of the neighbouring monasteries were equally penetrated with admiration for him. They applauded his undertakings and saw them prosper with joy. Most of them made it a happiness to be able to assist at the consecration of the new church which he built on a larger and more spacious plan, on account of the great number of religious who had been received a short time before in the community.

It seemed that the venerable abbot had nothing more to do but to await death in peace, and that the afflictions to which he had long been subjected were for ever removed from him. But there was one last trial which was to set the seal on his merits. Great bodily pains were reserved to him in his old age. One day, in effect, the holy abbot had a fall, and dislocated his knee. There was much trouble in putting back the displaced bone, and twelve men had to pull with all their strength in this cruel operation. In spite of the horrible sufferings which the Blessed Hugues then endured, no alteration was remarked in his features. Moreover, against all the forecasts of the men of art, he felt himself, a short time after, perfectly cured. But, at the moment when his disciples could hope to see him still a long time in their midst, the Lord called him to Himself to reward him for all his good works. This great servant of God was then only in his fifty-sixth year, having governed the abbey of Marchiennes the space of ten years. His body was buried in the new church which he had caused to be built.

Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and of Arras, by M. the abbé Destombes.

Saint Roseline de Villeneuve,[1] Carthusian Nun

1263–1329. — Popes: Urban IV; John XXII. — Kings of France: Philip III, the Bold, Philip V, the Long.

O blessed Roseline! true rose without thorns! you fill with your perfumes the heavenly flower-beds.

Ex hymno Offic. S. Rosselinæ.

In the eastern part of Provence, between Lorgues and Draguignan, there spreads a plateau which the ancient tower of Les Arcs still dominates today. She could see at her feet, in the 13th century, the majestic buildings of a princely castle inhabited by two noble and pious personages, Arnaud de Villeneuve and Sibylle de Sabran. Generous offshoots of two great families whose members appear as a splendid constellation of Saints, it seemed that they had united only to furnish new inhabitants to heaven.

Bearing still in her womb the first fruit of a union which was to be so marvellously fruitful and blessed, Sibylle de Sabran, from the depth of her oratory, asked the Queen of angels to protect the child she was about to bring into the world. In the midst of her ardent prayer, a holy rapture taught her that she should bring forth a rose without thorns, whose perfume would embalm the whole country. On the 27th of January 1263, the castle of Les Arcs[1] was in festival: a child had just been born there: it was Roseline.[2] There had been for a long time already, in the family of the Villeneuves and of the Sabrans, virtue and Christian renown; and the young child appeared there as the brilliant point of a luminous group of virtuous personages. Guided, from her first steps in the world, by illustrious holinesses whose aureoles, confounded together, formed so rich a sheaf of light, it seems legitimate that the young châtelaine should have wished to show herself worthy of the pious nobility whose religious glories exalted her fair soul, and that to such armorial bearings she should have been jealous to add, if it were possible, a flower-ornament yet more graceful than the others. It was just besides that all the expressive traditions, all the emblems of our Saint should come to be reflected in the image of the queen of the flower-beds, that the latter should offer the résumé of her history, that she should be a speaking coat of arms, and that Roseline should be truly the rose of the desert, as Peter is the apostle-founder of the indestructible edifice which constitutes the Church. Our Saint did not fail her name.

The juvenile impulses of piety went on growing in the child initiated little by little into the Christian life: heavenly raptures were traced on her transparent eyes and on her childish features. On the day of her confirmation, the bishop of Fréjus saw a supernatural light shine on the forehead of Roseline, scarcely seven years old.

Her first sports were good works, and it was above all the love of the poor which inflamed her young heart. The timid, obedient girl became bold, enterprising, almost audacious to relieve the needs of the indigent and the sufferings of the sick: she went as far as pious larcenies, as far as rashnesses. The provisions of bread of the seigneurial house disappeared with inexplicable rapidity; by the hands of Roseline, they were secretly distributed to the poor. The servants of the castle, responsible for the food placed under their keeping, revealed the charitable thief to the father. This Christian father, happy to discover so much virtue in his daughter, wished to put her to a serious test.

One day, at the gate of the castle, poor people pressed by hunger implore bread; Roseline hears them, and the father feigns to be deaf to their prayer. Roseline runs up to distribute to them the food with which she has filled her apron. The father, hidden, springs out before his daughter, and with a simulated severity: “What are you carrying there?” he says to Roseline. “Father, they are flowering roses”; and opening her apron, she displays magnificent bouquets of roses. The father, ravished by the holiness of his daughter, turns to his servants and gives them this order: “Henceforth, she shall be let alone.” All sorrows touched the heart of Roseline. The sick, the afflicted saw this consoling angel enter their retreat; and their torments were appeased

by a divine charm. Nothing repelled her ardour to heal; with a hand which tender piety made skilful and light, she dressed without exciting suffering the most smarting wounds, the most repulsive sores; contagious humours were touched without fear, contagion could not reach her. O prodigy of courageous charity! the delicate lips of the girl without stain made the impurities of ulcers disappear for ever!

Roseline, sanctified already by so many good works, already a miraculous dispenser of heavenly graces, could no longer find a carnal love worthy of her. Eldest of the children of Arnaud and of Sibylle, she had already acquitted herself toward her young sisters and her brothers, then children, of the duties and interior cares of the family, she had already paid the earthly debts: she aspired to enjoy freely the raptures of divine love; the beauty without spot, infinite, that was what she wished to possess!…

The enthusiasm of young years is magnificent, but it is sometimes ephemeral, because it is inexperienced. It must be proved; this proof is a duty of Christian parents, who must remove every chance of a thoughtless religious engagement, followed sometimes by sad consequences and bitter regrets. The parents of Roseline did not fail in this painful part of their religious duties.

Many brilliant offers were made to the young girl: but she answered that she yielded all her rights to one of her four sisters; that she herself, consecrating to God her virginity in a monastery of Carthusian nuns, would be more useful to her family by the help of her prayers; that she implored permission to go and form herself in the knowledge and practices of the Carthusians in the house of Bertaud.

Dom Bruno, prior of the charterhouse of Montrieux, received the confidence of the firm resolution of Roseline and was charged to make the parents understand that the determination of their daughter was as reflective as irrevocable; the vow was listened to… it had to be executed.

The monastery of the Carthusian nuns of Bertaud,[3] with its vast solitudes, its tropical storms and its polar frosts, was the favourite site which had seduced the young imagination of Roseline, jealous to place the practice of the highest austerities in face of the greatest rigours of the climate, and the marvels of Christian serenity over against the greatest troubles of creation. But this house was very far from the castle of Les Arcs, and a great journey for a girl of fifteen years was still, in the 13th century, a difficult and dangerous enterprise. Providence provided for it.

In 1278, Josselin, bishop of Orange, on returning from a pilgrimage made to the tomb of the holy Apostles at Rome, received hospitality from Arnaud de Villeneuve. Roseline, ever more ardent in her pious desires, in presence of the delays and difficulties, took the bishop Josselin for protector, as she had taken the prior Dom Bruno for advocate. The bishop smoothed all difficulties, declaring that he took it upon himself to bring the noble postulant without danger as far as the charterhouse of Saint-André de Ramires, a monastery of ladies placed at the confines of his diocese. From Saint-André to Bertaud, the holy houses, multiplied like the beads of a rosary and visited by numerous religious messengers, established multiplied and very sure communications.

The pious traveller had to put herself under the protection of the religious habit, covered with the coarse stuff of a postulant, which contrasted with the delicacy of her features; she repressed the sighs and intimate sorrows of the first separation from family and of the perpetual abandonment of her father’s house.

The father, who had seen the miracle of his holy daughter, and knowing well that she walked toward heaven, gave her his blessing mingled with his tears. The Christian mother pressed to her heart this rose without thorn which was her joy and her pride, and of which she offered to God henceforth all the perfume. And the sisters and brothers, who were losing their best friend, covered with their kisses her who taught them so well to love and to pray to God! Roseline tore herself at last from these embraces, and, firm and resolute, she set out toward the place where the sacrifice was to be accomplished; the bishop of Orange, guiding and protecting the fair and holy girl, was a new angel Raphael leading the young Tobias toward the place where God

destined for him a faithful and well-beloved spouse. After long days of marching, they arrived at Saint-André. The journey, accomplished like a pilgrimage with a bishop for guide and for explainer, had excited the zeal of Roseline and enlarged the light of her faith. It had been a chain of holy impressions provoked by each religious foundation, by each relic whose history one went from town to town, from monastery to monastery, to learn, and whose marvellous influences one went to salute.

At Saint-André, where she remained some time, Roseline began her undertaking, and when she was well initiated in the material duties and religious exercises of that monastery, she thought only of reaching the house which was the term of the journey. But it was necessary to cross steep mountains to go and acquire the complete religious doctrine in the house of Bertaud: a little caravan was organised which accompanied our young virgin until she could rest in the shade of her beloved solitude. In the 13th century, turbulent lords, such as those of Mont-Maur and of La Roche, and persecuting heretics, such as the Vaudois, the Pastoureaux and the Albigensians, numerous and implacable enemies, caused the religious of Bertaud lively anxieties, and menaced their weakness with the last outrages. The young postulant from the castle of Les Arcs arrived as a messenger of peace; she brought the assurance of the energetic intervention of the Sovereigns of Provence against the enemies of the monastery: related to the present governor of that country, was not the young virgin a reassuring hostage for the future of the house? Roseline appeared therefore the rainbow of serenity henceforth assured: her entrance at Bertaud was a day of festival, for a guardian angel was saluted under the mantle of the novice.

As in 1095 Saint Bruno determined the great crusade and made himself the secret missionary of the pacific and civilising faith, so in 1278 Saint Roseline, scarcely admitted into the family of the Carthusian founder, already determined around her the protection of public order, respect for the laws of religion and of Christian civilisation.

While Roseline procured peace to the convent, the most humble and most zealous of novices, she drew there religious science and profane science. Sacred letters, sweet and pious melodies, the Rules of her Order and their motives were learned with happiness, with eagerness by our Saint; the variations of the practices, their alternations in the hours of the day appeared to her a succession of enjoyments; her progress stimulated the zeal of her companions, while the sweet gaiety which radiated from her whole person gave a seductive charm to the most austere or the most monotonous exercises. Under each simple material detail she read an important intention and a lofty thought. To advance ever toward God, by the intelligence and by the heart, was for her a constant need, and what repelled equivocal vocations over-excited hers. After two years of novitiate, and on three successive occasions, during the last month, Roseline had asked the favour of being admitted to the dignity of professed; three times the unanimity of votes had welcomed her desires submitted to the General Chapter. In 1280, toward Christmas, the solemn moment of the irrevocable vows had arrived, and the humble Roseline, already proved by heroic sacrifices, nevertheless still trembled for her weakness; she asked around her the concurrence of all prayers.

At last the day dawned when, rich in that holy and generous boldness which is acquired by contact with long and painful combats of which it is the obligatory crown, Roseline advanced resolute before the altars to pronounce her vows there and receive the blessing of the priest: she was professed. In immolating her virginity to the God of purity, she adorned herself eagerly with the white robe of a Carthusian nun, more brilliant in her eyes than purple and silk. She had left riches for poverty, the eager care of servants to make herself a humble servant, she had renounced in a single day the sweet caresses of a mother, the intoxicating honours of a princely family. The daughters of Saint Bruno were in possession of a treasure which was soon to be ravished from them.

Not far from the castle of Les Arcs a new convent of Carthusian nuns had just arisen: it was Celle-Roubaud, fruit of the liberalities of the father of our Saint. The prioress was called Jeanne de Villeneuve: she was the aunt of our heroine. Bending under the double weight of years and austerities, she urgently claimed her who

was to help her in the administration of the house and to extend over the country a salutary proselytism. Roseline, instructed now in the interests of her Order, well initiated in Carthusian practices, could be of great utility in this nascent monastery: the general good required that she should appear at Celle-Roubaud, her superiors called her there.

In 1282, she left those majestic Alps, witnesses of her religious vows and of the most beautiful impulses of her faith, to go near the castle of Les Arcs, to begin an enterprise worthy of her. Everything was ready to welcome the holy Carthusian. The bishop of Fréjus, Bertrand de Favières, was himself to consecrate Saint Roseline, and, in raising her to the dignity of deaconess, to give her the highest religious character that persons of the sex can receive. Arrived at her twenty-fifth year, our Saint had attained the minimum age required to receive this consecration: she aspired ardently to the supreme honours of this ceremony, which conferred on her the holy privileges of the title of spouse of Jesus Christ. The Carthusian consecration is a reproduction of the most graceful impulses of the Canticle of Canticles: sublime transports of heavenly loves poetically sung in the offices of the Blessed Virgin: it is intimate union with the victim who sacrifices himself each day upon the altar. The desires of our Saint were at last fulfilled: it was given her to receive from the hands of the bishop the veil which separated her from the world, and the ring of gold which chained her to God; the crown of precious stones which made her a partaker of the glory and power of the King of heaven; the maniple which was to adorn her right arm with the sign of strength; the stole, symbol of the yoke of the Lord; the cross, sign of absolute sacrifice, of complete devotion; finally, the book of the holy Canticles which the religious soul loves to sing in praise of the Spouse.

During this happy day, Roseline could pronounce no word; she could take no food. All earthly necessities were suspended; the tears of ecstasy veiled her eyes directed toward heaven, while the impulses of her heart stifled her voice. Like Mary, sister of Lazarus, she ceased not to contemplate the divine beauty and to listen to the intimate conversation of the mystic Spouse. The spouse lived only on the breath of the Spouse.

What was then the joy of her father, of the noble chancellor of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies! He saw the realisation of his hopes in the development of this house of Carthusian nuns which he had founded with his gifts, which he peopled with his family. In giving to this convent both his sister for prioress and his daughter as deaconess, did he not assure to his line, to his vassals, all the graces of prayer and sacrifice?

But, among all these dilated hearts, there was one above all that happiness overwhelmed, it was that of the mother of the Carthusian crowned and raised in glory. Sibylle de Sabran saw her Rose without thorn arrived at her most splendid blossoming. The presages of the birth of her holy daughter, preciously preserved in the maternal heart, were advancing toward their entire accomplishment.

Strong henceforth with an altogether divine strength, our young virgin employs it generously in the successive improvement of the various parts of the interior administration of the monastic house of Celle-Roubaud. In her novitiate, ended in the bosom of the eminent house of Bertaud, in her pilgrimage across the principal religious institutions of Provence, she had learned much. The zeal of Roseline professed, of Roseline consecrated, propagated all that the open mind of Roseline novice had seized. Under her intelligent impulse, the religious chants are executed with that exquisite feeling for sacred poetry which knows how to raise toward heaven the thoughts of the coarsest labourers of the earth; one sees born that religious music of the daughters of Saint Bruno, whose harmonies are like a groaning of the earth followed by a hope toward heaven. The model virgin of Celle-Roubaud makes all admire her pious application and her skill in the material art of writing, taking pleasure in tracing in graceful characters the marvellous beauties of sacred poetry, and writing with delight the divine language which she felt with rapture. Fervent interpreter of Him who said: *Go and teach,* she applies herself to make the light of sacred doctrines shine vividly, and the charms of her teaching edify all who surround her. Generous and faithful servant in little things, whom God is going to raise to greater ones! The prioress Jeanne de Villeneuve had just abdicated her religious functions, and the prior general of the Carthusians, Boson, listening to the unanimous wish of the virgins of the

monastery of Celle-Roubaud, imposed on Roseline to accept the labours and the dignity of the priorate. After thirty years of charity, after twenty-two years of prayers, sanctifying exercises and severe practices, the holy Carthusian, arrived with her thirty-seventh year at Carthusian perfection, could exact and teach virtue, of which the type was found in herself. The severity of warnings, the touching exhortations to perpetual immolation and to prayer, the incessant vigilance against the seductions of lukewarmness and of softness: such were henceforth the grave duties which fell upon her. It is by accomplishing them that she founded the traditions of the Carthusian nuns which have raised her to the rank of model of the virgins of their Order.

Roseline novice had shown herself eager to acquire the virtues of this Order; professed, she could be called its model virgin; prioress, she will be its highest protectress, and as it were the centre of a circle of active intelligences, devoted to the religious development of which the Carthusian Order is going to be one of the principal foci. To this gigantic work of peace and protection, in a country and at a time when the one and the other were so rare and so difficult, the daughter of Bruno will summon the immense train of her relatives and friends, in the political order and the religious order. Independently of the protection of her brother, the lord of Les Arcs, charged with the defence of the diocese of Fréjus and of the Carthusian monasteries as far as La Verne, she will invoke that of another brother, Raymond de Villeneuve, governor of Marseille; of her brother Raynaud, chancellor of the duke of Taranto; of her brother-in-law de Villeneuve-Vence, grand seneschal of Provence; of her first cousin Saint Elzéas de Sabran, governor of the heir prince and ambassador of King Robert; then, in the religious order, that of her brother Elzéas de Villeneuve, canon of Marseille; of her uncle-german, William de Sabran, bishop of Digne; and, above all these influences, she will call to her aid the grand master of the knights of Saint John, her brother, and the sovereign Pontiff, her friend. Never at any epoch, either before or after Roseline, was seen an assemblage of civilising powers and virtues so closely united: accordingly, what important results due to this sheaf of religious powers, of military authorities, of high civil functions, all united by great virtues and by the ties of blood, by reciprocity of esteem and devoted affection! To cite only some of them, the Provençal sovereign instituted, in 1308, a knight special protector of the Carthusians; in 131– (the last figure is missing in the printed copy), the former bishop of Fréjus, the great admirer of Roseline's virtues, become pope under the name of John XXII, endowed the Carthusian Order with the hospital house of Bonpas, near Avignon, while the following year he added to this first favour the exemption from tithes for its lands, and, by his bull of December 1323, increased in a lasting manner the resources of the Charterhouse of Celle-Roubaud, by decreeing the adjunction of the revenues of the priory of Saint-Martin to the goods of the monastery. In 1320, the security of the Order reached its apogee, assured as it was for ever by the establishment of a post of knights of Saint John, directed by a de Villeneuve, while the archbishop of Arles, and the bishops of Vaison and of Senez were named conservators of the goods and persons of the Carthusian nuns. These are some of the fruits that blossomed in the interval of the twenty-five years of Roseline's priorate (1300–1325). However she had grown old in this long series of good works; she had provided her monastery with spiritual goods and temporal goods, she had herself acquired perfections which separated her more and more from human weaknesses. She thirsted for the delights of the contemplation of the divine perfections, and she was weaned from them by material cares, by the preoccupations and anxieties of direction. She came down from the supreme rank to make herself forgotten in isolation and seclusion. A stranger to earthly needs, she drew near to angelic spirituality. She remained as long as an entire week without nourishment… Some vegetables without seasoning, bread soiled with ashes, such was the coarse and meagre nourishment which sufficed for her, the days when she savoured the spiritual delights of the bread of angels!

Material necessities becoming each day less imperious, her soul, ever more active, penetrated into the secret of hearts. She was impressed by the interior stains of those who asked to converse with her, and no one dared any longer approach her until after having purified himself by confession. The author of sin himself, the demon, could no longer resist the prayers of the Saint who repelled the approach of the least stain, and the least thought of evil.

The grace of preparing herself for the last combat, of which the hour was revealed to her, was the most signal of the divine favours granted to the virtues of Saint Roseline. Calling her dear niece Margaret, the best beloved of her proselytes, she who since the loss of her sister Sanche represented at once the family of blood and the family of religion, she begged her to assist her with her last cares, at the moment when death was about to loose her soul from its material chains.

The religious convoked around her couch heard her last tendernesses and her last counsels. “Confidence and the love of the Lord, that,” she said, “is the patrimony I leave you, it will suffice for all your needs.” Was not her example a palpable demonstration of this great principle? Renouncing everything and giving ceaselessly, had not all succours come to her in due time?

It was beautiful to see this lover of the poor and of God lying on straw, bearing the goad of sickness as if she had been softly stretched on a bed of roses, uttering humble complaints about her slight weaknesses which left scarcely in her memory a cloudy and confused trace of her unworthiness, as if she had not ceaselessly triumphed over the flesh, and as if each of her years had not been a step toward the highest perfection. Her eyes toward heaven: “Call me to you,” she said, “that I may unite my feeble voice, O my God, to the canticles of your angels, that I may arrive at you, by the favour of the indulgences which your vicar has granted me, and that, furnished with the strength drawn from your mysterious bread, my weakness may journey as far as your sublimity!” Thus groaned, in the embraces of her humble love for God, the virgin who had been nothing but prayer and charity, the worthy rival of the virtues of Saint Bruno. Soon satiated with the supernatural sweetnesses of the divine Eucharist, she fell into an ecstasy which lasted an entire day. Was it an excursion toward paradise which thus suspended earthly communications?

After this rapture, the last unctions of holy oils came as an embalming to prepare the virginal body for eternal incorruptibility. All the human senses, henceforth separated from their earthly infirmities, were applied to heavenly messages. The community, kneeling before the holy prioress, received, in the midst of sobs, her last blessings… In a solemn silence, the Carthusian virgins withdrew, carrying in their hearts a tender emotion and a sanctifying memory.

The niece Margaret remained alone in prayer in a corner of the cell, when she heard Saint Roseline say in a clear and satisfied voice: “Farewell for the last time, I go to my Creator.” At these words a new prodigy bursts forth: then appears the holy Carthusian triad, Saint Bruno, Saint Hugh of Grenoble, Saint Hugh of Lincoln, all in the habits of Carthusians, the censer in hand and preceding the holy Mother of God bearing her divine Son in her arms. The divine Virgin having permitted Saint Bruno to have the cell incensed, Saint Hugh of Lincoln enveloped in perfumed circles the room and the bed of the sick woman: the demon, summoned to articulate the reproaches to be formulated against Roseline: “She let herself go,” said he, “to rest during an afternoon.” By the inanity of such a reproach, the insidious spirit of evil confessed well the holiness of Roseline! Then the holy Mother of God, with the ineffable grace of her smile, pronounced these sweet words: “Conduct the chaste bride to the nuptial bed of the heavenly Spouse.” At these words, burst forth the concert of thanksgivings of the holy triad, and the venerable mother expired!

Henceforth Carthusian virtue had two models: Saint Bruno and Saint Roseline, it was the sweet personification of prayer, on lips without stain, and under the two forms of humanity.

The body of the virgin without spots was then, according to the Carthusian rite, adorned with the insignia of the consecration. On the forehead of the Saint of Celle-Roubaud shone the precious stones of the crown received at twenty-five years, on her right arm was the maniple, on her white robe descended the stole which encircled her breast like the aureole of purity, on her heart was rested the cross which had inspired all her thoughts.

When the body was introduced into the coffin, the Saint’s limbs, cold as marble, preserved with the sweetness of their form a marvellous flexibility.

At the same instant, the voice of God made itself heard by the mouth of children. In all the boroughs, in the towns of the neighbourhood these cries resounded: the saint is dead! Then an immense concourse directed itself toward the monastery, all wished to see, all wished to touch the holy remains. Blind persons recovering sight, crippled limbs restored to their functions, and numerous sick healed by the mere contact of the coffin were the public testimonies of the holiness of Roseline. It was necessary to put off the burial until the third day. So the population required, which could not be satiated with contemplating the Saint.

She was buried in the common cemetery of the monastery, according to the rite of her religious Order, and deposited near the preceding prioress, Jeanne de Villeneuve, dead nineteen years.

Our Saint had flown to heaven on the 17th of January 1329, aged nearly sixty-six years: religious at sixteen, she was about to celebrate with her heavenly Spouse the fiftieth anniversary of her Carthusian vows so well fulfilled.

She is represented bearing a reliquary which contains two eyes, because the Saint's eyes were preserved lively and clear several centuries after her death. She is also seen dispersing Mohammedan troops, symbol of the protection with which she surrounded the Carthusian Order. Finally, she is depicted crowned with roses, in memory of the revelation which her mother had when she bore this child still in her womb, and to recall the miracle of the loaves changed into roses.

She is the patroness of the Carthusians and of the Order of Malta.

Cult and Relics

Soon the wishes of the religious and those of the surrounding populations rose in concert as far as Avignon, as far as the representative of Saint Peter, the illustrious old man, friend of Roseline, to ask for the exhumation of the holy body. It was carried out on the day of the octave of Pentecost, the 11th of June 1334, in the midst of the most numerous and most solemn concourse; after five years' sojourn in the earth, the body appeared entire, without corruption; the eyes, ordinarily so alterable, were marvellously preserved. Public joy rose to a pious intoxication, miracles multiplied, and on all sides it was repeated: We have an inestimable treasure, we possess a Saint. This memorable day was thenceforth justly named "the triumph of Saint Roseline," and it is celebrated each year on the Sunday of the Octave of Pentecost. The eyes of the Saint were put in a small special shrine, to be carried to the treasury of the parish of Les Arcs, near the place where these eyes, symbolic figure of virginal purity, had for the first time opened to the light. The holy body, carried by six Carthusian nuns, was deposited in the church of the monastery, near the altar, within a balustrade which protected it against profanations.

Political and religious triumphs due to the patronage of Roseline, and the numerous miracles which took place in the midst of the populations neighbouring on the monastery, redoubled the public devotion for the remains of the Saint, and, in 1344, on the universal wish, the body was raised from the vault to be exposed to the sight of all, and later placed on the altar in a shrine with glazed opening.

But the 15th century brought with it its political troubles and the famous pontifical schism: the body of Saint Roseline had been hidden by pious hands, and the Christian people urgently asked the restoration of the precious relic: she was the holy patroness of the country, Roseline, who averted the storms destructive of the harvests, who softened ills and entered into all the interior joys of mothers of families; to find the holy body again, the lights of heaven were invoked in the chapel of Celle-Roubaud. In the midst of the Mass, a blind man cries out: here is the body of Saint Roseline, I see it. At the same instant, the blind man recovers sight. The excavations made at the place which had just been indicated lay bare the holy relic and still in its integrity; it was then replaced near the choir, in the chapel, in a gilded shrine, and in the position which it occupied before. But the monastery contiguous to the church had been half destroyed; it was rebuilt according to the rules of the Franciscan Fathers of the Observance who constituted themselves the guardians

of the sacred deposit,[4] and on the day of its entire completion (1504), it received the popular name by which it is exclusively known today, that of Sainte-Roseline. The precious relic was able to pass without insult through the period of the wars of religion which preceded the pacifying reign of Henry IV. In 1657, a new shrine had to be established intended to enclose it more suitably. A solemn translation took place in presence of the dignitaries of the religious Order, of numerous members of the Saint's family, and in the midst of the explosion of pious joy of four thousand assistants. The shrine was deposited in a chapel of recent construction, on the right of the church, at the corner of the altar corresponding to the Gospel. After the popular ovation came the homage of the most superb prince of the ancient monarchy, for nothing was to be wanting to the exaltation of the humble virgin. Louis XIV, in 1661, came with his mother Anne of Austria and all his court, to make the pilgrimage of the holy places of Provence; after Saint Magdalen, the penitent sinner, honours were addressed to the incorruptible virgin, Saint Roseline. The marvellous preservation of the Carthusian's eyes placed in the reliquary struck the king vividly. He ordered his physician, Antoine Vallot, to make sure that these eyes were natural. The puncture made on one of the eyes by the physician armed with a needle made all doubts disappear. The result of this verification is still manifest today; the eye pierced by this puncture has withered, the other has preserved its integrity. Thus the verification by Louis XIV has become a permanent proof of the ancient incorruptibility. An irrecusable date has been given to the homage rendered to a humble virgin by the king who had taken the sun for his radiant emblem.

To establish the authenticity of the relic, the most incontestable testimonies have continued from that epoch to our days. The most touching is seen in the zeal which the neighbouring populations showed, in the 18th century, to protect her relic: here is this testimony. When, in 1707, following the disasters which saddened the last years of the great reign of Louis XIV, the army of the duke of Savoy invaded Provence, fire, rape, carnage marked the march of the enemy army. Soon it was seen to return covered with shame and for that very reason more furious; it had been broken at the gates of Toulon, defended by the marshal de Tessé and by the old count de Grignan, who, in spite of his seventy-five years, showed all the activity, all the ardour of a young hero.

The part of Provence which extends from Toulon to the Var was covered with the debris of the vanquished army. The soldiers, without chiefs, without discipline, marching in numerous bands, pillaged, ransomed, burned; our unhappy country was only an immense pyre, the convent of Sainte-Roseline would have become the prey of the flames without the generous devotion of the inhabitants of Les Arcs and of the country folk, who had gathered round the monastery to defend it. The devotion of the inhabitants of Les Arcs to their heavenly protectress went much further still. In the baleful days when all the churches were sold and profaned, Sainte-Roseline was bought back by the inhabitants of Les Arcs and by them given to the commune. It is the protection of the people which has replaced the brother guardians toward Sainte-Roseline; the popular devotion of 1783 was worthy of that of 1707!

But the most irrecusable, the most authentic testimony is furnished by the solemn translation of 1835, made under the auspices of Mgr Michel, bishop of Fréjus. A shrine of marble was substituted for the shrine of gilded wood, a veil of silk, bearing in letters of gold the year of the Saint's birth and that of her death, was given by the members of the family of Villeneuve, belonging to all the various branches. Numerous effects of the patronage of Sainte-Roseline are preserved in the memory of the inhabitants of Les Arcs; but the most universal, the most popular patronage of the Saint of Celle-Roubaud is that which she exercises over the harvests. From the height of the heavens, the virgin of the roses still casts compassionate looks upon those who hunger; she keeps off storms, she gives water to the parched crops.

In the year 1817, persistent drought threatened the wheat harvest with entire destruction. The inhabitants of the town of Lorgues, gathered in procession to the number of three thousand, came to implore the succour of Saint Roseline by traversing a distance of four leagues; the supplication was of the 8th of May, on the 9th of May an abundant rain watered the parched fields. The miracle is attested in the chapel by an inscription

engraved on a marble plate placed below the picture representing the procession.

The Carthusians asked urgently to be authorised to celebrate the cult of Saint Roseline as patroness of their feminine Order; they were pursuing, since 1840, the regular canonisation of their dear sister of Celle-Roubaud, when the pontifical approbation given, on the 9th of May 1851, to the Proper of the diocese of Fréjus, classing the feast of Saint Roseline among the popular diocesan cults, required for several centuries by the devotion of the faithful, smoothed and resolved all difficulties.

After the approbation of the diocesan cult, all the requests for extension of the cult were to be admitted, and these requests were honours more largely granted to the holy Carthusian. The Order of the Carthusians hastened to ask the approbation of this cult in all the chapels it possessed, and the corresponding inscription in the ordinary calendar of their particular rite. The decree of this concession was signed on the 17th of September 1857, by Cardinal Patrizzi, president of the Congregation of Rites.

On the 27th of September 1859, a plenary indulgence was granted for those who should visit a church of the Carthusians on the day of the Saint's feast, fixed on the 16th of October. This grace was moreover subordinated, as usual, to a holy communion made with that intention. Thus the humble Carthusian has won a place on all the altars of the diocese of Fréjus and in all the chapels of the Carthusians.

We have drawn this Life from the learned work of M. the count H. de Villeneuve-Flayosc, member of the illustrious family of Saint Roseline. — Cf. AA. SS., vol. ii of June.

Saint Blitaire or Blier, Confessor, Honoured at Verdey

7th century.

Blitaire was a native of Scotland. He came into Gaul with Saint Foursy. The latter stopped some time on the coasts, and later advanced as far as Picardy. Blitaire came to the territory of Sézanne, in Champagne. He built there a little hut, not far from Verdey, where he passed his whole life in mortification and prayer. His death, like his life, was illustrated by miracles. On account of the celebrity of his name, the pious monks of Vauchoux founded a priory of their Order on the very site of his dwelling. The Canons of Broies transported his body into their church. In his honour, the baron Hugues de Broies and his wife Héluide richly endowed this community. Long after, his body was transferred to Sézanne, into the church of Saint-Julien; it remained there until 1567, the epoch at which the Calvinists, having seized Sézanne, broke the silver shrines of Saint Blitaire and of Saint Julien, converted them into money, burnt the relics and threw the ashes to the wind.

Ancient Proper of Troyes.

The Blessed Manassès I, Bishop of Troyes

Manassès was born at the castle of Arcis-sur-Aube, at the beginning of the 10th century. He descended from the counts of Arcis, of Bamerupt and of Pougy, who, after the counts of Champagne, were the most powerful.

His father was named Helpuin; his mother, Hersendis. At the death of Helpuin, Hersendis ceded to Hilduin, her eldest son, the county of Arcis, and withdrew, with the young Manassès, to her lordship of Bamerupt. From his tenderest years, the young count gave the best hopes to his mother. A great amenity of character joined to precocious inclinations to piety decided the countess to put her son into the hands of Milon I, bishop of Troyes; and, under this enlightened direction, the pupil, worthy of the master, made rapid progress in virtue. He soon won the esteem and affection of all; and when, after an episcopate of short duration, but well filled, Milon was called to eternal rest, the canons of Troyes, who had appreciated the qualities of Manassès, thought they could make no happier choice than by putting him at the head of their Church, in the year 985. The government of some of his predecessors had been saddened by new incursions of the

Normans. These barbarians had left in their passage so great a misery that the canons of Troyes themselves had been obliged, to live, to have recourse to trade or manual labour: so the relaxation of the ancient discipline had been introduced among them. Manassès, profoundly afflicted at such a state of things, surrounded himself with men as pious as learned, whose counsels he sought. These were Adson, abbot of Montier-en-Der, Hadrique, treasurer of the cathedral, and Saint Adérald, canon and later archdeacon. He explained to them his design of reform and found in these zealous priests indefatigable collaborators. He met first with immense difficulties; but the disinterestedness which he showed in abandoning generously for his Church the considerable goods which he possessed, so moved the hearts to which he appealed that they embraced with joy the common life, following the Rule of the council of Aix-la-Chapelle. But if the Blessed bishop was greatly consoled at seeing discipline re-established, he felt no less happiness at the conversion of his brother Hilduin. Very different from the bishop of Troyes, “the count of Arcis was,” says Des Guerrois, “a bad lad, who led a military, carnivorous, voluptuous and desperate life.” Manassès, for a long time, made the most ardent wishes, addressing to heaven the most fervent prayers for the return to virtue of a brother whom he cherished tenderly. Hilduin felt awakened in his heart the sentiments of religion which had nourished his childhood. Soon he took pleasure in the society of the abbot of Montier-en-Der, who paid him frequent visits; he listened willingly to his advice; he even accepted with good grace his remonstrances. At last, the abbot Adson took such an ascendancy over the mind of the count that he determined him to think seriously of his soul. Hilduin bowed his haughty head under the hand of God; he was sincerely converted, and became as gentle and as pious as he had been brutal and dissolute. He even made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and went to inundate with the tears of his penance the sacred places where the blood of the Saviour had flowed for the expiation of his faults.

Manassès counted many years. He wished, before dying, to leave a monument of his devotion to the Mother of God. Already the pious Hersendis had built in her castle of Ramerupt a church under the title of Notre-Dame. Manassès, after her example, caused to be built at Arcis, his native town, a priory which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary; he annexed the cure to it and made it great largesses. This priory depended, in the sequel, on the abbey of Marmoutier, near Tours. At last, full of days and good works, Manassès died, on the 11th of June 993, after eight years of episcopate.

The abbé Defer, *Lives of the Saints of the Diocese of Troyes*.

The Blessed John, Surnamed Tientialbene, Lay Brother of the Order of Saint Francis

1255.

The Blessed John was born at Todi, in Italy, of a noble family. In 1230, he took the habit of lay brother, and received almost at once, in the Order, the surname of Tien-ti-al-bene, that is to say: “Attach thyself to what is good”; apparently because he often repeated these four words. In a short time he arrived, by force of obedience, of prayer, of contempt of the world and of himself, at a high degree of perfection. What stimulated him was the desire to attain the holiness of the Blessed Junipérus, who was living then, and who was already celebrated for his good works and his miracles. He declared himself his disciple, and by his religious zeal, if he did not succeed in equalling him, he won at least his friendship.

John was besides a model of all the virtues. It seemed that an order of his superiors gave him wings; at the least word, he did not walk, he flew. His patience, in physical or moral sufferings, was the admiration of all the religious; he was sent to the convents where life was hardest and most painful, and he congratulated himself on it as on an incomparable happiness. His brethren, to mortify him, subjected him to trials from which he always came out to his honour; thus, with a word, the Blessed Junipérus made him laugh or weep, set to work or rest, speak or keep silence. God gave this good brother the power of accomplishing miracles.

There is cited of him, among other miraculous cures, that of a leper and that of a blind man. The Blessed John passed the last years of his life at the convent of Alviano, not far from Todi; it is there that he prepared for the great journey of eternity by a redoubling of austerities and good works. He fell asleep in the Lord in 1255, and his death was signalised by brilliant miracles. The Blessed Junipérus regretted him who had been his brother and his friend."Since this holy man is no more," he cried, "there is nothing good left on the earth; the whole world ought to weep for him; if I did not fear to pass for a madman, I would go straight to the tomb of my brother John Tien-ti-al-bene, I will take his head where so many virtues germinated, I will make of it two parts, I would eat the one and I would drink the other." And, turning toward his brethren, he added: "We have just lost a religious full of virtues, but, at the same time, we have acquired in heaven an advocate and a father."

Acta Sanctorum.

The Blessed John of Avellino, Lay Brother of the Order of Saint Francis

1313.

The Blessed John of Avellino, who was born in 1250, in the kingdom of Naples, was son of Jean-Jacques Armenius of Montforte, and of Thomasina of Capua. His youth was far from irreproachable; he mixed in the terrible wars of that epoch, and let himself be drawn into excesses of all sorts. His piety was more than doubtful; his father preparing to rebuild at his own expense the church of Avellino, which had been burnt, John made every effort to decide him to consecrate to another use the sums of money already collected, and, on the count's refusal, he conceived a mortal hatred against him, and swore that he would take, arms in hand, the gold destined for the church. At this moment, there arrived at Avellino a venerable religious, disciple and companion of Saint Francis; Montrorte ran to him as to an envoy of heaven: "My friend," the monk said to him, "your son will be one day a lay brother and will give the example of all the virtues." A few weeks later, this prophecy was fulfilled.

From the year of his novitiate, this converted impious man attained to the Christian perfection of the holiest religious. One saw him sometimes, in the streets of the town, his eyes full of tears, cast himself at the feet of one of his former friends, saying: "Thou who hast known me as a wretched sinner, and for whom I was a cause of scandal, I beseech thee, follow me now in the way of repentance." He brought back to good by his example a certain number of persons, among others a woman of evil life, who, in the hope of marrying him, had tried to make him fall back into his former errings. The Blessed John of Avellino spared himself no sort of mortification: he fasted, he prolonged his watchings, he gave himself severe disciplines, he walked barefoot, his eyes fixed on the earth, fearing, like a criminal, to meet looks which would condemn him.

In the chapel, he prayed with the piety of angels. No noise disturbed him from his meditations, and more than once his brethren saw him with astonishment rise from the earth in a whirlwind of light. Meanwhile the renown of his holiness had spread little by little in the province, and people ran from all sides to ask him for consolations, good counsels, examples of virtue. The respect that was shown him and of which he thought himself unworthy caused him a veritable suffering; he asked his superiors and obtained to be sent into Umbria, where he hoped to find solitude and calm. He was deceived; scarcely arrived at the convent of Todi, he saw himself exposed to what he called the same persecutions. People came to him as to an envoy of heaven, the sick to be healed, sinners to be converted, good men to sustain and encourage themselves by his example. The good brother knew not how to deliver himself from this affluence; by dint of prayers, he obtained to accomplish no more miracles; he never had the happiness of escaping the veneration of men. During the year which preceded his death, he was subject to frequent ecstasies, merited no doubt by a redoubling of austerities. The sufferings of his last illness were tempered by spiritual conversations of the Blessed with Saint Francis, the Blessed Virgin and the Son of God Himself, who appeared to him several times in His full and infinite majesty. It was on the 11th of June 1313, at the age of sixty-three years, that he

fell asleep gently in the bosom of the Lord. The news of his death drew into the chapel of the convent a crowd of men and women, desirous to honour the precious remains of Brother John, to kiss his feet and his hands. He was buried in the church of Todi, in the same vault as Brother John of Todi. Miracles were wrought on his tomb.

Acta Sanctorum.

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[1] He gave from his childhood presages of his future holiness. Entered into the Order of the Camaldolese, he practised great austerities there. His superiors had him raised to the priesthood and established him chaplain of the religious of Saint Christina of Treviso. It was in this employment that he passed the rest of his life, consecrating to prayer and to the exercises of piety the time that his functions left him. He died at eighty-seven years of age and several miracles took place at his tomb, which determined Albert, bishop of Treviso, to proceed to juridical inquiries as a result of which the Holy See permitted his memory to be honoured with a public cult.

[2] Baronius derives the word *capella*, chapel, from the root *cappa*, which belonged to the language of the Franks, and which signified a tent. It was a tent which the Frankish kings had carried with them, in their expeditions, for the divine service. Hence also the name of chaplains given to the priests who followed the armies. What we call today a chapel, the ancients called *oratorium* or *cubiculum*; this last word received this sense from that saying of Our Lord, in Saint Matthew, ch. vi: *Intra in cubiculum tuum, et clauso ostio ora Patrem tuum.* One said even, employing the two words, the one as substantive, the other as adjective: *oratoria cubicula*. One reads in an old manuscript penitential of our library, says Cardinal Baronius: "*Cum venerit aliquis ad sacerdotem confiteri peccata sua: mandat ei sacerdos, ut exspectet modicum, donec intret in cubiculum ad orationem*". Hence the name *cubicularius*, which signified the same thing as chaplain.

[3] After his death, Saint Hidulphe went in great ceremony to seek his body at the community of Bégon-Celle, and had it buried in the cemetery of Moyenmoutier, a league from there. The numerous miracles which took place at his tomb drew there daily so great a concourse of pilgrims that the solitude of the monastery and the tranquillity of the monks were troubled by it. Saint Hidulphe, abbot of Moyenmoutier, fearing for monastic regularity, betook himself to the grave of Saint Spinule and ordered him, by virtue of the obedience which he had vowed to him, the cessation of these marvels. Spinule obeyed. His body was transported later to the priory of Belval, near Châtel-sur-Moselle, where there was built, in the 11th century, a church which was dedicated to him and in which his relics were placed.

[4] In the 10th century his relics were transferred from Clermont to Riom, and placed in the church of Saint-Bénigne. He is invoked above all against the bite of vipers. His feast is also kept on the 3rd of July, the 18th of October and the 1st of November. — See his notice at the 3rd of July.

[5] Alias Rossoline, Rosseline. The Provençal and popular name of the Saint is Rossoline: the Breviary of Fréjus and several historians of Provence reproduce this name. The most authoritative of the biographers, the Bollandists, write Rosseline. Roseline is the name adopted by the Order of the Carthusians who, more than any other, possesses the right to baptise the Saint whom it has begotten to the Church. One can therefore invoke great authorities for each of the three designations, and the liberty of choice is almost complete.

[6] Quarrels, sometimes even regrettable violences, have sprung from the rival pretensions of the two boroughs of Les Arcs (dép. of the Var, arrond. of Draguignan, cant. of Lorgues) and of Trans, *ibid.*, cant. of Draguignan, to attribute to one of them the privilege of having seen the Saint born. The borough of Flayosc (*ibid.*) puts forward in its turn the same pretension. The honour of the birth of Saint Roseline has been disputed as for that of Homer; a humble Christian virgin has given birth to the same rivalries as those which the prince of poets provoked. On the other hand, our Saint has been claimed by the Benedictines, by the Franciscans, by the Carthusians, and the Knights Hospitallers. Are not these eloquent panegyrics of this pious cenobite?

[7] According to ancient authorities, Roseline would have received at her baptism the name of Jeanne, which would have been changed into that of Roseline, in memory of her miracle of the bread changed into roses. But judicious critics have demonstrated that Jeanne de Villeneuve and Roseline de Villeneuve are two distinct personages whom authors may have confounded on account of their numerous points of resemblance. These two de Villeneuves were the one and the other prioress of the same monastery, and both died in the odour of sanctity: Jeanne de Villeneuve was the precursor of Roseline de Villeneuve.

[8] This monastery is situated on the rocks which separate the two rivers, the Drac and the Durance.

[9] Now the holy body has no more guardians. The bell of Sainte-Roseline no longer consoles the traveller and the peasant bowed toward the earth: an annual feast alone celebrates the virtues and the triumph of the model Carthusian. A day will shine, no doubt, when the grave voice of the Carthusians will come to resuscitate the pious impulses of piety. Must it weaken, at the very moment when the populations tried, no longer by the bands of the Pastoureaux, but by the hordes of Vandals, heretical and cruel like them, have so pressing a need of the intercession of their illustrious compatriot?

12 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Salamanca, in Spain, Saint John of Saint-Facond, confessor, of the Order of the Hermits of Saint Augustine, whom his great zeal for the faith, the holiness of his life and his miracles have rendered illustrious. 1479. — At Rome, on the Aurelian Way, the triumph of the holy martyrs Basilides, Cyrinus, Nabor and Nazarius, soldiers, who were put in prison, for the confession of the name of Jesus Christ, by the prefect Aurelius, in the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian, had their bodies torn with scourges armed with points of iron, and were afterwards beheaded. 303. — At Nicaea, in Bithynia, Saint Antonina, martyr, who, in the same persecution, was, by order of the president Priscillian, ill-treated with blows of a stick, hung on the rack, torn at the sides, cast into the fire, and finally despatched with a stroke of the sword. 4th century. — In Thrace, Saint Olympus, bishop, who was driven from his see by the Arians and died a confessor.[1] 4th century. — At Rome, in the Vatican basilica, Saint Leo III, pope, to whom God miraculously restored the eyes and the tongue, which impious men had torn out. 816. — In Cilicia, Saint Amphion, bishop, who was a generous confessor of the name of Jesus Christ, in the time of Galerius Maximian.[2] 4th century. — In Egypt, Saint Onuphrius, anchorite, who exercised himself in piety during seventy years in a vast solitude, and went to heaven all resplendent with the glory of his virtues and his merits; Saint Papiinuce, abbot, composed the history of his fair life. About 400.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In Brabant, Saint Odulphus or Odolf, canon of Utrecht and curé of Orschot, who assisted, with an admirable courage and holiness, the Blessed Frederick, bishop of Utrecht, in the conversion of the Frisians. He was favoured during his life with the gift of prophecy and the gift of miracles. His body was religiously deposited in the church of Saint-Sauveur of Utrecht where he is honoured, as also at Staveren, and in several other places of Belgium and of Friesland where there are a good number of churches and chapels dedicated under his invocation. About 840. — At Chalon-sur-Saône, the venerable Gerbaud or Gerbold, bishop of that city, recommendable for his piety, who repaired the monastery of Saint-Pierre, founded at Châlon by the holy bishop Flavian and ruined by the Barbarians. Zealous for the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, he assisted at eight councils and died after twenty-two years of episcopate. About 885. — At Marseille, Saint Maur, abbot of Saint-Victor of that city. — At Rhenen, in the diocese of Utrecht, Saint Cunera, virgin and martyr, one of the companions of Saint Ursula, whose translation Saint Villebrord, bishop of Utrecht, made at the beginning of the 8th century. — At Jouarre, in Brie, the translation of the relics of Saint Pelagia, penitent. — In Limburg, the feast of Saint Valène, of Saint Galène and of ten thousand martyrs crucified. 2nd century. — At the abbey of Marchiennes, the Blessed Chrodobalde, disciple of Saint Amand and provost of that abbey. — In the diocese of Chartres, the venerable Sigon, abbot of Saint-Florent of Saumur. He was born at Chartres and had for first preceptor the celebrated Fulbert, bishop of that city. Having become a prodigy of science and virtue, the monks of Saumur hastened, with one voice, to raise him to the abbatial throne of Saint-Florent. He directed his community wisely and extended his zeal even over the neighbouring monasteries. After a government of thirteen years, seven months and twenty days, ripe for heaven, he entered into the glory of the divine light. His disciples buried his body in the abbatial church, behind the altar of the Crucifix, and, eighteen years after his death, it was found in a state of perfect preservation. 1070. — At Aimargues, in the diocese of Nîmes, Saint Artimidora, whose body was found in the catacombs of Saint Callixtus on the 26th of April 1854, under a stone which bore this inscription: *Artimidora inpace.* Near the head was the vase which had contained her blood. The sovereign pontiff Pius IX made a gift of it to Monseigneur the bishop of Nîmes who, in his turn, bequeathed this precious treasure to the parish of Aimargues. The solemn translation took place on the 12th of June 1865; Monseigneur of Nîmes presided at it and a hundred priests formed his cortège; the blessing of the first stone of the church of Aimargues coincides with this translation. The venerated remains of the Saint repose in a magnificent shrine.[3]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — In Egypt, Saint Onuphrius, anchorite… *Martyrology of the Canons Regular.* — Among those of Lateran, Saint Odulphus, confessor, of the Order of Canons Regular, who preached the Gospel to the Frisians, and brought the Catholics back to good morals by his word and example.

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, of Vallombrosa and of the Cistercians. — At Rome, Saint Leo III, pope, of the Order of Saint Benedict…

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — Saint Parise, of the Order of the Camaldolese, who shone with great lustre by an admirable continence, very great virtues and numerous miracles. He is named on the 11th of this month in the Roman martyrology. — At Rome, Saint Leo III, pope… *Martyrology of the Franciscans.* — At Cortona, in Tuscany, the Blessed Guy, confessor, disciple of our seraphic Father Saint Francis, who, passing his life in fasts, poverty, humility and austerity, was very useful to all by his example and word, shone by miracles and prodigies, especially on the occasion of the finding of his head, which is celebrated today solemnly, although his soul was borne up to heaven on the 12th of May.[4] 1250. *Martyrology of the Augustinians.* — At Salamanca, Saint John of Saint-Facond… *Martyrology of the Hieronymites.* — In Egypt, Saint Onuphrius…

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Rome, the Saints Basilides, Distre, Polimachus and four of their companions, martyrs. 3rd century. — At Tripoli, in Phoenicia, Saint Magdalète, martyr. — At Bologna, the Saints Denis, Celsus, Marcellinus, martyrs, who repose in that city. — At Naples, Saint Maximus, bishop of that city and martyr.[5] About 365. — In England, Saint Ternan, bishop of the Picts. He was formerly honoured quite particularly at Kincarne, in Scotland. About 450. — On Mount Athos, in Macedonia, Saint Peter, surnamed the Athonite, because he lived as an anchorite in that solitude. He led there for a long time a most austere life, and had great combats to sustain there against the demon. His body reposes in Thrace, and numerous miracles have been wrought at his tomb. 8th century. — At Alexandria, in Egypt, Saint John, soldier, who sanctified his state by a pious and mortified life. 6th century. — Among the Greeks, Saint Zeno and Saint Julian, hegumen. — At Griestett, in the diocese of Ratisbon, in Bavaria, the Saints Marin and Zime, priests, and Vime, layman, Benedictine monks come from Scotland and who lived in solitude. Their bodies were found again, in 1689, under the altar of the church of Griestett, and numerous miracles took place on that occasion. 11th century. — In Sweden, Saint Eskill, bishop of Strengis, apostle of the Swedes and martyr. One day when the infidels were celebrating at Strengis one of their feasts, our Saint represented to them the impiety of their conduct; but as they took no account of his remonstrances, the servant of God made a prayer, and suddenly a storm arose which fell upon the assembly: the thunder overturned the altar and consumed the matter prepared for the sacrifice. This incident won Eskill stoning. He was buried on the very spot and, afterwards, a church was raised there in which his relics were exposed to public veneration, whose virtue wrought several miracles. 1069. — Near Val-d'Ocre, in the diocese of Aquila, in Italy, Saint Placid, solitary, founder of the monastery of the Cistercians of the Holy Ghost. He was the son of a ploughman of the environs of Amiterme. Paul of Celano, who wrote his life, notes that, the first month which followed his death, twenty-five miracles were wrought at his tomb. His relics are preserved in the church of the Holy Ghost of Val-d'Ocre, in an iron shrine, closed by four locks. 1248. — At Milasso, in Sicily, the birth into heaven of the venerable Pelagia, native of that city. Quite young still, she took the cord of Saint Francis of Paola, and made a vow of virginity. Her fasts and austerities, her charity toward the sick, the poor and the needy, and her special devotion for persons of her sex who gave themselves publicly to crime and whom she brought out with a particular grace from the infectious mire of their life, rendered her celebrated throughout all Sicily. After having lived seventy-five years in prayer, penance and the exercise of works of charity, she flew away to heaven full of merits. 1591.

Saints Basilides, Cyrinus, Nabor and Nazarius, Martyrs

Beginning of the 4th century.

Votum tempore persecutionis christiani erat pro Christi nomine gladio percuti.

To die by the sword for the name of Christ was the wish of the Christians in the era of persecutions.

S. Hier., Ep. 50, de Vita Pauli eremitæ.

These four illustrious Martyrs were Roman knights. Their piety rendering them still more resplendent than their nobility and their valour, they were accused before the emperors Diocletian and Maximian of being Christians, whereupon there was an order to arrest them. They were warned of it, so that they might have saved themselves; but, instead of doing so, they employed the little time that remained to them in selling their goods and giving the price of them to the poor. This stripping of all the things of the earth having rendered them more fit for the combat, they delivered themselves with joy to the archers who came to seize them. They were led first before a prefect of Rome, named Aurelian, who, finding them resolved to keep their faith at the expense of their lives, had them cast into a dungeon. This place was foul and dark; but a heavenly light, which filled it at once, made of it a temple of glory and a paradise of delights. Their gaoler, named Marcellus, who was witness of this marvel, was so touched by it that he was converted with all his family and embraced the faith of Jesus Christ.

The next day, they appeared before the tribunal of Aurelian, who, after having vainly pressed them to adore the gods of the empire, commanded that they should be beaten with scorpions. These scorpions, which were in use from the time of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, as appears from the third book of Kings and the second of Paralipomenon, were sticks laden with knots and armed at the end with iron hooks; they broke the bones of the sufferers, entered deep into their flesh and tore away pieces at each blow; which caused them an incredible pain. Our Saints suffered this torment with a heroic patience, and although their bodies were all blood, and their flesh all torn, far from complaining, they thanked God for the grace He did them of suffering something for His glory. The judge, seeing them so constant, sent them back to the dungeon, forbidding to dress their wounds or to give them anything to eat. They were a week in this state and without any relief from men; but God gave them a share of His divine consolations, which strengthened them admirably to finish the course of their combats. At the end of eight days, they were led before the emperor Maximian Hercules, who condemned them to have their heads cut off. The sentence having been executed, their bodies were thrown to the wild beasts to serve them as food; but these animals bore them so much respect that they could never be forced to touch them; thus the Christians had the liberty of burying them, and interred them in the catacombs. The year of the martyrdom which we have just recounted is not certain; it is however probable that it happened in 303.

Relics of Saints Nabor and Nazarius

The relics of the two saints, Nabor and Nazarius, were brought to France. They must not be confounded with two other saints of the same name, executed at Milan, in company, the one with Saint Felix, the other with Saint Celsus, a little child, honoured on the 12th and the 23rd of July. In 765, Saint Chrodegand, bishop of Metz, had transferred from Rome the bodies of the holy martyrs Gorgon, Nabor and Nazarius, which he had obtained from the holy Pope Paul I. Some authors say that this prelate went himself to Rome to seek them; others assure that he contented himself with having them asked for, and that the sovereign Pontiff sent them to him by Williharios, bishop of Sion, in the Valais. However that may be, one reads in the history of this translation, written by a religious of Gorze, that the peoples ran before the holy bodies as far as the Alps, and that the monks of Agaune or of Saint-Maurice, having stolen during a night that of Saint Gorgon, which had been put in deposit in their church, Saint Chrodegand made complaint of it to King Pepin, who sent the bishops of Toul and of Verdun, with the duke of the province, to oblige the monks to give back the relics of the holy Martyr. Arrived in Austrasia, they were deposited at Varangéville, where there was built afterwards a church and a priory in honour of Saint Gorgon; from there, they were transferred to the monastery of

Gorze, which Saint Chrodegand had just founded, and deposited, in 769, in the church, by Saint Angelrame, his successor. Saint Gorgon became the principal protector of the celebrated abbey and of the town which formed around it. One of the ancient parishes of Metz was under the title of the holy Martyr, and he is still today the titular of several parishes of the diocese. The body of Saint Nabor was given to the monastery of Hilariacum or of Neuve-Celle (*Nova-Cella*), which took from it the name of Saint-Nabor, by corruption Saint-Avold. Hilariacum or Helera was, in the origin, only an oratory or a little monastery built by Saint Fridolin in honour of Saint Hilary of Poitiers. Fridolin, Irish by birth, had left his country and betaken himself to the monastery of Saint-Hilaire of Poitiers, of which he became abbot. He left it about the year 509, to go and found in an island of the Rhine the celebrated abbey of Seckingen. On his road, he founded several monasteries in Austrasia and in Burgundy, in particular that of Hilariacum, on the Rosselle, eight leagues from Metz, where he deposited some relics of the great defender of the divinity of Jesus Christ in the Gauls. Saint Sigebaud, the predecessor of Saint Chrodegand on the see of Metz, repaired this monastery, re-established the observance there and increased its revenues; benefits which merited him to be regarded as its founder. From that epoch, it bore the name of Nova-Cella, under which it was known until it took that of Saint-Nabor. The abbey was afterwards loaded with the liberalities of Saint Angelrame, bishop of Metz, who had been a religious of it. Piously seconded by Charlemagne, he adorned magnificently the tomb of the holy Martyr, as Alcuin attests (*Epig.* 164). The illustrious prelate having died in Pannonia, in the year 791, in the suite of Charlemagne, near whom he fulfilled the functions of archchaplain and of apocrisiary of the Holy See, his body was transported and buried at Saint-Nabor, where Saint Sigebaud had been buried. The religious of Saint-Nabor or of Saint-Avold were of the Order of Saint Benedict. The abbot occupied the first rank among the abbots of the diocese. He took the title of first baron of the bishopric. The bishops of Metz had instituted, in the little town which had arisen around the abbey, a court which was presided over by the count of Nassau-Saarbruck, first vassal of the bishop and his hereditary advocate. The convent of Saint-Nabor, or Saint-Avold, has ceased to exist. But the parish church of Saint-Avold, which is no other than that of the convent, still possesses the head of Saint Nabor. The rest of the body of this holy Martyr will no doubt have been given, at various epochs, to other churches or abbeys by the religious of Saint-Avold who were possessors of it. Saint Chrodegand destined the relics of Saint Nazarius to the abbey of Lauresheim or of Lorsch, founded two years before (763) by several of his relatives, three leagues from Worms. The noise of the miracles wrought at the tomb of the holy Martyr drew there a great multitude of people. Saint Nazarius is the patron of Armancourt, in the diocese of Amiens, where a pilgrimage is made on the 12th of June, to make children walk faster, or to cure them of the *carreau*. The cathedral of Coutances also possesses, for a long time, relics of the Saints Nabor and Nazarius.

Saint Onuphrius, Anchorite

About the year 400.

Non est laboriosa, sed amabilis et optanda, servitus in Dei laudibus perpetuo assistere.

To sing constantly the praises of God is not a painful servitude; it is on the contrary lovable and desirable.

S. Augustine, Serm. iv de Innoc.

One day God gave inspiration to Saint Paphnutius the solitary to go far into the desert of the Thebaid, to discover there the most hidden hermits, and receive from them new instructions for his perfection; he obeyed this movement, which was doubtless approved by his superiors; and, after several days' journey and various rather extraordinary encounters, above all with an angel under human form, who encouraged and strengthened him, he perceived afar a man all covered with hair like a beast, and who had no other clothing than a girdle of leaves which bound his loins. This sight filled him with great fright, and, in the thought that it was a phantom, or a monster, or some bandit who retired into those inaccessible places, he fled to the top of a neighbouring mountain. This man followed him; but, not being able to climb the height because his age and

his great austerities had extremely weakened his body, he sat down at the foot, and cried out: “Holy personage, fear nothing, I am a man like you; come down, and deprive me not of your conversation.” Paphnutius, recognising by that that he was a servant of God, came down at once and came and threw himself at his feet: but the solitary raised him up, and having testified to him the joy he had at his coming, made him sit beside him. Then Paphnutius, taking a holy liberty, begged him to tell him his name, how he had come into this desert, and what he did there. Whereupon the solitary made him this discourse: “I shall satisfy willingly all that you desire of me, because it is the will of God: my name is Onuphrius, it is seventy years that I have been here. I was formerly a religious in a monastery of the Thebaid,[1] where there were not less than a hundred brethren who had but one soul and one heart, and who lived in great silence and a most fervent devotion toward God. As I heard them praise the solitary and eremitical life, such as was that of our honourable father, the prophet Elias, and of Saint John the Baptist, and prefer it infinitely to the cenobitical life on account of its perfect detachment from all the things of the earth, I resolved to embrace it: being therefore inspired by God, who changed me into another man, and having taken bread for four or five days, I stole away by night from that holy community, and took the road of this desert, praying earnestly Our Lord to serve me as guide. From then I perceived a light which went before me and led me; that frightened me and made me almost resolve to quit my enterprise and to return to my monastery; but, as I was in this thought, I heard a voice which said to me: ‘Fear nothing; I am thy guardian angel who have always accompanied and defended thee since thy birth; I will not abandon thee and will lead thee to the place where divine Providence wills that thou pass the rest of thy life.’ In effect, having rendered himself visible, he led me the space of seven miles, and put me beside a cell of an altogether religious aspect. I approached the door to see whether it was inhabited, and I said, according to the custom of the brethren: ‘Bless me, my father.’ There came out of it a venerable old man of a bearing and a look so modest and so full of grace that one could not look at him without respect. I threw myself at once at his feet, recognising in him an extraordinary character of holiness, and begged him to give me his blessing. He raised me with much kindness, and calling me by my name, he said to me: ‘Enter, my son Onuphrius: God has sent you here to undertake a life like mine. He will help you, and I hope that, by His grace, you will persevere in your vocation.’ I entered therefore into this venerable grotto, and remained some days with him, during which he taught me, with much care, the manner of living of the solitaries; but when he saw me sufficiently instructed and when I showed courage enough to bear all the pains and to resist all the temptations of the eremitical life, he said to me: ‘Come, my son, I must lead you farther, to a place yet more deserted and more remote; for such is the will of God: you will dwell there alone, and you will sustain there the terrible combats of that state.’ We walked therefore four days and four nights, and, after that time, having found a little cavern beside which there was a palm-tree, he said to me: ‘This is the place that God has prepared for you.’ We blessed Him for the cares of His Providence, and I consented to pass in this place the rest of my life. He remained thirty days more with me, giving me altogether divine instructions. Then he returned to his own cell, and, from that time, we saw each other no more than once a year. When he died, I buried him beside my cavern, considering his body as a precious relic.”

Paphnutius listened to this recital with an extraordinary joy and attention; but, when the Saint had ceased to speak, he begged him to tell him whether he had not had many pains at the beginning of a life so new and so different from that of other men. “That is not imaginable,” answered Onuphrius, “and the pains which I have had were so terrible that often I was as though out of hope of being able to bear the rigour of them. Hunger and thirst reduced me almost to death; the ardour of the sun roasted my body, and the cold of the nights froze my limbs which had no garments nor coverings to defend themselves; at last, after my patience had been long tried, God sent an angel who has had care of my life and of my ordinary food; besides, the palm-tree which is beside my cell furnishes me yearly twelve clusters of dates, one for each month; I have also herbs which come naturally in this desert; not only have I been sustained by them, but I have found in them more taste and sweetness than in honey. Thus I have experienced the truth of that sentence of Our Lord: *Not by bread alone doth man live; but he lives also by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God;* wherefore,

my brother Paphnutius, study to follow His will, and doubt not that He has a particular care of you, and will provide you with all that is necessary for you."

These discourses ravished more and more the good Paphnutius, and they filled him with so many consolations that he no longer remembered the trouble he had had to arrive in this so distant place. He testified it to Saint Onuphrius, and told him that he was well rewarded for his fatigues, since he had had the happiness of finding him and of learning from his own mouth this admirable conduct of divine Providence over him. Saint Onuphrius said to him: "That is not enough, my dear brother; you must come with me to my cell." That was all that Paphnutius desired. He went therefore in his company, and had the happiness of entering it, of contemplating it and of seeing also the palm-tree which had been his nourisher during so many years. The road of two or three miles which they made to arrive there did not hinder them from beginning a long prayer before resting; when it was finished, they sat down and conversed still, until night, of heavenly discourses, and above all of the goodness and liberalities of God. At sunset, there appeared bread and water in the middle of the cell, and Onuphrius said to Paphnutius: "Eat, my brother, for I see well that you are suffering extremely from hunger and thirst." But Paphnutius protested to him that, however hungry and thirsty he might be, he would take nothing unless he ate with him. So the two Saints ate of this miraculous bread and drank of this water which the lovable Providence of Our Lord had sent them. They then passed the whole night in prayer, without either the fatigue and weariness of the one, or the old age and decrepitude of the other, being able to persuade them to take a moment's relaxation. The next day, the day having come, Paphnutius, casting his eyes on Onuphrius, perceived him extremely changed and quite undone, like a man who approaches death. This sight troubled him and filled him with fright; but the Saint said to him: "Fear not, my brother Paphnutius, for Our Lord, who is infinitely merciful, has sent you here to put my body in the earth. I finish today the course of my life, and I am going to the place of rest; if you go to Egypt, relate to the other religious who are there what I have told you; make known to them the great mercies that I have received from God, and tell them that He will never refuse them to those who, having recourse to Him, shall have Masses said, or shall offer perfumes for the altar; or, if they have not the means, shall recite a Pater noster in memory of me, because it is a grace that I asked of Him."

Paphnutius said to him that, if God disposed of him, he wished to take his place and to remain the rest of his life in his cavern; but the Saint answered him: "That it was not that which God asked of him; that He had not made him come to remain in this place, but to give him burial and to go afterwards to publish in the world the marvels he had seen." "One must not resist God," said Paphnutius, throwing himself at his feet; "but, since I am to be deprived of your dear presence, give me, I pray you, your blessing, and obtain for me of the mercy of Our Lord that I may possess Him one day in your company." The Saint gave him great hopes of it and said to him, blessing him, that God would load him with His graces; that He would open his eyes to know His divinity; that He would confirm him in true charity and that He would assist him so powerfully that he should have nothing to fear on the dreadful day of his judgment; and, having admirably consoled him by these words, he began his prayer anew, which he accompanied with many tears, groans and sighs. At last, having prostrated himself on the ground, he rendered with joy his blessed soul into the hands of Him who was to crown it with His eternal glory in heaven.

Paphnutius heard at that very hour the heavenly spirits sing hymns and canticles in honour of this admirable solitary; which made him know that it was more reasonable to commend himself to his prayers than to say any for his relief. He split in two the great cope with which he was clothed, and, keeping one half for himself, he wrapped the holy body of the deceased in the other, and having carried it into the hollow of a rock, he covered it with a great heap of stones. After having rendered him this just duty, not believing himself obliged to what he had told him of returning to Egypt, he took the resolution to remain in his grotto; but as it fell down of itself, and as the palm-tree which had furnished him dates fell also, he recognised well that God had not that design. So, having eaten the rest of the bread which divine Providence had sent the evening before,

he set out to return to his monastery. The angel who had appeared to him under human form served him also as guide on his return, and, leading him by another road, made him see new prodigies which confirmed him in the high esteem he had conceived of the incomparable merit of Saint Onuphrius. In effect, after four days' journey, having arrived at a cell which was built on a hill, he saw a venerable old man whitened in the exercises of the solitary life, who said to him at once: "You are our brother

Paphnutius; it is you who have had the honour of giving burial to our holy Father Onuphrius." Three other hermits of the same age arrived at the same time and told him also the same thing; which made him know that these holy solitaries were altogether heavenly men, and that they had the gift of prophecy. Then they told him that it was sixty years that they had dwelt, all four, in this desert, without having seen, for so long a time, a single man but him; that God had nourished them until then in a miraculous manner, sending them every day to each a most delicate and most white loaf; that they lived separately all the week, but that on Sunday they assembled to assist at the holy Mysteries celebrated by one of them, who was a priest. They begged him at the same time to take a meal with them; and, by an added miracle, they saw before them five very fine loaves, without any one appearing who had brought them. They ate of them with a thousand thanksgivings for the goodness of God, and, after having passed the whole night in prayer, as the next day was a Sunday, the priest said Mass, and Paphnutius assisted at it; he then returned to Egypt, where he published what he had seen.

The death of Saint Onuphrius happened on the 12th of June, as is marked in the Roman martyrology, in the Menology of the Greeks and in the Lives of the Holy Fathers; but, as for the year, it cannot be determined, because it is not known precisely who this Paphnutius was who wrote his life. However it is conjectured that he came into the world toward the beginnings of the empire of Diocletian, and that he died under the reign of Valens. There is yet another Saint Onuphrius, of whom mention is made on the 5th of November, in the martyrdom of Saint Galation and Saint Epithème; but the most celebrated is he whose life we have just written.

He is commonly represented with a beard and hair of unmeasured length; sometimes with a palm-tree.

We have drawn this life from Simeon Metaphrastes and from Surius, who have transmitted to us the recital of Paphnutius.

Saint Leo III, Pope

816. — Kings of France: Charlemagne; Louis I, the Debonair.

Exemplum et quasi liber subditorum vita debet esse prælatorum.

The life of prelates ought to be the model and as it were the book of edification of their subjects.

Hugo card. sup. Ep. I ad Cor.

Saint Leo III, a Roman by birth, whose father was named Asupius, was brought up, from the most tender age, in the patriarchal palace of the Lateran, where he learned the Psalter, Holy Scripture and all ecclesiastical discipline. He was raised to the rank of subdeacon, then of deacon; finally, to the dignity of cardinal-priest of Saint Susanna. He was elected pope, with the unanimous and eager consent of all, on the 26th of December 795, the very day of the death of Adrian I. He was consecrated the following day, and, after his consecration, crowned on the lower steps of the Vatican basilica.

The new Pope wrote at once to Charlemagne to ask his protection, informing him of the death of his predecessor and of his elevation to the sovereign Pontificate. Charlemagne answered him at once and sent him Angilbert, his secretary. "Confer with him," said he, "on what you shall believe necessary for the exaltation of the holy Church, for the glory of your Pontificate and for the strengthening of our country; for, in order to merit the apostolic blessing and the glory of being always the protector of the Holy See, I wish to

keep inviolably, with Your Holiness, the treaty which I made with your predecessor. It is for us, with the help of the Lord, to defend everywhere, by our arms, the Church of God; without against incursions and ravages, and within against heretics."

Saint Leo omitted nothing, on his side, to merit the protection of Charlemagne; he sent him a solemn embassy to carry to him on his part the keys of the confession of Saint Peter and the standard of the city of Rome. The Protestants pretend that by these keys and this standard the Pontiff meant to put Charlemagne in possession of the Church and of the city of Rome; but these innovators are ignorant that, in that time, the custom was to address these keys as a sign of devotion, not only to emperors, but also to other princes who attributed to themselves no right over the Roman Church. Bellarmine and Baronius assure that these keys were nothing else than boxes filled with relics. In effect, the custom of sending boxes in the form of keys, containing relics, dates from Saint Gregory the Great, who addressed such to King Childebert and to Reccared, king of Spain. The following year, the Pope received from Charlemagne what was most precious of the treasure of the Hun kings which had been delivered to him. These were the spoils of ancient Rome, which these barbarians had pillaged more than three hundred years before, and which their kings had preserved in their palace, to serve as a trophy of their valour and of the glorious exploits of the nation. The rest was distributed to the churches of Rome and of France.

Pope Saint Leo, to testify his gratitude, wished to leave to posterity a monument of the patriciate of Charlemagne. He caused to be represented in mosaic, in the great dining-hall of the palace of the Lateran, Saint Peter seated, who gives to Charlemagne, kneeling at his left, a standard on which one sees six roses, while, with the right hand, he gives the stole to Pope Leo, who is also kneeling. This monument still subsists. Such were the relations between the Pope and the king of the Franks, when the latter had occasion to exercise his charge of patrician and defender of the Roman Church. Some of the principal men of the Roman clergy, Paschal, primicerius, and Campolo, chaplain of the Roman Church, relatives of the late Pope Adrian, could not pardon Saint Leo III his election to the Pontificate, which they believed to have been made to their prejudice. Spite and jealousy inspired them with the design of avenging themselves for it, and they meditated it so long only to render the vengeance more cruel.

Saint Leo was very pious, very gentle, very devoted to God and no less charitable toward his neighbour; prudent in the administration of affairs, the father of the poor and the afflicted, the intrepid defender of the Church and the constant promoter of divine worship. An ardent servant of Christ and of His Church, he shrank from no pain or sorrow to accomplish his duty. But his virtues and his benefits only embittered his enviers the more. They came to the point of conceiving the most cruel attempt; and in order that nothing might be wanting to the atrocity of the crime, they chose to commit it a day particularly destined to appease the anger of God.

On the 25th of April 799, the day of Saint Mark, the Pope having gone out of his palace to betake himself to the church of Saint Lawrence, from which the procession was to start, the primicerius Paschal came to accost him and to excuse himself, on a pretended illness, for appearing in his presence without a chasuble. Leo III received his excuses with kindness. Campolo having joined Paschal, they accompanied the Pope, conversing familiarly with him, until they had arrived before the monastery of Saint Stephen and that of Saint Silvester, where the ambush was.

Then a troop of men placed there threw themselves upon the Pope, and while Paschal held him by the head, and Campolo by the feet, they strove to put out his eyes and to cut out his tongue, and left him thus stretched on the place. The fury of these satellites was glutted; that of Paschal and Campolo was not yet. They dragged the Pope into the church of the monastery, and finished putting out his eyes and mutilating his tongue at the foot of the altar, where they left him swimming in his blood, in the keeping of their people. But, not believing him there sufficiently secure, they had him transferred by night into the prison of the monastery of Saint Erasmus.

So execrable an attempt filled the whole city of Rome with tumult and horror. Men of worth and heart took the Pope out of his prison and carried him into the church of Saint Peter, where was Vironde, abbot of Stavelo, envoy of Charlemagne. Vinigise, duke of Spoleto, ran with his troops to the Pope's succour and had him conducted to Spoleto. But what filled all the faithful with consolation is that the holy Pope perfectly recovered the use of his eyes and tongue; which was regarded as a miracle, and attributed to the protection of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Charlemagne was sensibly afflicted by so atrocious a violence done to the common father of the faithful, and sent an embassy to the Pope, to testify to him how much he was touched by the outrage that had been done him, and to deliberate with him on the measures it was fitting to take to punish the guilty, and repair the scandal. The Pope was extremely consoled by this step démarche"; the page foot "Vies des Saints. — Tome VI. 38" is dropped], and, as he had no resource but in the king of the Franks, he took the resolution of going himself to implore him. This news caused a sensible joy to Charlemagne, who set out at once from Aix-la-Chapelle, to go and await him at Paderborn. He sent first to meet him Hildebald, archbishop of Cologne, and the count Anschaire, and then his son Pepin, king of Italy, who had just triumphed over the Huns and taken their capital. Pepin marched at the head of a hundred thousand men. At their aspect, the holy Pontiff lifts his hands to heaven and blesses the army of the Franks, which three times prostrates itself at his feet. He embraces with tenderness the young hero, who walks from that time at his side. Charlemagne advanced himself at some distance from Paderborn, at the head of another army composed of the various peoples of Europe, which the clergy preceded, divided into three choirs and bearing the banner of the cross. When he saw that the Pope, escorted by his son Pepin, was approaching, he ranged the multitude in an immense circle; he himself stood in the midst. At the moment when the Pontiff appeared within the enclosure, this innumerable multitude prostrated itself three times, and three times the Pontiff blessed it and prayed for it.

Charlemagne himself, the father of Europe, bowed respectfully before Leo, the pastor of the world; they embraced one another cordially, not without shedding many tears. The Pope, after having intoned the hymn of the angels *Gloria in excelsis,* which his clergy continued, was conducted as in triumph to the Church of Paderborn, where new thanks were rendered to God.

During this time, the enemies of the holy Pontiff slept not. Alarmed at his journey to France, they feared the justice of Charlemagne, and sought to surprise it. They sent to this prince deputies, who, to justify their attempt, accused the Pope of the most atrocious crimes. But their accusations served only to prove their wickedness. Charlemagne had Pope Saint Leo conducted back some distance from Paderborn, by the prince his son and by all the prelates who had come from all sides to pay their respects to His Holiness. He had him accompanied to Rome by the archbishops Hildebald of Cologne and Arnon of Salzburg, and by the bishops Bernaire of Worms, Hatton of Freisingen and Jessé of Amiens. Through all the towns where the holy Pope passed, he was received as if it had been Saint Peter himself. He re-entered Rome as in triumph, on the 29th of November, day of Saint Andrew. All the Roman clergy, the senate, the schools of the Franks, Saxons, Frisians and Lombards, the companies of the militia with the standards and banners, the Roman ladies, the religious, the deaconesses, went to meet him as far as the Milvian bridge, and conducted him, singing hymns, to the church of Saint Peter, where he celebrated Mass.

The Frankish bishops who had accompanied the Pope made juridical inquiries against the authors of the attempt committed on his person, and they sent the guilty to France, to Charlemagne, in the name and by the authority of whom these proceedings were conducted, in his quality of patrician of the Romans. This prince had taken the resolution of going himself to re-establish good order at Rome, where he arrived on the 24th of November of the year 800. The Pope sent to meet him the companies and the standards of the city, and awaited him with his clergy on the steps of the basilica of Saint Peter.

Some days after, the king convoked an assembly of the archbishops, bishops and lay lords, Frankish and Roman, for the purpose of examining the accusations brought against the Pope. But all the archbishops,

bishops and abbots cried out with one voice: “We dare not judge the Apostolic See, which is the head of all the churches of God, for we are all judged by this See and by its Vicar; this see is judged by no one: such is the ancient custom; but as the sovereign Pontiff will judge himself, we shall obey canonically.” Pope Saint Leo said: “I walk in the footsteps of my predecessors, and I am ready to purge myself of the calumnies with which they have tried to blacken me.” The next day, in presence of the bishops and lords assembled in the church of Saint Peter, the Pope, from the height of the ambo, pronounced the following oath: “I, Leo, Pope of the holy Roman Church, having been neither judged nor constrained by anyone, but of my own will, justify myself before you, in the presence of God, who searches the depth of consciences, in the presence of the angels, of Saint Peter, prince of the Apostles, before whom we are, and I take as witness God, at whose tribunal we shall all appear, that I have neither committed nor caused to be committed the crimes of which I am accused.” After this oath, the bishops with the clergy, the king and the people, intoned the *Te Deum* and recited the litanies in thanksgiving.

Saint Leo had something yet nearer to his heart than his own justification; it was to re-establish, in the person of Charlemagne, the Roman empire in the West, to be the armed defender of the Roman Church and of all Christendom. On Christmas day of the year 800, while the king was in prayer before the tomb of Saint Peter, in the church of the Prince of the Apostles, the Pope, accompanied by the bishops, priests and Roman and French lords, came and placed on his head a crown of gold, and all the people cried out: “To Charles, most pious, Augustus, great and pacific, whom God crowns, life and victory.” The Pope then anointed Charles with the holy oil, as also King Pepin, his son. On this occasion, the new emperor of the Romans made to the churches of Rome liberalities worthy of his greatness.

The following year (801), a frightful earthquake ruined several towns of Italy, and particularly the basilica of Saint Paul outside the walls. After having commanded that it should be rebuilt, the Pope ordered that, during the three days which should precede the feast of the Ascension, the Litanies should be sung in a solemn procession, which, for the same motive, Saint Mamert, bishop of Vienne, had established in France, institutions and rites known under the name of Rogations.

In 804, Saint Leo returned to France to go and celebrate the feast of Christmas with the emperor Charlemagne. The latter came to meet His Holiness as far as Reims. He received Leo there in the church of Saint-Remi, and went to celebrate with him the feast of Christmas at Quiercy. The Pope remained only eight days in France, and returned to Italy by Bavaria, laden with the emperor’s presents. In 806, he confirmed the testament of Charlemagne, which the bishops and lords of France had already confirmed. In 809, the Pope informed Charlemagne of a difficulty that was being made to Frankish monks, established at Jerusalem, on the addition of the word *Filioque* to the creed. Charlemagne assembled a Council at Aix-la-Chapelle to justify this addition. The Church of Rome had not judged fit to make it, and the Pope even disapproved of it; for, pure from all heresy, she had no need to make profession of her faith. Nevertheless, to please her devout defender Charlemagne, and as the thing was besides good in itself, she adopted the use of it, without however ordering it or imitating it. In Spain, the word *Filioque* had been added to the creed of Nicaea, to mark that the Holy Ghost proceeded also from the Son. From Spain, this addition was received insensibly in several churches of France, where, with the chant of the creed, it prevailed in time. But Saint Leo III, to spare the Greeks, among whom he saw an irremediable itch for criticism and dispute, and to give striking proofs that he did not approve the addition, had two great silver shields made in the form of bucklers, of the weight of ninety-four pounds and six ounces, had the creed written on them without the addition, on the one in Greek, and on the other in Latin, and had them placed to the right and left of the confession of Saint Peter, as public monuments of the care with which the Church of Rome preserved the creed as she had received it.

In 813, he re-established the feast of the Assumption, which Sergius had already celebrated, and which had fallen into a sort of desuetude. Overwhelmed with afflictions, he had the habit of celebrating Mass sometimes eight or nine times a day; at that time, a rather great number of priests practised this custom,

which was abolished by Pope Alexander II.

Saint Leo III died on the 12th of June 816, after having governed the Church twenty years, five months and sixteen days, and was buried at the Vatican. In three ordinations, he created twenty-six bishops, thirty priests and ten deacons. During this long pontificate, he made considerable repairs and immense offerings to the churches of Rome. He founded a considerable hospice to receive strangers and pilgrims. He exhausted his patrimony in foundations for the poor. He had the pavement of the confession of Saint Peter covered with gold, of the weight of four hundred and fifty-three pounds, and had made at the entrance of the sanctuary a balustrade of silver of fifteen hundred and seventy-three pounds. He had the baptistery of Saint Andrew rebuilt, large and round, with the font in the middle and columns of porphyry around: in the middle of the font was a column bearing a silver lamb, which poured out the water. In the basilica of the Lateran, he put to the windows panes of various colours.

His relics repose in a single shrine with those of the holy popes Leo I, Leo II and Leo IV.

A painter of the sacristy of Aix-la-Chapelle has represented Saint Leo with an aspergillum in his hand. This painter doubtless wished to record that he had dedicated the church built by Charlemagne. This fact is recalled by the shrine of the great relics of Aix-la-Chapelle, which contains a statuette of him, and above the head of this statuette one reads the inscription which was seen formerly on one of the doors of the church:

Ecce Leo papa, cujus benedictio sacra Templum sacravit quod Carolus ædificavit.

He is represented more ordinarily thrown down by malefactors, who strive to tear out his eyes and tongue.

We have drawn this life from the *History of the Sovereign Roman Pontiffs,* by Artaud de Montor; from the *Lives of the Saints,* by Rohrbacher; from the Proper of Rome and the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Saint John of Saint-Facond, Religious of the Order of Saint Augustine

1430–1479. — Popes: Martin V; Sixtus IV. — Sovereigns of Castile and Leon: Henry III; Henry IV.

Bene atque utiliter prædicatur, si id quod ore promitur, factis impleatur.

One preaches well and usefully when one translates into deeds what one expresses in words.

S. Cyprian, De zelo et livore.

This great Saint, one of the most zealous preachers that Spain ever had, was of the town of Sahagun,[1] in Spain, in the diocese of Leon. His father, a man of rare piety, was named John Gonzalez de Castrillo, and his mother, who knew also how to unite the most excellent virtues of Christianity with nobility of birth, was called Sanche Martinez. They remained the space of sixteen years in the disgrace of barrenness; but, by common accord, they prayed God to bless at last their union by rendering it fruitful; they addressed themselves also to the Blessed Virgin: they often went to invoke her at a hermitage named Sainte-Marie du Pont, not far from the town of Sahagun; they joined fasts, alms and the offering of sacrifices to their urgent prayers. Heaven became favourable to them, and they obtained what they had asked; they had several children: he whose life we write came into the world in the year 1430, on the very day of Saint John the Baptist, which caused him to be given the name of John.

He gave, from his tenderest youth, such great marks of holiness that all who saw him asked (as was formerly done with regard to Saint John) what this child would one day be, who appeared already to have the wisdom and piety of a man advanced in virtue. He had no inclination for play; he avoided the company of those of his age, so as not to take part in their amusements; he delighted in solitary places and took a singular pleasure in assisting at the ceremonies of the Church. If he was obliged to find himself with his fellow-students at little innocent meetings, he reproved them so graciously and so opportunely for their faults that no one was angry at it; he also settled all their little differences.

His talent for preaching appeared already in the little exhortations which he made to his fellow-disciples. To second these fine dispositions, his parents confided him to the care of the religious of the monastery of Saint-Primitif and Saint-Facond, of the Order of Saint Benedict; it was there that he received the first lessons of grammar, and afterwards of philosophy and theology. After his studies, although he was still young, his father, who had a right of patronage over a benefice of Dornillo, conferred it on his son, according to the usage, or rather the abuse, of the time. But the young man soon had scruples about this benefice, the charges of which he could not fulfil. He threw himself at his father's feet, conjuring him to relieve his conscience by permitting him to renounce it: which was granted him. When he was twenty years of age (1439), Alphonsus of Cartagena, bishop of Burgos, provided him with a canonry in his cathedral: he was made priest six years after. Besides his cure and his canonry, other benefices were still conferred on him; but the Saint made the best use of them: he lived in extreme poverty and distributed almost all his goods to the poor; nevertheless he was not in the true way of perfection: grace having opened his eyes, he resigned his benefices, and obtained from his bishop permission to retire to Salamanca; he studied theology there for four years, after which he was called to preaching and the other priestly functions in the parish of Saint Sebastian. His zeal had the greatest success; he inspired in all the horror of vice and the love of virtue. He made himself an extraordinary reputation: he was regarded as a Saint sent from heaven. He said Mass with sentiments of so tender a devotion that, not being able to restrain his tears, he made also all who assisted at his sacrifice melt into tears; everyone commended himself to his prayers.

John lived with a virtuous canon (Peter Sanchez), where he had the liberty of practising great austerities. At the end of nine years, he had to suffer the cruel pains of the stone; he consented to undergo the operation; but beforehand, he made a vow, if he came out of it safe and sound, to become a religious. God permitted that it should be not only fortunate, but also very little painful.

Scarcely was the Saint in a state to walk in the town, when there presented himself to him a poor man very badly clothed, who asked him alms in the name of God. John imitated Saint Martin: of two garments that he had, he gave the better to this unfortunate. The following night, he received a heavenly visit so extraordinary that his soul and all his powers felt effects of it which he could not himself explain: "God alone," said he, "knows what passed between Him and my soul; for myself, I can say nothing, except that I never received a sweeter contentment, and that I would gladly have wished that my whole life had been accompanied by so agreeable a favour." From the next morning, John went to ask to be received at the monastery of the Order of Saint Augustine, to accomplish the vow he had made of it, and to acknowledge, in the silence of religious retreat, the favours he had received from heaven. As his merit was very well known, he was received with open arms; the superior and the whole community thanked God for this rich present (1463). He was confided to the care of the master of novices, who found in this new disciple all the docility, wisdom and zeal that could be desired of a young man who, renouncing the world, wishes to think no more but of keeping the road of the greatest Saints. He made such rapid progress in virtue, and rendered himself so agreeable in the eyes of God, that he was favoured, from that time, with the gift of miracles; for the prior of the monastery having confided to him the care of the expenses and provisions, and all things having become extremely dear in that year, which was entirely barren, the novice, to supply the needs of the religious, multiplied, by the mere sign of the cross, during the space of several months, the wine of a cask which could not naturally have lasted eight days.

He made his solemn vows on the 28th of August 1464; he was from then so well penetrated with the spirit of the Rule that no one in the monastery carried further than he mortification, obedience, humility, detachment from creatures. He was soon entrusted with the charge of master of novices, which he exercised with much gentleness and prudence. A few months after, he was elected definitor by the Fathers of his province, assembled in a chapter, and he acquitted himself so prudently of this charge that it was given him seven different times in succession; and, at last, he was named prior of the convent of the town of Salamanca; it

was then that he exercised with still more liberty the zeal which he had always shown for exact regularity. He never commanded anything of which one did not see the practice in his own person, and he used so gentle a severity when he had to reprove some fault that everyone obeyed his remonstrances.

If he succeeded with so much success in government, it is that his great zeal was accompanied by a profound science; for he had studied thoroughly, as we have said, philosophy, theology and law under excellent masters. These knowledges are necessary to govern others. John commanded all the better in that he knew how to obey. Although he was very much considered in his province, for his rare merit, he was nevertheless no sooner out of office than he resumed the humblest practices of a simple religious; and his historian makes no difficulty of saying that he regarded the smallest faults committed against the Rule as apostasies. He had so high an esteem for the virtue of obedience that, having one day failed, by chance, to receive from his prior permission to remain a little longer in a place whither he had gone for good reasons, he felt so great a pain at it that he shut himself up in a room secretly, depriving himself of drinking and eating, speaking to no one and abstaining even from saying holy Mass for two days: he had asked, for this effect, a permission in good form from his superior: this great religious did not believe he could do a good action without the consent of his superiors.

This spirit of dependence was founded on a profound humility which made him believe that he had no right on earth, and that he could do nothing of himself; he esteemed himself and called himself the most contemptible of all men, and, if he was constrained to acknowledge all the graces with which God favoured him, he assured that the mercies he received from heaven were so many remedies granted to his weakness; and he added that if he had been less miserable, he would not have been so favoured by God. He had a conscience so clean and so delicate that he confessed the smallest imperfections as very great sins. He could not suffer that anything, however small, should be done against justice; he wished that restitution should be made even of a denarius; he would not receive the alms of married women without the consent of their husbands.

Our Saint had received from heaven a gift of very sublime contemplation, which made him pass whole nights in the sweetnesses of ecstasy, so that he often appeared raised several feet above the earth. He had also a great facility in working miracles; at Salamanca, a child fell by chance into a very deep well. The Saint, touched with compassion at it, prayed and stretched his girdle on the edge of the well: at once, in presence of a numerous crowd, the water of the well swelled, rose to the top, and cast out the child, safe and sound, whom his parents received weeping for joy. This gift of miracles made John a great reputation: he was called everywhere the holy man. This gave him so much pain that, to draw upon himself contempt in place of these praises, it happened more than once that he feigned the fool, a conduct of which we can admire only the intention.

This fervent religious had a very particular devotion to the holy Sacrament of the altar; all his actions, during the day, were so many dispositions and preparations to receive more worthily the delicious viands of this holy table; besides this habitual preparation, he was accustomed to pass in prayer all the time which remained to him, from when the office of Matins was ended until daybreak: which served him as immediate disposition to celebrate then holy Mass. He received very intimate and altogether singular communications in the frequentation of this divine Sacrament; he had the advantage, as the lessons of his office remark, of seeing sensibly, with his bodily eyes, the adorable body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who seemed to lift for him the veils of this august mystery, to favour specially this holy religious, whose faith was incomparable; Jesus Christ appeared to him then more brilliant than the sun, and His holy wounds more shining than the stars. He merited to receive very sublime knowledges on the greatness of this divine sacrifice of our altars, and his history adds that Our Lord favoured him even with several familiar colloquies, which were evident proofs of the very close union which was between Jesus Christ, in this Sacrament, and this saintly personage. Saint Thomas of Villanova, archbishop of Valencia, is an irreproachable witness of these facts, and one of those

who published them aloud afterwards, for the edification of the peoples.

The inexplicable sweetnesses which he thus tasted, in the time of the holy sacrifice, after the consecration, were the cause that he took much more time than other priests to celebrate holy Mass; his superiors reproved him for it and even forbade him to be so long, because everyone complained of it. The holy religious obeyed; he suffered for some time the privation of the consolations he enjoyed; but, at last, he went to ask his superior very humbly to leave him the liberty of saying holy Mass in his usual manner, and to lift the prohibition made to him, because he had a just impediment which did not permit him to be short; the superior not acquiescing in his request, the Saint found himself constrained to open his secret to him and to declare to him the favours he enjoyed, which obliged the prior to leave him a perfect liberty in the celebration of the holy sacrifice.

It was in prayer and in communion that this excellent religious drew that apostolic strength which appeared in his preachings; he reproved vice when he knew it, and he spared in this neither his friends nor persons raised in dignity: to do otherwise, said he, is to sell conscience, to betray the Crucifix, and to make, so to speak, false coin in matter of religion. This apostolic boldness not having pleased a lord of Spain, whose vice he had blamed in public, without however naming the person, this lord sent two assassins to put him to death, on a road by which he was to pass; but the two murderers, wishing to approach the Saint to execute their order, found themselves so suddenly struck with a terror of which they did not understand the cause, and, besides, the horses on which they were mounted remained in such an impotence of being able to advance, that these wretches recognised at last that God was fighting for the innocent; which was the cause of their conversion and of that of their master, who wept his fault and even made great presents to the Saint, to testify his goodwill.

Some women, whose luxury and criminal liberties he had blamed, surrounded him one day in so great a number that they were resolved to stone him: which they would have executed, had not some archers, who were sent, prevented them; but the Saint, who asked nothing better than to die for the defence of truth, said to those who avenged him, that they would do him a pleasure to let his enemies act, and that God could not do him a greater grace than to let him die for His glory, in reproving the sins which dishonour Him: He will not ask me account, he added, of the ills that I shall have been made to suffer; but He will reward me for the patience with which I shall have suffered them; turn not aside the crown suspended over my head, and do me not harm in defending me. The continual dangers to which he found himself exposed every day, in inveighing against the disorders he knew, did not hinder him from undertaking to restore to the town of Salamanca the peace which it had lost for a long time. He had already, formerly, appeased a sedition in this same town; but there arose, some years after, a civil war of the most obstinate that was ever seen. Two parties divided the whole town; there was no day on which there was not abundance of blood shed, relatives themselves were opposed to one another, and as there was no woman who had not suffered some loss in these private combats, so there was no house which did not seek means of avenging itself; so that on all occasions one saw massacres and assassinations, and the evil was all the greater in that the magistrates and the royal authority itself were no longer respected; homicides were committed with impunity, places of asylum and refuge were no longer considered as privileged, and people went boldly to take vengeance and publicly shed the blood of their enemy even on the steps of the altars where the holy mysteries were celebrated.

John of Saint-Facond, finding the town of Salamanca in this sad state, and groaning over the unhappy lot of so many afflicted noble families, mounted the pulpit, animated by his ordinary zeal; he omitted nothing to reunite the opposed parties and arrest the spirit of vengeance which occupied those who were interested; but he laboured long without fruit, each one believing that it was a cowardice and a stain for his family not to make his enemy feel as many ills as one had received. God, nevertheless, willed at last to have mercy on the town, in consideration of the prayers and labours of His Saint: some seditious men having had the boldness

to cause new quarrels to revive in the church itself, and at the time when he was preaching and exhorting to union, this apostolic preacher, animated with the zeal of the house of God which devoured him, stopped short, apostrophised with a voice of thunder those who excited the tumult and who began to put hand to arms, and said to them, in a tone of prophet, that they should cease on the spot their revolt and their noise; otherwise, that the first who should be so bold as to put sword in hand would die at that very instant. One of the most obstinate, despising the Saint's just threat and having dared to draw his sword from the scabbard, died on the spot, to the great astonishment of all; this chastisement, so public and so miraculous, made all minds so enter into themselves, and imprinted on them so great a fear of the judgments of God, that they thought no more but of abandoning their rights, of reconciling themselves with one another and of maintaining a perfect peace in the sequel; it is thus that God made use of this apostolic man to restore to the town of Salamanca the good of peace of which it had been deprived for several years, and which three kings of Spain had vainly tried to procure, as the lessons of his office say. The Saint, after having caused the disunion of minds to cease, preached against other disorders which might be in part the cause of the first of which we have just spoken; and as the vice of impurity has always been one of the principal which have drawn an infinity of malediction on towns, he began to speak against voluptuousness and concubinage; he made much fruit by his sermons; but he succeeded still more efficaciously by his visits and his conversations. He went with courage and with a boldness full of wisdom, to seek disorderly persons in the place of their retreat, and, showing them so efficaciously the horror of their disorders, he made by this means innumerable conversions. He spoke angelically of the virtue of purity, so necessary to all persons who make profession of Christianity, and gave to everyone a holy desire to be chaste; and as it was one of the virtues he loved most, divine Providence willed also that he should become, in some manner, a martyr of purity, as we are about to recount.

There was in the town of Salamanca a lord who led, with a debauched woman, the most scandalous life. No one dared reprove them: the Blessed John of Saint-Facond, strengthened with that spirit which formerly animated Saint John the Baptist when he reproved Herod, took the liberty of declaring to them, without fear, that it was no longer permitted them to live in that fashion, and that, if they continued, the sovereign Judge would draw vengeance from it. His remonstrances touched this lord at last: he returned from his blindness, and left the creature who was the cause of his ruin; but this debauched woman conceived so much hatred against him who had broken her criminal commerce that she swore to cause his death before a year should pass. To execute her guilty design, she found means to make the servant of Jesus Christ swallow a slow poison; God, who wished to reward the zeal and labour of the new apostle, permitted the poison to produce its whole effect. After having suffered several months of languor with an admirable patience, John rendered at last his spirit to Him after whom he sighed solely, pronouncing these words: "Lord, I place all my confidence in Thee in this last hour, and I commit my spirit into Thy hands"; which happened on the 11th of June of the year 1-479.

This kind of death, and the cause for which he suffered it, have made several of his historians and panegyrists say that he deserved to be honoured with the quality and the aureole of Martyr.

The whole town of Salamanca ran to the church where he was exposed. Everyone wished to have something of what belonged to him; armed men had to be placed to moderate the ardour of the devotion of the people, who pressed to cut pieces from his garments or fragments of his body. His history assures that at the moment when his body was lowered into the place of burial which had been destined for him, all the sick who had come to obtain remedy for their ills through his merit recovered health.

His historian reports a crowd of other miracles all the more true in that several sovereign Pontiffs, as Paul III, Pius V, Gregory XIII and Clement VIII, have approved them after very exact examinations. These great marvels were wrought by invoking only the name of the Saint, wherever one might be, or by going to his tomb, or by applying a little of the earth where his precious body reposed; the blind, even from birth,

recovered sight there, the deaf and the dumb received hearing and speech, the paralytics, the lame, and those who had deformities which deprived them of the conversation of other men, found infallible remedies for their ills, and several dead were raised.

A young lord, named Martin Arias Maldonat, who had no belief in all that was published touching the miracles of the Saint, went one day to his tomb, and feigned, through contempt, to be sick in one arm, begging the religious to let him put this limb, which he said was sick, in the Saint's tomb, as other infirm persons did; surprising thing, and one which was efficacious to draw this young rash man from libertinism! His arm was no sooner in the place where health was received than he was struck, in an instant, with the malady that he feigned to have: his arm became paralytic, dry, arid and so stiff that he could neither bend nor move it; the people, knowing the cause, gave no fewer blessings to the divine wisdom for having made sick, on this occasion, him who was well, than for having granted health to others who were sick. This accident was a greater proof of all the marvels which had happened previously. The libertine recognised and bitterly wept his fault, promised well to be converted and to honour the Saint whom he had wished to despise, and, in this disposition, sincerely asking again the cure of his arm, he received it on the spot in presence of everyone, who could not sufficiently admire the mercies and wisdom of God.

He is represented: 1st, with a chalice in his hand, above which a shining host is seen to appear, to mark the favours which the Blessed received in the participation of the holy mysteries; 2nd, with a cup surmounted by a serpent, to indicate that he died of poison; 3rd, with a demon under his feet, to make understood the triumphs which he gained over the enemy of salvation; 4th, trampling underfoot the world and the demon, or the personification of discord, on account of the war he made on the infernal spirits by his indefatigable zeal; 5th, with one or several swords at his feet, to recall the appeasing of hatreds and discord.

Cult and Relics

The prodigies which took place at his tomb engaged Clement VIII to beatify this illustrious servant of Jesus Christ, whose merit heaven declared in so many ways, and permitted the province of Castile to recite the office of him and to celebrate the Mass, by a brief of the 15th of June 1601. This permission was afterwards granted to the whole Order of the Augustinians by another brief of the 15th of October 1603. The members of the celebrated university of Salamanca chose this Saint for patron, and resolved, by vow and by oath, in a general assembly, to celebrate each year, in perpetuity, the feast of the Saint as a Sunday. The town of Sahagun has also taken him for patron. He is invoked against the stone.

Fifty-four years after his decease, his holy body was raised, with permission, to be put in a more honourable place; there spread at that moment a very agreeable odour which caused a new joy to all the assistants. The relics of his body, which were sent into the provinces and distant kingdoms, to the princes and churches which desired them, preserved everywhere this same odour. Peru, in America, where some of these precious relics were carried, received extraordinary favours through the merits of this Saint; the first miracles which were wrought at the time of his decease were renewed there, and whole towns were delivered from the cruel malady of the plague which depopulated them; these towns, as well as several others of the East Indies, which had received great succours through the merits of this signal servant of God, took him for their patron.

The Blessed John was canonised in 1690 by Pope Alexander VIII. Benedict XIII ordered his office to be inserted in the Roman Breviary, under the double rite, on the 12th of June. We have composed this abridgment after the life of the Saint, inserted in the *Chronicle of the Saints of the Order of Saint Augustine*, and after the lessons of the office which is made of him with permission of the Church in the same Order. — See the Bollandists, vol. ii of June, p. 616; the Life of this Saint, by Father Nicolas Robine, religious of the same Order, Paris, 1692.

Saint Galène and Saint Valène, and the Ten Thousand Crucified Martyrs (2nd century)

The punishment of the cross, inflicted, at the demand of the Jews, on Our Lord Jesus Christ by Pontius Pilate, was afterwards inflicted on the Jews themselves by the emperors Vespasian and Titus, docile though blind instruments of the divine vengeance, which chastised by retaliation this deicide race. During the siege which these emperors laid to Jerusalem, all the Jews who fell into their hands they caused to be crucified facing and in view of the city; five hundred were thus executed, and sometimes more, per day. The multitude of those who endured this punishment was such that the crosses appeared thick in the country like the ears of a harvest. Space failed for the gibbets and the corpses. It was by this same punishment that the emperor Hadrian, that cruel persecutor, caused to perish ten thousand Christians on Mount Ararat, near Alexandria, a city of Greater Armenia. Among the number of these Martyrs[1] were found Galène and Valène, whose bodies, under the pontificate of Paul II and the reign of Frederick III, emperor, and while Adolphus, count of Egmont, governed the province of Guelders, in the year 1468, were translated to the town of Guelders. They have not ceased to be there in great honour and to shine there by miracles. The archbishop of Cologne, Herman of Hesse, instituted, with the approbation of the Holy See, an anniversary feast in their honour, and fixed it on the 22nd of June.

Proper of Limbourg.

The Blessed Chrodobalde, Provost of the Abbey of Marchiennes[2]

This name of Chrodobalde indicates to us a Frankish and barbarian origin, and it renders still more striking the spectacle of the admirable change wrought by religion in one of those haughty and untameable men. The events which precede the single fact by which his existence is revealed to us are not known; but it would be rather probable to suppose that Chrodobalde was one of those slave children whom Saint Amand gathered from all sides, to whom he served as father, and who, for the most part, attached themselves to God and to him by embracing the monastic life. Retired into the pious community of Elnon, he fulfilled there exactly all the duties of a good religious: one had nothing to reproach him with but a little obstinacy and attachment to his own judgment. For a converted barbarian, it was already much not to have more considerable faults; but Saint Amand, who brought the greatest care to the direction of his spiritual children, found the occasion to correct him of it, and he did so in an admirable manner. Here is how the authors relate this fact. One day when Chrodobalde was in the country occupied with some labours with his brothers, he received, through the intermediary of another religious, the order to prepare carts for the service of the community. He did not hasten to obey; on the contrary, setting out at once, he left the place where he then was in the country, to come and set forth the motives of his conduct to the holy abbot. Suddenly he falls to the ground, struck with paralysis and entirely deprived of the use of his limbs. Recognising at once the hand of God which punished him, Chrodobalde confessed his fault to the religious who had hastened to succour him. These laid him in a boat and conducted him to the monastery.

The holy old man Amand having been warned of the accident, which he seemed already to know by an interior revelation, answered tranquilly and with a slight smile: “Chrodobalde will be still in a greater danger on account of his obstinacy and his disobedience.” Calling at the same time a venerable priest of the community, he gave him a cup of wine with a piece of bread. “Go,” said he to him, “order brother Chrodobalde to take this, and to-morrow, when, by the will of God, I shall go to visit him, let him advance to meet me and not remain on his couch.” This order was immediately executed. The sick man, rejoiced by the blessing which Saint Amand sent him, took the cup of wine, and felt himself at once cured, as if he had never suffered anything. The next day, when the venerable old man arrived, he hastened to go to meet him, to the great astonishment of the other religious, who could not explain to themselves so prompt a recovery. In presence of his brothers, he asked and obtained pardon for his fault; and Saint Amand, for his part, profited

by this occasion to give the whole community salutary counsels on religious obedience. They made in particular so great an impression on the heart of Chrodobalde that he lived afterwards in the practice of the most eminent virtues, and merited that after his death the title of Blessed should be decreed to him.

Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by M. l'abbé Destombes.

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[1] He was bishop of Aenos (Roumelia) and distinguished himself by his zeal against Arianism. He assisted, in 347, at the council of Sardica of which he was one of the principal ornaments. The Arians, who bore him a violent hatred, calumniated him before the emperor Constantius who drove him from his see and permitted to put him to death wherever he should be found. It does not appear that this iniquitous sentence received its execution, since Saint Olympus has, in the Roman martyrology, only the title of confessor.

[2] He assisted at the councils of Ancyra (314), of Neocaesarea (315) and of Nicaea (325). Eusebius of Nicomedia having been deposed on account of his attachment to Arianism, of which he was the coryphaeus, Amphion was chosen by the clergy of Nicomedia to replace him. Our Saint applied himself to repair the evil which his predecessor had done and showed himself a zealous defender of the decisions of the council of Nicaea of which he had been one of the most brilliant lights.

[3] We owe these details to the kindness of M. the abbé Lempereur, curé of Aimargues (Gard).

[4] The Blessed Guy was again one of the conquests of the word of Saint Francis who formed him himself to the religious life and charged him to preach to the peoples. See our *Seraphic Palm-tree*, vol. vi.

[5] A decree of the 12th of December 1872 prescribes the insertion of the name of this holy bishop martyr in the Roman Martyrology.

[6] The monastery of Abage, near Hermopolis, a town well known in lower Thebaid, on the borders of upper Egypt.

[7] Sahagum, otherwise called Saint-Facond or Saint-Fagondez.

[8] We give their history on the 22nd of June.

[9] Marchiennes (Marchianx or Martianse) (Nord) was an abbey situated on the Scarpe, in the country of Ostrevand, three leagues from Douai, and at about the same distance from Elnon. It was at first of the Rule of Saint Columban, afterwards of Saint Benedict. It was founded about the year 643, and dedicated in 653 by the bishops Aubert and Amand, in honour of the Apostles Peter and Paul. According to Mabillon, an irruption of Normans overthrew it in 851, and again about 879.

13 June

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Padua, Saint Anthony the Portuguese, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, who rendered himself celebrated by the holiness of his life, by his miracles and by his preachings. 1231. — At Rome, on the Ardeatine Way, the birth into heaven of Saint Felicula, virgin and martyr, who, wishing neither to marry one named Flaccus nor to sacrifice to idols, was delivered to a very cruel judge. The latter, seeing her persevere in the confession of Jesus Christ, after having kept her in a dark dungeon and made her suffer hunger, had her tormented so long on the rack that she gave up her spirit there; then he had her body unfastened and it was thrown into a sewer: Saint Nicodemus drew it out and buried it on the same way. 81. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Fortunatus and Lucian. — At Biblis, in Palestine, Saint Aquiline, virgin and martyr, who, at the age of twelve years, was buffeted and scourged for the confession of the faith, under the emperor Diocletian and the judge Volusian; she then had her body pierced in several places with awls reddened in the fire,[1] was finished by a stroke of the sword, and thus consecrated her virginity by martyrdom.[2] 293. — In Lower Abruzzo, Saint Peregrine, bishop and martyr, who was thrown by the Lombards into the river Pescara, for the Catholic faith. About 600. — At Cordova, Saint Fandilas or Fandille, priest and monk, who was beheaded in the persecution of the Arabs and underwent martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. 853. — In Cyprus, Saint Triphylle,[3] bishop. About 369.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Sens, the decease of Saint Agrice, bishop and confessor, whose charity Sidonius Apollinaris extremely extols. About 487. He is honoured at Sens on the 17th of June. — In the diocese of Limoges, Saint Psalmode, solitary; he is honoured at Limoges on the 15th of June.[4] — In Bugey and in Forez, Saint Rambert or

Ragnebert, massacred by the emissaries of Ebroin, mayor of the palace, under King Thierry. 680. — At Clairvaux, the Blessed Gerard, brother of Saint Bernard. 1138. — In Upper Gascony, Saint Aventin, martyr. About 813. — In the ancient abbey of Saint-Ghislain (north of France), the decease of the venerable Odwin, abbot of this monastery, who, by his examples and his discourses, his great reputation of holiness, the wisdom of his administration and the gentle firmness of his command, exercised on his religious the happiest influence. 1093. — In Burgundy, memory of the Blessed Vincent Fort or Fortis, martyr, who, tied by the heretics to the tail of a horse, and dragged over places full of roughnesses, then buried in the earth up to the waist, the arms extended in the form of a cross, had at last his head broken, and thus obtained the palm of a glorious combat. 1563. — In the same province, memory of a virgin martyr whose name is unknown, who, victorious in the same persecution, took her flight toward the heavenly Spouse. Fallen into the hands of the heretics, she was so frightened at the sight of their swords and of the torments they were preparing for her that blood flowed from all parts of her body.[5] 1563. — At the monastery of the Visitation of Chambéry, the Blessed Marie-Jacqueline Favre, second religious of this Order, who has preserved the highest veneration for her memory. She was born about 1589 of Antoine Favre and Benoîte de Vaugelas, both recommendable by their birth and their virtues. On the 6th of June 1610, she went to join Madame de Chantal, foundress of the Visitation, near whom she made her noviciate. In turn superior of two branch houses of the Order, at Lyons and at Clermont, she rendered these houses flourishing and left there the perfume of her virtues. Her obedience, her chastity, a humility which allied itself perfectly with strength of soul, and her charity for the religious acquired her a high reputation. She died in the mother house of Chambéry, after having edified it for twenty-seven years. 1637. — In the parish of Eoulx, in the diocese of Digne, the procession of Our Lady of Pity. She has there a chapel on the edge of a rock cut sheer and raised more than twelve hundred and fifty metres above the level of the sea. The chapel has been freshly restored; the statue is small and shapeless, but consecrated by the ages; in 1600, it already existed. This venerable statue is carried in procession on the 13th of June and the 8th of September, and these two processions attract the inhabitants of the hamlets and even of distant country places, who come to discharge a vow made, in 1760, to avert a terrible storm with which the whole country was threatened. Each one is ambitious of the honour of having a Mass said to Our Lady of Pity, and when one wishes to obtain the cure of a malady, one burns a candle there or keeps a lamp lit.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — The vigil of our Father Saint Basil the Great, bishop and doctor of the Church.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Padua, Saint Anthony… *Martyrology of the Franciscans.* — At Padua, Saint Anthony…

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Rome, the holy Januarius and Silvanus, martyrs, entered in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. They are different from the two Saints of the same name, sons of Saint Felicitas, whom the Church of Rome honours on the 10th of July. — At Assisi, in Umbria, Saint Victorinus, bishop of this town and martyr. The faithful deposited his body and that of fifty of his companions in martyrdom whom he had converted to the faith, in a church dedicated under his name at Assisi. These precious relics remained in this place for nearly ten centuries; they were then transferred to the abbatial church of Saint Peter of this town, where they repose at the sides of the altar in an urn of marble. About the year 250. — In Africa, the holy Lucian, Forcunat, Crescentian and five others, martyrs. — At Emesa, in Phoenicia, Saint Diodorus, martyr, who died attached to a cross. — In the diocese of Gerona, in Catalonia, Saint Evide, martyr, buried in the monastery of Saint Peter. — At Bostra, in Arabia, Saint Antipater, bishop of this town. — Among the Greeks, Saint James, anchorite, Saint Anne, widow, and her son John. — In Egypt, the holy Anub-Bissoio, George and his wife Basjèle, Arnobe, Peter, Aschirion, Argénide and Belfije, martyrs, mentioned in the martyrology of

Abyssinia. The first suffered at Heliopolis.

Saint Aventin, Apostle of Gascony, and Martyr

About 813. — Pope: Saint Leo III. — Emperor: Charlemagne.

Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et prædicantis pacem!

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who announce peace and preach salvation! Isaias lii. 7.

It is on the southern slope of the mountain which separates the valleys of Oueil and Larboust, a league from Bagnères, that the little village of Saint-Aventin is found. It is there, on the very spot which the parish church occupies to-day, that the house was built in which Aventin came into the world, about the year 778.

Escaped from the bonds of the cradle, Aventin showed himself always dominated by the impulse of grace which seemed to have prevented him from his mother's womb. The chronicle tells us that as he grew in age he became from day to day an object of veneration and admiration for the persons who surrounded him.

God had fixed for Aventin a destiny different from that of the common run of men. He wills to make of him an apostle, and, to prepare him for this sublime mission, He calls him, still young, to the desert.

In that part of the valley of Larboust which approaches nearest to the lake of Séculejo, so visited by strangers, there exists a second, more solitary valley. There, at the bottom of a plateau where the silence of solitude reigns, one discovers still to-day a ruin, venerable remnant of an ancient hermitage. It is in this place, overlooked by mountains whose summit is lost in the skies, that Aventin appears to have come to shelter his youth against the perfidious seductions of a corrupt world, and to exercise himself in the bosom of the desert in the practice of the virtues which were to raise him to a high holiness. Henceforth free from the entanglements of the world, alone with his God, Aventin will be able to give himself without obstacle to the ardent desires of his heart, to quench his thirst for immolation and sacrifices. Who will tell us the life of Aventin in the desert, and who will be able to retrace for us the ardour of his prayers, the rigour of his austerities, the holy transports of his orisons, the sublimity of his ecstasies? His high reputation of virtue led sometimes to his retreat persons who came to be edified by his discourses, and to draw from his conversations pious counsels. Those who had visited him withdrew less vicious; their heart felt itself more zealous for good.

One day, according to his custom, Aventin had left his cell and betaken himself to a grove which overlooks the valley of Asto, to pray at leisure under its mysterious shade. On his knees, his eyes to heaven, his heart ardent, he blessed the God whom his heart adored. The deepest silence favoured his recollection, and his ravished soul seemed to have found the serenity of the heavens. Suddenly this silence is interrupted by the plaintive roaring of a bear, which descends painfully from the summit of the mountains. Aventin perceives it, but he is not frightened at it; he knows that He who watched over Daniel in the lions' den watches also over him. It is not the animals of the forests that are to quench their thirst in his blood: that blood is reserved to glut the rage of persecutors fiercer than they.

As if led by an invisible hand, or by the instinct which reveals benevolence to it, the wounded animal goes straight toward the pious solitary, it approaches with the gentleness of a docile lamb, and lifting its heavy paw in which a long thorn had fixed itself, lays it with confidence between the hands of Aventin, as if to claim his help. The servant of God probes the wound with kindness, pulls out the cruel thorn, and the grateful bear goes away after having loaded him with its caresses.[1]

However, our pious hermit was destined to swell the number of the generous martyrs of the faith, and God had drawn him to the desert only to retemper his soul there, and prepare it for the rough combats which it was to have to sustain and for a glorious death. The same voice which had taken Aventin from the society of

men recalled him to it.

It gave a vast field to his zeal; it showed him abandoned populations which languished like sheep without a shepherd, crying out loudly for the bread of the word and having, most often, no one to break it for them; it discovered to him in the future the new dangers which were preparing and the floods of persecutors who were to carry around him devastation and error. To come like a generous soldier to oppose this torrent, to sustain by his counsels, his preachings and his examples these men deprived of these powerful helps, was a design worthy of the new apostle. Aventin therefore left his dear cell, and, having had hands laid on him by the pious bishop who then sat in Comminges, he began his apostolic career.

At that time the priesthood had almost dried up in these countries, and yet the frequent invasions of the Barbarians rendered it as it were indispensable. Returned into the midst of his brethren, preceded by a high reputation of virtue, who will tell us the efforts that Aventin made to bring sinners back into the way of salvation, and the fruits with which God rewarded his zeal and his piety? Like an ardent missionary, he went from one village to another, seeking everywhere souls to save; it is easily understood that the preachings of a man whose life was so pure could not remain sterile. How long the apostolate of Aventin lasted, we do not know; however it is to be believed that it lasted long enough to re-establish in a solid and lasting manner the empire of religion in souls; and, when this work, for which Aventin seemed to have been predestined, was accomplished, the demon, who for a long time had seen with rage the fruit of his preachings, redoubled his furies. Then God, who wished to reward worthily the zeal of Aventin, seemed to abandon him to the efforts of hell, in order to add to the so beautiful palm of the apostolate that of martyrdom.

Islamism had hoisted its flag on the Pyrenees, and the sicarii of Mahomet dreamed of the conquest of Gaul. The mountains of Gascony were a prey to their persecutions, and the Christians had need of all the energy of their faith to resist these men who spread their errors with arms in hand. So they made at that time several martyrs. Aventin, who always exercised with courage the ministry that God had entrusted to him, saw with sorrow approach this terrible enemy who was to desolate his flock. He understood well, from then, the fate which awaited him, and prepared himself for death. However, as a courageous apostle, he does not leave his sheepfold; he knew that the good shepherd gives his life for his sheep. In order therefore to continue the good he had begun and to sustain, in times so difficult, this people which had become so dear to him, he dissimulated the efforts of his zeal. Now hidden in the bosom of the forests, now retired into the hollow of the rocks, he sought to throw off the scent his enemies, who redoubled their efforts to destroy him; hoping, doubtless, by killing the shepherd, to win the flock more easily.

But how long could he escape the searches of an infinity of soldiers spread on every side? the moment, besides, had come when God was to deliver him to them as a victim whose blood was to render fruitful this desolate Christendom.

The Saracens, ever attentive to pursue him, discovered him at last. He still hoped to escape their rage and to withdraw by flight from their fury; but his strength was weakened by the privations he had had to impose on himself, by his long watchings and the sufferings of his hard fatigues. Arrived at the point of junction of the valleys of Oueil and Larboust, which had equally felt his labours and his virtue, he is overtaken by armed satellites. It was the moment of sacrifice! He falls on his knees to commend his soul to God. Perhaps, at this supreme hour, he prayed for his executioners! perhaps also, casting a last look on the valleys which were so dear to him, he prayed the Lord to watch over them! The furious soldiers spring upon him, they overwhelm him with blows and ill-treatment. Drunk with joy at possessing a victim they had sought for a long time, they exercise against it all their rage, until at last one of these barbarians raises against him his terrible weapon and cuts off his head. The blood flows in long streams; it waters this beloved land like a fruitful seed. But, O prodigy! what was not the astonishment of these barbarians to see Aventin, holding between his hands his bloody head detached from the trunk, walk with great strides in the direction of the village where he had received life! At this sight, frightened and perhaps overturned by remorse for having shed innocent blood,

they took flight and went to relate with terror the miracle of which they had just been the witnesses. Aventin continued his miraculous march; and, after having advanced about two hundred paces, arrived at that place from which one begins to perceive the valley which had been witness of his labours, he fell on the edge of the road. One would have said that he had wished, before dying, to cast a farewell look on his country, or else to bequeath to it with his blood his last blessings.

The fatal news of his death spread to the bottom of the valleys; it circulated from mouth to mouth with sadness and discouragement, a veil of mourning seemed to spread over Larboust; this death took from the Christians of this country their so venerated chief, their most powerful support. In the night, generous souls went secretly to commit to the earth this mutilated body; they carefully hid the place of his sepulture, for fear that the Barbarians, after having torn life from him, should come still to outrage his mortal remains. Later, when the Saracens had repassed the mountains, the place where Aventin received the mortal blow was marked, and that where his decapitated body was found. These two places became, in the sequel, an object of pilgrimage for Christians, who went to kiss with respect the rock once dyed with his blood. A little monument, raised in this place, perpetuates still to-day the memory of this marvellous death; and a modest chapel, which one perceives at the very place where his mutilated body lay, attracts in our days a numerous concourse of faithful, who come with fervour to pray on this land sanctified by the blood of the Martyr, and where there resides still a secret and hidden virtue which often produces consolation in afflicted souls, relief in bodies languishing and undermined by sickness.

The most constant tradition has preserved to us the faithful account of this miraculous death, and the gratitude of the people engraved it, in the twelfth century, on stone and marble. One remarks, indeed, on the portal of the beautiful church of Saint-Aventin, on the capitals on the right, a group of soldiers who seem to dispute with a beheaded man his head, which he tears from their hands. A sculpture of white marble, which decorates the exterior part of the portal of the church of Saint-Aventin, represents him in the attitude of a preacher. Painters and sculptors have always figured him for us, either with the long habit and the tonsure, or with the hermit’s cowl.

Cult and Relics. — Pilgrimages

Nearly three centuries had passed over the tomb of Aventin. His memory lived still in the mind of some inhabitants of these countries; but it was not known where his precious remains reposed. The moment had come when God was to reveal the glory of His servant, who seemed destined to fall into oblivion. Here is the admirable manner in which heaven rendered his tomb glorious. A bull left every day the pastures, went away from the rest of the herd, in spite of the vigilance of the keeper, and came always to fix itself at the same place, digging the earth with its foot and making the valley resound with its bellowings. It was only with difficulty that it was brought back to its master’s stable. For several days the same flight was seen renewed, and the animal persisted for a long time in coming to dig with its foot this place, since become celebrated, in spite of the ill-treatment it received there. An event of this nature was well fitted to excite curiosity. A thousand conjectures were indulged in, and little by little the bull found itself surrounded by a numerous crowd. The priests themselves ran up to be witnesses of this extraordinary fact. In examining the animal, its attitude, its bellowings, it was agreed that one must dig in this place and seek the solution of this enigma. Curiosity attracted an immense people; they betook themselves to the designated spot to make researches there. The bull was always faithful to its post; the crowd pressed around it, and suddenly there was perceived in the air an angel who, indicating with his finger the place occupied by the animal, made these words distinctly heard: “It is there that the body of the Blessed Aventin reposes.” At these words, the moved crowd uttered cries of joy; the name of Aventin flew from mouth to mouth; they hastened to dig the earth and soon discovered indeed a tomb.

They opened it. Scarcely had these bones been lifted when an inexpressible perfume exhaled from them. It was an odour which recalled to no one anything that he had smelled, and which surpassed all imagination: the whole crowd was as it were embalmed by it.

They examined with the greatest care this mutilated body, and discovered in fact that the head was separated from the trunk, and that it was indeed the body of Aventin, whose tragic death was still known to a great number.

They then deposited with pious respect these holy relics in the oratory which this generous martyr had caused to be built during his apostolate beside the house which had seen him born. Everyone visited the little oratory with eagerness, gifts multiplied there, and, the holy bishop of Comminges coming to the help of the inhabitants of the valleys, there was raised to the memory of Aventin a remarkable basilica, on the very spot of the oratory which the Saint had built, and on the ruins of his paternal house. Nothing was neglected to render this monument worthy of the precious deposit which it was to contain; the architecture of it is beautiful and numerous sculptures decorate the portal and the south wall; care was taken there to engrave with the chisel a living history of the Martyr, in order to preserve to posterity so remarkable an event. It is behind the high altar of the new church that the relics of the Saint were deposited. An enormous slab, suspended at one metre of elevation on two walls, forms the bottom of the tomb; two others, narrower, form the sides, the two ends are closed by two sealed stones; finally the whole tomb is covered by a block of granite cut sloping, and hollowed inside, as if to form the vault of the tomb. The relics appear to have remained in this mausoleum until 1707, when a verification of the bones of Aventin was made, which clearly demonstrated their preservation and authenticity. They were then placed in a silver reliquary, come from Lyons, and which still to-day contains the head of the holy Martyr.

More recent official records teach us that the verification of the relics was made by Mgr Olivier Gabriel, in 1737; another was made in 1707, by Mgr d'Osmond; a third in 1808, by M. Mengarduque, curé of the parish; finally the last in 1837, by Mgr d'Astros, archbishop of Toulouse, who had the relics placed in a beautiful shrine of ebony which is carried to-day in the solemn processions.

The numerous strangers whom the thermal waters attract into these countries never fail, if they are moved by a thought of faith, to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aventin; and often inveterate maladies, which resist the efficacy of the baths, disappear before these sacred relics.

The porch of the church of Saint-Aventin deserves to fix attention and curiosity. It possessed formerly eight little marble columns. Three have disappeared. These little columns are crowned by capitals on which are traced the birth, the life and the death of Aventin; a bas-relief represents a bull guided by an angel; under the feet of the bull, which digs the earth, one perceives a dead body wrapped in a shroud; it is the finding of the relics of the Saint to whom the church is consecrated. Beneath, this verse has been engraved:

Sic innotescit sanctus qua parte quiescit, Thus was recognised the place where the Saint had been buried.

From the moment when the relics of Saint Aventin were transferred from the place where they had been miraculously discovered, down to our days, they have not ceased to be constantly the object of the veneration of the whole country.

At the time of the feast of the Saint, from all sides there run up in procession, from the bottom of the valleys of Gascony, whole populations who, their pastor at their head, come to render their homage to their common patron. Then the mountains resound with pious chants. The men make heard the airs of this invocation a thousand times repeated: "Saint Aventin, pray for us," and the choirs of young girls clothed in white repeat, like a faithful echo, the same prayer. At their approach, the basilica of Saint-Aventin seems shaken by the joyous sound of the bells; it is lit up with a thousand torches which the pious pilgrims carry. There, at the appointed hour, each one comes with respect to kiss these pious bones, and to deposit, near the tomb of the

Martyr, the feeble gift which piety suggests. Faith shines on all brows, men, women, all are happy, all press with love around these precious remains; and, at the sight of this immense concourse, of this faith so pure, of this piety so tender, hearts are moved. Monsieur l'abbé Dutrey, curé of Saint-Aventin, wrote to us on this subject, on the 31st of August 1871: "In order to stimulate still more the pious impulse of the faithful, we have asked of Rome and obtained a plenary indulgence for the persons who, after having confessed and communicated, come, during the time of the octave, to visit our church and pray our Blessed patron, according to the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is with this aim that we leave the relics exposed in the shrine of ebony wood during the whole octave." The processions and the solemn visit to the church of Saint-Aventin are not the only cult which is rendered to the blessed Martyr in these countries; there exists still another very touching custom, that of consecrating new-born children to Aventin. The day of the consecration of a child is a feast day for the family; several members set out from it very early in the morning, clothed in their festival garments and carrying in their arms or leading by the hand him for whom this solemnity is celebrated. Arrived at the church, all kneel with respect before the holy relics; the holy sacrifice of the Mass is caused to be celebrated on the tomb of the Martyr, during which, a candle in hand, the child and those who surround him kiss with love the sacred bones of the Martyr. This lighted candle, which, by its ardour, is the symbol of a lively faith, burns the rest of the day beside the holy relics. After the Mass, the priest blesses the child and each one withdraws, his heart full of that tender piety which one breathes in this august basilica. We have made use, to compose this life, of the information which the curé of Saint-Aventin kindly transmitted to us; and above all of a little pamphlet which a priest of the diocese of Toulouse, relying on the monuments, tradition and manuscripts preserved in the archives of his parish, has consecrated to the glory of our Saint, under this title: *Notice historique sur saint Aventin d'Aquitaine, martyr.* Toulouse, 1850.

Saint Anthony of Padua, Apostle and Wonder-Worker

1195–1231. — Popes: Celestine III; Gregory IX. — Kings of Portugal: Sancho I; Sancho II.

Si per merita Antonii res perditæ quæ fortunam duntaxat respiciunt recuperantur, quantum a fortiori recuperabuntur ejus intercessione quæ ad salutem pertinent!

If, by the merits of Saint Anthony, one finds again, when one has lost them, the things which regard material fortune, with how much greater reason will one not recover by his intercession those which regard salvation!

Tertullianus prædicans, Serm. on S. Ant. of Padua.

Saint Anthony of Padua was born in 1195, at Lisbon, capital of Portugal, one of the most ancient cities of the world, on the day of the feast of the Assumption. He had for father Martin de Bouillon and for mother Teresa or Maria-Teresa de Tavera. Everything leads one to presume that Martin de Bouillon, or, according to others, de Bullones, de Bulhan, de Bulhem, was not of Portuguese origin, and that he belonged to the family of the famous Godfrey de Bouillon, duke of Lorraine, king of Jerusalem, conqueror of the Holy Places. Maria-Teresa de Tavera was also of the highest lineage; she descended, it appears, from Froïla or Fruela, king of the Asturias, who reigned in the eighth century. The Taveras are, moreover, celebrated in Spain and Portugal; there was a Didacus de Tavera, archbishop of Seville, a John de Tavera, cardinal-archbishop of Toledo.

Saint Anthony received at baptism the name of Ferdinand. According to an ancient usage of Portugal, he was baptised solemnly eight days after his birth. The font on which the Sacrament of regeneration was conferred on him still subsists; it is preserved with a religious care in the church of Our Lady. One of the stone steps which serve to mount to the choir of the cathedral bears now, as in the twelfth century, the miraculous imprint of a cross traced there by the finger of the Saint, one day when the demon appeared to him in a horrible form. Finally, John II, king of Portugal, a great admirer of Anthony, has transformed into a splendid

church the house where the holy wonder-worker was born. It is called to-day the church of Saint Anthony.

Ferdinand was brought up in the fear of God and in the practice of all the virtues. His parents, pious themselves and fervent Christians, guided with tender solicitude his first steps in the way of salvation. His mother above all, the virtuous Teresa de Tavera, who, in asking a son of the Lord, had thought rather of the glory of the Most High than of the honour of her name, offered him to God in giving him life, and, as soon as he could stammer a few words, taught him to repeat the blessed names of Jesus and Mary. Full of devotion to the Queen of heaven, she entertained her well-beloved son only with her power and her goodness, thus accustoming him early to place in her his confidence and his love.

Ferdinand responded to his mother's affection. Everything in him presaged a heart of gold and an intelligence of the first order; with his heart he loved God, with his intelligence he understood Him. He was happy only when one spoke to him of the holy Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints; and the ardour with which he recited his prayers made the admiration of all. It may be said that his education was made in the church, at the foot of the altars, and that his learning was based first of all on the knowledge of the things of religion. He learned Latin rapidly, and in general all that was taught in the schools of the time: the humanities, rhetoric and philosophy. All that had relation to religion, to ecclesiastical history and to the liturgy was for him the object of a marked predilection.

His ardour for work, the energy with which he approached studies often repulsive, but above all his modesty, his gentleness and his piety, made the consolation of his masters and the admiration of all his comrades. He was cited as a model of all the virtues, and he deserved even better than the praises with which he was loaded. Here is how one of his principal biographers speaks of this first period of his glorious life: "He would have keenly desired to occupy the place of his Saviour fastened to the cross, and that of his neighbour, when he saw him in affliction and need. He made walk abreast, in his mind and in his heart, obedience to the laws of his country and to the commandments of his parents, sentiments of reverence toward bishops and priests, submission to his masters, respect for the aged, love of purity, of retreat, of humility, of suffering, of gentleness, of charity, of temperance, of fasts, of abstinence, and horror of lying, even in jest. He never laughed loudly, and uttered no useless word; he was the declared enemy of vanity, of noisy games, of display, of vengeance, of hatreds, of murmurs, of rash judgments… What then must this sun be which was announced by so brilliant a dawn?"[1]

Meanwhile the child reached adolescence, the age when the passions ferment, the moment of deceptive dreams and illusions, critical epoch of life, dangerous reef on which so many beautiful souls come to be wrecked that seemed to be growing for heaven. All seductions surrounded Anthony. Rich, of illustrious birth, of agreeable exterior, he was exposed to all the attacks of the world, in a city which, then as to-day, was a veritable place of delights. He did not succumb; not that elect souls like his are not as exposed as others to perils, temptations, falls; he had much to struggle, doubtless, against himself and against the demon, his heart was the plaything of great uncertainties; but God was with him, and God never abandoned him. In the moments when he felt himself growing weak, he commended himself to the Most High and to the Queen of angels, his patroness, and he asked of her with tears aid and protection. Then one day, raised by grace above the world and above himself, he resolved not to wait longer to consecrate himself to God, and he went to ask the habit at the convent of the Canons Regular of Saint Augustine, at Lisbon.

The Canons Regular of Saint Augustine, with whom the Blessed Anthony had been brought up, enjoyed in all the country a great reputation for learning and piety. The abbot, named Pelagius, touched by the candour, the modesty and the ardent faith of the young man, received him with open arms and gave him the white almuce of the novices.

Anthony was happy: he had only to think of God. Under the great arcades and in the long silent corridors, he walked slowly, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes raised to heaven, his soul abyssed in an immense

love. He was not left long to enjoy the peace which he desired with so much ardour. His parents and his friends, during the year of his noviciate, tormented him ceaselessly to bring him back to the world, whose joys he had disdained. All means were good to them: caresses and threats, flatteries and bitter railleries; they spoke to him of his riches, of the lustre of his name, of the obscure poverty which awaited him at the convent; so that the young novice, harassed on all sides, wearied by an incessant struggle which tore his soul from the pure joys of the sanctuary, resolved to go away from Lisbon and to seek elsewhere the tranquillity which he could not find there. He reflected and prayed long before deciding; then at last he asked his superiors permission to pass to the convent of Coimbra. The prior granted it to him, not without pain; it cost him to separate from a novice so pious, so submissive to the Rule, so ardent at work. At Coimbra, as at Lisbon, Anthony made the admiration of the other religious. At the same time, his progress in virtue as in science became more rapid. Already, at Lisbon, he had applied himself to the study of theology and the holy Scriptures; relieved now of the obsessions and recriminations of his parents, alone with God, meditating ceaselessly the infinite power of the Father and the infinite goodness of the Son, he had of the things of heaven an almost full and entire knowledge. One would have said that the Holy Ghost had descended on him as formerly on the Apostles, to give him the gift of tongues, an immense science and an irresistible eloquence. The most learned doctors of the convent were ashamed of their ignorance, in presence of this young novice who seemed to possess the secrets of God; the holiest religious also found themselves too worldly, compared with this austere servant of Christ, so humble, so poor, so occupied with fasts, vigils, retreats and mortifications.

Moreover, the Most High already took care to affirm before the eyes of the world the holiness of His servant by striking miracles. One day when he was occupied, near the church, at some humble task, he heard suddenly the bell ring which announces the elevation. He knelt down, and he saw suddenly the stone walls open before him, and the priest appear to him standing on the steps of the altar, accomplishing the holy sacrifice. One day, he was tending a sick brother, who uttered frightful cries or nervous and jerky bursts of laughter, still more frightening. The idea came to him that the unfortunate man must be under the power of the demon, and, in effect, he delivered him on the spot by covering him with his mantle.

Another time again, while he was assisting, as deacon or subdeacon, the priest at the altar, he perceived the soul of a Franciscan religious, come from Rome with Saint Zachary, which rose in the air under the form of a white bird, crossed purgatory and penetrated, with wings wide open, into the kingdom of the elect.

The Augustinian Canons of Holy Cross of Coimbra had conceived of the virtues of Anthony so high an esteem that they wrote of him, in their archives, scarcely two years after he had left them: *Vir utique famosus, doctus et pius, magna litteratura ornatus, et gloria meritorum stipatus:* "He was assuredly a remarkable man, learned and pious, of immense learning, and whom a merited glory already accompanied everywhere."[2]

Meanwhile the holy patriarch of Assisi had just sent to Portugal, in the year 1216, Saint Zachary and Saint Walter with some other Friars Minor. King Alphonsus II had given them the chapel of the holy abbot Anthony, half a league from Coimbra, and had had a convent raised for them. As they came often to beg at the convent of the Augustinians, Anthony was not long in knowing them, and, consequently, in admiring the austerity of their apostolic life. He liked to converse with them, and felt in his heart an immense desire to imitate them. It was quite another thing, when the solemn translation took place of the bodies of five Franciscan religious who had just been martyred in Morocco.[3] On learning the glorious history of these five apostles, he wished, he too, to give his blood for Christ, in propagating His faith. Day and night he dreamed of the palm of martyrdom, which he believed he could not better merit than under the habit of a Friar Minor.

But he did not dare decide of himself to leave the Order of the Augustinians, where the will of God had first called him. He wished to wait until it should please the Lord to manifest His intentions clearly to him, and he redoubled his prayers to obtain this grace. The Lord heard him at last: one day when, retired in his cell, he was pouring out his soul in the heart of his God, Saint Francis appeared to him and ordered him, in the name

of the Most High, to take the habit of a Friar Minor, to labour for the glory of Christ and the good of souls. The very next day, Anthony presented himself at the convent of Saint Anthony of the Olives and had himself admitted among the novices (July 1220).

Great was the grief of the Augustinian Canons when they learned this determination. They had lulled themselves with the hope that their young brother would one day be the honour of their Order; they had become accustomed to surround him with care and affection, and suddenly he abandoned them. The prior, in giving him the authorisation which he could not refuse him, did not hide his discontent from him, and one of the canons, to whom he was making his farewells, said to him with sourness: “Go, you will become a Saint perhaps”; to which Anthony answered humbly: “The day when you learn my canonisation, you will be the first to render thanks to God for it.”

The good Fathers could not console themselves for the loss of Anthony, and the quite paternal chagrin which they had first felt at it changed little by little into ill-contained resentment and dull hostility. Pope Gregory IX had to intervene by two briefs addressed, one to the bishop of Viseu, the other to the community of the

Augustinians of Coimbra, to put an end to the bad proceedings which they used toward the Friars Minor. The new Franciscan received, with the habit of the Order, the name of Anthony, in honour of the holy abbot to whom the first Seraphic convent in Portugal was dedicated. It was also a means for him of living more unknown and of escaping the ceaselessly renewed pursuits of his parents and his worldly friends.

During his noviciate, Anthony gave himself entirely to prayer, to contemplation, to works of obedience and humility.[4] When he had pronounced his vows, remembering that he had entered the Seraphic Order only in the desire of winning there the palm of martyrdom, he asked his superiors permission to pass into Africa to preach the truth there to the Moors. His superiors let him go; but God did not accept his devotedness; in His eternal wisdom, He had decided that Anthony should convert the infidels of Christian Europe, and not those of Mahometan Asia and Africa. Scarcely arrived at the end of his voyage, Anthony saw himself a prey to a cruel malady, which more than once put his days in danger, and forced him, in the spring, to re-embark for Portugal, where he counted on finding again strength and health. The passage was unfortunate: a violent tempest cast him on the coasts of Sicily.

Anthony landed at Tauromenium, an ancient episcopal town of the province of Messina. There, having learned that Saint Francis was about to hold the General Chapter of the Order in the town of Assisi, he resolved to betake himself thither, although he was still weakened in consequence of his illness. Friars Minor from all parts of Europe were assembled there. Anthony could not sufficiently thank the Lord for having brought him into the bosom of this imposing reunion. He was happy to contemplate these valiant soldiers of Christ, always ready to shed their blood for their God, poor, austere, careless of the world which had its eyes fixed on them, greater in their humility than kings in their pride, and above all the venerable patriarch of Assisi, whom all Europe already honoured as a Saint, and who had the calm and serenity of one. When came the distribution of charges and dignities, Anthony, a newcomer in the Order, still unknown, and whom his modesty kept in the shade, was completely forgotten. He rejoiced at it in the bottom of his heart, for he had taken the Franciscan habit only to be humbled, and not to be exalted. It was then that he met Father Gratian, a holy man, minister of the province of Bologna. This venerable Father was seeking a chaplain to say Mass for some religious who lived a contemplative life in the bosom of a hermitage; he had remarked in the assembly the learning of Anthony, whose humility had first of all won his heart. On his answer that he was invested with the priesthood, he took him away to exercise its functions at the little monastery of Saint Paul, on the mountain of the same name. The convent was admirably well situated. At the summit of the mountain, suspended so to speak between earth and heaven, no worldly noise penetrated there, and the ravished soul could listen there in silence and peace to the great harmonies of nature celebrating the greatness and the power of its Creator. This was what Anthony had always desired; he had a little cell hollowed in the rock, on the flank of the mountain, given him by a religious, and he came there, his duties of chaplain fulfilled, to pass

the days and nights in a perpetual meditation, interrupted only by austere practices. He lived on bread and water, and wore under his garments a shirt of hair, harsh and rough, which is preserved still at Padua in a silver shrine. His mortifications weakened him so much that he could scarcely support himself. But if the body was feeble, the soul was valiant and robust, steeping itself ceaselessly anew in prayer and preparing itself, by an intercourse of every instant with God, to struggle victoriously against heresy and all the vanities of the world.

Anthony lived thus for a year in solitude and contemplation, submissive to the Providence of God, of which he never doubted for a moment. He hid his great learning under the veil of an excessive modesty; and desirous as he was of labouring for the glory of the Lord and the salvation of souls, he was afraid of the world, and the spectacle which he would have before his eyes frightened him. He knew also that men are inclined to admire the very virtues which they do not put into practice, and that often they distribute with full hands praises and glory to those who chastise their vices with the most vigour, and the thought that he might sin by pride made him fall on his knees. The time approached, however, when the pious Anthony was to bring to light the precious gifts which he had received from heaven. In 1222, Anthony accompanied the Brothers of Mount Saint Paul who were going to Forli, with religious of Saint Dominic, to receive holy orders there. It was the custom, after an ordination, to address some words to the young clerics who had just been consecrated ministers of the Most High. The bishop of Forli begged the guardian of Mount Saint Paul to charge himself with this mission, or to confide it to one of his religious. It was on Anthony that the eyes of his superior fell, and it was he who received the order, in the name of holy obedience, to mount the pulpit and deliver the customary discourse. He resigned himself to it against his heart, esteeming himself unworthy of such an honour; but he had to obey; he asked the bishop’s blessing and prepared to speak. None of those present suspected that he had studied or even read the holy books, and his brethren pictured him more readily in the kitchen, occupied in washing the convent’s dishes, than plunged in the works of the doctors of the Church.

He took for text this passage of the office of Holy Thursday: *Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem*.

rendering of the Latin: “Christ became obedient for us unto death.”] His word, at first calm, without brilliancy, almost hesitating, grew animated in some sort in spite of himself, and became rapid, energetic, inflamed. This monk, exhausted by sufferings and privations, of miserable aspect, had the authority of an apostle and the eloquence of a prophet; with powerful voice, superb gesture, he dominated all that assembly, to which, by his attitude alone, he seemed to say: “Hear, children of men, for I am he who speaks in the name of the Lord.” And indeed he was listened to in a religious admiration. The hearers, mute, astonished, beside themselves, shed tears of happiness, and, at the same time, seeing a ray of the divine wisdom shine in him, felt themselves penetrated with a holy respect. A new life was about to begin for Anthony. Public rumour and the reports of Anthony’s superiors were not long in teaching the holy patriarch Francis what had been the success of the first sermon pronounced by the young religious and what magnificent hopes one might found on such a beginning. Almost at once he entrusted to him the difficult mission of labouring for the conversion and the salvation of souls (1222). Anthony was then twenty-seven years of age.

From the day when he began his painful and glorious labour, until the day when he ceased to preach, an attentive and pious multitude pressed to his sermons. He evangelised first the principal towns of Romagna and Lombardy. Success crowned his efforts beyond all hope; sinners sobbed in the churches where he spoke, and the most unexpected conversions were wrought by his care. Besides, nature and grace seemed to have formed him for preaching. Here is the portrait that one of his biographers traces of him:

“He had a polished exterior, easy manners, an interesting air. His voice was strong, clear, agreeable, and his memory happy. To these advantages he joined an action full of grace; he knew, by varying the sound of his voice opportunely, how to insinuate himself into the soul of his hearers. He was versed in the knowledge of

Scripture, which he had the talent of applying with much exactness to the matters he treated. The sacred text became in his hands a fruitful source of light, and he developed its sense and spirit with an admirable facility and energy. But his eloquence drew its principal strength from the unction with which he pronounced his discourses. The love with which he was inflamed for the practice of all the virtues made him speak with a zeal which could not be resisted. His words were like so many darts which went to pierce the heart of each of his hearers. He communicated to others of his fulness, and it was not astonishing that, having kindled in his soul the fire of divine charity, he should kindle it in that of all who listened to him."[5]

It was already a year that Anthony had been going through and evangelising the towns and villages of the North of Italy, when Saint Francis asked him to teach theology to the Friars Minor, and even to the laymen who might desire to be instructed under his direction. Here is the letter he addressed to him on this occasion:

"To my dearest brother Anthony, health and blessing in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I desire that you teach our brethren holy theology; but take care, at the same time, to develop in them as in yourself the spirit of prayer and orison, according to the ordinances of the Rule which we profess. Farewell."[6]

By virtue of this order, while continuing his preachings, Anthony professed theology, first in France, at Montpellier, then at Bologna and at Padua, and, last, at Toulouse, and in some other towns of France. A certain number of his historiographers have called him the first lector (*lector*) of the Order, because the few Friars Minor who were beginning then to teach in England and at Bologna were not authorised there, like him, by Saint Francis. Everywhere a crowd of young men eager for knowledge pressed to his lessons; and in spite of the efforts he made to remain unknown, although he never thought of himself, but of the souls of his hearers, his renown went on growing from day to day.

In 1224, Anthony betook himself to Vercelli to preach a station there. It was only then that his relations began with the learned abbot of Saint Andrew. Both found in this intercourse an inexpressible profit and charm: as pious as modest, Anthony knew mystical theology thoroughly, and the abbot, dogmatic theology; they doubled one another in some manner, for the greater glory of God and of religion, and for the profit of souls. A close affection united them, and the abbot said of Anthony in one of his books: "Love often passes the bounds on this side of which science remains; this is what I have observed in Anthony, Friar Minor, with whom I had long relations of friendship: he had not a very profound knowledge of worldly sciences, but by the purity of his soul and the fire of his love he surpassed the greatest theologians, and it may be said of him as of Saint John the Baptist: He was like a lamp that shines in consuming itself; the fire of his love burned him, and by the example of his holy life, he shone upon the world."

Anthony also loved the learned abbot tenderly, and each time that he passed into Piedmont, he never failed to visit him. At the hour of his death, he appeared suddenly to the theologian, who, lost in his room in the midst of his books, was suffering from a violent headache. Anthony embraced him with affection and said to him: "I have left my soul at Padua, and I return to my country." Then he delivered him from his pain and vanished like a phantom. The abbot, imagining that Anthony was returning to Portugal, went through the convent and was much astonished to learn that no one had seen him; some days after, all was explained: he received from Padua the news that Anthony was dead, precisely at the hour when he had appeared to him. Meanwhile Anthony went through France and Italy, and preached the faith of Christ in the towns and villages, always followed by an immense crowd of people, who saw in him an angel descended from heaven, and listened to his word as they would have listened to that of God Himself. Although born in Portugal, he expressed himself in French and in Italian with a prodigious facility. The results he obtained are almost beyond imagination: sinners were converted by thousands, and the priests who accompanied Anthony could not suffice to hear the confessions.

“When the good brother preached,” says an ancient author, “all labours were at once suspended, as on feast days; judges, advocates, merchants left their occupations to go and hear him. People ran up from the towns and from the country: the greatest ladies left their dwellings, and did not hesitate to rise in the middle of the night to walk by the light of torches and come to take their places as near as possible to the preacher’s pulpit. Then they pardoned one another all offences, debtors found themselves freed, prisons opened, thieves restored what they had stolen, sinners were converted, heretics abjured their errors, and infidels received the light of the Gospel. And among all these thousands of hearers who gathered around the missionary, one did not hear the least whisper nor the slightest noise. In short, the churches were so filled and the sacraments so frequented that the priests could not suffice for the functions of the holy ministry; and happy was the faithful who succeeded in kissing or touching only the hem of the Saint’s garments, and in receiving a word from his venerable mouth.”

At this time Frederick II was preparing to carry war into Italy, against the holy Church; the roads were filled with partisans and bandits who did not fail to pillage and kill on occasion. Two of them came one day to hear Father Anthony, by way of pastime, not suspecting what was to result from it for them. One of these men, grown old, said to a Friar Minor: “We heard come from his inflamed mouth ardent words which burned our hearts: every word of the divine preacher came like a dart to strike us in the very breast; for my part, I would rather have received a hundred wounds. With tears and groans, we went to make at his feet our general confession; I could not tell you with what paternal gentleness he received us, what wise counsels he gave us, with what faith and what eloquence he spoke to us of the eternal felicity reserved for true Christians, and of the eternal pains which would be the just chastisement of the wicked and the impious. He ordered me for penance to go twelve times on pilgrimage to the tomb of the apostles Peter and Paul; see: I acquit myself with happiness of this sweet obligation, and I have confidence in the words of the holy man who promised me blessed eternity.”

At this time, the heresy of the Albigenses began to exercise its ravages in the south of France. Like a contagious scourge, it spread in the towns and villages, and made numerous victims. Saint Francis was moved by it; his heart bled at the thought of the misfortunes which thousands of men were preparing for themselves for eternity, and he thought of arresting the progress of the evil. He chose for this great mission Anthony, and charged him to go and found convents of the Order and preach the true faith in Provence and Languedoc. Anthony set out strong in the support of the Lord. Scarcely arrived, he set resolutely to the work; without cease or truce, he struck heresy until he reduced it almost to impotence. His sermons, now passionate and burning, now close-knit like the argumentation of a logician, sometimes pungent and witty, were always eloquent. He challenged the Albigensian doctors to a courteous struggle; but none of them ever dared measure himself with him: he was called the hammer of the heretics. Conversions were frequent; each sermon provoked a great number. One saw, when he had ceased to speak, a crowd of men and women approach him with tears in their eyes, and ask him, in the name of the Lord, pardon and absolution for their errors. It is that by the light of his learning and his eloquence they had seen clearly into the darkness of their souls; they understood now the enormity of their fault, and if for all repentance had not yet come, at least a salutary fear of the wrath of God prepared the ways.

This great success of Anthony’s preachings is confirmed, not only by the testimonies of the time, but also by the numerous religious foundations which he began or completed in the south of France. It is thanks to him that numerous convents of Friars Minor were able to establish themselves and maintain themselves in the very centre of a heretical country. Besides, he did not spare himself fatigue. His Mass said, he heard confessions until the hour of his sermon; after the sermon, he returned to the confessional, and remained there until evening. His days were passed in preaching, in catechising, in giving wise counsels, in absolving; and wholly given to these works of charity and love, he forgot drinking and eating. Often he made his first meal at nightfall. At night, instead of taking the rest which would have been so necessary to him, he devoted

himself to study and meditation; he prepared his sermons, composed works on the psalms, which have remained among the best, the most learned and the most pious commentaries on the holy books; and his biographer does not fear to affirm that his life, alas too short, was fuller than that of many old men.

It may be said of this great preacher of the middle ages what the evangelist Saint Luke said of the Apostles: “They preached, and the Lord confirmed their words by striking prodigies.” The life of Anthony was, in effect, like an uninterrupted series of miracles. His biographers have noted them with care, and the Church has approved and recognised a great number of them. We shall cite only a few of the most salient and most remarkable.

At Montpellier, where he exercised the function of lector, he was preaching one day of great feast, in presence of all the clergy and a crowd of people. Suddenly he remembered that he had been designated to sing the *Alleluia* which precedes the Gospel. He interrupts himself at once, covers his head with his hood, and bent over the edge of the pulpit, his lips move as if pronouncing words that are not heard in the church: they were heard elsewhere; there is more, his very body, which his hearers believed they still perceived, was also elsewhere: in his convent, where he was singing the *Alleluia* in the midst of the choir. Some moments after, he lifted his head, threw back his hood, and resumed his sermon at the place where he had left it. This miracle, attested by a crowd of irrefutable testimonies, was renewed another time at Limoges, in analogous circumstances. He was preaching a station at Bourges, and so great a multitude of people pressed to his sermons that the churches of the town were incapable of containing it; it was resolved to assemble in the open air, at the foot of a little eminence. Suddenly the lightnings flash, the thunder rumbles, black clouds spread over the azure of the sky which they obscure and soon hide entirely. The frightened crowd wished to flee and seek a shelter; Anthony calmed it: “Remain in peace,” he said to those present, “not a drop of rain shall reach you.” And he continued to speak as if he had been in the pulpit, in a cathedral. The storm fell around the pious assembly with fury, but left intact the place which it occupied.

A pious woman, on the news that Saint Anthony was coming to preach in her village, became almost mad with joy, and in her eagerness to arrive in time to hear him, instead of laying her child in its little cradle, she placed it without taking heed in a cauldron full of boiling water. The sermon ended, she was much astonished to see some persons of the neighbourhood ask her where her child was. Foreboding a misfortune, she runs to the house; the cradle was empty; but what is not her astonishment on seeing the poor little being playing, smiling, in the water of the cauldron, and stretching out its arms to her. She fell on her knees and rendered thanks to God, who, doubtless in favour of the pious Anthony, had so miraculously saved it.

Another woman, filled also with devotion, desired keenly to hear a sermon which the Saint was to make outside the town; but her husband forbade her to accompany the crowd and to go out of the house. All saddened by this refusal, she goes up into her room, and opening a window which looked toward the eminence where Anthony was preaching, she strove, at least, to see a little of what was passing there. Then, by a manifest prodigy, she heard the voice of the holy preacher, as distinctly as if she had been beside him. Her husband asked her why she remained so long at this window, and on her answer that she was listening to the Father’s sermon, he began to laugh; but nevertheless, curious to account for the matter by himself, he approached the window, and to his great astonishment he heard, like his wife, the words of Anthony. The chronicle adds that this single fact decided his conversion, and that, in the sequel, instead of thwarting his wife in her exercises of piety, he wished to assist with her at all the sermons of the Franciscan missionary.

In 1226, Anthony received from his superiors the order to betake himself to Arles, where the General Chapter of the province was then held. The religious and priests of the town received him with the respect that his virtues, his apostolic labours and the marvels which God wrought through him deserved, and he was chosen unanimously to address to the assembled Fathers the customary exhortations. This was for the Lord a new occasion to manifest by a striking prodigy the holiness of His servant. As Anthony was preaching on the 14th of September, day of the Exaltation of the holy Cross, on the passion of Christ, at the very moment

when he pronounced these words: “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,” a venerable religious, named Monald, perceived suddenly above the door of the chapter-house Saint Francis of Assisi, enveloped in a whirlwind of light, and blessing his children. It was no longer hoped to see again the glorious founder of the Order, who was known to be at that moment detained at Assisi by a cruel malady, and the good Fathers did not fail to credit the Blessed Anthony with this precious visit. Saint Bonaventure[7] relates this marvel thus: “Although Saint Francis could not be present in person at the Chapter of the provinces, it is nevertheless true to say that the regulations which he had prescribed for these assemblies, the fervent prayers which he addressed to heaven for their success, and the blessing which he sent them, rendered him, so to speak, present everywhere. Sometimes even, God, by an effect of His almighty power, brought him miraculously into the midst of his children. This is what took place at Arles. While the excellent preacher Anthony, that brilliant confessor of Christ, was speaking to the Fathers on the passion of the Saviour and on the inscription of His cross, conceived thus: Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, one of the religious, named Monald, of proved virtue, felt himself urged, by divine inspiration, to look toward the chapter-house door. He saw then the blessed Francis raised in the air, his arms extended in a cross and blessing the assembly. It must therefore be believed,” adds Saint Bonaventure, “that the Lord, who by His virtue and power conducted Saint Ambrose to the obsequies of the glorious pontiff Saint Martin, wished also that the truths announced by Anthony, His preacher, and especially those which regarded the passion of Jesus Christ, should receive a new approbation from the presence of His servant Francis, who knew so well how to bear the cross and to preach it to others.”[8] After the holding of the Chapter of Arles, Anthony was named guardian of the convent of Limoges. There he learned that a young novice, who had studied at the university of Montpellier, and on whom the greatest hopes had been founded, seized with a sudden discouragement, wished to enter the world. The holy man had him come to him, embraced him with effusion, and breathing on his face, said to him: “My son, receive the Holy Ghost.” At these words, the novice fell to the ground as if struck by lightning; people hasten around him, raise him pale and trembling; and suddenly he begins to relate that he has just been transported into the heavenly kingdoms, that he has mingled with the choirs of angels, and that he has seen infinite marvels. He speaks more; but Saint Anthony stops him: “My son,” he said to him, “you will write for the greater glory of God what you wish to relate to us.” From that day, the novice ceased to be tormented by the evil spirit, and he became one of the most venerable religious of the Order. A pious woman, who did the errands of the Friars Minor, came home one day rather late. Her husband, a coarse and ill-bred man, received her with outrages and blows, and treated her so cruelly that she lost consciousness; the wretch profited by it to cut off her hair, which she had very beautiful and to which she was much attached. The next day, Anthony, miraculously warned by the Lord, came to see the poor woman, who was weeping and regretting the loss of her hair; he consoled her, exhorted her to resignation and promised to intercede for her with God. In effect, returned to the convent, he had the brothers assemble in the chapel, and set himself to prayer with them; at the same instant the hair of the sick woman grew again as beautiful and as long as ever.

Anthony had just founded the convent of Brives, and, the religious flocking there from all sides, it happened one day that provisions failed and that recourse had to be had to public charity. The Saint sent to beg a good lady of the neighbourhood to give him for his brethren some onions from her garden. It was raining in torrents, and the garden was rather far from the house. Nevertheless, she gave order to her maid to go and fetch the vegetables and carry them to the convent. The servant obeyed, and, to the great astonishment of her mistress, came back to the house without a drop of rain on her clothes; yet the water had not ceased to fall, and it had taken more than half an hour’s walk to go to the convent and return.

Another time, it is at the abbey of Solignac that Anthony accomplished a miracle no less astonishing. A religious, ceaselessly tormented by the demon, had poured his griefs into the heart of the holy man, and had begged him to intercede for him with God. Anthony takes off his mantle, throws it on the religious’s shoulders, and at once, at this mere contact, the demon of impurity, which had established itself in his soul, fled for ever; and what neither fasts nor macerations had been able to do, the all-powerful intervention of the

holy apostle had accomplished in an instant.

Among the innumerable titles of the holy apostle to the veneration of the faithful, one must place in the first rank the zeal which he always showed for the purification of souls, and the numerous conversions which he provoked. Where the eloquence of the word did not suffice, he affirmed the truth of religion by miracles; and it is thus that he brought back into the bosom of the Church a crowd of sinners and heretics. The Albigensian doctors did not dare appear before this man, in whom was realised anew that promise which Christ had made to His Apostles: "I will put in you wisdom and power such that your enemies shall be able to do nothing against you." History has preserved the memory of a striking prodigy which the Saint accomplished at Toulouse, and which is ordinarily designated under the name of the miracle of the mule. A heretic, named Guiald, rather influential in the town and of a very obstinate character, dared one day to discuss with our great Saint one of the most important points of religion. He knew, besides, the Bible perfectly, spoke Hebrew, and, strong in his learning, pretended to triumph over the Father. But soon beaten in the discussion, in presence of a great number of Albigenses and Catholics, he tried to extricate himself by a subterfuge: "Let us leave discourses," said he, "and come to facts; I possess a mule, I am going for three days to deprive her of food. In three days, be here with a consecrated host; I, for my part, will bring my mule and offer her something to eat. If, disdaining the hay which I shall present to her, she turns toward you, I shall recognise the superiority of your religion and I shall be converted." — The Saint accepts the proposal. On the day agreed, which happened to be a market day, Anthony, after having celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and prayed to God with fervour, runs to the rendezvous, the sacred monstrance in hand. The mule arrived, led by the heretic, who had taken care to have the food she preferred brought after her. Anthony walks to meet her, his face inspired, surrounded by Christians singing hymns and prayers: "In the name of thy Creator, whom I carry in my hands," he said to her, "I command thee to adore Him with humility, that the heretics may see with confusion that the very animals are forced to acknowledge the divinity of Him whom the priest immolates every day on the altar." At once the mule, leaving her conductor, prostrates herself on the ground, and, placing her head on Anthony's feet, remains motionless in this position. To describe the rage and confusion of the Albigenses, as well as the joy of the Catholics, is impossible. An immense concert of thanksgiving rises toward heaven; Guiald, faithful to his word, recognises the religion of the holy wonder-worker and provokes the conversion of all his family and of a great number of heretics. He even caused to be built afterwards, at the place where the miracle had occurred, a beautiful church which was placed under the invocation of the apostle Saint Peter. One of his nephews also raised a chapel, where an inscription, engraved on the façade, recalled the miracle of the mule.[9] A miracle no less striking, which the Saint accomplished at Rimini, decided also the conversion of a great number of heretics. As the eyes of the enemies of the faith closed obstinately to the light, in spite of the most eloquent sermons, the closest reasonings and the most convincing proofs, Anthony declared from the pulpit that those who would accompany him to the mouth of the river should see marvellous things. When they had arrived on the banks of the Marecchia, Anthony, raising his voice, cast his eyes over the extent of the waters, and cried: "Fishes of the sea and of the river, hear: since men will not hear the word of God, it is to you that I am going to announce it." At once, from the depths of the river, from the abysses of the sea, the small mingled with the great, a multitude of fishes approach the shore. They arrived from every side in innumerable troops, pressed one against another, the head out of the water, the eyes turned toward the preacher, who spoke to them thus: "What thanksgivings, O fishes, ought you not to render to Him who gave you for dwelling this immense extent of water! It is to Him you owe those deep retreats where you take refuge during the tempest; it is He who, at the time of the universal deluge, when all men and all animals that were not in the ark perished, preserved your existence. You saved the holy prophet Jonas, you furnished Saint Peter and Our Lord Jesus Christ with wherewith to pay the tribute, finally, you served as nourishment for the King of kings. Praise then and bless the Lord, who has favoured you among all creatures." At these words the fishes stir, beat with their tails, open their mouths and testify by a thousand signs that they wish to render homage to the Most High,

and pay Him the tribute of their mute praises. The bystanders could not contain their admiration and astonishment: “Let us praise God, my brethren,” cried Anthony, turning toward those present, “let us praise Him whom fishes revere more than do men created in His divine likeness.” The heretics were confounded; they throw themselves in crowds at the feet of the holy man, and consent to quit the place only after having received from him the absolution of their sins. All those who assisted at this miracle re-entered that very day into the bosom of the Church. — The memory of this prodigy has been perpetuated in Italy and even in France, and Father Papebroeck tells us that he saw with his own eyes, on the 26th of November 1660, an ancient chapel raised on the very spot where it was accomplished. Celebrated painters have represented it on canvas.

The holy Father, after this striking manifestation of the almighty power of God, remained still some days at Rimini to strengthen in the faith the new converts, and to instruct them in the principal dogmas of religion. The heretics never had a more intrepid and redoubtable enemy, more skilful in profiting by their faults, more capable of unveiling their trickeries and their lies. So they often tried to tarnish his renown by calumny, or even to rid themselves of him by assassination. One day, they poured poison into the water which he was to drink and into the soup which he was to eat. Anthony was warned of it by the Lord: “Are you not ashamed,” he said to them, “to have recourse to these miserable means, and do you believe that the eternal vigour of the Catholic religion must weaken if I die?” The poisoners, who knew that there could not be traitors among them, were confounded: “Eat and drink,” they answered, “since it is said in the Gospel: You shall be able to drink deadly draughts without danger; and, if the poison produces on you no effect, we are ready to recognise that your religion is the true one.” Anthony made the sign of the cross, ate and drank: “It is not, Lord,” he cried, “it is not to defy Thee that I swallow this poison, it is to give to Thy glory a new occasion to manifest itself.” He felt not the least pain, and the heretics, who had wished to make him die, re-entered the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Wherever the Saint passed, the same prodigies accompanied him, and not only heretics, but sinners dreaded him like lightning; he was called “the terror of tyrants.” And truly, never was a title better merited. When all Italy trembled at the mere name of the ferocious Eccelin, and when, already master of Vicenza, of Brescia, of Castel-Fonte, this cruel man threatened to invade the whole country, when the inhabitants of Padua, frightened, believed they already saw at their gates the gibbets and scaffolds, Anthony, devoting himself for his fellow-citizens, announced that he was going to find the tyrant. He sets out, arrives at Verona, presents himself in the palace where the wretch, surrounded by bandits like himself, was seated on a throne of silk and velvet. He walks straight to Eccelin, and without being frightened by all this array, he cries: “Cruel tyrant, mad dog, may the wrath of heaven weigh down upon thy head! how long wilt thou thus shed in torrents the blood of Christians? Think, think of the day of judgment; it approaches, and the penalty will be terrible.” Eccelin trembled from head to foot, and he was so pale that he no longer seemed to have a drop of blood in his veins: “I saw issue from the eyes of this monk,” he said to his soldiers, “lightnings so menacing that I feared for a moment to be instantly precipitated into hell.” He confessed, humbly asked pardon for his crimes and promised to amend, and testified, during his whole life, a great veneration for the man of God. Unhappily he kept his promises only by halves, and the holy religious, intrepid defender of Christians and of Italians, ceased not to fulminate against him the most eloquent discourses. Eccelin wished to try him; he sent him by some of his officers a considerable present, with order to kill him if he accepted it, but to respect his life if he refused it. The tyrant’s messengers approach Anthony very humbly, and say to him: “Your son Eccelin begs you in grace to accept this gift, and asks you also to intercede for him with God.” Anthony refused with indignation: “It is the fruit of murder, of pillage and rapine that you carry in your hands; I still see blood on this gold; go out of my house, accursed ones, and defile not longer my house with your presence.” They went back quite confused, and related to Eccelin the results of their mission: “He is truly a man of God and a Saint,” said he, “let him preach against us as he will; we shall leave him in peace.” And as long as Anthony lived, the fright and the respect which the great wonder-worker inspired in him checked him in his excesses.

Later, after the death of Anthony, his all-powerful intercession delivered Padua from the bloody tyranny of the tyrant, and gave the victory to the army of the Pope and of the Italian republics.

One knows not where to stop in this long series of prodigies; it would be necessary, to be complete, to take the life of the Saint day by day, from his birth to his death. All that there is in the world of the greatest and most admired by men, all that God ever heaped of favours on the head of His dearest children, zeal and faith of the Apostles, patience of the Martyrs, wisdom of the Doctors, eloquence of the Fathers of the Church, courage of the Confessors, purity of the Virgins, piety of the Angels, he gathered all in himself in a magnificent harmony. Add to this the most astonishing miracles, the most striking prodigies accomplished in presence of thousands of spectators, heretics confounded and converted, sinners frightened and repentant, tyrants tamed or restrained, demons expelled, marvellous ecstasies, sublime visions, conversations of every instant with the powers of heaven, eternal life divined and known beforehand: such was Anthony, such are his titles to the admiration and respect of the ages. He knew the secrets of hearts, and knew how to read in the future as in an open book. There was at Le Puy, in France, a worldly and disorderly notary, a declared atheist, thinking only of satisfying his passions, and caring very little, besides, what was thought of him. Very little esteem was shown him in general; Anthony alone never passed near him without saluting him, and even without throwing himself at his feet. These marks of respect, which he knew he did not deserve, and which he considered a derision, keenly vexed the debauched notary, who did all he could to avoid meeting Anthony. But in spite of his precautions, he found himself again in his presence, and at the sight of the Blessed, prostrating himself before him according to his custom, he fell into a violent anger, and asked him, with threats and insults, what this way of acting meant: “I have often prayed God,” answered Anthony, “to grant me the favour of dying a martyr, and I know that I shall not obtain this grace. But the Lord reserves it for you; it will be given you to shed your blood for the faith, and that is why I throw myself at your feet, and why I ask you to think of me when you shall have entered the eternal kingdom.” The notary began to laugh on hearing this prediction, and continued on his way.

Some time after, the bishop of Le Puy set out for Jerusalem, and the notary, drawn by this example, distributed his goods to the poor, and accompanied the prelate. Arrived in the East, he felt suddenly animated with the ardour of the Apostles, and began to proclaim aloud the truth of the Christian religion; he declared that Jesus Christ was the only true God, and that Mahomet was only an impostor and a false prophet. The furious Moors seized him and made him perish in torments. The prophecy of Anthony was realised. In this same town of Le Puy, a pious woman, on the point of giving birth, came to commend herself to the prayers of the Saint. Anthony remembered her in his orisons, and some days later, he declared to her that she would bring into the world a son, whose virtuous life would make the glory of his family and of the Seraphic Order, and that this child, after having passed several years in the priesthood, would end by martyrdom a holy existence. All these events were realised point for point: the pious lady gave birth to a boy named Philip; he entered a convent of Saint Francis, and toward the end of his life was sent by his superiors into Palestine, where the Turks made him perish in torments.

From his youth, and even from his tenderest childhood, Anthony had always testified for the Mother of God the greatest devotion and the most perfect love. It was in presence of the immaculate Virgin that he had made the vow of chastity, and never did the all-powerful Queen of angels abandon him in his needs. Anthony celebrated above all with respect the great feasts of the Immaculate Conception and of the Assumption of Mary. He was rewarded for this piety toward the Mother of God by heavenly apparitions. One day when he had just read the martyrology of Usuard, where the Assumption of the Virgin in body is spoken of as a doubtful thing, Anthony, his heart swollen with sadness and revolted at this rash assertion, knelt in his cell and asked God to pardon the men who had dared to put forward similar opinions. Suddenly a dazzling light filled the chamber of the Blessed, and he sees appear the Queen of angels surrounded by her eternal court of seraphim and cherubim. At the same time he heard a voice which said: “My son, be assured that I am truly

ascended into heaven in body and soul, and hesitate not to publish this truth everywhere." Some writers pretend that this apparition of the Virgin to Saint Anthony took place one night when he did not wish to assist at the Matins of Saint Jerome, where the same doubts on the Assumption of Mary were put forth.

Another time, it is at Padua that the Queen of angels appears to Anthony, and saves him from an imminent peril. The demon, furious at being always vanquished in the struggles he attempted against the glorious servant of God, seizes him by the throat, and squeezes him so violently that Anthony is about to die if a supernatural succour does not deliver him. He thinks of Mary, and at the height of the grip, he rattles rather than says these words of the hymn: *O gloriosa Domina, excelsa super sidera:* "O glorious Queen, higher than the stars." At once the demon lets go and flees, and Anthony, opening his eyes, perceives the Blessed Virgin all resplendent with light, standing in the midst of his cell. We cannot pass over in silence the immense services he rendered to the Order of which he formed part. In France, in Italy, he founded an incalculable number of convents, or raised the lustre of those which existed before him. His mere presence in a monastery attracted there at once a crowd of novices, and when he had been heard to speak of the charms of religious life, one felt oneself irresistibly drawn to consecrate to God the rest of one's days. In 1227, he was sent to Rome by the provincial of Sicily, to assist at the great general council, where some doubts on the primitive dispositions of the Rule of the Order were to be proposed to Pope Gregory IX. Anthony preached there several times, and as his profound knowledge of mystical theology was known, all his words were regarded as oracles. The sovereign Pontiff wished to discuss specially with him the doubts which were submitted to his decision by the assembly, and it is probable that the apostolic letters which he addressed on this occasion to the Friars Minor are in part the work of Anthony.

The sovereign Pontiff, more and more marvelling at the knowledge and prudence of Anthony, would have wished to keep him always near his person. He pressed him strongly to remain at Rome; but the holy man refused, and asked, on the contrary, of Gregory IX permission to retire to Mount Alverna. The Blessed passed some months there in solitude, enjoying the direct sight of God, almost ceaselessly plunged in sublime ecstasies. He scarcely came out of it except to go and preach, on Sundays and feast days, in the neighbouring churches.

At the beginning of the year 1231, Anthony returned to Padua, on the invitation of Cardinal Raynal, protector of the Order, who became Pope afterwards, under the name of Alexander IV. Although very tired and of tottering health, he resumed his course of theology, and applied himself, in public lessons, to combat the errors of the heretics called Cathari and Catharins. At the same time, he wrote his sermons on the Saints, and prepared himself, by meditation, to preach the Lent of 1231.

As if he had felt death coming, he redoubled his zeal and did prodigies of activity. This Lenten station was by far the most fruitful in conversions and miracles. It began on the S of February. Anthony preached every day, and sick and suffering, he seemed to draw supernatural strength from the ardour of his faith and of his charity. People ran to his sermons from all the towns and all the villages of the surroundings for several leagues round; the roads were covered with pilgrims eager to hear that eloquent voice, whose accents stirred the world. More than thirty thousand persons pressed around the pulpit of the wonder-worker; bishops, prelates, religious of all Orders, the clergy and the nobility of Padua held it an honour to assist at his sermons. They waited in recollection and silence for the holy man to arrive. At his approach, not a noise, not a murmur, not a breath; all eyes fixed with an eager curiosity on that fair, pale and suffering face; as soon as he spoke, all minds received with happiness the heavenly seed which he poured upon them; and when he came down from the pulpit, had not some robust men protected him from the demonstrations of respect and admiration of the multitude, he would infallibly have succumbed under the weight of the transports of faith and love.

To tell the results of this last preaching is almost impossible; heretics converted, the most hardened sinners brought back to good, fallen women doing penance, prisoners delivered, poor relieved, sick cured, etc., etc.,

such are in two words the new titles which Anthony won to the veneration of men. In this great city of Padua, where so numerous a clergy had assembled, there were not priests enough to hear the confessions of the faithful. Miracles were wrought every day; here Anthony cures a poor paralytic child; there it is a noble lady of Padua, who, on her way to the Saint's sermon, falls into a deep and muddy ditch, and comes out without accident, because she commended herself to God, through the merits of the apostle; another time, it is thieves, to the number of twenty-two, who, in the midst of a sermon, come and throw themselves at Anthony's feet, giving all the marks of a true contrition, and asking pardon for their iniquities; or again, it is a woman as virtuous as beautiful, mortally struck by her husband in a fit of unjust jealousy, and whom the Saint recalls to life by making over her the sign of the cross.

At the end of this station so long, so fruitful in prodigies, it seems that Anthony must have felt the need of taking some weeks of rest; he continued, on the contrary, to exercise his ministry in the market-towns and villages near Padua, and ceased his work of charity only when the time of field labours came. Then only he thought of preparing himself to appear before God, for the time of his death was approaching. Campo San Pietro, or Campietro, a little village situated three leagues from Padua, and where there is a hermitage placed under the invocation of Saint John the Baptist, is the retreat where the great Saint resolved to pass the last days of his life. He was received there, at the beginning of June 1231, by a pious gentleman named Tiso, lord of Campietro, with the respect that would have been shown to an angel and an envoy from heaven. By the care of Tiso, there were built on the trunks and branches of a vast walnut-tree three cells, one for Anthony, the two others for his two companions, Brother Luke and Brother Roger. This was the last dwelling of the wonder-worker. Shut up day and night in his narrow cabin of planks, he fed his mind and heart with heavenly contemplations. No noise in the surroundings, everywhere peace and rest, although numerous pilgrims still came to ask of the Saint prayers or counsels; the lord of Campietro obtained from him at times some moments of conversation, and he had the signal happiness of receiving from his hands the habit of the Third Order.

Anthony's strength failed suddenly; one day when, according to his habit, he was going to the little convent of the Friars Minor of the place to take his frugal meal there, he felt his legs suddenly fail him, and he needed, to reach the refectory, the help of his two companions. He tried to sit at table, but the illness grew worse; he almost lost consciousness, and the religious had to carry him very quickly to one of their poor beds. Life was going rapidly; clouds seemed to gather before Anthony's eyes, and he saw the darkness of death thicken around him. He rejoiced at it, besides, like the workman who has well filled his day, and who is about to receive the merited reward of his pains and fatigues, and his face testified an ineffable felicity. After some minutes of rest, Anthony called Brother Roger near him, and begged him, if he saw no impediment, to have him carried to Padua. A cart was sent for, which was arranged as well as could be, and the Saint was placed in it, in spite of the supplications of the monks of Campietro, who claimed the honour of tending him.

As they approached Padua, they met a Friar Minor, charged by the guardian of the convent of the town to inquire after the state of the sick man. At the sight of Anthony, so weak and languishing, the religious feared that the eagerness and noisy grief of the inhabitants would make his situation still worse, and he counselled Anthony to stop at the house of the brothers who served the cloister of the Poor Clares, outside the town. The wonder-worker consented to all that was wished, and he was conducted to the monastery of the Arcella. Meanwhile the weakening made rapid progress, and the august sick man, feeling himself fail, asked for the holy sacrament of the Eucharist. Brother Roger hastened to administer it to him in the midst of the tears of all the religious. Some instants after, Anthony intoned in his melodious voice the hymn *O gloriosa Domina*, which expressed so well the sentiments of his soul toward the Queen of virgins; then, lifting his eyes to heaven, he murmured: "I see my God, He calls me to Him."

When the holy oils were brought to him, he said to the priest: "I possess this unction within me; but although it is not necessary that you should give it me externally, I shall receive it with pleasure and it will be useful to

my soul." And while he received it in effect with the liveliest faith and the greatest marks of compunction, he sang with his brethren the psalms of penance; then he kept an absolute silence for about half an hour, and suddenly, in the midst of the sobs of those present, he rendered his soul into the hands of God, and fell asleep in the eternal sleep on the 13th of June 1231, a Friday, a little before sunset.

Anthony was then thirty-six years of age; he had passed fifteen years of his life with his parents, ten others among the Canons Regular, and eleven with the Friars Minor. In the eyes of the world, this career may appear short; in the eyes of God, it was long, because it abounded in merits, and one may apply to the Saint these words dictated by the Holy Ghost: "Even if the just man be taken away by a premature death, he shall nevertheless enter into the place of rest. What makes old age honourable is not length of life nor the number of years; but the prudence of man holds for him the place of grey hairs, and a life without stain is a happy old age. As the just man pleased the Lord, he was loved by Him, and God removed him from the society of sinners among whom he lived. Having lived little, he fulfilled the course of a long life, for his soul was agreeable to the Most High; therefore it was promptly drawn from the midst of iniquity."

The Friars Minor resolved to keep secret as long as possible the death of the holy apostle. They feared too great a concourse of people and the tumult which might result from it. But God had already charged Himself with spreading the sad news, and in less than an hour, the whole town of Padua knew it. It was the little children who, without having been warned by anyone, gathered in groups and ran through the streets crying: "The holy Father is dead, the holy preacher is dead, Saint Anthony is dead!" This news, published by these innocent mouths, upset the whole town and filled all the inhabitants with sadness. The citizens abandon their shops, the workmen their work; people rush into the middle of the streets, question one another, and a vague rumour designating the convent of the Arcella as the place where the mortal remains of the Saint were, men, women and children rush thither. Armed young men, of the quarter called the Head of the Bridge, had already arrived there, in order to guard the body of the Saint and prevent any removal. It was a frightful tumult; in the midst of tears and sobs, they pushed, they jostled, to see once more him who had been the spiritual Father of Padua. On another side, various religious houses already disputed the precious relics. The Poor Clares, whose spiritual director Anthony had been, asked the magistrates of the town, as a just compensation for their grief, permission to keep him in their convent. The religious of Saint Mary claimed the body as their property; Anthony, they said, had, dying, manifested the desire to be buried at the convent of Saint Mary; and it was their duty to require that his last wishes be obeyed. Consequently, they set about carrying off the corpse; but the citizens, who kept watch day and night around the convent, did not let them approach.

An end had to be made, however: the matter was left to the decision of the bishop, and the bishop, not daring to take alone so grave a resolution, assembled his council. A certain number of canons voted that the body of Anthony should be left with the Poor Clares; but the majority was of a contrary opinion, and the bishop, siding with the greater number, begged the governor of the town and the principal inhabitants to permit the translation of the body.

The magistrates intervened, in effect, to support the bishop's proposal; but all their efforts, far from calming the agitation of the crowd, only excited it still more. The citizens of the Head of the Bridge persisted in their design of keeping the body of the holy apostle; prayers and threats, nothing had hold on them, and they declared that they were ready for anything rather than let it be taken from them. They resolved even to shut it up in their houses, where it would be easier for them to guard it day and night. The bishop, fearing the consequences of the conflict which might arise, had recourse to a rather clever expedient, to turn them from their project. He made them understand that, in the absence of the provincial, it was not fitting to take any decision, and that his arrival must be awaited. He alone, in his quality of superior of the Order, had the right to designate the place where one of its members was to be buried. They submitted to the reasons given by the prelate, and the agitation having somewhat subsided, the Friars Minor were able to make the crowd leave the

convent, of which they solidly barricaded the doors. In the middle of the night, a great tumult suddenly arose; the people, who had remained around the convent, demanded imperiously that entrance be opened to them, and that they be permitted to see the body of the Saint. On the monks' refusal, the barricades are broken in; the passage is free at last, the flood of the multitude rushes forward. Suddenly, as if it met an insurmountable dike, it stops; an invincible force holds it back; the God who said to the sea: "Thou shalt go no further," nails this furious crowd in place. Strength fails the boldest, they remain stupefied and as if blinded; the door is there, wide open, and they cannot reach it; it is lit by a vivid light come from the interior of the apartments, and they no longer see it.

The next day, from all the neighbouring villages new pilgrims arrive at the Arcella; some only have the happiness of penetrating and touching the body of the Saint; the others pass in rings, jewels, garments, that they may be laid on the body, and be blessed by this contact.

Meanwhile the brethren, fearing that the heat would hasten the decomposition of the body, had enclosed it in a provisional coffin, and covered it with a little earth. The rumour runs among the people that the Saint has disappeared; then a frightful tumult breaks out; citizens, peasants, magistrates, rush in by all the doors and all the windows; they threaten the brethren; some raise sticks and swords against them; all wish to see the body, or at least to know what has become of it; they calm down a little only when they have discovered the chest in which it was deposited.

At last the provincial so impatiently awaited is announced, and on the very evening of his arrival, the inhabitants of Padua, confident in his justice, run from all sides around him, and promise to submit to his decision. The provincial listens complaisantly to all the claims, and permits the inhabitants of the Head of the Bridge to continue to guard the body of the Saint. Then, when he sees that the exaltation does not calm, and that good reasons have no influence on these restless minds, he goes to find the first magistrate of the town, explains his embarrassment to him, and claims the protection of the laws. At once armed troops are sent to the Arcella, with order to replace, even by force, the citizen guard. It is agreed, moreover, that the clergy alone and the bishop shall decide sovereignly the sepulture of the Saint.

On the 16th of June, the episcopal council heard all the claims, and gave the last orders for the burial. The civil authority was recommended to take all the necessary measures of precaution against the disturbers, and to assure the security of the brethren. A bridge of boats was established at night directly opposite the Arcella, to avoid the Head of the Bridge, quarter of the seditious. The next day, there was nearly a veritable battle, the inhabitants of the Head of the Bridge threw themselves on the workmen, and tried to destroy their works; the troops ran up and prepared to charge the rioters. The Friars Minor and the Poor Clares, in the liveliest anxiety, had then the happy idea of asking God, by the intercession of the Saint, the cessation of all these troubles. Their fervent prayers were heard, the agitators laid down their arms, and implored, with their pardon, permission to unite with the inhabitants of the town to celebrate with them the funeral of the Blessed Anthony. They thought no more but of giving the ceremony the greatest possible lustre and splendour; it was already four days since Anthony had entered eternity. An immense procession set out from the episcopal palace to go and fetch the precious relics. At its head marched the bishop of Padua, accompanied by all the secular clergy and all the religious Orders of the town and the environs. Then came the governor of Padua, the nobility and the magistracy, the delegates of the citizens, followed by an innumerable crowd. The customary ceremonies accomplished by the prelate, they re-entered Padua; the notables and magistrates carried the body on their shoulders. They passed through the suburbs, the quarter of the Bridge and the principal streets of the town, and arrived at last at the church of Saint Mary, which became afterwards the church of the Saint, the *Chiesa del Santo*.

It was for the inhabitants and for the town a splendid feast; the houses were hung with white cloths, the roads strewn with flowers. At every step some striking miracle was accomplished; and, according to the word of the Gospel, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the lame walked, the dumb spoke. The church could not contain all

the crowd; the greater part of the people had to remain outside the doors. The bishop officiated, pronounced the absolution, and sealed the tomb where the relics of the Saint had just been deposited (17th of June).

The next day, the inhabitants of the suburbs, those very ones who had opposed so violently the translation of the body, came barefoot, their clergy at their head, to pray at the tomb of Anthony and deposit their offerings there. This pious example was followed by the different parishes; processions were organised, and every day the faithful repaired, in penitents' dress, to the church of Saint Mary. All classes mingled in a touching devotion, nobles and citizens, soldiers and priests showed the same eagerness. Gifts of every kind, in gold, in silver, abounded under all forms; and the tomb was soon literally covered with them. At the same time, the renown of Anthony began to fill the whole Catholic world; people spoke only of the prodigies which were wrought every day by his intercession; from all Italy, from Spain, from France, from Germany, from Hungary, from Slavonia, pilgrims set out to come and pay the Saint the tribute of their admiration and their homage. The Friars Minor could not suffice to hear the confessions of the faithful; and thus was accomplished the prediction of the Saint some weeks before his death: "O Padua," he said, looking from the top of a hill upon his adopted country, "city famous among all cities, thy renown shall resound through the whole universe!"

A month had not elapsed since the death of Anthony, and already he was invoked everywhere as a Blessed and a Saint. So the bishop, the clergy, the magistracy and the inhabitants of Padua thought of asking his canonisation, and they sent for this purpose an embassy to Rome. The Pope knew already by public renown the miracles which were wrought at the tomb of the wonder-worker; he had besides loved and respected Anthony during his life; he could not but receive the deputation favourably. He therefore charged the bishop of Padua, the prior of the Benedictines and that of the Preachers, to make an inquiry into the marvellous events which had succeeded one another with so much rapidity since the death of the Blessed; then, this first work ended, in the month of February 1232, the bishop and clergy chose two canons and two Friars Minor, the senate and the principal citizens designated two knights, who received the mission to go and carry to Rome a new supplication, and to hasten the canonisation of Anthony.

The Pope assembled at once the Sacred College; two cardinals, designated to make the report, made it in terms which confirmed the truth of the attestations of the first commissioners. Nevertheless some prelates seemed to see with pain that so much haste was made to settle an affair so important; they testified fears and hesitations, very honourable besides, and were of opinion that time should be given to accusations, if any were to present themselves, to appear. But, in his sleep, the cardinal who asked with the most insistence for the adjournment had a vision after which he became one of the most ardent defenders of the immediate canonisation of Anthony. The Holy Father was consecrating a church, and in the middle of the ceremony it was perceived that the relics destined according to custom to be sealed under the altar were wanting. The Pope then, turning toward the cardinals, pointed out a still recent corpse, stretched on the stone of the church and hidden under a veil, and ordered them to take from it some particles for the consecration. The shroud was removed, and at once from this body already in decomposition exhaled a delicious perfume; the face was still intact: the features of the Blessed Anthony were recognised, and all the assistants ran to kneel around, crying: "Anthony is a saint! Anthony is a saint!"

The next day, the cardinal related his dream to his intimates, and some days later, as the deputies of Padua came to beseech him to oppose their just request no more, without even giving them time to speak, he said to them: "I have changed my opinion since the last meeting of the consistory; Anthony is worthy to be put in the rank of the saints, and be certain now that I shall support you with all my strength with the sovereign Pontiff." He kept his word, and did so well that he brought back all the other opponents, and that he drew up with them a supplication to the Pope, to beg him not to leave this great affair pending any longer.

This was the most ardent wish of Gregory IX; quite happy to see the difficulties at last smoothed away, he fixed the ceremony of canonisation for the 30th of May, day of Pentecost. It was to take place at Spoleto,

where the pontifical court then was. All Christendom wished to be represented there; and the whole world sent deputies there; the superiors of all the religious Orders, many Franciscan provincials, princes, gentlemen, the whole Sacred College, heightened by their presence the lustre of this beautiful feast. The Pope officiated; then, after the customary prayers, he ordered that the prodigies wrought by the intercession of Anthony should be read publicly.

When the priest had left the platform, Gregory IX, standing on his throne, declared, in the name of the most holy Trinity, that Anthony was inscribed in the catalogue of the Saints, and that his feast should be celebrated on the anniversary day of his death, that is to say on the 13th of June. The *Te Deum laudamus* was sung, then the Pope intoned the antiphon: "*O doctor optime,* O excellent doctor, light of the Church, pray for us, Saint Anthony!" Finally, the prayer was recited which the Blessed had himself composed, and which is still said to-day on the day of his feast.

Some time after, the Pope sent bulls to all the bishops of Christendom, to enjoin them to honour the memory of the confessor by an annual service.

A first office of Saint Anthony was composed, it is said, by Gregory IX himself; another, by Brother Julian of Speyer, in 1249; a third, finally, by Father Azzoguidi in 1737, approved by the Congregation of Rites, in 1741. The rhymed office has scarcely been preserved since then except by the Fathers of the strict Observance. At the convent of Ara-Cœli, at Rome, it is still recited; it is much superior in beauty and unction to the new office. Saint Anthony of Padua is invoked in the danger of shipwreck and to find again things that have been lost; and there are an infinity of persons who assure that they have visibly felt his assistance in this necessity. Barren women, women with child and travellers have also in this great saint a very powerful protector.

He is represented carrying the Blessed Sacrament and with an ass kneeling before him; with the Infant Jesus in his arms; carrying a lily; carrying a crucifix which ramifies into branches of lilies; healing a man who had his leg cut off; his shining tongue is also sometimes represented in the hands of Saint Bonaventure.

Cult and Relics. — His Writings

When Saint Anthony was dead, in 1231, his precious remains were, as we have seen, deposited with great honour in the church of the Friars Minor of the town. But, after the canonisation of the Saint, and following the numerous miracles which were wrought every day on his tomb, the magistrates and inhabitants of Padua resolved to raise to him a temple worthy of him and capable of containing the numerous pilgrims who ran from all points of Europe to venerate him.

They set to work with ardour, under the direction of the celebrated architect Nicholas Pisano. Unhappily they had to stop in 1237, when the ferocious tyrant Eccelin had had the town of Padua delivered to him by the emperor Frederick II. It was a sad epoch for this city and for the whole of Italy; Pope Alexander IV, worthy nephew of Gregory IX, and, like him, intrepid defender of the rights of Christendom and of its people, preached the crusade against the barbarians of the North and against the tyrants. The noblest Italian lords, the marquis d'Este, Count Boniface and Tiso, lord of Campietro, ran at his voice. The republics of Mantua, Venice, Bologna, Ferrara united with him against the common enemy.

Great was the joy of the inhabitants of Padua when they saw from the top of their walls the army of deliverance advancing to their aid. They went in procession to the tomb of Saint Anthony to obtain victory by his intercession.

One night, Father Luke Belludi, former companion of the apostle, was keeping vigil in the chapel consecrated to him, with Father Bartholomew Conradin, guardian of the convent of Padua, and some other religious. Kneeling on the stone, they sang the sacred psalms, and, their eyes full of tears, they conjured the blessed wonder-worker to come to the aid of their unfortunate country. Suddenly, in the midst of silence and

darkness, a voice came out of the tomb: “Courage and patience,” it said, “Padua shall be delivered on the day of the Octave of my feast.” This good news, soon spread through the whole town, filled with joy the unhappy Paduans, and the confidence of the besiegers in their forces grew still greater.

The prediction was not long in being realised; the cardinal legate Octavian Ubaldini ordered the attack on the suburbs, which were taken, after an obstinate combat, on the 19th of June 1256. The next day the whole town was in the power of the crusaders.

The Paduans showed themselves grateful to the Saint for having given them the victory, and from the following year, when calm was well re-established, they decided that Saint Anthony should be considered as the patron of the town, that a statue should be raised to him on the Piazza of the Comitia, that the municipal treasury should furnish each year a sum of four thousand livres, until the entire completion of the church; finally that his annual feast should be celebrated with solemnity, and followed by eight days of rejoicing: “I saw,” says Father Fremaut, “the procession of the year 1682; it went out from the cathedral, where all the nobility, all the magistracy and all the clergy of the town and of the environs had assembled, and betook itself through streets strewn with flowers to the church of the Saint. There, Cardinal Gregory Barbarigo, bishop of Padua, intoned the first Vespers, while a magnificent music made to rise toward heaven accents of gratitude and love.” Meanwhile the construction of the church, interrupted for twenty-two years, was resumed with activity in 1259. In 1263, the front part of the edifice being nearly finished, it was resolved to transport the relics of the Saint thither. All that the art of that epoch produced of the most beautiful had been employed for the ornament of the new temple. The tabernacle of the high altar was all of precious stones. Statues of marble and bronze, representing holy personages, paintings by celebrated painters decorated the pillars and the walls. Finally, there had been sealed in the portal a stone which had served the Saint as pillow.

The ceremony of the translation of the relics took place in the midst of a great concourse of faithful, on the 17th of April 1263 according to Fremaut, on the 8th of April according to M. l’abbé Guyard. Saint Bonaventure, then general of the Order, presided. When the tomb was opened, a heavenly perfume exhaled from it and filled the whole church. The flesh had fallen into dust; but, in the midst of this ruin, the tongue, still intact, appeared rosy and fresh like that of a living man. Saint Bonaventure took it in his hands, and, shedding tears of tenderness, cried: “O blessed tongue, which hast always blessed the Lord, and which hast taught others to bless Him, it is now that one sees clearly of what price thou art in the eyes of God.” Then he kissed it with respect and gave it to the magistrates of the town, who received it on a golden dish.

Some years later, a general of the Order, abusing his power, required that the precious relics should be given to him; as it had been refused, he came to take them. Marvellous thing! when he had in his hands the shrine which contained them and prepared to go out of the sacristy, he could not find the door. Then, all frightened, he hid the holy tongue in a chalice, and came to the foot of the altar to ask pardon of God for his guilty attempt. Afterwards, a monk to whom he had confided his secret revealed the place where the general of the Order had deposited the reliquary. It was replaced in the sacristy, singing: *Gaude, felix Padua;* “rejoice, happy Padua.” In 1310 took place a second translation of the relics of Saint Anthony. The church was then almost finished. The ark was placed in the middle of the principal nave of the church. In 1350, Cardinal Guy de Montfort, of Limoges, having been miraculously saved from a great danger by the intercession of the Saint, brought to Padua a magnificent silver shrine, made at his expense, and destined to contain the tongue of the Apostle. On the 14th of February, the venerable cardinal unsealed the ark, closed by the care of Saint Bonaventure, drew from it the precious bones, and deposited them in the silver chest which he then placed in the ancient marble tomb. The following year, the General Chapter of Lyons decided that each year the anniversary feast of the translation of the relics of Saint Anthony should be celebrated on the 15th of February. Some years later, Pope Martin V granted an indulgence of five years to the faithful who should come on pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint.

From that epoch, the name of the great wonder-worker was honoured in all Europe, and even in the whole world. From Germany, Spain, Portugal and France pious pilgrims ran to Padua.

The church raised to the Saint is one of the most beautiful in the world. Wadding pretends that it was raised on the site of an ancient temple of Juno. When the statues of the false gods were replaced by the cross of the Saviour, the edifice was first called *Ædes major*, the great temple; but in 1229, James Corrado, bishop of Padua, gave it the title of Saint Mary, Mother of the Saviour: *Sancta Maria, mater Domini.* The present temple is called the Church of the Saint: the *Chiesa del Santo.* "The church of the Santo," says M. l'abbé Guyard, "is 280 feet long, 131 wide, and 110 high. The front part presents a multitude of columns, several cupolas and four campaniles. Besides the choir, whose decorations are extremely remarkable, the second part of the temple contains nine chapels. The great dome which covers the choir was built in 1424, with the help of the offerings of the faithful. It is supported by eight strong columns. It is the famous Laurent de Lendenara who sculptured the figures with which the stalls of the choir are adorned. The tomb of the Saint, placed in the middle of the chapel more specially consecrated to him, is a veritable edifice. In 1482, the high altar was raised, which was covered with verde antico, and adorned with three statues: that of Saint Anthony, that of Saint Bonaventure, and that of Saint Louis, bishop of Toulouse, and with bronze bas-reliefs, the work of Donatello, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century. In 1488, the sculptor Bellano, of Padua, decorated the choir also with precious bronze bas-reliefs. After these great artists came Andrea Riccio, who sculptured the magnificent bronze candelabrum which is in the choir, and Tiziano Aspetti, who made the four Angels of it; Vincentio Columbo and Vincentio Calcnna, who placed the organ-pipes on two great vaults beside the choir; in 1532, the republic of Padua had built the marvellous chapel where is the tomb of Saint Anthony; each of the arches is decorated with a marble bas-relief. Thirty-six silver lamps, offered by princes and kings, burn continually before the altar of the Santo. Every day the church is enriched with new objects given to the fabric by the inexhaustible generosity of the faithful. There is one of his relics at Saint-Pierre-de-Roye, in the diocese of Amiens. When one thinks of the small number of years that Saint Anthony passed on earth; when one reflects on the multiplied journeys that he undertook, on the time that he employed in his lessons of theology and above all in preaching and the other functions of the priestly ministry, one is truly surprised that he could have left to the Church and to posterity so many writings so admirable and so useful. — Here is the list of these precious productions: we meet first four instructions rather extended for the Sundays of Advent. — They are followed by a sermon for the Sunday in the octave of the Nativity. — There are then four exhortations for the first four Sundays after the Epiphany. — The Sundays of Septuagesima, Sexagesima and Quinquagesima offer us plans of discourses rather developed. — Then opens a series of instructions for each of the days of Lent, up to Holy Thursday inclusively. These are materials for a complete Lenten station. — After this Lent, one finds sermons for all the Sundays of the Quadragesima, for Passion Sunday, for Palm Sunday, for Good Friday and for Easter day. There are, besides, four great instructions for the first Sunday of Lent, two for the second Sunday, one for the third and one for the fourth. These homilies are the explanation of the epistle of each of these Sundays. — Now the Saint is going to furnish us plans of discourses for all the Sundays from Easter to Trinity, and from Trinity to Advent. This is the most considerable part of his sermons. — Finally, the exhortations for the feasts of saints present themselves. They begin with an instruction on the supper of the Lord, *de cœna Domini.* Then there are nine sermons on the Apostles, four on the evangelists, six on the martyrs, five for All Saints, three for confessors, seven for virgins and one for the Day of the Dead. These sermons, as well as most of the preceding, are, properly speaking, only canvases or plans of instructions. The Saint wrote them with care, but, when he preached, he ordinarily gave himself to improvisation for the details of his subject and the development of his ideas. — Besides this great number of sermons, two other very important works are attributed to Saint Anthony: the first is a little mystical commentary on all the parts of the Old and New Testament, from Genesis to the Apocalypse of Saint John; the second is a moral concordance of the Bible, in five books. It is very probably the first attempt made in this kind, and it is a most remarkable work. It must have cost the author much; and even to-day, in spite of

the fine concordances we possess, it can still render real services to preachers. The commentaries on the holy Scriptures breathe the sweetest piety and an admirable knowledge of the human heart and of the ways of perfection.

All these works of Saint Anthony have been collected and united with those of Saint Francis of Assisi, in a very large folio volume, by the care of the reverend Father John de La Raye, of the Franciscan Order. They appeared first at Paris, in 1641; then they were reprinted at Lyons, in 1653; and finally, they were edited, last, at Pedeponti, near Ratisbon, in 1739. Since that epoch, a new work of Saint Anthony of Padua has been discovered: it is a series of sermons on the psalms. There are two hundred and seventy-eight of them. They were found, in 1757, in the treasury of the church of the Franciscans of Bologna, by Father Azzoguidi. This learned religious hastened to publish them in a small folio volume. He joined to it an ancient Life of Saint Anthony almost unknown until then, and which he enriched with curious historical, chronological and critical notes. The manuscript of Bologna appears to unite the proofs of authenticity desirable in such a matter. Everything indicates that it was written by the Saint himself. It is therefore a monument worthy of the greatest respect.

The writings of Saint Anthony of Padua figure among the inestimable riches which the middle ages have transmitted to modern society. They deserve, from a crowd of points of view, to fix the serious attention of philosophers, theologians, orators, Christian politicians and of all who wish to put themselves in a position to appreciate justly two great epochs of ecclesiastical and profane history: the end of the twelfth century and the first part of the thirteenth. Wadding; Cardose; *Life of Saint Anthony of Padua,* by the abbé Guyard, vicar general of Montauban; *Spirit of the Saints,* by the abbé Grimes.

Saint Ragnebert, Commonly Saint Rambert, Martyr in Bugey (680)

Rambert was sprung from one of the most illustrious families of France, allied to that of the kings of this nation. Duke Radebert, his father, was governor of the provinces comprised between the Seine and the Loire.

Placed early in the hands of chosen masters, he soon attained that degree of holiness and reputation which never fails to excite the hatred of the wicked. Now, at court there was an impious and sanguinary man, Ebroin, mayor of the palace, famous in history for his cruelty. The qualities and virtues which shone in the noble Rambert, the courage he showed in disapproving the infamies of the tyrant, the tears he shed at the sight of the evils which, by the fault of the despot, overwhelmed the Church and the State, were bound to offend the minister, as jealous as he was sanguinary. The death of the servant of God was resolved. However, Saint Ouen, archbishop of Rouen, who had kept a remnant of ascendancy over Ebroin, obtained a delay. Our Saint was sent into exile in Bugey, and given into the keeping of a lord named Theodefroi, who several times received secret orders to put him to death. But the latter, touched by grace, was converted, and did no harm to his captive. Ebroin learned it, and at once he dispatched two assassins to make an end of the exiled Saint. These, having charged themselves with this odious mission, set out for the confines of Burgundy; they pursued Rambert and overtook him in a gorge of the Jura where Saint Domitian had built a monastery near the fountain of Bébron, not far from the banks of the Albarine. Rambert was not long in perceiving that these men had been armed by Ebroin’s hatred to make him perish; he begged them to permit him to go and say his prayer in a chapel, not far from the monastery, which Saint Domitian had built in honour of Saint Genesius. Worthy of their master, the servants of Ebroin refused this favour to their victim; and this courageous athlete submitted without murmuring to the harsh refusal of his executioners, who pierced him with a lance near the fountain of Bébron where he had knelt to commend his soul to the sovereign Judge, on the 13th of June 680. A stone cross, placed a few paces from the bridge of Bébron, on the edge of a rock, still indicates to-day the spot where he was put to death. The body of the holy Martyr, gathered by the religious of the neighbouring monastery,[1] was buried in the cloister. The faithful, excited by the report of the miracles which were wrought at his tomb, ran in crowds to Bébron, raised from the earth the body of the holy Martyr, and placed it in the

interior of the church, near the altar. The prodigies multiplied with the number of the suppliants, whose concourse was so great that in a short time there formed, quite near, a borough which took the name of Saint-Rambert.

In 1788, the abbey of Saint-Rambert was secularised; an administrator, named by the government, took over the management of the revenues, and the religious left the monastery; but before their separation, the holy body which was at the abbey was granted by the monks to the church of the town, where it was solemnly transported.

When, in 1792, the revolutionary storm burst on France and dispersed the ministers and the stones of the sanctuary, this precious treasure ran the danger of being annihilated. The municipal council had named a commission to make it disappear; but three faithful Christians hid the relic of the holy Martyr in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where they buried it under the ground: they saved also the shrine from certain destruction, by carrying it to the garret of the municipality.

As soon as peace was restored to the Church, they hastened to reveal this treasure to M. Dupuy, curé of Saint-Rambert; they attested that the relics were indeed the same which they had withdrawn from the profanations of impiety. They were again exposed to the veneration of the faithful, and on the 10th of June 1813, Mgr Cardinal Fesch, archbishop of Lyons, visited them, sealed them with care, drew up a very detailed official record of the recognition he made of them, and placed them in a chapel near the choir, above the altar. Every year, since then, they have been carried in procession in the town, on the 13th of June, the feast day of Saint Rambert.

This state of things had lasted twenty years, when the curé and the faithful of the parish begged Mgr Alexander-Raymond Dévie, bishop of Belley, to be so good as to make the translation of the shrine from the too damp chapel where it reposed to another, more decent chapel, newly restored. The illustrious prelate hastened to accede to wishes so piously expressed. On the 9th of April 1833, he betook himself to Saint-Rambert, accompanied by MM. Ruivet and Depéry, two of his vicars general, verified the relics, sealed them with the seal of his arms, and on the following Sunday the prelate came to make the translation: the shrine, carried solemnly in procession through the town, in the midst of a great concourse of faithful and clergy, was placed in a niche above the altar of the new chapel of Saint-Rambert, on the left side of the parish church.

To nourish the just confidence that the peoples accord to this holy Martyr, Pope Gregory XVI, at the solicitation of Mgr Dévie, deigned to grant in perpetuity, by a brief of the 14th of February 1834: 1st, a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who shall communicate in the church of Saint-Rambert on the day of his feast or one of the seven following days; 2nd, an indulgence of fifty days to all persons who shall go and recite five Our Fathers, five Hail Marys and five Glory Be's in the said church; this indulgence can be gained every day. We have drawn this notice from the *Hagiological History of the Diocese of Belley*, by Mgr Depéry, bishop of Gap.

The Blessed Gerard, Brother of Saint Bernard and Monk of Clairvaux (1138)

The Blessed Gerard was the second brother of Saint Bernard. The future abbot of Clairvaux pressed him to follow him into solitude and Gerard obstinately closed his ear to this invitation. "I know," replied Bernard, "that adversity alone will open thy intelligence to the truth. Well! the day will come and it draws near when the spot that I touch (at the same time he put his hand on his brother's side) shall be pierced by a lance-stroke, and the wound shall serve as an opening to make penetrate to thy soul the word that thou despisest to-day." In effect, some time after, being at the siege of Grancey, Gerard was wounded in the side by a lance-stroke and carried off a prisoner. Not believing he would survive his wound, he sent for Bernard; but the latter did not come and had him told: "Thy wound goes not to death, but to life." Gerard was in fact

cured; he was able to escape from prison and go and place himself under the guidance of his brother.

With his experience of the world and his rare qualities, he was the support and the true lieutenant of the so illustrious founder of Clairvaux. The latter charged him with the office of cellarer, which he discharged with great prudence. He was in the monastery a model of regularity, fervour and penance; he was so devoted and so charitable that he suffered with joy to lack necessaries when the religious were provided with them.

His devotedness showed itself principally toward his brother: he wished to accompany him in his journeys to Italy and take part in all his labours. In 1137, he fell sick at Viterbo, and his state became desperate. “It seemed to me,” says Saint Bernard, “that the time had come when God wished to recall him to Himself. I could not resolve to lose in a foreign land this sweet companion of my journey, and desiring ardently to bring him back to those who had entrusted him to me, for everyone loved him and he deserved to be loved by everyone, I set myself to pray and to groan, and I said to God: Lord, wait until the return, wait till I have brought him back to his friends, to his brothers.”

The prayer of Saint Bernard was heard; his brother was able to return to Clairvaux; but he fell sick there a second time, and prepared joyfully to die. Provided with the holy Viaticum and attentive to the sight of his Master, in the middle of the last night, with a serene face and a voice full of joy, he intoned all at once, to the great surprise of those present, this verse of the psalm: “Ye who are in the heavens, praise the Lord, praise Him in the highest heavens.” — “At this moment already,” says Saint Bernard, “it was day for thee, O my brother, in spite of the night, and this night was for thee all luminous. I was called to see a man rejoice in death. I was no sooner arrived near the dying man than I heard him pronounce in a loud voice these last words of the psalmist: ‘My Father, I render my spirit into Thy hands’; then, turning toward me, he said to me smiling: ‘What goodness it is in God to be the Father of men, and what glory for men to be the children of God!’ It is thus that he died whom we mourn, and I avow that he almost changed my affliction into rejoicing, so much did his happiness make me forget my misery.”

After the reconstruction of the abbey, the body of the Blessed Gerard was raised, in 1148, and buried beside that of Saint Bernard, near the walls of the choir of the new church. We have made this abridgment after the Life given of him by M. l’abbé Dnplos, in the *Lives of the Saints of the Diocese of Dijon.*

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[1] The punishment of the awls reddened in the fire is found described in Josephus, Ko. of the Maccabees, to Polybius. The sufferer being suspended on the rack, the tyrant ordered that his sides should be ploughed with awls, so that through the furrows thus hollowed the flame might reach to the interior fibres. — Baronius.

[2] The executioners tormented her with so much ardour that she fell fainting, and Volusian, believing her dead, had her thrown out of the town. But the angel of God visited her during the night; he cured her and conducted her to the gates of the praetorium, which he opened to her. When she presented herself before Volusian, he could not believe his eyes and had her shut up in a dungeon. The next day he condemned her to be beheaded; but when the executioner entered the prison, God had already recalled her to Himself. He none the less cut off the head of the corpse, from which, instead of blood, there came milk, emblem of her virginal candour.

[3] Saint Triphylle was bishop of Ledra, called also Leucothea, Leucosia or Nicosia, in the island of Cyprus (Sozomen, *Hist.*, bk. v, ch. 10, and Nicephorus, bk. viii, ch. 42). Saint Jerome speaks of him and ranks him among the ecclesiastical writers (*De Scriptor. eccles.* and *Epist.* 84 *ad Magnum*). He assisted at the council of Sardica (347) and maintained there the orthodox truth and the innocence of Saint Athanasius against the Arians, by whom he was persecuted. He composed for the utility of the Church a great number of works in prose and in verse, of which Saint Jerome makes the eulogy.

[4] See that day.

[5] This martyr and the preceding belonged probably to the diocese of Autun, and were two victims of the wars of religion of the sixteenth century. They are cited by the Menology of the Franciscans.

[6] This fact, which we borrow from the chronicle, is not without a certain authority. There exists still in the parish of Oô, and not far from the hermitage of Saint-Aventin, another ruin, precious remnant of a little oratory which the piety of the faithful had raised, to preserve the memory of this remarkable fact. The most constant tradition teaches us that it is there that the Saint had the encounter with the bear. A sculpture in the woodwork of the retable of the church of Saint-Aventin recalls this circumstance of the life of the Saint; the old woodwork bore a similar sculpture. One saw there the bear standing before the hermit who, with a sharp instrument, was pulling the thorn from its paw.

[7] Lelio Mancini Poliziano, *Relazioni di S. Antonio di Padova.* Padua, 1654. — Cited by the abbé Guyard,

[8] Azevedo, *Vita di S. Antonio*, bk. i, ch. 2.

[9] See the glorious life and death of the five martyrs of Morocco, in our *Seraphic Palm-Tree*, vol. i, at the 16th of January.

[10] The cell which Anthony then inhabited is still seen to-day. It is preserved with care in the chapter-house; his portrait is placed there above a little altar.

[11] Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, cited by M. l'abbé Guyard in his *Biography of Saint Anthony*.

[12] *Carissimo meo fratri Antonio, pater Franciscus, in Christo salutem. Placet mihi quod sanctæ theologiæ litteras fratribus interpreteris, ita tamen ut neque in te, neque in cæteris (quod vehementer cupio) extinguatur sanctæ orationis spiritus, juxta regulam quam profitemur. Vale.* — Wadding, *Ann. Min.*

[13] Gayard, *Saint Antoine de Padoue*, p. 191.

[14] *Vita S. P. Francisci*, ch. 4.

[15] Here is the inscription, as reported by Peter Rosset, of Paris:

Sacris tandem se fontibus ipsum Et natos jubet, et pariter cum conjuge natos Lustrari, totamque domum servire Tonanti. Sumptibus immensis Petro sublimia templa Condidit, ætheriæ tangunt quæ vertice nubes. Non procul hinc templum exiguum posuere nepotes, Et celso statuere loco spirantia signa. In foribus stat equus, supplex ante ora dicati Corporis, effigies cultus monumenta verendi: Illi spreta fero calathis portatur avena.

"At last he has himself baptised and, with him, his wife, his sons and his daughters; he wishes all his house to acknowledge the Most High. Then he builds at great cost and consecrates to Saint Peter a splendid church whose towers are lost in the clouds. Quite near, his nephews have a chapel built, and place there, in an elevated place, living sculptures. A mule is prostrate, suppliant, before the consecrated host … she disdains the oats which are offered to her in a basket." — *Ann. Min.*, year 1225, no. 15.

[16] It was called from then the abbey of Saint-Rambert.